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THE
ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

JULY



1916

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1916

SAÏFNA AHMAR, YA SULTAN!¹

(OUR SWORDS ARE RED, O SULTAN)

BY ALEXANDER AARONSOHN

I

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the impulse which has since been organized as the Zionist Movement led my parents to leave their homes in Roumania and emigrate to Palestine, where they joined a number of other Jewish pioneers in founding Zicron-Jacob — a little village lying just south of Mount Carmel, in that fertile coastal region close to the ancient Plains of Armageddon.

Here I was born; my childhood was passed here in the peace and harmony of this little agricultural community, with its whitewashed stone houses huddled close together for protection against the native Arabs who, at first, menaced the life of the new colony. The village was far more suggestive of Switzerland than of the conventional, slovenly villages of the East, mud-built and filthy; for while it was the purpose of our people, in returning to the Holy Land, to foster the Jewish language and the social conditions of the Old Testament as far as possible, there was

nothing retrograde in this movement. No time was lost in introducing progressive methods of agriculture, and the climatological experiments of other countries were observed and made use of in developing the ample natural resources of the land.

Eucalyptus, imported from Australia, soon gave the shade of its cool, healthful foliage where previously no trees had grown. In the course of time dry farming (which some people consider a recent discovery, but which in reality is as old as the Old Testament) was introduced and extended with American agricultural implements; blooded cattle were imported, and poultry-raising on a large scale was undertaken with the aid of incubators — to the disgust of the Arabs, who look on such usurpation of the hen's functions as against nature and sinful. Our people replaced the wretched native trails with good roads, bordered by hedges of thorny acacia which, in season, were covered with downy little yellow blossoms that smelled sweeter than honey when the sun was on them.

More important than all these, a communistic village government was established, in which both sexes enjoyed equal rights, including that of suffrage — strange as this may seem to persons

¹ The title of this personal narrative, meaning, 'Our swords are red, O Sultan,' is a war-cry of the Turks. The author is a Jew from Palestine, who has lived some years in America, and has been a close observer of American life, character, and language. — THE EDITORS.

who (when they think of the matter at all) form vague conceptions of all the women-folk of Palestine as shut up in harems.

A short experience with Turkish courts and Turkish justice taught our people that they would have to establish a legal system of their own. Two collaborating judges were therefore appointed — one to interpret the Mosaic law, another to temper it with modern jurisprudence. All Jewish disputes were settled by this court. Its effectiveness may be judged by the fact that the Arabs, weary of Turkish venality, — as open and shameless as anywhere in the world, — began in increasing numbers to bring their difficulties to our tribunal. Jews are law-abiding people, and life in those Palestine colonies tended to bring out the fraternal qualities of our race; but it is interesting to note that in over thirty years not one Jewish criminal case was reported from forty-five villages.

Zicron-Jacob was a little town of 130 'fires' — so we call it — when, in 1910, on the advice of my elder brother, who was chief of the Jewish Experiment Station at Athlit, an ancient town of the Crusaders, I left for America to enter the service of the United States Department of Agriculture. A few days after reaching this country I took out my first naturalization papers and then proceeded to Washington, where I became a part of that great government service whose beneficent activity is too little known by Americans. Here I remained until June, 1913, when I returned to Palestine with the object of taking motion-pictures and stereopticon views. These I intended to use in a lecturing tour for spreading the Zionist propaganda in the United States.

During the years of my residence in America I was able to appreciate and judge at their right value the beauty and inspiration of the life which my

people led in the Holy Land. From a distance, too, I saw better the need of organization among our communities, and I determined to build up a fraternal union of the young Jewish men all over the country.

Two months after my return from America, an event occurred which gave impetus to these projects. The physician of our village, an old man who had devoted his entire life to serving and healing the people of Palestine, without distinction of race or religion, was driving home one evening in his carriage from a neighboring settlement. With him was a young girl of sixteen. In a deserted place they were set upon by four armed Arabs, who beat the old man to unconsciousness as he tried, in vain, to defend the girl from the terrible fate which awaited her.

Night came on. Alarmed by the absence of the physician, we young men rode out in search of him. We finally discovered what had happened; and then and there, in the serene moonlight of that Eastern night, I made my comrades take oath on the honor of their sisters to organize themselves into a strong society for the defense of the life and honor of our villagers and our people at large.

II

These details are, perhaps, useful for the better understanding of the disturbances that came thick and fast when in August, 1914, the war-madness broke out among the nations of Europe. The repercussion was at once felt even in our remote corner of the earth. Soon after the German invasion of Belgium the Turkish army was mobilized and all citizens of the Empire between 19 and 45 years were called to the colors. As the Young Turk Constitution of 1909 provided that all Christians and Jews were equally liable to military service, our young men knew that they,

too, would be called on to make the common sacrifice. For the most part, they were not unwilling to sustain the Turkish government. While the Constitution imposed on them the burden of militarism, it had brought with it the compensation of freedom of religion and equal rights; and we could not forget that for six hundred years Turkey has held her gates wide open to the Jews who fled from the Spanish Inquisition and similar ministrations of other civilized countries.

Of course, we never dreamed that Turkey would do anything but remain neutral. If we had had any idea of the turn things were ultimately to take, we should have given a different greeting to the *mouchtar*, or sheriff, who came to our village with the list of mobilizable men to be called on for service. My own position was a curious one. I had every intention of completing the process of becoming an American citizen, which I had begun by taking out 'first papers.' In the eyes of the law, however, I was still a Turkish subject, with no claim to American protection. This was sneeringly pointed out to me by the American consul at Haïfa, who happens to be a German; so there was no other course but to surrender myself to the Turkish government.

There was no question as to my eligibility for service. I was young and strong and healthy — and even if I had not been, the physical examination of Turkish recruits is a farce. The enlisting officers have a theory of their own that no man is really unfit for the army — a theory which has been fostered by the ingenious devices of the Arabs to avoid conscription. To these wild people the protracted discipline of military training is simply a purgatory, and for weeks before the recruiting officers are due, they dose themselves with powerful herbs and physics, and fast, and nurse sores into being, until they are in

a really deplorable condition. Some of them go so far as to cut off a finger or two. The officers, however, have learned to see beyond these little tricks, and few Arabs succeed in wriggling through their drag-net. I have seen dozens of them brought in to the recruiting office on camels or horses, so weak were they, and welcomed into the service with a severe beating — sick and shamblers sharing the same fate. Thus it often happens that some of the new recruits die after their first day of garrison life.

Together with twenty of my comrades, I presented myself at the recruiting station at Acco (the St. Jean d'Acre of history). We had been given to understand that, once our names were registered, we should be allowed to return home to provide ourselves with money, suitable clothing, and food, as well as to bid our families good-bye. To our astonishment, however, we were marched off to the Hân, or caravanse-*rai*, and locked into the great courtyard with hundreds of dirty Arabs. Hour after hour passed; darkness came, and finally we had to stretch ourselves on the ground and make the best of a bad situation. It was a night of horrors. Few of us had closed an eye when, at dawn, an officer appeared and ordered us out of the Hân. From our total number, about three hundred (including four young men from our village and myself) were picked out and told to make ready to start at once for Saf-fêd — a town in the hills of northern Galilee near the Sea of Tiberias, where our garrison was to be located. No attention was paid to our requests that we be allowed to return to our homes for a final visit. That same morning we were on our way to Saffêd — a motley, disgruntled crew.

It was a four days' march — four days of heat and dust and physical suffering. The September sun smote us mercilessly as we straggled along the

miserable native trail, full of gullies and loose stones. It would not have been so bad if we had been adequately shod or clothed; but soon we found ourselves envying the ragged Arabs as they trudged along barefoot, paying no heed to the jagged flints. (Shoes, to the Arab, are articles for ceremonious indoor use; when any serious walking is to be done, he takes them off, slings them over his shoulder, and trusts to the horny soles of his feet.)

To add to our troubles, the Turkish officers, with characteristic fatalism, had made no commissary provision for us whatever. Any food we ate had to be purchased by the roadside from our own funds, which were scant enough to start with. The Arabs were in a terrible plight. Most of them were penniless, and, as the pangs of hunger set in, they began pillaging right and left from the little farms by the wayside. From modest beginnings (poultry and vegetables) they progressed to larger game, unhindered by the officers. Houses were entered, women insulted; again and again I saw a stray horse, grazing by the roadside, seized by a crowd of grinning Arabs, who piled on the poor beast's back until he was almost crushed to earth, and rode off triumphantly, while their comrades held back the weeping owner. As the result of this sort of 'requisitioning,' our band of recruits was followed by an increasing throng of farmers — imploring, threatening, trying by hook or by crook to win back the stolen goods. Little satisfaction did they get, although some of them went with us as far as Saffêd.

Our garrison town is not an inviting place, nor has it an inviting reputation. Lord Kitchener himself has good reason to remember it. As a young lieutenant of twenty-three, in the Royal Engineering Corps, he was nearly killed there by a band of fanatical Arabs while

surveying for the Palestine Exploration Fund. Kitchener had a narrow escape of it (one of his fellow officers was shot dead close by him), but he went calmly ahead and completed his maps — splendid large-scale affairs which have never since been equaled — and which are now in use by the Turkish and German armies!

However, although Saffêd combines most of the unpleasant characteristics of Palestine native towns, we welcomed the sight of it, for we were used up by the march. An old deserted mosque was given us for barracks; there, on the bare stone floor, in close-packed promiscuity, too tired to react to filth and vermin, we spent our first night as soldiers of the Sultan, while the milky moonlight streamed in through every chink and aperture, and bats flitted round the vaulting above the snoring carcasses of the recruits.

Next morning we were routed out at five. The black depths of the well in the centre of the mosque courtyard provided doubtful water for washing, bathing and drinking; then came breakfast, — our first government meal, — consisting, simply enough, of boiled rice, which was ladled out into tin wash-basins holding rations for ten men. In true Eastern fashion we squatted down round the basin and dug into the rice with our fingers. At first I was rather upset by this sort of table manners, and for some time I ate with my eyes fixed on my own portion, to avoid seeing the Arabs, who fill the palms of their hands with rice, pat it into a ball, and cram it into their mouths just so, the bolus making a great lump in their lean throats as it reluctantly descends.

In the course of that same morning we were allotted our uniforms. The Turkish uniform, under indirect German influence, has been greatly modified during the past five years. It is of khaki — a greener khaki than that of

the British Army, and of conventional European cut. Spiral puttees and good boots are provided; the only peculiar feature is the headgear—a curious, uncouth-looking combination of the turban and German helmet, devised by Enver Pasha to combine religion and practicality, and called in his honor ‘*enverieh*.’ (With commendable thrift, Enver patented his invention, and it is rumored that he has drawn a comfortable fortune from its sale.) An excellent uniform it is, on the whole; but, to our disgust, we found that in the great olive-drab pile to which we were led, there was not a single new one. All were old, discarded, and dirty, and the mere thought of putting on the clothes of some unknown Arab legionary, who, perhaps, had died of cholera at Mecca or Yemen, made me shudder. After some indecision, my friends and I finally went up to one of the officers and offered to *buy* new uniforms with the money we expected daily from our families. The officer, scenting the chance for a little private profit, gave his consent.

The days and weeks following were busy ones. From morning till night, it was drill, drill, and again drill. We were divided into groups of fifty, each of which was put in charge of a young non-commissioned officer from the Military School of Constantinople or Damascus, or of some Arab who had seen several years’ service. These instructors had a hard time of it; the German military system, which had only recently been introduced, was too much for them. They kept mixing up the old and the new methods of training, with the result that it was often hopeless to try and make out their orders. Whole weeks were spent in grinding into the Arabs the names of the different parts of the rifle; weeks more went to teaching them to clean it—although it must be said that, once they had mastered

these technicalities, they were excellent shots. Their efficiency would have been considerably greater if there had been more target-shooting. From the very first, however, we felt that there was a scarcity of ammunition. This shortage the drill-masters, in a spirit of compensation, attempted to make up by abundant severity. The whip of soft, flexible, stinging leather, which seldom leaves the Turkish officer’s hand, was never idle. This was not surprising, for the Arab is a cunning fellow, whose only respect is for brute force. He exercises it himself over every possible victim, and expects the same treatment from his superiors.

So far as my comrades and I were concerned, I must admit that we were generally treated kindly. We knew most of the drill-exercises from the gymnastic training we had practiced since childhood, and the officers realized that we were educated and came from respectable families. The same was also true with regard to the native Christians, most of whom can read and write and are of a better class than the Mohammedans of the country. When Turkey threw in her lot with the Germanic powers, the attitude toward Jews and Christians changed radically: but of this I shall speak later.

III

It was a hard life we led while in training at Saffêd; evening would find us dead tired, and little disposed for anything but rest. As the tremendous light-play of the Eastern sunsets faded away, we would gather in little groups in the courtyard of our mosque—its minaret towering black against a turquoise sky—and talk fitfully of the little happenings of the day, while the Arabs murmured gutturally around us. Occasionally, one of them would burst into a quavering, hot-blooded tribal

love-song. It happened that I was fairly well-known among these natives through my horse Kochba — of pure Maneghi-Sbeli blood — which I had purchased from some Anazzi Bedouins who were encamped near Aleppo: a swift and intelligent animal he was, winner of many races, and in a land where a horse is considerably more valuable than a wife, his ownership cast quite a glamour over me.

In the evenings, then, the Arabs would come up to chat. As they speak seldom of their children, of their women-folk never, the conversation was limited to generalities about the crops, or the weather, or to the recitation of never-ending tales of Abou-Zeid, the famous hero of the Beni-Hilal, or of Antar the glorious. Politics, of which they have amazing ideas, also came in for discussion. Napoleon Bonaparte and Queen Victoria are still living figures to them; but (significantly enough) they considered the Kaiser king of all the kings of this world, with the exception of the Sultan, whom they admitted to equality.

Seldom did an evening pass without a dance. As darkness fell, the Arabs would gather in a great circle round one of their comrades, who squatted on the ground with a bamboo flute; to a weird minor music they would begin swaying and moving round while some self-chosen poet among them sang impromptu verses to the flute *obbligato*.

As a rule the themes were homely.

'To-morrow we shall eat rice and meat,' the singer would wail.

'*Yaha lili-amali*' (my endeavor be granted), would come the full-throated response of all the others. The chorus was tremendously effective. Sometimes the singer would indulge in pointed personalities, with answering roars of laughter.

These dances lasted for hours, and as they progressed the men gradually

worked themselves into a frenzy. I never failed to wonder at these people, who, without the aid of alcohol, could reproduce the various stages of intoxication. As I lay by and watched the moon riding serenely above the frantic men and their twisting black shadows, I reflected that they were just in the condition when one word from a holy man would suffice to send them off to wholesale murder and rapine.

It was my good fortune soon to be released from the noise and dirt of the mosque. I had had experience with corruptible Turkish officers; and one day, when barrack conditions became unendurable, I went to the officer commanding our division — an old Arab from Latakiah who had been called from retirement at the time of the mobilization. He lived in a little tent near the mosque, where I found him squatting on the floor, nodding drowsily over his comfortable paunch.

As he was an officer of the old régime, I entered boldly, squatted beside him, and told him my troubles. The answer came with an enormous shrug of the shoulders.

'You are serving the Sultan. Hardship should be sweet!'

'I should be more fit to serve him if I got more sleep and rest.'

He waved a fat hand about the tent.

'Look at me! Here I am, an officer of rank and' — shooting a knowing look at me — 'I have not even a nice blanket.'

'A crime! A crime!' I interrupted. 'To think of it, when I, a humble soldier, have dozens of them at home! I should be honored if you would allow me —' My voice trailed off suggestively.

'How could you get one?' he asked.

'Oh, I have friends here in Saffêd; but I *must* be able to sleep in a nice place.'

'Of course; certainly. What would you suggest?'

'That hotel kept by the Jewish widow might do,' I replied.

More amenities were exchanged, the upshot of which was that my four friends and I were given permission to sleep at the inn — a humble place, but infinitely better than the mosque. It was all perfectly simple.

IV

So passed the days of our training, — swiftly, monotonously, — until the fateful December morning when news came like a thunderbolt that Turkey was about to join hands with Germany. We had had reports of the war — of a kind. Copies of telegrams from Constantinople, printed in Arabic, were circulated among us, giving accounts of endless German victories. These, however, we had laughed at as fabrications of a Prussophile press agency, and in our skepticism we had failed to give the Teutons credit for the successes they had actually won. To us, born and bred in the East as we were, the success of the German propaganda in the Turkish Empire could not come as an overwhelming surprise; but its fullness amazed us.

It may be of timely interest to say a few words here regarding this propaganda as I had seen it in Palestine, spreading under strong and efficient organization for twenty years.

In order to realize her imperialistic dreams, Germany absolutely needed Palestine. It was the key to the whole Oriental situation. No mere coincidence brought the Kaiser to Damascus in November, 1898, — the same month that Kitchener, in London, was hailed as Gordon's avenger, — when he uttered his famous phrase at the tomb of Saladin: 'Tell the three hundred million Moslems of the world that I am their friend!' We have all seen photographs of the imperial figure, draped in

an amazing burnous of his own designing (above which the Prussian *pickelhaube* rises supreme), as he moved from point to point in this portentous visit. We may also have seen Caran d'Ache's celebrated cartoon (a subject of diplomatic correspondence) representing this same imperial figure, in its Oriental toggery, riding into Jerusalem on an ass.

The nations of Europe laughed at this visit and its transparent purpose, but it was all part of the scheme which won for the Germans the concessions for the Konia-Bagdad Railway, and made them owners of the double valley of the Euphrates and Tigris. Through branch lines projected through the Firman, they are practically in control of both the Syrian routes toward the Cypriot Mediterranean and the Lebanon valleys. They also control the three Armenian routes of Cappadocia, the Black Sea, and the trans-Caucasian branch of Urfa, Marach, and Mardine. (The fall of Erzerum has altered conditions respecting this last.) They dominate the Persian routes toward Tauris and Teheran as well; and last, but not least, the Gulf branch of Zobeir. These railways delivered into German hands the control of Persia, whence the road to India may be made easy: through Syria lies the route to the Suez Canal and Egypt, which was used in February, 1915, and will probably be used again this year.

To make this Oriental dream a reality, the Germans have not relied on their railway concessions alone. Their government has done everything in its power to encourage German colonization in Palestine. Scattered all over the country are German mills that half of the time have nothing to grind. German hotels have been opened in places seldom frequented by tourists. German engineers appeared in force, surveying, sounding, noting. All these colonists

held gatherings in the Arab villages, when the ignorant natives were told of the greatness of Germany, of her good intentions, and of the evil machinations of other powers. What I state here can be corroborated by any one who knows Palestine and has lived in it.

About the time when we first knew that Turkey would join the Germanic powers came the news that the 'capitulations' had been revoked. As is generally known, foreigners formerly enjoyed the protection of their respective consuls. The Turkish government had no jurisdiction over an American, for instance, or a Frenchman, who could not be arrested without the consent of his consul. In the Ottoman Empire — where law and justice are not at a premium — such protection, known as 'capitulation,' was a wholesome and necessary policy.

The abolition of the 'capitulations' was a terrible blow to all the Europeans, meaning, as it did, the practical surrender of all rights. Upon the Arabs it acted like an intoxicant. Every bootblack or boatman felt that he was the equal of the accursed 'Frank,' who now had no consul to protect him; and abuses began immediately. Moreover, as if by magic, the whole country became Germanized. In all the mosques Friday prayers were ended with an invocation for the welfare of the Sultan and 'Hadji Geelioun.' The significance of this lies in the fact that the title 'Hadji' can be properly applied only to a Moslem who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca and kissed the sacred stone of the Kaaba. Instant death is the penalty paid by any Christian who is found within that enclosure; yet Wilhelm II, head of the Lutheran faith, steps forward as 'Hadji Geelioun.' His pictures were sold everywhere; German officers appeared; and it seemed as if a wind of brutal mastery were blowing.

The dominant figure of this move-

ment in Palestine was, without doubt, the German consul at Haïfa. He traveled about the country, making speeches, and distributing pamphlets in Arabic, in which it was elaborately proved that Germans are not Christians, like the French or English, but that they are descendants of the prophet Mohammed. Passages from the Koran were quoted, prophesying the coming of the Kaiser as the savior of Islam.

V

The news of the actual declaration of war by Turkey caused a tremendous stir in our regiment. The prevailing feeling was one of great restlessness and discontent. The Arabs made many bitter remarks against Germany. 'Why did n't she help us against the Italians during the War for Tripoli?' they said. 'Now that she is in trouble she is drawing us into the fight.' Their opinions, however, soon underwent a change. In the first place, they came to realize that Turkey had taken up arms against Russia; and Russia is considered first and foremost the arch-enemy. German reports of German successes also had a powerful effect on them. They began to grow boastful and arrogant; and the sight of the plundering of Europeans, Jews, and Christians convinced them that a very desirable régime was setting in. Saffêd has a large Jewish colony, and it was torment for me to have to witness the outrages that my people suffered in the name of 'requisitioning.'

The final blow came one morning when all the Jewish and Christian soldiers of our regiment were called out and told that henceforth they were to serve in the *taboor amlieh*, or working corps. The object of this action, plainly enough, was to conciliate and flatter the Mohammedan population, and at the same time to put the Jews and Christians, who for the most part fav-

ored the cause of the Allies, in a position where they would be least dangerous. We were disarmed; our uniforms were taken away, and we became hard-driven 'gangsters.' I shall never forget the humiliation of that day when we, who, after all, were the best-disciplined troops of the lot, were first herded to our work of pushing wheelbarrows and handling spades, by grinning Arabs, rifle on shoulder. We were set to building the road between Saffêd and Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee — a link in the military highway from Damascus to the coast, which would be used for the movement of troops in case the railroad should be cut off. It had no immediate strategic bearing on the attack on Suez, however.

From six in the morning till seven at night we were hard at it, except for one hour's rest at noon. While we had money, it was possible to get some slight relief by bribing our task-masters; but this soon came to an end, and we had to endure their brutality as best we could. The wheelbarrows we used were the property of a French company which, before the war, was undertaking a highway to Beirut. No grease was provided for the wheels, so that there was a maddening squeaking and squealing in addition to the difficulty of pushing the barrows. One day I explained to an inspection officer that if the wheels were not greased the axles would be burned out. He agreed with me, and issued an order that the men were to provide their own oil to lubricate the wheels!

I shall not dwell on the physical sufferings we underwent while working on this road, for the reason that the conditions I have described were prevalent over the whole country; and later, when I had the opportunity to visit some construction camps in Samaria and Judæa, I found that in comparison our lot had been a happy one. While we were

breaking stones and trundling squeaking wheelbarrows, however, the most disquieting rumors began to drift in to us from our home villages. Plundering had been going on in the name of 'requisitioning'; the country was full of soldiery whose capacity for mischief-making was well known to us, and it was torture to think of what might be happening in our peaceful homes where so few men had been left for protection. All the barbed-wire fences, we heard, had been torn up and sent north for the construction of barricades. In a wild land like Palestine, where the native has no respect for property, where fields and crops are always at the mercy of marauders, the barbed-wire fence has been a tremendous factor for civilization, and with these gone the Arabs were once more free to sweep across country unhindered, stealing and destroying.

The situation grew more and more unbearable. One day a little Christian soldier — a Nazarene — disappeared from the ranks. We never saw him again, but we learned that his sister, a very young girl, had been forcibly taken by a Turkish officer of the Nazareth garrison. In Palestine, the dishonor of a girl can be redeemed by blood alone. The young soldier had hunted for his sister, found her in the barracks, and shot her; he then surrendered himself to the military authorities, who undoubtedly put him to death. He had not dared to kill the real criminal, — the officer, — for he knew that this would not only bring death to his family, but would call down terrible suffering on all the Christians of Nazareth.

When I learned of this tragedy, I determined to get out of the army and return to my village at all costs. Nine Turkish officers out of ten can be bought, and I had reason to know that the officer in command at Saffêd was not that tenth man. Now, according to

the law of the country, a man has the right to purchase exemption from military service for a sum equivalent to two hundred dollars. My case was different, for I was already enrolled; but everything is possible in Turkey. I set to work, and in less than two weeks I had bought half a dozen officers, ranging from corporal to captain, and had obtained consent of the higher authorities to my departure, provided I could get a physician's certificate declaring me unfit for service.

This was arranged in short order, although I am healthy-looking and the doctor found some difficulty in hitting on an appropriate ailment. Finally he decided that I had 'too much blood' — whatever that might mean. With his certificate in hand, I paid the regular price of two hundred dollars from the funds which had been sent me by my family, and walked out of the barracks a free man. My happiness was mingled with sadness at the thought of leaving the comrades with whom I had suffered and hoped. The four boys from my village were splendid. They felt that I was right in going home to do what I could for the people; but when they kissed me good-bye, in Eastern fashion, the tears were running down their cheeks; and they were all strong, brave fellows.

On my way back to Zicron-Jacob, I passed through the town of Sheff'amr, where I got a foretaste of the conditions I was to find at home. A Turkish soldier, sauntering along the street, helped himself to fruit from the basket of an old vender, and went on without offering to pay a farthing. When the old man ventured to protest, the soldier turned like a flash and began beating him mercilessly, knocking him down and battering him until he was bruised, bleeding, and covered with the mud of the streets. There was a hubbub; a crowd formed, through which a

Turkish officer forced his way, demanding explanations. The soldier sketched the situation in a few words, whereupon the officer, turning to the old man, said impressively, —

'If a soldier of the Sultan should choose to heap filth on your head, it is for you to kiss his hand in gratitude.'

VI

When I finally reached Zicron-Jacob, I found rather a sad state of affairs. Military law had been declared. No one was supposed to be seen in the streets after sundown. The village was full of soldiers, and civilians had to put up with all kinds of ill-treatment. Moreover, our people were in a state of great excitement because an order had recently come from the Turkish authorities bidding them surrender whatever firearms or weapons they had in their possession. A sinister command, this: we knew that similar measures had been taken before the terrible Armenian massacres, and we felt that some such fate might be in preparation for our people. With the arms gone, the head men of the village knew that our last hold over the Arabs, our last recourse for defense against sudden violence would be gone, and they had refused to give them up. A house-to-house search had been made — fruitlessly, for our little arsenal was safely cached in a field, beneath growing grain.

It was a tense, unpleasant situation. At any time the Turks might decide to back up their demand by some of the violent methods of which they are past masters. A family council was held in my home, and it was decided to send my sister, a girl of twenty-three, to some friends at the American Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, so that we might be able to move freely without the responsibility of having a girl at home, in a country where, as a matter

of course, the women-folk are seized and carried off before a massacre. At Beirut we knew that there was an American consul-general, who kept in continual touch with the battleship anchored in the harbor for the protection of American interests.

My sister got away none too soon. One evening just after her departure, as I was standing in the doorway of our house watching the ever-fresh miracle of the Eastern sunset, a Turkish officer rode down the street with about thirty cavalrymen. He called me out and ordered me to follow him to the little village inn, where he dismounted and led me to one of the inner rooms, his spurs jingling loudly as we passed along the stone corridor.

I never knew whether I had been selected for this attention because of my prominence as a leader of the Jewish young men or simply because I had been standing conveniently in the doorway. The officer closed the door and came straight to the point by asking me where our store of arms was hidden. He was a big fellow, with the handsome, cruel features usual enough in his class. There was no open menace in his first question. When I refused to tell him, he began wheedling and offering all sorts of favors if I would betray my people. Then, all of a sudden, he whipped out a revolver and stuck the muzzle right in my face. I felt the blood leave my heart, but I was able to control myself and refuse his demand. The officer was not easily discouraged; the hours I passed in that little room, with its smoky kerosene lamp, were terrible ones. I realized, however, how tremendously important the question of the arms was, and strength was given me to hold out until the officer gave up in disgust and let me go home.

My father knew nothing of what had happened, but the rest of my family were tremendously excited. I made

light of the whole affair, but I felt sure that this was only the beginning.

Sure enough, next morning — the Sabbath — the same officer returned and put three of the leading elders of the village, together with myself, under arrest. After another fruitless inquisition at the hotel, we were handcuffed and started on foot toward the prison, a day's journey away. As our little procession passed my home, my father, who was aged and feeble, came tottering forward to say good-bye to me. A soldier pushed him roughly back; he reeled, then fell full-length in the street before my eyes.

It was a dismal departure. We were driven through the streets shackled like criminals, and the women and children came out of the houses and watched us in silence — their heads bowed, tears running down their cheeks. They realized that for thirty-five years these old men, my comrades, had been struggling and suffering for their ideal — a regenerated Palestine; now, in the dusk of their life, it seemed as if all their hopes and dreams were coming to ruin. The oppressive tragedy of the situation settled down on me more and more heavily as the day wore on and heat and fatigue told on my companions. My feelings must have been written large on my face, for one of them, a fine-looking patriarch, tried to give me comfort by reminding me that we must not rely upon strength of arms, and that our spirit could never be broken, no matter how defenseless we were. Thus he, an old man, was encouraging me instead of receiving help from my youth and enthusiasm.

At last we arrived at the prison and were locked into separate cells. That same night we were tortured with the *falagy*, or *bastinado*. The victim of this horrible punishment is trussed up, arms and legs, and thrown on his knees; then, on his bare soles, a pliant green

rod is brought down with all the force of a soldier's arm. The pain is exquisite; blood spurts at the first cut, and strong men usually faint after thirty or forty strokes. Strange to say, the worst part of it is not the blow itself, but the whistling of the rod through the air as it rushes to its mark. The groans of my older comrades, whose gasps and prayers I could hear through the walls of the cell, helped me bear the agony until unconsciousness mercifully came to the rescue.

For several days more we were kept in the prison, sick and broken with suffering. The second night, as I lay sleepless and desperate on the strip of dirty matting that served as bed, I heard a scratch-scratching at the grated slit of a window, and presently a slender stick was inserted into the cell. I went over and shook it; some one at the other end was holding it firm. And then a curious whispering sound began to come from the end of the stick. I put my ear down, and caught the voice of one of the men from our village. He had taken a long bamboo pole, pierced the joints, and crept up behind a broken old wall close beneath my window. By means of this primitive telephone we talked as long as we dared. I assured him that we were still enduring, and urged him on no account to give up the arms to the Turkish authorities—not even if we had to make the ultimate sacrifice.

Finally, when it was found that torture and imprisonment would not make us yield our secret, the Turks resorted to the final test—the ordeal which we could not withstand. They announced

that on a certain date a number of our young girls would be carried off and handed over to the officers, to be kept until the arms were disclosed. We knew that they were capable of carrying out this threat; we knew exactly what it meant. There was no alternative. The people of our village had nothing to do but dig up the treasured arms and, with broken hearts, hand them over to the authorities.

And so the terrible news was brought to us one morning that we were free. Personally, I felt much happier on the day I was put in prison than when I was released. I had often wondered how our people had been able to bear the rack and thumbscrew of the Spanish Inquisition; but when my turn and my comrades' came for torture, I realized that the same spirit that helped our ancestors was working in us also.

Now I knew that our suffering had been useless. Whenever the Turkish authorities wished, the horrors of the Armenian massacres would live again in Zicron-Jacob, and we would be powerless to raise a hand to protect ourselves. As we came limping home through the streets of our village, I caught sight of my own Smith and Wesson revolver in the hands of a mere boy of fifteen—the son of a well-known Arab outlaw. I realized then that the Turks had not only taken our weapons, but had distributed them among the natives in order to complete our humiliation. The blood rushed to my face. I started forward to take the revolver away from the boy, but one of the old men caught hold of my sleeve and held me back.

(To be continued.)

THE FAILURE OF GERMAN-AMERICANISM

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

AMONG the influences which the war in Europe has exerted on our own national life, none is more important than its effect on the immigrant groups which comprise so large a part of our population. Their sympathies for the respective countries of their birth or races of their blood have given new vigor to their racial consciousness. Their partisanship in the European conflict has made compact racial groups out of hitherto partially assimilated racial elements of our citizenry. Having believed ourselves to be one people, cemented by a common love of our nation and bound by the power of new ideals and liberties, we suddenly find ourselves broken into racial groups whose old-world loyalties seem more powerful than their new allegiance. We have found, to our sorrow, that our melting-pot has not been able to undo in decades what the processes of centuries had wrought on the hard metal of racial consciousness. The result is that America is facing the problem of the 'hyphen.' The problem of properly assimilating our large foreign population has always been a great one in this country, but through this war it has assumed a gravity we had hitherto believed impossible.

With this problem on our hands, it is natural that the larger alien groups should engage our particular attention, and that their doubtful loyalty, or divided allegiance, should especially arouse our indignation. No group is larger than that of the German-Americans, and those which are as large have the

advantage of a closer relationship with us in language and customs. The result is that the problem of the 'hyphen' has centred in German-Americanism. This condition has been aggravated by the fact that America's frank sympathy for Germany's enemies has transformed the natural sympathy of the German-Americans for their blood-relatives into a bitterness against this country and its people. Their criticisms of an administration which they believed to be unneutral too easily culminated in criticisms of our whole scheme of government, and their resentment against the hostile sympathies of the American people betrayed them too easily into abuse of American character. Much of this has been done, in the name rather than in the spirit of the average German-American, by professional propagandists. But whether these spokesmen had the sanction of the average German-American or not, the very fact that they pleaded and threatened in his name has made a compact social and political group out of the German-American element, both in its own eyes and in the eyes of the nation.

Whether the resentment that has been aroused against German-Americanism has been justified or not, the attention which it has gained has been inevitable. Having become a more or less tangible entity among the elements of our national life, it invites examination of its characteristics, if it does not justify criticism.

Such an examination must cover, not

only the present activities and tendencies of German-Americanism, but its attitude toward American affairs and problems in the past. History ought to have a voice in determining whether present accusations of disloyalty are justified or not.

I

In one respect, at least, history offers no justification for these accusations. When the nation demanded definite services in the crucial periods of its history, no criticism of the conduct of German-Americans seems possible. Their loyalty to the nation was sincere and their service unstinting. They fought bravely in all of our great wars. Their deeds of heroism are conspicuous in our history. Such men as Von Steuben and Carl Schurz have a prominent and honorable place in the annals of our country. Germans have pointed with pride to these achievements in order to disprove the charges of disloyalty now made against them.

However, a nation needs and demands the loyalty of its citizens, not only when its existence is at stake or when its claims upon their allegiance are put with particular force by the crises of physical combat. In times of peace also it requires their loyalty — their loyalty to its ideals, and their allegiance to the principles upon which it has been founded. Of the immigrant it is entitled to expect that he will place the virtues and powers with which his particular race has endowed him in the service of the ideals that animate the people with whom he has allied himself.

The German-American appears to have failed to meet either side of this obligation. He has been too often, not only indifferent to our ideals, but untrue to the virtues of his race. This is a charge that can easily be made against

any immigrant; but since no immigrant came to our shores more richly endowed with the characteristics of a unique civilization than the German immigrant, the charge seems to be particularly applicable to him.

The German-American has made contributions to our national life, but they have been economic rather than spiritual. He has served the body of our nation well, but his contribution to its soul-life seems to have been inadequate. In developing our national resources, particularly the agricultural resources of the Middle West, the German-American has had no inconspicuous part. His thrift and industry are proverbial, and these virtues were employed to good advantage upon our countrysides and prairies. The industry of the German immigrant converted our prairies into fruitful fields; his thrift contributed to the prosperity of the nation while it established his own. By virtue of his prosperity and affluence, and by virtue also of his well-known qualities of dependability and prudence, he has become a potent influence in the communities in which he has been placed. Where the interests of the nation and his own interests were identical, the German-American has served the interests of the nation well.

But, unhappily, the interests of the nation are not always identical with those of the individual. They often require sacrifices on the part of the individual, and they always demand large social sympathies. In these qualities the German-American seems to be deficient. His virtues seem to be individualistic rather than social. He has unwittingly served the nation through his qualities of prudence and thrift, but he has been rather indifferent to the problems of the nation that did not directly affect him. He has manifested no great interest in a single one of the great

moral, political, or religious questions that have agitated the minds of the American people in late years. His failure to do so is all the more striking because he comes from a country where interest in community welfare on the part of the individual has reached its highest development. This indifference toward our national ideals and problems was vaguely felt by the American people even before the outbreak of this war. Perhaps it is the reason why German-Americanism had only to manifest itself as a definite element, to arouse the resentment of the American people. They had not known it to be hostile to our ideals, but they had felt it to be indifferent to our problems. The German-American had poorly fortified himself by solid achievement against the day when his loyalty would be, justly or unjustly, questioned.

II

In the first place, German-Americanism has manifested a lack of interest in our political problems. German-Americans have played no prominent rôle in our political struggles. The Irish-American element, for instance, has been a far more potent factor in our political history. This does not mean that German-Americans ought to have acted as a racial group in our political struggles. Their purpose to do so now is one of the causes of hostility toward them. America wanted no political activity from them of a factional and selfish character, but it might have expected them to dedicate their knowledge of European affairs to the service of this nation. The most enthusiastic champion of our democracy is willing to admit that we have not yet achieved an ideal democracy. We have, to mention one weakness, paid a very high price in efficiency for the liberties which we possess. This weakness, among others,

we have been ambitious to overcome. Might we not well have expected that the German-American, coming as he does from a country that has achieved so extraordinary a degree of efficiency in domestic administrative measures, would be helpful to us in our attempts to develop such efficiency, particularly in our municipal governments? But the German-American seems to have taken no interest in these problems. He has not been conspicuous, at any rate, in any political tendencies, connected with this or any other problem. He has manifested an ordinary interest in political questions in common with the average American citizen, but he has gained no distinction in the espousal of any particular cause, or in devotion to any special ideal.

In the social development of the nation and in the agitation of social questions the German-American has been equally inconspicuous. We have, for the past years, been in the throes of a social revolution, or social reformation, which has given a new meaning to many of the old ethical conceptions. The obligations of the individual toward the welfare of his fellow man and society as a whole have been considerably widened, and the moral conscience of the whole nation has been made more sensitive. We have attempted to establish more equitable relations between capital and labor; we have tried to introduce a more just distribution of our prosperity. These problems are all connected with issues that have had, and will have, the attention of men throughout history. But it does seem that we have been particularly eager in late years to find some solution for them.

In this tendency of our national life, however, the German-American has had no part. Like most men whose affluence was gained by industry and thrift, he is prone to attribute all poverty

to indolence and to hold the individual completely responsible for his own welfare. Perhaps the fact that he has been engaged in agricultural rather than in industrial pursuits is an additional cause for his indifference to our social problems, which have so largely centred in our industrial and commercial life. At any rate, he has shown this indifference — and that in spite of the fact that he comes from a country that has been a clinic for the world in the methods of humanizing industry. While America has freely borrowed from Germany in workmen's compensation and insurance legislation and other kindred measures, the German-American did not turn a hand to facilitate this importation. The Jew has been a far more potent factor in modern social tendencies than the German-American.

This failure of German-Americanism is doubly censurable because it has been, not only an indifference to our own national problems, but an indifference to, and an ignorance of, the very tendencies which have received their completest development in the country of the German-American's birth.

III

In the development of the religious life of this nation the German-American has manifested an even more regrettable aloofness. Christianity has, without doubt, received a unique development in this country. Conditions have been particularly favorable for the solution of some of the old, vexing problems of Christendom. The problem of denominationalism is one of these. Nowhere in the world have different denominations and sects had such large opportunities to come in close contact with each other as in this country. Here they are all represented, and the spirit of fraternity, so de-

pendent upon the consciousness of equality, is not jeopardized by special government privileges to some. This condition encourages them to emphasize those points of doctrine and polity on which they can agree, and to minimize the points which still separate them. The result is that a spirit of fraternity has developed here which bids fair to culminate, at some time, into an organic and vital interdenominationalism.

In this development the German-American church has had no part. Among strongly denominational churches it takes first rank. It has maintained a studied, and sometimes a hostile, aloofness toward all interdenominational movements. Not even the more liberal of the German-American churches have entered very heartily into Christian fellowship with other churches. This unfraternal spirit is not a racial characteristic of the German but seems to be a surviving relic of the eighteenth-century orthodoxy of the German church.

In this old, cocksure orthodoxy, that is forced to be intolerant because it is so sure that it alone is right, the German-American church is as different from the German church as day is from night. The German church, particularly the German theological school, is known to the world as the foremost protagonist of liberal Christianity. Nowhere have Christian theologians worked with greater freedom in reinterpreting the old truths of the Christian faith in the light of modern scientific discovery than in Germany. But the old dogmatic orthodoxy, which the German church was first to overcome, has been nowhere more obstinately maintained than in the German-American church. It has adhered to tradition with a pertinacity that presents a strange contrast to the readiness of the German church to abandon it. This strange

anomaly has been confusing to American thinkers who are acquainted with German thought, and has been perplexing to German thinkers as well. It has certainly not contributed to an understanding of the real Germany on the part of the American people.

The contrast between German liberalism and German-American conservatism, while strikingly illustrated in their respective theological positions, is by no means confined to these. The German-American gives the impression of conservatism in all his mental processes. His mental attitude sometimes has an appearance of stolidity and sluggishness that is in inexplicable contrast to the brilliancy, the ingenuity and the sometimes licentious freedom from tradition of the German mind.

Because of the German-American's unrepresentative character, America never understood these characteristics of the German race until they were revealed in a rather unfavorable light by Germany's present militaristic task. Perhaps this failure of German-Americanism contributed to the unfavorable verdict pronounced on Germany by American public opinion.

IV

One other characteristic of organized German-Americanism deserves special mention. It is its opposition to all temperance reforms. If there is any activity which German-Americanism has undertaken as a unit, and which has brought it as a body to the attention of the American people, it is this opposition to the temperance movement, particularly the prohibition movement, in America. If German-Americanism was discredited in any way even before this war, it was because of its attitude upon this question. Next to the interests directly affected, German-Americanism

has been the strongest opponent of prohibition in this country. The German press is practically unanimously opposed to any and every kind of prohibition, and the German pulpit has given the opposition a less unanimous but even more effective support. Resentment against this attitude has grown with the phenomenal increase in prohibition sentiment among the American people.

The prohibition movement has come to express the most enlightened conscience of the American people. It has the practically unanimous support of the churches and is being championed with increasing vigor by the press. It is natural that opposition to a movement that has the support of the intelligent public opinion of our country should cause resentment, especially when it comes from a group of otherwise respected and respectable citizens. In this attitude, as well as in his attitude upon other issues, the indifference and hostility of the German-American to our ideals is a betrayal of the ideals of his own people. Perhaps this contention will seem less convincing in this connection than it was in the others which we have tried to establish, for Germany is known as a drinking nation. The position of German-Americanism upon the drinking question as such is, in fact, not inconsistent with German customs, though it must be mentioned that the temperance movement has made much more progress in Germany of late years than among German-Americans.

The real inconsistency of German-Americanism, however, is established by the principle it invokes to justify its opposition to the prohibition movement. It claims to be fighting for 'personal liberty,' a principle that has, in the history of civilization, covered a multitude of sins with the mantle of respectability. The espousal of that principle

by Germans is, however, peculiarly unfortunate. They have sprung from an intensely communistic race, a race in which personal privileges have been more successfully subordinated to the common weal than in any other. Individualism, with its emphasis on personal liberty, is on the other hand, an Anglo-Saxon heritage. Tradition and training have made the German a champion of community interests, and his attempt to espouse the cause of the individual therefore justifies the suspicion that he is either ignorant of history or insincere. At any rate it is a curious anomaly, that a Teuton descendant should fight for an Anglo-Saxon heritage against the Anglo-Saxon heir.

We see upon every hand that, where the German-American is hostile or indifferent to our ideals, he is, in some sense, false to his own. It is difficult to find an adequate reason for this peculiar situation in which German-Americanism is found. Perhaps it is due to the fact that German immigration was largely drawn from the peasant class of Germany, which is ignorant of, and unaffected by, the influences of the modern German university, which has had such a large part in moulding con-

temporary German civilization. Perhaps it is caused by the fact that the German exodus to this country had virtually stopped before the modern Germany was born. Thus, the attempt of German-Americans to remain true to the customs and conceptions of the fatherland, causes them to perpetuate customs and ideals long since discarded in Germany itself.

Whatever may be the cause of the failure of German-Americanism, its failure is obvious. And this failure may be a contributory cause, not only of the lack of esteem in which German-Americanism is now held in this country, but also of the lack of understanding between Germany and this nation. This want of understanding may be only very indirectly responsible for the present ill feeling between the two countries. This seems rather to be due to more specific historical incidents. But the position of German-Americanism in this country would have been fortified against suspicions of disloyalty, and its defense of the German cause would have been more convincing and effective had it been less indifferent to the ideals and principles of this nation, and more true to its own.

THE SYNDICALIST

'DEAR, can't you sleep?'

'O John, I woke you?'

'No.'

'I think about the trenches, these cold nights.

Do you, John?'

'Sometimes.'

'When I hear the trolley

Whirr past the corner; when its stealthy light —

There! did you see it flit across the ceiling?

— I think of Zeppelins, and English wives

Trembling in English beds. I think of London

And Paris; all those women dressed in black.

I walk the wards of that grim hospital

In England where those Belgian nuns are keeping

Their nine months' vigil. Do they ever sleep,

I wonder? Are they making baby clothes,

Like me? Like mine? Thornstitching little frocks?

Nuns sew so sweetly. No; I must n't cry.

I must n't let their faces follow me

About the dark — their Belgian faces, coiffed

And wimpled. No; I must n't count their faces.'

'Count sheep, dear heart.'

'But John, they don't stay sheep.

They turn Turk, and the British Tommies toss them

On bayonets, by twos, by tens, by hundreds,

Into the Dardanelles. They bleed. They scream.

And I lose count.'

'My little tender heart!

I know that horror; I had nights of it

After the massacre in Colorado.'

'A massacre in — oh, you mean those miners.

I did n't know we used that word except —'

'Except for what?'

'Well, yes; perhaps it was.'

'Perhaps?'

'But John, the war makes all that seem

So long ago and far away and almost

Trivial.'

'No, Dolly; find another word.'

'You dear old darling dyed-in-the-wool fanatic,

Don't you be trivial. John, sometimes I think

You would grow narrow if it were n't for me.
 I'd quite forgot there were such things as strikes.'
 'Well, England has n't lost her memory yet.'
 'Welsh miners; and munitions? Oh, of course,
 In an argument you'll have me, every time;
 But I was thinking of America.'
 'And in America men still are striking,
 Though you've forgotten.'

'Powder mills; yes, yes;
 And factories for shells, and chemicals
 The hyphens meddle with. I'll eat my words
 To make you happy.'

'Just the one word, darling;
 Just trivial.'

'John! why, John! I did n't mean —
 I've hurt his blessed feelings!'

'No, sweetheart;
 Not you. I'm only sore on the world in general.
 And let's be fair: the hyphenated strikes
 Are not the only ones. The garment-workers
 Are striking in Chicago. The police
 Are beating up the pickets, *à la Boche*.
 It may be worse in Belgium; so our papers
 Here in the East don't feature it. The war
 And Wilson's programme for preparedness
 Capture the headlines. Yesterday, I tried
 To sneak a paragraph in under news
 Of the cotton trade, but the Old Man cut it out.
 He's on to me.'

'You won't be reckless, John?
 You won't forget the doctor's bill that's due —
 Some time?'

'A lot you trust me, don't you, Dolly?
 The Old Man's mighty patient nowadays
 With my vagaries. It's a darned sight simpler
 To kill my syndicalist rot, — blue pencil;
 "The rest is silence," — than to find another
 Linguistical, cosmopolite young fellow
 With all the belligerent languages under his hat.
 I shan't be fired. We've no need to add
 Real worry to our anxiety *de luxe*
 Over the Allies.'

'Our anxiety
De luxe? It is n't fair; it's cynical
 And cheap to say such things. Why will you, John?'
 'The journalistic impulse, the temptation
 To turn a smart phrase, sting — no matter who.'
 'Even me?'

'Myself even. It's my blood that bleeds

When you are wounded.'

'Always you make peace

Like a poet.'

'And I'll eat my edgy French

Like a sword-swallower. Forget it, sweet.'

'You think I am a spiritual glutton,

Savoring sorrow, piling pity up

For thrills. You think I am an epicure,

Preferring my emotions high, like game;

Lying awake to indulge a haunted fancy

With morbid images that swell and breed

The black and bloody pageant of death. You think' —

'I think I'm a durned infernal ass, a brute,

To make you cry; an egotistical,

Self-centred pig, a —'

'Now, you've made me laugh.

You silly John, if only you were selfish

Like other men, I might sleep quiet, nights.

It's not the big guns booming at Verdun

That wake me, it's my coward conscience squealing.

It's thinking how you might be over yonder

In the thick of it, as special correspondent,

If you were free — of me — No, let me talk;

Don't stop me with your dear, transparent fibs.

If you were free, you might be cabling copy

From France to-night; you might have been in Serbia

With Lady Paget; or at Erzeroum

Writing the story of the siege; or London

With Zeppelins overhead. And I have spoilt

All that. No, listen, John; be still; I'm talking.

The thought of you at that dull office desk

Translating censored newspapers all day,

Is on my nerves. And if I fall asleep

I dream the baby's come — with eyes like yours,

And they reproach me. All the bestial horrors

In Belgium, all the cold brutality

Of submarine disasters, all the pathos

Of young heroic death — I heap them up;

But always over the top the baby's eyes,

More unendurable than all the grief

Of Europe. John, you'll go? My patient boy,

Tell me you'll go!'

'My precious Dollykins,

My little adorable goose, to think I'd pine

And "let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on my damask cheek!" — No, I'll not laugh;

No, no; it's too near heart-break. All her pangs,

Her wakeful, tearful hours of anguish wasted

On pain that never was.'

'That never was?

You mean you would n't go? I have n't kept you?

It does n't call you? John, are you pretending?'

'Oh, silly hearts of ours that still must play

At hide and seek! — It never, never called me.

I do not want to go.'

'Not want, — oh, John!

It comforts me! It comforts me, no end! —

And yet — there's something — why are you awake?

And you're depressed, John.'

'Am I?'

'So depressed,

I'm lost and frightened in the cloud of you.'

'Dearest, I'm sorry. It's a judgment on me.

I always did despise a moody cuss.

But hark, the weather prophet: Fair to-morrow!

Now sleep.'

'You have n't told me.'

'Listen here

Against my heart, dear other heart of mine;

Ears do not help; it's nothing words can tell,

If hearts have lost the pitch.'

'I'm listening.'

'There was a Belgian in our place, to-day;

One of those Lawrence strikers, — you remember? —

A weaver.'

'Lawrence! We were just engaged,

Do I remember! We were there one Sunday.'

'And big Bill Haywood led the strikers' meeting' —

'And a baby waved the red flag' —

'And the paper

Cut my three-column write-up to a scant

Two inches. "What's this philanthropic gush

About free lunches furnished by the strikers?

Maison du peuple, on the Belgian model,

Run by the Franco-Belges — This your idea

Of covering a strike?" the Old Man yelped.

I said it was.'

'How good their free lunch tasted!

And now we're feeding them.'

'And they can have

The front page any day, and red head-lines

Three inches high. The whole blamed office force

Stood on one leg and goggled when that weaver

Said he was Belgian. All the cubs came running

To shake his paw and languish in his eyes.

We print his brother's letter, double column,

With fancy type. And Russia's great campaign

In Asiatic Turkey has a map

And special photos, to instruct our readers.
 But Russian Jews campaigning in Chicago
 For living wage and economic freedom —
 Oh, that's not news! And yet they shed their blood.
 'But not so much.'

'No; measured by the quart.'

'Finish the story of the weaver, John.'

'That's all. A fingerpost to my black mood.'

'Always the workingman?'

'Poor Dolly! always.

And yet, I'm not unmitigated crank.
 I know the casualties are n't as great
 In the steel mills, killed and wounded, burned and scalded,
 These eighteen murderous months, as in the trenches.
 I know the Belgians face an imminent,
 Abrupt starvation, more spectacular
 Than all the long, slow, steady underfeeding
 That saps the victims in the British slum,
 And ours. — But we'll not let the Belgians starve.
 God knows, I'd be the last one to belittle
 This war; I'm only saying war's a symptom.
 I'm groping for the cursed roots of death,
 Not on the battlefield, the blossoming place,
 But deeper. From the seed we reap the harvest;
 And from our ancient, hardy, tough perennial,
 Our national system, our competitive order,
 How many crops of wars! I say this weed
 Cumbers the ground, pollutes the innocent air.
 It's these outlived ideals that do the mischief.
 They're rank; they're only fit to be ploughed under
 For fertilizer for the tree of life.
 Democracy's new goal! Oh, let me rant!
 The economic dream of the workingman:
 Labor's naïve, fantastic fellowship
 Transmuting Adam's curse to linkèd love, —
 A golden net of brotherhood to hold
 The wealth of the world. — And we've betrayed the dreamers.
 Corrupted them with nationalist fears,
 Confused them with our patriotic glamour,
 Poisoned their loving-cup and let them drink
 Distrust of one another to the dregs,
 The bitter, sleepy dregs, distrust of self.
 Here's where I touch the unforgivable.
 Here's where I touch despair. — This brutish war
 Has more to answer for than bodies of men.
 To think of all those simple-hearted boys
 Helpless in that red slaughter is bad enough;
 But when a young dream's caught in the strangle-hold
 Of a dead ideal — that's desperate. That's death.

Unless — life can't be conquered. There are signs.
 Jaurès is dead, but Germany still suffers
 Her Liebknecht's muted protest; still endures
 The intermittent pianissimo
 Of *Vorwaerts* in the national symphony.
 Signs! In the wailing of astonished voices
 Uplifted in reproachful invocation
 To the proletarians and socialists
 They'd laughed at and berated and despised:
 "Save us! — In spite of ourselves! — You said you would!
 Where is your general strike, you comrade cowards?"
 Signs! An infinitude of quaint devices
 Sprung from the heads of pacifists and statesmen;
 Subtle and simple, and the magic label
 On every one — the word we conjure with
 To-day, the exalted, visionary word
 The workers chose to be their countersign
 For the Revolution: International! —
 Our armaments; our courts of arbitration;
 Our parliaments; our straits and seven seas;
 Our factories for munitions; our police.
 Finance? — It's hinted. — Commerce? — Tentative
 Suggestion of world-markets. — Industry? —
 Ah, there you get below the slippery surface,
 Behind the institution to the men.
 What will the workers answer when they hear
 Their countersign? The resurrection trumpet
 Sounds in that reconciling battle-cry:
 The International! Unite! Unite! —
 Where is their general strike? Oh, trust their answer!
 Venture our faith! They'll save us yet, beloved.
 The golden net — Asleep?'

PARENTS AND SCHOOLS

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

AN attempt to discuss seriously the relations of parents and schools encounters at once a certain skepticism about both. While, of course, everybody would prefer that a child should have worthy parents and attend a good school, experience appears to show that one need not despair just because a child has been more or less unfortunate in the choice of its parents or its school. Some of the most foolish parents who ever lived and some of the worst schools ever conducted have failed to wreck the children committed to them by Divine Providence. I happened lately to be reading the *Life of Richard Cobden*. Cobden had unusually bad luck in his parents, and, if possible, even worse luck in his schools. Yet he developed a sweet disposition, noble purpose, and acute intellect. Sometimes — so unaccountable is human nature — it would appear that schools and parents work by contraries — in other words that a combination of poor schools and incompetent parents may provoke a child to show how easily and completely he can transcend both.

These are, however, probably only exceptions. For, though some capable and gifted individuals fortunately defy both origin and environment, the sound development of most children depends on both. Thus neither parents nor schools can be lightly regarded; and there is a marked tendency to take both more and more seriously. Being a parent used to be one of the most simple, natural and inevitable developments in the world. People used to grow up,

marry, and raise families, — they still do back in the country, — and society was content if parents could clothe, feed, and exercise a general supervision over their offspring. But nowadays one has no business to be married and have children unless, sleeping and waking, one is conscious of the responsibility. Competent modern parents must supervise the feeding, housing, and playing of their children on terms which, if applied a generation ago, would have brought the reproduction of the human race to a dead standstill. And now, responsive to the same forces, competent modern parents must supervise schooling. The schoolmaster is no longer to pursue his own sweet way. Parents are going to inspect him, as they inspect every other factor in the child's life. Modern parenthood has thus become an exacting full-time vocation — that is, persons who enter the profession have no time for other occupations, except the suffrage, and they cut themselves off from all other forms of remunerative and enjoyable activity.

A young and modern parent — one of the most charming of the new species — wrote to me not long since in reference to a newly contrived lecture course in the following terms: 'The object of these four lectures is to interest parents in modern educational methods, so that they will feel the need of going into the subject for themselves.' That sentence is an ominous one for us schoolmasters. Parents are going into the thing for themselves. Precisely as they do not permit their children to eat as they

please, or to play as they please, so they are not going to let teachers teach as they please.

Intimate contact between parents and schools is likely to have important consequences; but, in the first instance, a certain amount of discomfort is apt to result from the lack of an agreed formula regulating their relations. It is understood that parents and schools should coöperate in solving their common problem; but how far they are to defer unquestioningly to each other, or just where they should exercise a separate authority, is not obvious. If parents are indifferent, the schools suffer from loss of contact; if parents are meddling, the schools lose in authority and continuity. Is there no way out of these apparent inconsistencies? To tell parents that they must participate and in the next breath to depict the dangers of participation is not very illuminating or helpful. What then may a well-meaning, conscientious parent safely do, so as to meet the demands of her conscience, and her obligation to the profession, without upsetting the apple-cart?

I

Before proceeding to wrestle with this question, I wish to emphasize two points. In the first place, I shall take for granted that in all that concerns school habits it is the duty of parents to comply conscientiously and vigorously with whatever the school demands. Of course, children must be on hand promptly in the morning, having had long and refreshing sleep; of course, they must not ask to be excused to go to Florida or the horse show. Obedience and regularity are just as important as they are obvious — important to the school, because otherwise there can be no continuity of effort; important to the child, because in this way the child gets into the way of being or-

derly and conscientious. If I make no further allusion to this subject, it is not because I think it unimportant, but rather because I think it so important that our discussion cannot proceed at all unless it is taken for granted.

The second point bears very closely on my entire argument. I am going to try to tell parents how they may legitimately influence technical school procedure. It may fairly be inferred from this that I am not very happy about education, and, in order to be quite frank, I shall confess in advance that I have grave doubts — very, very grave doubts — as to the soundness or value of a very large part of our school procedure. These doubts have not risen lightly; they represent the outcome of some twenty-five years spent in teaching, in observation of teaching, and in efforts to find out what teaching accomplishes. Now, at the same time that I avow in advance my conviction of the futility, wastefulness, and unwisdom of much of our education, I wish with all possible emphasis to declare that teachers and only teachers can effect the necessary improvements. Running a school or a class is a technical or expert job. It cannot as a rule be done by an untrained person; and untrained people, seeking to break in, are likely to do more harm than good. The school situation, indeed, resembles the situation in medicine fifty years ago. The practice of medicine at that time was atrocious; but it had to be improved, and it was improved by doctors, not by laymen. I shall not spare the schools; but schools must be improved by schoolmen — and they will be.

We have then reached this point. Intelligent parents wish to have a say in the education of their children. But schools must be conducted by trained persons. The training of these persons is, however, largely antiquated. Are we not deadlocked?

I think not. Parents cannot tell teachers what to do or how to do it. But what they can do is to ask questions. They can, like the man from Missouri, require 'to be shown.' At first blush, this may not look like very much. But if my readers will bear with me for a moment, perhaps they will see that the right and the duty of asking 'to be shown,' of asking persistently and continuously 'Why?' 'Why?' gives parents all the leverage they need or can use in making over the education of their children.

Our schools could not be perfect. I won't even stop to argue that they can all at a bound make themselves much better than they are. Parents cannot possibly make many practicable suggestions by way of improving them. But just because we all know so little, just because schoolmasters are so hampered by tradition and organization, just because parents are so helpless in making practicable suggestions, for these very reasons the complacent following of traditions is the most inexcusable of attitudes. The schools which are now too conventional, too complacent, too free from deep-seated and unhappy doubts, should be tentative, inquiring, investigating, skeptical in their point of view. They will be assisted in becoming tentative, inquiring, skeptical, and experimental if parents will, year after year, make them tell *why*, make them show *why*. For when people are called on to show why, they begin to look into what they are doing, and out of this critical scrutiny will come doubt, invention, and finally something living in place of something long since dead.

Most teachers do not really know *why* they teach this or that subject; nor, given the subject, do they really know why they teach it in this or that way, at this or that time. In this respect, they are like most other people, who

do not think things through. But as teachers have a large creative opportunity, it is fair to expect them to deal thoughtfully and resourcefully with their problem; just as, for example, it is fair to expect the same of a physician.

The Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, is suggestive in this connection. To the Mayo Clinic, in that remote little village, scores of patients, accompanied by friends or relatives, resort daily from all parts of this country and from other countries, for medical and surgical advice. The medical and surgical examinations are made with all possible thoroughness, after which the physician or surgeon takes the time to explain to the relative or friend in attendance just what the doctors think is wrong, and why they think so, and what they propose to do about it. Suppose an operation is performed. The relatives, if willing, are taken into the pathologists' laboratory, where the tissues are examined, and no pains are spared to make them understand the significance of what they see. In case of death, a post mortem is almost invariably conducted and the same procedure is followed, if possible. These excellent physicians and surgeons thus regard it as part of their duty to show not only 'what' but 'why.' They do it in part to satisfy the patient's family; but partly too because it is good discipline for the doctors and surgeons themselves. For when a surgeon knows that he must explain why, he is bound to observe and to think more clearly. So, in the long run, the Mayos and their staff have been made more observant, more resourceful, more thorough, because they knew they would have to explain whatever they do.

If laymen can thus after a fashion be led to understand pathology and surgery, should not parents be able to understand why their children must do this or that in school?

Take, for example, the study of Latin. I do not think it would be well for a mother to say, 'I believe in Latin' or 'I do not believe in Latin,' for, if she did, she would perhaps be assuming just as unintelligent an attitude as is assumed by some teachers of the subject. But nevertheless she must question the study of Latin; she must insist on being shown. She should say to the school principal and the Latin teacher, 'Of course, I am quite eager to have John or Sally study Latin, if it is best. But won't you please tell me why?' Only one or two answers are likely to be given. Let us assume that the principal or the Latin teacher¹ avers that children study Latin because of the mental discipline that it affords. Now 'mental discipline' is a very impressive phrase. We have all been silenced by less ponderous artillery. Still, if a mother is resolved to be shown, she must stand her ground. I figure her therefore as saying quite imperturbably, 'Mental discipline? What evidence is there that the study of Latin gives mental discipline?' And she might go on to say, perhaps, 'My brothers studied Latin as boys; my husband did, too. Are they mentally disciplined? Is John or Sally going to get the same kind of mental discipline that my brothers and my husband display? And if my brothers and my husband are not mentally disciplined, why are n't they — for they studied Latin?' And then she might call to mind some of her friends' children, — one always has opinions about the mental and moral discipline of the children of one's friends, — and she might ask to what extent Latin is contributing to the peculiar brand of mental and moral discipline which they exemplify.

The subject is not yet exhausted. We all know people who have not studied Latin. Are they or are they not mentally disciplined? Is Mr. James J. Hill mentally disciplined? If so, he received

his mental discipline through something else than Latin. It would be worth asking the Latin teacher therefore whether he has ever considered the possibility or feasibility of an alternative to Latin as a mental discipline — whether there are any ways of getting mental discipline except through Latin; and if so, what they are? Are there conceivable or imaginable or, as in Mr. Hill's case, actual ways of disciplining the mind that are — shall we say — less slow, less uncertain, to some persons at least less repugnant, than Latin? Is it possible to get any mental discipline through subjects that have also other uses or advantages? How does the teacher know whether there is or not? Did he ever try?

Intelligent mothers might also ask this question: who gets the most discipline from Latin — the child who works hard and never really succeeds, or the child to whom it comes easy, so that he never has to work hard at all? And, by the way, how do bright children get any mental discipline anyhow? for if things come easy, is n't the disciplinary exercise slight?

The other conceivable answer to the question 'Why?' in reference to the study of Latin is culture. Let us see. Boys and girls read six books of Virgil as a cultural exercise. How many are at the close of the process cultivated enough to read the remaining six for themselves? What other Latin authors do they read when relieved of compulsion — or deprived of 'ponies'? Or has the study of Latin refined and improved their English taste? What books do they read? What musical shows do they frequent? Would the literary quality of undergraduate journalism be worse if the editors had not studied Latin? The cultural argument had better not be pressed; 'mental discipline' is safer!

All parents can ask questions. They

can ask them about Latin, about algebra, about plane geometry, about grammar, about home work. And if parents demanded, not that the schools modify their practices or their programmes in any particular way, but merely that every principal and teacher should be able to tell *why*, the curriculum would get an amount of critical scrutiny from teachers such as it is not now getting and never has got. For the truth is that our more or less monastic course of study has survived, in part at least, because it has become a fetich, because successive generations have gone on teaching it, without looking for specific results.

II

This procedure will in time have this effect; it will put an end in education to the age of faith; it will usher in an age of inquiry, reason, or demonstration. Changes like this have already taken place in other domains. It is not only in education that men have been chained to a routine, never critically examined or only superficially examined. Doctors once practiced blood-letting for precisely the same reasons that teachers still teach cube root in arithmetic—namely, that others had done it before. In the South—perhaps too in the East—mothers used to give successive generations of children every spring a nauseous dose of molasses and sulphur. They said it ‘purified the blood.’ The words—‘purified the blood’—were regarded by these mothers as an argument not open to question. Would any one have the effrontery to deny the importance of pure blood? Could any one prove that this mixture did n’t purify the blood? But ultimately science insisted on going behind the words. It soon showed that people who spoke of ‘purifying the blood’ had no clear conception of what they meant; also that a mixture of sul-

phur and molasses might upset the stomach, distort the child’s countenance, and agitate his œsophagus, but that it did nothing to his blood. ‘Mental discipline’ has, as a phrase, had the same effect as ‘purifying the blood,’ and has now to be brought to book.

All proposed reforms have the same experience. They are in the first instance halted by hoary phrases. Legal reforms, political reforms, theological reforms, and educational reforms, all alike make no headway until they challenge certain words and phrases, and succeed in showing that these words and phrases do not embody ideas, but are mere make-believe. The phrase ‘mental discipline’ belongs in this ill-omened category. The facts are probably as follows. Anything one studies represents a positive acquisition in a special kind of knowledge, habit, and skill; and the child who has learned a particular thing can learn other things of the same kind somewhat more readily in consequence. For reasons that need not be discussed here, it seems not improbable that the learning process has to a slight extent general as well as special consequences, so that any kind of education may be better than none at all. Therefore if a child learns some Chinese, he can undoubtedly acquire more Chinese with a reduced expenditure of energy. To some extent also the learning of Chinese may help him to learn other things. If, however, the doctrine of mental discipline as formerly held be sound, the mind can be so trained by the study of Latin and geometry that power acquired through the study of Latin and geometry will be effective in any other study or emergency that the child may subsequently encounter. Now, it is perfectly fair to say that at this time psychologists no longer hold the doctrine of mental discipline in this form. And, indeed, it is extremely fortunate for most children

that mental discipline does not 'carry over' in the way that teachers of Latin and algebra are prone to believe. For, if it did, most children would carry over from Latin and algebra, not good habits, but bad habits. For most students of Latin and algebra as a rule fail to learn those subjects; they fail even to make systematic efforts to acquire them. On the contrary, they fumble and stagger and guess all the way through. If, then, pupils should transfer from the study of Latin and geometry to their other activities the methods pursued in studying Latin and geometry, only in very few instances indeed would this prove to be a matter for congratulation.

If one does not study things because they 'train the mind,' why, then, should one study them? The answer is extraordinarily simple: one studies things because they *serve a purpose*. I do not say, mark you, a *useful* purpose, but a purpose — a valid purpose, a genuine purpose, not a make-believe purpose. Mental discipline is not a valid or genuine purpose — it is a make-believe. Meanwhile the number of purposes, of genuine, valid purposes, is simply infinite. Learning to read Virgil is, of course, just as valid a purpose as learning to play a symphony, or to bake a pumpkin pie. The test is, however, not, did the student get mental discipline? but, can he read and enjoy Virgil? can he play the symphony? will some one eat the pie? And because people rarely care to read Virgil, because almost none of the thousands who study Latin ever can or do read Virgil, therefore, in so far as they are concerned, studying Latin has no purpose. So again, schools must teach arithmetic in so far as it serves a purpose, and just so much as that purpose requires, and not a jot or tittle more.

There are indications that, when the process of asking why is completed, it

will go hard with some of the time-honored elements of our monastic curriculum. Some years ago, Professor Judd of Chicago summarily lopped a whole year off the elementary school of which he was the head. Nothing happened — except that a year was saved. The children now learn just as much and they learn it just as well as when they had the extra year. Boys and girls who go to college from that school now do on the whole as well as those who had a year more of training. So far as results go — and the results have been studied with scientific care — it is like slicing off the end of an earthworm: the earthworm never finds it out.

One wonders what will happen to formal grammar study in the age of reason the coming of which will be accelerated by asking why. Sometimes it is urged that formal grammar teaches children to write and speak correctly; but as all Americans have studied formal grammar, including newspaper reporters and saleswomen, there would appear to be no guaranty that formal grammar study leads to correct habits of speech. On the other hand, I once knew a school where for fourteen years not a minute was spent on formal grammar, and, like the worm who does not miss a slice or two, no one ever knew the difference. I suspect that formal grammar is in for trouble when parents begin to insist on knowing why.

Arithmetic is another subject sorely needing to be questioned. There is, of course, no doubt that people need to know how to manipulate a few figures and how to calculate simple interest. But how much more do they need to know? Do they need to know how to calculate the cost of plastering and carpeting, for example? And if they do not need to know these things, why are they taught? Does this sort of thing also constitute mental discipline?

Euclid is a gentleman from whom

credentials ought also to be required. He has long held a prominent place in education as a matter of tradition. 'Just why should John or Sally study plane geometry, and indeed how does it come about that they are studying it?' That is a question which cannot be put too plainly to teachers of mathematics. I shall consider for a moment two possible answers: Geometry is useful, you may be told, or geometry affords excellent mental discipline. Geometry is useful. Well, how useful and in what ways? Professor David E. Smith, Professor of the Teaching of Mathematics in Teachers College, tells us, 'Not more than twenty-five per cent of the propositions [in geometry] have any genuine applications outside of geometry.' And a distinguished physicist has assured me that the seventy-five per cent of propositions that are of no use are not even needed to prove the twenty-five per cent that are of some use. The teachers of plane geometry have therefore a very considerable task if they are going to justify the time spent on geometry on the ground that geometry is useful. Nor is their task easier if they take the other horn of the dilemma. Suppose one did get 'mental discipline' from geometry. Is it the sort of mental discipline that life calls for and gives? Geometry as taught is a deductive science; that is, from certain assumptions called axioms and postulates a long series of propositions is developed. If the study of geometry really developed that kind of thinking, whom would it help but lawyers? For practical life calls for a very different type of thinking. In actual life, people observe — or they should observe — and on this basis make a limited inference, which leads to action; if the action taken fails, they observe further, construct other hypotheses, and act again. It is the method of trial and error.

If there is to be any mental discipline, ought it not to be of the type represented by science rather than the type represented by the conventional treatment of geometry? At the very least, therefore, asking why will bring about marked changes in the treatment of elementary and secondary-school mathematics.

Parents may also find it worth while 'to be shown' in the matter of home work. A good many experiments have been made as to the comparative merits of having or omitting home work, with a general consensus of opinion unfavorable to home work for less mature children. Supervised study in school appears to save time and energy and also to improve results. I do not urge parents to forbid home work, for I am, as I have said, opposed to direct interference by parents. But I think they should require teachers to explain why the fumbling efforts of little boys and girls at home are supposed to be good for them. I think, too, they may fairly expect teachers to know what has been accomplished without home work, and to explain why, notwithstanding, they adhere to the routine way, if adhere they do.

It is not necessary to labor the point further. I have tried to show that education, whether sound or unsound, is based on assumptions that ought nowadays to be questioned, and that the chief use of a parent in the matter of education is to ask questions that compel teachers to take up a critical attitude toward the tasks they impose. As soon as that attitude prevails, a school will resemble a clinic, and the teacher, like the physician, will look for the specific results of her work in the bearing and development of the individual child. What do parents care whether, generally speaking, Latin does or does not give mental discipline? The one question for them is this: What is Latin

doing for my boy or girl? If a favorable effect cannot be demonstrated, how are they helped by the complacent assurance that, generally speaking, Latin is a grand thing for mental discipline, and has been ever since the fall of Rome — if Rome really ever fell!

Perhaps I can make this point even clearer by an illustration. Modern mothers all know something from experience about the feeding of children. All normal children nowadays present special problems in the matter of diet. And many parents in these emergencies have consulted, let us say, Dr. Holt. We can imagine Dr. Holt, after examining a child, asking, 'Do you give him milk?' 'Alas,' says the mother, 'he does n't assimilate milk.' 'Well,' asks Dr. Holt, 'do you give him eggs?' 'Alas,' says the mother, 'eggs are poison to him.' Does Dr. Holt then say: 'Milk and eggs are the staple food of childhood; if your child can't digest milk and eggs, then a world created on the theory that they are good for children is no place for your darling?'

This answer would be precisely in line with the contention of the schools that Latin is good mental discipline. Whether it is or not, is a question to be settled afresh in every individual case, and it is a question to be settled by objective proofs. Milk and eggs are good for children if children grow fat on them; Latin is good if children thrive mentally on it. If a child does not thrive on milk and eggs, it is the doctor's problem to discover something that he will thrive on — bananas, for example. If boys and girls do not develop in love of learning and keenness of intellect on Latin, then the school, instead of folding its arms and calling them failures, must find out what will develop them. When schools take this attitude, they will be clinics — clinics where children are observed, and where indications of failure will be regarded in the first instance as

impeaching the school rather than the child or his parents; clinics where all the resources of modern knowledge and all varieties of modern activity and experience will be utilized in the effort to save children whom educational blood-letting, or educational molasses and sulphur, will kill.

To the properly conducted school, then, every child is a problem, an individual problem, just as he is to the physician. And just as there are children whom the family physician cannot treat, so there are children whom the ordinary school cannot teach — defective and abnormal children who require such special treatment that special measures must be instituted for their benefit. But the common run of school failures represents, not the defect of the children, but the resourcelessness of the schools. Children fail in Latin: this may mean that, instead of studying Latin at home, they should have had supervised study at school; or it may mean that it is a waste of time for them to study Latin. Perhaps they ought to have been promoted in order to be able to study something else. This is what Mr. Spaulding did when superintendent of the Newton schools, and with marked success. Or, finally, a child may fail in Latin — I am assuming, you see, that it may be well for some children to study Latin — because the monotony of the school course depresses all his energies below the level at which he can succeed at anything.

The monotony of the school course! One could discourse almost endlessly on that theme. President Eliot has characterized the conventional school course as essentially monastic, as mainly a thing of words and symbols. Meanwhile, the world is full of objects, interests, problems, and our children abound in energy, spirit and desire! In *such* a world with *such* children, does it not stand to reason that an education in

words and symbols ought to be made to justify itself? Our children are granted annually a four months' vacation: how often does it happen that the spontaneous activities of the long vacation reflect and continue activities set up or developed at school? Typical is the case of a very capable boy who worked out for himself the mechanism of wireless telegraphy and had constructed a working wireless apparatus. Though he had taken high rank at school, there was no place in the school curriculum for his main interest. At school, he was getting *mental discipline* through the commonly accepted studies — and nothing else. Meanwhile other children, less surely and effectively led by their own bent and capacity, spend a four months' vacation idly and aimlessly, because the schools, instead of organizing their normal interests, belabor them excessively with mere words and mere symbols.

Teachers may concede some force to what I am saying and still refuse to be held responsible. They may say, 'This is all very well. But what can I do about it? The school has a curriculum — I don't know whether the monks made it or not; all I know is that I didn't. I was taken in to do this or that. If I don't do it — some other person in my place will.' And the principal may say, 'What you are saying is, to be sure, an exaggeration, but it is not altogether without an element of truth. Still what can we do about it? The children must go to college. And

the colleges insist on Latin and all the rest of it.'

This explanation is somewhat beside the mark. I should not primarily blame schools for teaching any particular subject if, while doing what they are forced to do, teachers and principals were actively engaged in studying the results of their efforts and exhibiting them to the world. How many teachers of Latin and mathematics ever raise the question: What evidence is there that John or Sally gets any mental discipline from Cæsar or algebra? 'The colleges have no business to run the secondary schools.' How many headmasters plainly tell them so?

Fortunately, teachers who desire to view their problems and activities in a scientific light need no longer suffer from loneliness. There is no dearth of men and women who are subjecting to analysis first this aspect and then that aspect of school work. And experiments are in progress, devised to ascertain and to test results. As this attitude of mind has come to prevail in medicine, so it must come to prevail in education. Mothers and fathers can hasten it if they will refuse to take anything for granted; if they will refuse to be overawed by tradition or large question-begging phrases; if they will refuse to allow their questions to be side-stepped. They have a right 'to be shown,' and there is something the matter if a school principal or a school-teacher cannot convince them that there is a good reason 'why.'

ELLEN FORTH AND THE PAINTER BOY

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

I

I WAS running for harbor under close-reefed mainsail and the remnant of my jib, before a roaring southerly gale. I had known that something was coming, of course, before I started on my night run, but I had not expected that it would come so soon or that there would be so much of it. That was one of the times when I was fooled. I have been fooled many times, and shall be many more, but I am not often fooled by the weather. And I was behind time, and thought I would make up a little. I did.

It came on to blow hard about eleven o'clock, when the hospitable harbor which I had left was well astern, and a most inhospitable shore stretched for miles and miles; and I reefed down under difficulties, for I was alone, and it was so dark that I could scarcely make out the reef-points, and my jib split from top to bottom. I managed to tie down the jib somehow. I have no clear recollection of the further events of that night. It is all a nightmare of wind, and more wind, and lashing rain, and great seas which came at me out of the darkness fiercely, as if they would devour me. But I knew they would not. I knew my boat. There is every comfort in knowing your boat.

Morning dawned at last. I shall never forget that morning. I seemed to be alone in the middle of the Atlantic, which was but a mass of spume and spray and roaring seas. The wind came in fierce gusts, and each fresh gust, fiercer than the last, came howling and

whistling and singing over the water, driving before it the spray from the tops of the waves. There was a mist of spray for six feet or so above the surface of the water, and it stung where it struck, and obscured my vision. I could not tell whether it was raining or not; but the dark clouds overhead were rolling and twisting and writhing just out of reach, and the driving scud seemed as low as my masthead. My mast is not very tall. Hours passed, and I caught a glimpse, through the spray, of a heavily-laden coaster under very short sail, and then of land, and I knew where I was. There was a little haven which I would run for. Haven! It seemed like Heaven, the very sound of it.

So I was roaring in for harbor under a close-reefed mainsail and the remnant of my jib, before a southerly gale. I was wet through and cold and sleepy and hungry and almost worn out. Everything aboard the boat was wet. I had breakfasted on a few soggy pilot biscuits, for I could not leave the wheel to cook anything, even if I had wanted to cook. I had few desires left, and the desire to cook was probably the least of them. I had had my fill of cooking. I would not cook another meal if I had to live on ready-cooked canned things for the rest of my life. I had rather starve. As I stood dripping at the wheel and listened and waited for each fresh gust to come roaring and whistling and singing over the water, it seemed to me that it would be easy to starve. One would have nothing to do but to do nothing. And then that roar-

ing and howling gust would strike the boat, and she would careen until the sea was racing almost level with my cockpit rail, and I would have my hands full, and my thoughts too, and cooking had no place in them.

These were unfamiliar waters, but I had no time to look at the chart. I was coming to a lighthouse perched up on a rock at some distance from shore, and there must have been a tide-rip there, for there was a tremendously high, short sea. I passed the lighthouse, and got into water which was not so rough; and I raced along a shore which I did not know, and I saw before me a break-water with uneasy masts behind it. That must be my haven. And I raced into it, and found several large boats near the mouth, a couple of schooners and a sloop or two, and a ketch; and I saw, farther on, where the harbor narrowed, a forest of rocking masts of smaller schooners and knockabouts and catboats. There were wharves there too, and I kept on.

I had to cut the lashings of my anchor, for they were as hard as iron with their drenching, and my fingers were too cold and stiff to loose them; and I dropped the anchor overboard, and lowered my sails, and tied stops about them roughly, and got into some better clothes, — not dry ones; there was nothing dry on the boat, — and rowed ashore. There I found nobody, but I poked about until I came to a blacksmith's shop, and the blacksmith at his forge.

He looked up and nodded as I entered and sat on a wooden chair by the door, a chair from which the back was gone. I was glad of the quiet and the warmth.

In a few minutes he looked at me again, and spoke.

'Blowing pretty hard,' he observed.

'More than that,' I answered. 'I've just got in. I was out in it all night.'

He stopped his measured working of the bellows. 'Boat?' he asked.

I nodded. 'She's right off the wharf in the mess.'

He started toward the door.

'The little one,' I added.

He looked out, and came back and stood before me, and whistled slowly, and smiled.

'Well! I'm glad I was n't out in her — not last night. I guess you're tired and cold and wet.'

'And hungry. Is there a hotel here?'

He shook his head. 'We don't run to hotels. Perhaps Ellen Forth will take care of you. I can't promise.'

I would try Ellen Forth presently, but I wanted to dry myself a little first, and I went and stood by the forge. When I had steamed enough, and had some heart in me again, the blacksmith went to the door with me, wiping his hands on his leather apron.

'That's her house,' he said, 'that square one, half-way up the hill. I wish you luck.'

I thanked him and set out. The house was a well-to-do, square old house, set high, with huge old elms before it, and a well-kept barn behind; and on either side well-kept fields in which a few cows were grazing. It did not look promising. It was too good.

But I kept on, and I saw, suspended from great painters' hooks in the edge of the roof, a ladder laid flat, and on the ladder a board to serve as floor; and on the board was a pot of paint, and a boy in painter's overalls and blouse and white hat and sneakers. The whole thing, ladder and boy and pot of paint, was swaying wildly in the wind. There was nothing to be seen of the boy himself, for he had his white hat pulled down to his neck, and he was facing the side of the house and painting merrily, and humming while he worked. Occasionally he stopped painting for a moment, and put his head on one side to

contemplate his work, and then he broke forth into song in a beautiful high tenor, and began to paint again vigorously.

I stood for some time in the wide gateway, watching him, and listening. At last I interrupted him.

'Ahoy!' I said. 'Aloft there!'

The boy turned a startled, handsome face toward me. Then he smiled.

'Ahoy, the deck!' he answered. 'You almost made me drop the brush. Think what a pretty streak it would have made all down the clapboards. And I should have had to come all the way down after it, or make you tie it on the end of a line, and heave the line up here. Can you heave a line?'

'I don't believe I have strength enough left — now. Is Miss Forth within?'

'How should I know? I am painting the house. But, as it happens, I do know. She is out just at present.'

'Is it Miss Forth or Mrs. Forth? I could n't be sure whether the blacksmith —'

'The blacksmith! What has he to do with it?'

'He said that Ellen Forth might take care of me, but he could n't promise.'

'Oh! Well, it was Miss Forth when I came up here. I don't know what has happened down there since.'

'I thought that — perhaps — you might be her husband.'

'Her husband! *Mel*!' And the boy laughed as if it was an excellent joke. 'But I wish I were. A man might do a great deal worse. Many do.'

'I should like to see Miss Forth,' I murmured.

'Why not try ringing the bell?'

Truly, why not? I had forgotten that. I began to move.

'It would n't do any good,' said the boy. 'It would n't be answered.'

'Well,' I said, 'do you know where she is?'

The boy hesitated. 'Yes,' he said, 'I suppose I do. She's not available just now. Suppose you tell me your errand.'

Thereupon I stated it. 'I don't know where else to go,' I added, 'and I'm very hungry, and not quite dry yet.'

'Dry!' the boy exclaimed quickly. 'What wet you? Was it you that I saw driving in there, an hour ago?' He waved his hand toward the harbor.

I nodded. I seemed to have succeeded in capturing his interest at last.

'Well,' he said, laying down his brush, 'I'll tell 'em — if they're in yet. I think Miss Forth 'll be in in a minute now. You might wait around by the front door and see what happens.'

He drew up his sneakers carefully, and disappeared within a little half-size window of the third story. I waited around by the front door to see what happened. Nothing happened for a long time, but the wind whipped the elms, and there was a fine view of the harbor filled with whitecaps and with tossing boats, and of some windmills on the other shore, and of misty hills.

A maid came at last, and ushered me into a half-darkened room, in which I was left alone with two ebony cabinets containing all kinds of deep-sea shells. The shells were well polished, and ran to luminous pinks and purples on their inner surfaces.

I was looking at a large shell which seemed to have imprisoned a sunset, when I was aware that I was not alone. I turned and saw a girl just within the doorway. She was of a slender figure, and just above medium height. She had wavy, dark-brown hair, and pleasant, dark eyes. They were very expressive eyes. They were smiling at me now, and there was compassion in their depths, as she stood, her hands clasped in front of her.

'I am Miss Forth,' she said. 'My painter boy has been telling me about

you. I shall be happy to give you your dinner if you will take what I have.'

Her voice was low and full and sweet and rich. I think I was in love with her voice — and her eyes — from that moment. I hastened to apologize, and said that I should not have come if I had fully understood, but the blacksmith had given no explanation, and my boat was wet — everything in it — and the idea of cooking anything was repugnant to me — and I thought —

She smiled. 'I know,' she interrupted. 'I know exactly how you felt. Dinner will be ready in a few minutes.'

That dinner was nectar and ambrosia to me, but Miss Forth was not present. I waited around for some time, hoping that she would appear; but she did not, so I strolled down to the wharf. The wind was falling, and it was not too warm in the sun, and I leaned against a pile and looked out. The sun, the sound of the blowing wind, the faint noises from the harbor, all together, were too much for me, and I fell asleep standing; and I barely recovered myself from falling, and I had just sense enough to go to a bench which was set against a building on the wharf.

I must have slept there for hours; for, when I opened my eyes again, the wind had fallen to the gentlest breeze, and the sounds from the harbor were inexpressibly soothing. On the string-piece before me sat some men, fishing idly. For a little I sat there, looking out at the pleasant sights, and hearing the pleasant sounds, while the sun got lower, illuminating the sides of the boats and the quiet masts with a reddish light, and making the slowly moving windmills on the opposite shore no more than silhouettes against a reddish sky. I got up slowly, and saw the boats lying on a sea of crimson and blue. The silent fishermen reeled in their lines and went silently away; and I followed, not knowing where I was going.

I went up to Ellen Forth's, of course, and I saw her coming from the barn. She smiled when she saw me.

'A bad penny,' I said.

'Yes, I see,' she replied. 'What brings you back?'

She was almost laughing as she asked the question, and that took the sting out of it.

'My feet,' I answered. 'They turned this way of their own accord.'

'And did your feet,' she asked, 'know that it is almost supper-time? Was that it?'

'I suppose it was, partly, although I was not conscious of it.'

'And what was the other part?'

'To thank you for giving me a good dinner, and — and because this was the natural road for my feet to take.'

She laughed then. 'You are invited to supper, — you poor man! I could n't do less, could I?'

So I had supper with Ellen Forth. And I was nervous and excited, but she was amused and smiling. Rarely she laughed, a low sweet laugh. I found myself waiting and listening for it.

I prolonged that meal as much as I dared, but at last she rose.

'Your breakfast will be ready at eight,' she remarked.

'What!' I cried. 'Am I to be asked —'

'It is to save trouble,' she said. 'You know you would be hanging around, hoping for it. It will be more convenient for me. And you need not begin your cooking yet.'

Then she seemed to be waiting for me to go, so I thanked her, and went. The boat was still wet, but I always sleep in my boat. I make a point of it. And I ate my breakfast alone at eight, and I did not hang around more than half an hour, but I caught no glimpse of Ellen Forth. The staging was there, lower than on the day before, but no painter boy. I wandered down to the wharf, got my tender, and rowed out.

II

I had put the boat to rights, and was sitting in the cockpit, smoking and wondering what I should do, when I heard a hail.

'Ahoy, the deck!'

I looked up quickly, and there stood the painter boy on the edge of the wharf. He was smiling broadly and merrily.

'Ahoy yourself!' I cried. 'Were you hauling me?'

'No other,' he said. 'Don't you want a crew?'

He looked more like a sailor boy than a painter, with his white blouse, and his white trousers, and his white hat, but his hat was tall and ended in a sort of peak. He would have made a good Pierrot, just as he stood. I got into my tender and rowed back.

'Why should I want a crew?' I demanded.

'So that you can get your sails furled before midnight,' he answered quickly. 'And I am an able seaman.'

'Come on.'

He scrambled over the string-piece and dropped into the boat, as light as thistle-down.

He took the oars. 'I have to be back by twelve,' he remarked. 'But it can be managed, and you will want to get back yourself.'

'How do you know I will?' I growled. 'Confound your impudence!'

'Dinner!' he replied with a triumphant smile. 'You would n't miss it, would you?'

It was true, I would not miss it willingly. But I said nothing, and the boy pulled me to the side of my boat in a seamanlike manner, and jumped out, and made the painter fast astern, and proceeded to loose my sails, and to get up the mainsail. It was all done before I knew it, and we were off. Then he dived below, and got an old broom, and

cleaned the anchor, and got it in on deck, and coiled up all the ropes in sight, cast an eye up at the sails, and seeing that all was snug, came and sat crosslegged on the overhang. We were but just out of the harbor.

'There!' he said. 'That's done, and here we are. Now what do you want to do?'

I did not want to do anything but just sail — anywhere. So we went on aimlessly, and the boy showed me the points of interest as we came to them. There was a fish-trap in which I had come very near to getting tangled the day before, although I had not seen it at all in the smother. A fish-hawk was sitting hunched up but alert on one of its stakes, while its mate sailed over the water ahead of us, until he was attacked by a flock of screaming terns, and driven off his fishing grounds. And there was a rock showing its bare back above the water. I had not seen that either, and I must have passed very near it, and still nearer to another outcropping of the ledge which was waving its fringe of weed on the surface. The boy pointed it out to me.

'Providence takes care of fools,' I remarked. 'I might have piled up on that yesterday. I wonder what would have happened. But I can't be expected to learn my *Coast Pilot* in one lesson. I shall have to take you with me often.'

'I shall be glad to go,' he said, 'when Miss Forth can spare me.'

'Why are you painting the house?' I asked abruptly.

'Why,' he said, looking at me in some surprise, 'it needed painting.'

'And Miss Forth hired you?'

'Yes,' he replied, hesitating; 'that is, I saw that it needed paint, and she got it, and I am putting it on. She is n't paying me — in money. Ellen Forth's interests and mine,' he added, laughing, 'are indissolubly connected. Indeed,

you might call them identical. She is very good to me.'

'You seem to be very generous,' I observed. 'I wish I could —'

'Not so generous,' the boy interrupted, chuckling. 'Not so very generous.'

With that we fell silent; and presently he called my attention to the position of the sun, and to a low-lying bank of fog out at sea. I had seen the fog, and had been watching it. It would be in toward the end of the afternoon. We came about. He rose to trim the sheets, and again seated himself on the overhang.

'Ellen Forth,' he said, 'has not had an easy time these last few years, since her father died. Her father was more intent upon giving her an education than upon saving, and sent her to one of the best schools in the country. She was not trained for a farmer's life.'

He seemed about to say more, but he did not.

It was a little after twelve when we dropped anchor. The boy rowed me ashore furiously, leaped out and ran up the wharf, and disappeared under Miss Forth's elms, while I watched him, wondering.

That was only the first of many times when the painter boy sailed with me. I did not know when he did his painting, unless it was very early in the morning, before my breakfast; but the painting was getting done. He was a very efficient sailor. So I took him when I could, and as the summer went on, that was nearly every day.

He was a great comfort to me. Ellen Forth was not. I rarely saw her except occasionally at supper and when I loafed in at the barn about four o'clock with my purpose very obvious. She was too busy, I suppose, with her cows and her little farm. She had but one man to help her, and he was not gifted with overmuch sense. There was the boy, of course, but I never saw him now, ex-

cept on my boat. One day I aired my grievance against her, and asked her why I saw so little of her.

She smiled at me indulgently, as if I had been a small boy who must be humored when that was possible. It seemed as if I afforded her some amusement. Indeed, as I thought upon the matter, that had become her attitude toward me — an attitude which I like well enough, but there was something lacking.

'Why,' she said, 'you are looking at me now.'

'A very agreeable occupation,' I replied. 'I should like more of it.'

She laughed, and shook her head slowly.

'What do you want me to do?'

'Sail with me sometimes. You ought to be a good sailor, — and to like it, — with your inheritance.'

'My father was a sea captain, as you must have found out, and I do like it. But I'm very busy, and I'm afraid,' she finished, smiling and shaking her head again, 'that you'll have to be content with what you get.'

'Your painter boy? He is very comforting, but — not enough.'

But I could get nothing more out of her, and she turned away to weigh the milk.

I was morose and glum the next morning. My sailor boy saw it.

'What's the matter?' he asked, when we were well under way, and he had seated himself on the overhang, as usual. 'I will diagnose your trouble if you like.'

'Well?' I said curtly.

'You're in love,' said the boy. 'I know the symptoms.'

'What!' I cried. 'Not that I am aware. And what do you know about love, anyway?'

'I know a lot about it,' the boy replied. 'I'm in love myself. And a man never is aware of it until he is told.'

'In love!' I exclaimed pettishly. 'Pshaw! I'm not. I'm put out because Ellen Forth won't —'

The boy laughed merrily. 'I knew it! You're in love with Ellen Forth. You're not the first man to be in love with her.'

I glowered at him. 'Perhaps you're in love with her yourself,' I growled.

The boy laughed more merrily than before; as if it were an excruciating joke. 'That's the best yet,' he said. 'No, I'm not. It was Ellen Forth who pointed out to me that I was in love. And she told me the very person, too.'

'She seems to be most perspicacious,' I returned. 'Would you advise me to ask her counsel?'

'Yes, yes,' the boy cried, beating his hands upon his knees. 'Go to it! Faint heart, you know. Go right up to her, and say something tender — and do whatever suggests itself. That part will take care of itself.'

I could not forbear smiling. 'But,' I objected, 'suppose she should n't like the something tender — and whatever suggested itself. I should have to look around for a new boarding-place, or up anchor and leave.'

'Oh, well,' said the boy, crestfallen, 'if the board is all you care for!'

'It is not!' I cried indignantly. 'I care very little for the board. But she rarely comes to the table, and she won't go sailing with me. What should a man think? And you would be along,' I added.

'Of course,' said the boy, 'I should be along. I wish that you could get her to go when I was along.'

And he burst into song, in his beautiful high tenor, but he did not sing anything in particular, only tra-la-la-la.

'Oh, dry up!' I said in disgust. 'Sing something you know.'

He laughed. 'How can I dry up and sing at the same time? Which shall it be?'

'Sing!'

He had sung to me often. In fact, he usually sang when circumstances favored that exercise. He sang to me now, and I leaned back and watched the terns and the two fish-hawks and the clouds, and heard the gentle hiss of the water beside me. One of the hawks caught a fish, and went to a rock on the shore, and began to devour it — the fish, not the rock.

The boy broke off his song suddenly.

'Ellen Forth,' he observed, 'is not busy in the evenings. She sits on the piazza until nine o'clock; sits on the piazza and looks out at the harbor. I happen to know it. And what then?'

I laughed. 'I'll try it,' I said, 'if it will please you. But how should I know —'

'Oh, fiddle!' the boy retorted scornfully. 'Please yourself. She won't put you off the piazza. Faint heart!'

'Will you keep still?' I cried angrily.

'I will remove myself.'

And he went up forward, singing something about 'faint heart,' and seated himself on the heel of the bowsprit, and sang that detestable song at the top of his lungs.

'Here!' I called. 'Come back here! Don't you know that it puts her down by the head to have you up forward? Come here where you belong.'

'Aye, aye, sir,' he said cheerfully. 'Better down by the head than down by the heart. You would n't put her down by the heart.' And he came and sat behind me again.

'To-morrow,' he went on, 'I'd like to give you a lesson.'

'In what?'

'Making love. You need it.'

I declined his kind offices. He was an outrageous boy. But I followed his suggestion that evening, and sat with Ellen Forth on her piazza.

Next morning, the boy greeted me with an insinuating smile, but he said

nothing until his work was done and we were out of the harbor. Then he came and sat crosslegged on the deck behind me.

'Did you have a pleasant evening?' he asked.

I kept my gaze straight ahead. 'Very pleasant,' I replied.

'Is that all? At least, you managed a tender whisper in her ear?'

I shook my head.

'Oh, dear!' the boy sighed. 'You're very backward. You'll never get anywhere, at this rate. Why, the summer is almost gone.'

'What would Miss Forth have thought?'

'Of the whisper in her ear? I know very well what she would have thought. I don't know what she might have said. But you can't tell by what they say.'

I laughed. 'A lot you know about it!'

'I do, though. It's queer, is n't it, that they should like such a monotony, but they seem to.'

I said nothing. I would hold no further conversation with the boy upon that subject.

He waited for some time. 'Oh, well,' he said at last, 'if you want to get huffy about it, you may.'

He went forward and sat with his back against the mast, and looked out ahead, humming to himself all the while. I let him sit there for nearly fifteen minutes, and then I called him back. I was not happy. I liked to have him near me.

That evening, I dawdled on the wharf for half an hour, and then went back to Ellen Forth's, having decided that I would not do so. I got into the habit of spending my evenings there. She was always pleasant, and seemed glad enough to see me; but not too glad, not as glad as I was to be there. Her manner toward me was that of an indulgent aunt. I would have given

something to know wherein I afforded her amusement. I was making no headway, and I knew it, and the knowledge did not tend to make me more pleasing.

Every morning I went sailing with my sailor boy, and almost every afternoon I went alone, for I could not persuade Miss Forth to go, although I tried many times. And each time that I failed, my sailor boy would discover it somehow. He seemed to know it by intuition. It was uncanny.

'What's the matter with you?' he cried one day. 'Must you go mooning around like a sick calf whenever Ellen refuses to go sailing?'

'I don't like being made a fool of,' I said gruffly.

'Nobody's making a fool of you except yourself. You'll find out one of these days, when you manage to get up your courage. I don't believe you've got any courage.'

I had mighty little where she was concerned. I sighed; and the boy laughed in delight.

'Cheer up!' he cried, giving me a gentle pat on the shoulder. 'We can go for a long sail to-morrow. The lovely Ellen will put us up a lunch. I spoke to her about it.'

III

Accordingly, the next morning, the boy appeared with a huge hamper, which he deposited carefully in the cabin. There was not much wind, and the boat almost steered herself. We said little. I was thinking that here it was September, and in the natural course of events I should go for good — or for ill — within a few weeks, and it looked as if I should go alone. I think that I have as much courage as the next man, but Ellen Forth had given me absolutely no reason to believe that her attitude was other than that of an indulgent aunt.

I do not know of what the boy was thinking, but he did not seem inclined to talk, which was contrary to his habit, which was distinctly cheerful and merry. I closed my eyes for a bit, — I can steer very well with my eyes shut, for a little while, if there is not too much wind, — and presently the boy began to sing.

His voice was extraordinarily rich and sweet and high, and I listened, and did not move or speak, and I opened my eyes only occasionally and for the briefest instant. He was flat on his back on the deck, with the brim of his hat turned down, and he looked up at the clouds, I suppose, for I glanced at him once or twice, but I could not see his eyes. He sang for more than an hour, I should think.

Suddenly he stopped, and leaped to his feet.

'Fog's coming,' he cried, 'and wind with it.'

He had seen the little ragged wisps of fog driving overhead.

I had been very nearly asleep for a long time, lulled by his voice, but I was wide-awake in an instant. There was the fog nearly upon us, a great gray cloud which blotted out everything. The boy trimmed in the sheets, and then the fog came, and the wind with it, as he had said.

'Let me have her,' he said. 'I'll take her into a little cove I know, and we'll have our lunch.'

How he managed it was a mystery to me, for the shore had been but a smudge of indigo on the horizon before the fog came, and now the fog was as thick as cheese. But he did it cleanly, and we anchored, with the white sand of the beaches just visible on either side of us through the fog. We had our lunch at our leisure, and emptied Ellen Forth's hamper in that enveloping silence. Then we stretched ourselves at our ease.

Presently he got up slowly. The fog was not as thick as it had been.

'Shall we up anchor?' he asked. 'This will clear away soon.'

He hoisted the mainsail, and by the time the halyards were coiled down the sun was beginning to struggle through. We were getting up the anchor, the boy and I, and had it hanging over the bows, when she began to pay off. The sheet caught, and she came up again, and the boy muttered something impatiently, and started to run aft. She paid off again, on the other tack, and the boy was nearly there, but on the lee side, when the sheet came loose suddenly, and the boom swung off. It carried the boy with it, and dropped him neatly into the water.

I let the anchor run, and I ran aft, and I threw over one of my cushions. They are life-preservers. The boy had disappeared, and I was afraid he might be under the boat. I stripped off my coat and shoes, and dived in.

I found him down there. He had got caught, for a few seconds, against the side of the boat, and had just got free and was coming up; and I thought I saw him smile, but you cannot see clearly under water, and there was the shadow of the hull. I reached for him, and the boat began to drift astern, and we came up together under her bows. I saw that he had lost his peaked hat, and I thought that I saw something else; but streams of water were running over my eyes. I brushed the water off, and looked again. The loss of the peaked hat had freed masses of dark hair, which streamed over my arm; and the face which looked up from my shoulder, regarding me with eyes filled with amusement, was the face of Ellen Forth.

In my amazement, I almost dropped her.

'Oh, don't let me go!' she cried softly. 'Don't let me go!'

Then her amusement was too much for her, and she laughed. Oh, how she laughed!

'Ellen Forth!' I cried, out of all manner of patience. 'I—I'd like to shake you!'

'Why don't you?' she asked. 'Why don't you do it? You may if you like.'

'I will,' I said; 'and the only reason I don't treat you worse is that I love you too much.'

'And I never guessed it!' she said. 'To think that I could be so blind!' And she laughed again.

I kissed her. 'You're an awful fraud, Ellen.'

'I can swim perfectly well,' she replied, 'if you mean that. But you don't care if I am a fraud, do you? Say you don't.'

'Well, I don't. But, if you're going to keep on being one —'

'I'm not,' she interrupted hastily. 'Never fear, for I'm not. And now don't you think we'd better get aboard?'

Two hours later, we walked slowly under her great elms, and she mounted the steps more slowly yet, and she sat down on the top step while I stood below, and she looked at me and smiled.

She had put on a spare white suit of mine, and I carried my sailor boy's

clothes in a wet bundle. I tossed them on the step beside her.

She put her hand upon them with a loving gesture.

'I suppose my little game is up,' she said, sighing regretfully. 'It was such fun, — *such* fun, — after I had found out something.'

'How did you do it?' I asked. 'The change of costume is not enough.'

'Oh, no. That would be too easy. It is change of expression. I took a course in it.'

'And which is you — really you?'

'Both,' she answered; 'both, but the boy is best, I think. Ellen had to be repressed when you were here. I very nearly exploded. Which did you like best?'

'Both,' I answered.

I suppose my eyes must have expressed my intention.

'No,' she said, shaking her head, 'not now.' Still she sat and looked at me, a soft light shining in her eyes. 'I shall be at home this evening.'

The impatient lowing of cows came to us from the barn.

'Mercy!' Ellen cried in dismay. She got up quickly. 'I have to milk the cows. I had forgotten all about the cows. Will you come?'

She was holding out her hand to me. Would I come!

THE INSTINCTIVE BASES OF PACIFISM¹

FREDERIC LYMAN WELLS

THE pen is mightier than the sword, when the sword has drawn the ink; the dollar is sometimes mightier than either, but might does not make right. Convictions of pacifism are daily torn from our breasts, not by arguments, but by facts, like the skepticism of Jean-Pierre Bacadou. No mistake is fully corrected unless we understand what caused it to be made. The many reasons why pacifism should not be, deserve careful thought of why it is.

Pacifism and militarism exist, not because they are reasonable, but as outgrowths of instincts more or less common to all animals. Reason is not the master of our instincts, but their mistress. We find reason ineffective against militarism or pacifism, because they are not based on reason but on instincts. Just as modern militarism is the outgrowth of instincts like self-protection, self-assertion, and self-display, so is pacifism the outgrowth of other instinctive processes. But the processes underlying pacifism are less fundamental than those underlying militarism; hence the greater tendency of pacifism to take support from rationalizations. (Good examples have been given to *Atlantic* readers by Bertrand Russell, in 'War and Non-resistance'; August, 1915.)

If a wild animal is threatened, it tries, according to its powers, to destroy or escape from its enemy. Whether in combat, flight, or death-sham-

ing, the end of the animal's conduct is the avoidance of injury; passive acceptance of evil is not compatible with survival in nature. But among animals more subjugated by man, we see definite beginnings of non-resistance. The 'cat that walked by himself' shows very little; the dog, who cowers under the blows of his master, and even licks the hand that gives them, shows a good deal. Non-resistance to evil is brought out in animals, either by excessive abuse that 'breaks their spirits,' or by excessive coddling that develops habits contrary to the combative tendencies that usually predominate. I remember a dog reared in the latter way who ran from a chicken. He would cower at a threatening gesture from his master, who did not physically ill-treat him.

Among men these simple beginnings have had larger growth. Not only do we meet with passive endurance of suffering, but this is extolled as virtuous. Instinctive desires are self-denied, and sufferings self-inflicted. Characteristic reasons for self-denial and self-torture are given. Such conduct being clearly unsuited to present life, 'other-worldliness' looms large in the rationalizations of it. The ascetic spurns the normal satisfactions of this world on the ground that to do so brings greater satisfactions in the next.

Now, the conduct of the ascetic is the pacifism of the individual toward the conflict of life. Both asceticism and pacifism are characterized by not wanting normal objects of life enough to undertake struggle with others who

¹ Interesting light is thrown on this article by the fact that Dr. Wells is a psycho-pathologist at McLean Hospital, Waverley. — THE EDITOR.

want them too. When it is said that we get what we truly want, the meaning is that we do not get what we do not want enough. And the 'overwhelming need to think we are acting rationally' is never so overwhelming as when we are acting against the normal wants of human nature. So the ascetic must see in his unnatural conduct a path to heaven. Weakness must rationalize cowardice by taking literally the hyperboles of the Sermon on the Mount.¹

This shirking of responsibility for action in life is well covered by one of the instincts formulated by the British psychologist McDougall, and termed by him the *instinct of self-abasement*. The cowering dog is also McDougall's prototype of it. Self-abasement is the mental trend upon which the rationalizations of extreme pacifism are built. This human instinct, which is now against the most essential strivings of the individual, looks like a distorted vestige of flight, concealment, and death-shamming instincts. The instinctive character of this trend is best shown in a desire for suffering pain and humiliation which the specialist calls *masochism*. In its original sense, this term applies to a great desire for pain and humiliation in love at the hands of the loved one. It is sometimes carried to grotesque extremes. The hen-pecked husband presents it in mild degree. Masochism is the greatest flowering of the self-abasing tendency, and shows it in its most purely instinctive character, uncomplicated with moral or economic rationalizations. Another instinctive reaction tending this way is exemplified in the curious indifference to immediate danger that is proverbially ascribed to men in the clutches of wild beasts. In the face of imminent destruction, the sense of its horror is abolished. So does the remoter aspect of

national peril strike unstable emotions with a terror paralysis. The peril seems indifferent and unreal, and this view of it is defended with appropriate rationalizations.

Especially from this instinct of self-abasement grows the pacifism of the doctrinaire. The man of affairs would respond little to such a trend of thought, were it not powerfully reinforced by a better understood, but still instinctive factor. In order that a man may best enjoy his pleasures, make money, found a family, and rear children, he tends to give all his energies to the following of these personal instincts. He does not do this so well if group interests, of which strength for war is one, make their demands upon his energies. Personal and group instincts thus come into fundamental conflict. Pacifism expresses the outcome of this conflict, when personal instincts get the upper hand of group instincts. The rationalizations of pacifism do not then take on such an other-worldly character as when they spring chiefly from the trend of self-abasement. War is opposed rather because it dulls one's 'finer' sensibilities, because it interferes with property, because it endangers the continuity of the family.

Because war does these things, it arouses, as Professor Cannon points out, hostility against itself. As with increasing civilization there is more personal pleasure to be got out of life, men conform less to conditions that may make them part with it. The anthropologist observes that the death-fear is far greater among the enlightened than among savages. Those living under the freest social conditions can get the most personal satisfaction out of life. The recent experiences of England illustrate that men so situated are less ready to make personal sacrifices for group motives.

The instinctive bases of pacifism are

¹ Compare Mr. Rihbany's article in the April *Atlantic*, p. 511.

therefore two. First, the instinct of self-abasement, which inhibits the supreme combative efforts that war demands. This instinct of self-abasement (here conceived in harmony with the *régession* of Professor Ribot) opposes the instinct of self-preservation with pacifism, as it opposes the sexual instincts with prudery, and economic instincts with glorifications of poverty. Second, the various pleasure-seeking, familial and economic instincts conflict with and block the instincts that involve self-sacrifice for the group. The

continuity of tribe or nation has always demanded this sacrifice of individual motives to group motives, and the nations surviving have been those in which this sacrifice was made. With the security of the group assured, selfish motives have time to grow. Gradually they become stronger than the group motives, and this is the first cause of the decay of nations. Without discipline inside the group, there is no strength against rival groups. Such might may not make right, but it makes history.

THE WOMAN WHO WRITES

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

I

I OFTEN wonder how other women write. Workers in art material are chary of revealing processes that might save other workers wasted effort and vain experiment, or, better yet, provoke challenge still more conducive to success. I venture to believe that any woman's literary product is a matter of constant, and often desperate, compromise between writing and living; and some examination into the wherefore of this fact may throw light on the nature of writing processes, if not also on the nature of woman-processes. Since there are scant data for analyzing the methods of other women-writers, I give only my own, the experiment and experience of a woman who has chosen to earn a living as a literary free lance.

Such conclusions must necessarily be personal and practical, pretending to

no theories except those made by immediate need. Driven to earn to-day's bread and butter, I really have no time to study the superiority of prehistoric woman in the struggle for existence. Nor can I give undivided attention to the achievements of my sex as promised by the feminist millennium, when my 9 A.M. problem is to write a story that shall please some editor, presumably male. I do not know whether or not woman's intellect is the equal of man's; I know only that mine is not.

While observation teaches me that every woman worker may gain by adopting to a certain degree the methods of men, the feminist promise of an eventual equal productiveness is to me a promise barren, if true. So far as I can see, individual men and women have, alike, just so much vitality. If women devote this vitality to doing what men do, they will have just so

much less to devote to being what women are. As a writer I aspire to write a book; as a woman I shall forever prefer to be a person rather than a book.

In an examination into the psychology and methods of the woman-writer, two things should be clearly kept in mind. The first is that of all professions open to both sexes, writing should furnish the most reliable conclusions in regard to the relative accomplishment of men and women; for from Sappho's day to ours a woman has been as free to write as a man. Life is the only university in which a writer can be trained, and that university has always been strictly coeducational. Neither have there ever been any restrictions, commercial or social, to bar a woman's way to the literary career. It follows that any restrictions that exist must be imposed, not from without, but from within, must be due to the nature of the creature, physical, mental, and spiritual.

The second fact not to be forgotten is that of all the professions practiced by women writing is the one most intimately affected by a woman's personal life and philosophy. It is far easier to detach yourself from your own daily-ness for the purposes of music, painting, or science, than to separate yourself from the book you are writing, which is necessarily self-expressive. Consequently a woman's literary productiveness is far more precariously dependent upon her peace of mind than any other form of professional activity. There are too many mute Miltons, too easily silenced, among my sex; but on the other hand — a fact equally due to the feminine fusion of living and writing — history has shown, perhaps will always show, that woman's most valid intellectual achievement is in literature.

As a writer-worker, I have found no

way of getting even with my limitations except by frankly shouldering them. The body my soul bears upon its back is a heavier burden to carry than a man's, and I find I cannot accomplish the pilgrimage if I give up my own little jog-trot for a man's stride. All that happens is that I lose my breath, and break my back, and have to lie down by the roadside to be mended. But when I do keep my own small pace, I have time and strength to pick a few fence-row flowers, too fine and frail and joyous for any striding man to notice.

I turn sharply from my own figures of speech to Mr. W. L. George's airier fancies, to the most vital facts of feminine existence brushed so lightly by the masculine intelligence that it can say, '*in passing*, that we do not attach undue importance to woman's physical disabilities. . . . I suspect that this is largely remediable, for I am not convinced that it is woman's peculiar physical conditions that occasionally warp her intellect: it is equally possible that a warped intellect produces unsatisfactory physical conditions. Therefore if, as I firmly believe that we can, we develop this intellect, profound changes may with time appear in these physical conditions.'

My own warped intellect, belonging to a woman who must write stories for a living, points out that, if it has taken æons of differentiation under the guidance of Dame Nature to accomplish my own personal physical disabilities, I can hardly afford to wait for æons of differentiation under the guidance of Mr. George to accomplish my own personal physical freedom.

Looking at things as they are, I find my body constantly pushing upon my work; but it is possible to treat a body with a certain humorous detachment. It is possible to say to yourself, this is a headache that you have, don't do it the

honor of letting it become a heart-ache, your own or — far more fateful peril — your heroine's. It is quite practicable for a woman to live apart from her body even when it hurts, quite practicable to give it sane and necessary attention, while keeping the soul separate from it, exactly as if she were ministering to some tired baby; this course is one of the only two solutions I have ever discovered of the problem of preserving a worker's spirit in a woman's body. The other solution lies in the frank concession to certain physical incapacities as the price one pays for certain psychological capacities.

A woman's talent both for being a woman and for being a writer is measured by the force and the accuracy of her intuitions. My intuitions in regard to the people about me, when duly transformed into story-stuff, have a definite market value. If I did not possess them, I could not conceive, make, or sell a single manuscript. Supersensitive impressions necessitate the supersensitive channels by which a woman's outer world connects with her inner one. If I will have woman's intuitions, I must have my woman's nervous system. So long as I think telepathy the best of sport, I must consent to give house-room to its delicate machinery, even to the extent of keeping cool when that machinery gets out of order and buzzes with neuritis or neuralgia or insomnia. The additional fact is only superficially paradoxical, that when the woman-worker takes the disorder of her nervous machinery thus philosophically, it is much less likely to have any disorder.

The fallibility of a woman's body seems beyond disputing. If a man does dispute it, it is because he never had one; if a woman disputes it, well, personally, if I can't be as strong as a man I should like to be as honest as one! The fallibility of a woman's intellect

is a little more open to argument, but only a little. I keep to my primary assumption that I am not trying to see further than my nose, or to voice any observations but my own. Among the men and women of history and among those of my vicinity, I cannot see that woman's brain is the equal of man's in originality, in concentration, or in power of sustained effort. As a worker, I find that I can write for only a few hours and no more: beyond that limit stands disaster for the woman, and, far more perilous, disaster for the writing. In regard to my brain as in regard to my body, the primary condition of doing my work at all lies in recognizing the truth that I can't do so much work, or do it so well, as a man.

In all matters that can be weighed or measured, a man's endowment is superior to a woman's; but, on the other hand, a woman's endowment consists in the quality and the quantity of an imponderable something that can not be weighed or measured. The chief difficulty about analyzing a woman's brain is that it is so hard to separate her brain from the rest of the woman, whereas men are put together in plainly discernible pieces — body, mind, and soul.

The perfection of a woman's intellect depends upon the perfection of its fusion with her personality. A woman amounts to most intellectually when she amounts to still more personally. She cannot move in pieces like a man, or like an earthworm. It needs the whole woman, acting harmoniously, to write. A man can retire into his brain and make a book, and a good one, leaving all the rest of his personality in confusion; but a woman must put her whole house in order before she can go off upstairs into her intellect and write. It follows that a woman's artistic achievement is for her a harder job than a man's achievement is for him, which

would make the other fact — namely, that the woman's book when written is never so great as the man's — seem additionally cruel, if we could not discern that the best of women-writers have, in attaining that best, reached not one result but two: impelled to clean all her spirit's house before she can feel happy to write in it, a woman-writer achieves both a home that people like to visit and a book that people like to read. Is it not true of all the greatest women-authors that we think of them as women before we think of them as authors?

Of fiction-makers in our own tongue the greatest man is Shakespeare and the greatest woman is Jane Austen. In personal revelation both were signally reserved, the woman the more so, seeing that she did not even burst into the hieroglyphics of a sonnet sequence; but of the two our first thought of the woman is 'dear Jane,' and of the man, 'dear Rosalind' — or Beatrice or Mercutio. A man, possessing a separable intellect and an imagination so original that it can sometimes create what he personally is little capable of experiencing, may sometimes write one thing and be another; but not so a woman. On the other hand, has any woman ever attained such greatness that, at the mention of her name, we think of the books she wrote before we think of the woman she was?

It is true that professional women who direct their toil on the conviction that a woman's brain is of the same quality as a man's sometimes produce work that approximates a man's in quantity. But sober observation of such women does not make me want to be one. I see them too often paying the penalty of being lopped and warped. Again I cannot see that, while such women attain their Ph.D.'s and M.D.'s and LL.D.'s, they ever attain the highest rank in literature. Imaginative

writing seems to demand inexorably that a woman-writer be inexorably a woman. On the other hand, I have reached as a brain-worker the conclusion that, while my head is different in substance from a man's, I get most work out of it when I copy a man's mental methods. My brain is a vague and volatile mass, shot through with fancies, whimsies, with flashes of intuitive and illuminative wisdom, and it is a task surpassingly difficult to hold all this volatility, this versatility, to the rigors of artistic expression, to the stern architectonics of fiction. To the degree that a woman shall succeed in imposing upon the matter of her intellect the method of a man's intellect, to that degree shall her work show the sanity and serenity of universal, and sexless, art.

To impose upon a woman's intellect a man's discipline and detachment is excellent in theory; it is staggering in practice. Convention and his own will make a man's time his own. A woman's genius is for personality, or achievement within herself; a man's is for work, or achievement outside of himself. Now it takes time to be a person, and it takes other people. A real woman's life is meshed in other people's from dawn to dark. These strands of other lives are to her so vital and precious that for no book's sake will she ever break them, yet for any book's sake she must disentangle them. A woman-writer's life is a constant compromise, due to the fact that if she does not live with her fellows, she will not have anything to write, and that if she does not withdraw from them, she will not have time to write anything. I do not know how other writing-women manage their time. I know that to attain four hours a day at my desk means that I must be revoltingly stern with myself, my family, and my friends. One pays a price for retirement, but one

need not pay too heavily. A solution lies in retaining those relations that mean real humanity, while cutting off those that mean only society: I do not play bridge, but I do play with children.

Of course, it always seems plausible to solve the problem of time to one's self by running off to some strange place, but this never works very well. The reason is that such isolation is sure to prove evanescent, so that you have to keep packing your trunk and moving on to new exile, because human tendrils are so strong and stealthy that they push their way through the thickest walls you can build, and twine themselves, wherever you hide, about the fingers that want to write. In order to write a love-story of your own invention, you run away from some friend's too insistent love-story at home, and the first thing you know you are deep in the love-affairs of your poor little chambermaid. You escape home worries only to have some stranger's troubles batter down your hotel door. You might as well stay at home and put up with the truth, that if you care enough about people to wish to write of them, you will care enough for people to wish to live with them, abroad no less than at home. Besides, boarding is bleak and blighting. If I were a boarding woman, presently I should feel too chilly to wish to write; my fancies and my fingers would be too numb for expression. I need a home with its big warm peace and its little warm frictions before I can feel cosy enough to want to chat with a pen.

There is a somewhat different alternative to home existence; I have heard of communities duly arranged for the requirements of writers, where they enjoy a kind of club-like privacy and security from interruption. But are not such communities confined to the near-great? Are real writers any more than

real persons attracted by such an abnormal existence? Writers who shun life and people are exactly the sort that life and people shun. Personally, I run away from an author whenever I hear one coming. Of the really great ones, I am desperately afraid, and of the not-so-great ones, far more so.

II

Writer-communities imply too much of the placard. I wish I might never have to dangle my profession on a label. I am always embarrassed when I am forced blatantly to expose it — for example, to the frank questions of the doctor's secretary, or of a customs official. 'Profession?' they ask, and I cringe before the admission, 'I am a writer.' I don't feel ladylike when I say the words. On such occasions I would give my entire remuneration for an *Atlantic* essay to be able to say, 'I am a laundress.'

Personally, I am only too glad to forget that I am a Grub-Streeter, if only other people would forget. No matter how obscurely one has ever appeared in print, one pays the penalty of the pinnacle ever after. Surely one is no more responsible for the tendency of one's talents than for the color of one's hair. I write because I have found it my best way of making a living, — and also because I can't help it; therefore why cannot people accept me as simply as if I were a dressmaker? I should be embittered by the curious attitude of people toward the literary calling, if it were not as funny as it is puzzling. Once, at a tea, an imposing matron hurtled from the front door to my corner, crying out, 'Can you talk as you write? If so, please do!' I was dumb with discomfort for the rest of the afternoon.

The subject of attitude toward the writer is worthy of digression and top-

ical analysis, for there is a difference among friends, family, and general acquaintance. Now, it is not often that I wish to talk as I write, but the occasions when I do, while rare, are painful and urgent. It is precisely on these occasions that my friends fail me. Essays are a long while in being born, and while they are in process I would give much for some one with whom to talk them over. It is not after a thing is published that a writer needs appreciation: it is before, and especially before it is written. For twenty friends who will loyally enjoy anything I write, I cannot count three who will listen when I talk. Yet the ideas are exactly the same whether uttered by pen or tongue. No friend is so valuable as one ready to attend and sympathize during the incubation and parturition of an idea. And yet the majority, knowing too well the author's temperamental uncertainties, are perhaps to be forgiven their preference to wait until the editorial christening. So much bigger to most minds is print than person. A writer's best friends are prone to treat her with the affectionate inattention they would give to a Blind Tom. Yet I would rather my friends never listened to me, than that they always did; it is much cosier to be considered an idiot than an oracle.

If friends are prone to take the writing more seriously than they take the writer, her family, on the contrary, share her throes too intimately to take their poor sufferer lightly. Few authors experience the popular fallacy of a doting family audience. A shuddering apprehension of the potential effect upon editor and reader makes kinfolk intensely critical. The agonies to which any sympathetic household is subjected when one member of it is writing a book are such as to make them question whether any book is worth the price of its creation. A writer's family also lives in the constant, but usually groundless, fear

of being written up. There is both humor and pathos when dear Granny retires into a corner with some foible she knows you admired in infancy. Relatives are always a trifle uneasy in the presence of the chiel amang us takin' notes. I doubt if any success quite compensates for the discomfort of being blood-kin to a writer. True, a family can sometimes be discovered passing the book or magazine around among the neighbors, but they don't wish you to catch them with it in their own hands. Friends and family are alike in their complexity of attitude, being insistent that other people shall admire you, but afraid of making you conceited if they admire you themselves. The danger of conceit can be safely entrusted to editors and reviewers, not to mention the disillusion that sickens any author on comparing the finished book with the fancied one.

But if a writer is comfortably without honor among her intimates, she is more than honored by the attention accorded by chance acquaintance. The attitude of the average person toward print as print is enigmatic. Not all people place the pen on a pedestal, but all regard the penman as somehow different. I once essayed retirement at a little village hotel. I was promptly established in a room made sacred by the previous occupancy of another lady author. Her name I had never before heard, although I heard it daily during my sojourn. Her sole producible work was a railroad advertisement of some remote garden-spot in California, but it had been enough to confer a halo, as well as to win more substantial reward, for I afterwards found out that, solely for the literary aroma she diffused, the lady had been allowed to remain two years without paying a cent of board. Unfortunately I did not discover the fact until I had paid my own board for two months. The incident disproves

the charge that the United States has no popular respect for the fine arts.

Print is prone to induce curious revelations from strangers. You write, perhaps, a story that tries to be true to simple human emotions, and the next thing you know, somebody in Idaho is writing you all about his wife or baby. It is touching, but quaint. I have come to be a little suspicious of letters from strangers that purport to be simple letters of appreciation. I used to be very much flattered by them until my brief notes of thanks drew forth such unexpected replies. It appeared that the writers of the letters were writers of other works as well; they were sending these to me forthwith; would I kindly read and comment? My experience is, I gather, not unique. A writer-friend whose published poetry is marked by peculiar sanity, has received from more than one unknown source effusions so bizarre that they can emanate from nothing but a madhouse.

It is easy to silence by silence these unseen acquaintance, but others nearer by demand tact. Among these are people who tell me stories they want me to tell. They never can understand why I don't use the material. As a matter of fact, raw romance striking enough to impress the lay mind is much too striking for a writer's employment. Truth that is stranger than fiction is what every story-teller must avoid if he is to write stories true enough to be read.

What I more and more discover is that nine tenths of the people one meets want to write, that seven tenths of them have at some time tried, and that not more than one tenth of them perceive why they have failed. Since they think the impulse to write more distinctive than its accomplishment, and since they feel that they have the impulse in all its glory, they regard with a half-contemptuous envy the person who actually does write. They regard

(creation as purely inspirational, and look askance at a worker who goes to her desk every morning like a machine. For all I know, they are right. A good many people think that the only reason they are not writers is that they never tried to be. Others think they would have written if they had only been taught how, if they had had the opportunity of certain courses in college. Still others think there must be some charmed approach to an editor's attention. Who introduced me, they frankly ask. When people talk like this it requires some self-control to repress my conviction that any person who could have written would have written, and my knowledge that the only introduction I ever had to any editor was made by my own manuscripts.

Friends, family, and general acquaintance have, I find, one impulse in common, the desire always to hound down the autobiographic. They read, beam brightly, look up at me, and say, 'Oh, here is Aunt Sarah's chicken-pen!' Actually it is an old well I once saw in Brittany. 'Oh, here is the story of old Mr. Gresham at his grandnephew's funeral. Don't you remember I showed you Elsie's letter about it?' I never saw the letter, never heard of old Mr. Gresham, and the chapter in question describes the antics of a four-year-old at his father's wedding.

'Here is Saidie Lippincott to the life!'

I gasp, 'Who is Saidie Lippincott?'

'Don't you remember you met her at Rose Earle's tea when you visited me four years ago?'

There is no possession people are so unwilling to let one have as an imagination. In private friends will tear a book to shreds to discover some portrait they can recognize; and in the case of authors famous enough to be dead, critics rake the ground wherever they have trod in an effort to prove that the

folk of their fancy were drawn from the earth rather than the air. There seems no means of convincing a reader that in a writer's head are constantly a thousand faces he has never seen or heard of, all subtle with story, all begging for a book, and all so real that they often make his daily waking seem a dream.

III

There is no denying that there is autobiography in all fiction, but the relation of the two is not so superficial as the mere introduction of facts and of characters from one's daily life. The actual relation of experience and its expression is deep and intricate, and, especially for the woman-writer, pervasive. As one must adjust one's work to a feminine body, to a feminine brain, and to distinctly feminine social relations, so one must take into account as still more determinative a woman's spiritual characteristics. However potent the impulse to write, the impulse to live is deeper. I have dwelt on the negative side of this problem, the uselessness of fleeing to strange places to escape other people's burdens; but it is impossible to over-emphasize the positive side, the difficulties of staying at home with the burdens that Providence has provided. However intense the joys and sorrows of the people the woman creates, the joys and sorrows of the people she loves will be still more intense. It needs both poise and vitality to be equal to the demands both of fancy and of fact. The mere external tangle of hours and seasons that any human relations necessitate is nothing compared with the spiritual tangle of one's sympathies. The instinct to soothe and succor and the instinct to think and write meet in a daily, an hourly, variance. Heart and head are equally insistent in their demands, and equally vengeful if unsatisfied. Books

cry to be written, and people cry to be loved, and to whichever one I turn a deaf ear, I am presently paying the penalty of a great unrest and discontent. To preserve the balance of attention between the needs of her head and the needs of her heart is the biggest problem any woman-writer faces. I have discovered no ultimate solution; it is rather a matter of small daily solutions, in which at one time we sacrifice the friend to the book, and at another the book to the friend.

Yet in any crucial choice a real woman chooses living rather than literature. My brain itself approves this yielding of intellect to emotions for the very simple reason that, if I don't thus yield, the emotions denied will avenge themselves on the brain, and the book I write will be unnatural because I myself am unnatural.

Once I thought it impossible to write when people about me were in distress: I proposed to myself to wait until things should settle down. I perceived that things never do settle down; that for women who have human affections, there will always be somebody somewhere to worry about. It is rather inspiring to be a woman, because it is so difficult. With the winds blowing from every direction at once, one must somehow steer a course that will reveal alike to the reader who knows one's book and to the friend who knows one's heart, a halcyon serenity. A relative detachment from her own living is as necessary for a woman-writer as an absolute detachment is stultifying. Since for a woman expression is fused with experience, clean hands and a pure heart are for her the fundamental demands of art, and this fact means that she must be constantly scouring off her sense of humor with spiritual sapolio before she can effectively handle a pen. Be sure her philosophy will find her out in her book far more clearly than in a man's.

The natural fusion of a woman's brain with her emotions, resisted, leads to intellectual weakness; accepted, leads to intellectual strength. In the history of literature George Sand is the great example of a woman who won success by the masculine solution of detachment from experience, and Jane Austen, the great example of a woman who won success by the feminine solution of identification with her own dailyness. I am inclined to think the latter by far the greater artist, just as I am inclined to think that in literature rather than in any other form of mental activity will always be found woman's highest intellectual achievement, for the simple reason that woman's genius consists in personality, and for the expression of personality words are the only adequate medium. Jane Austen's example is the great encouragement for the woman who wishes to write without ceasing to be a simple everyday woman. Jane Austen was capable of a detachment that enabled her to write books that give no hint of the thunder of the Napoleonic wars even when she had two brothers on fighting ships. She was capable of an identification with her surroundings that enabled her to write novels of universal humanity and eternal artistry and to keep right on being everybody's aunt at the same time. She was sane and humorous in her novels because she was sane and humorous

out of them. She achieved fame because she had first achieved personality. Still, her fame is only a thin frail fire set beside the effulgence of a dozen men of her time.

Yet I would rather have been Jane Austen than Shelley or Wordsworth or Keats. It is perfectly just that men's books should be greater than women's, because men are willing to pay the price. Not to write *Macbeth* would I willingly give up an afternoon's romp with a baby. As a woman I reckon my spirit's capital, not in terms of accomplishment, but in terms of my own joy, and a baby brings me more joy than a book.

Men ought to write better than women because they care more; in a way women who write have the more impersonal outside-of-themselves impulsion, because inside of themselves they don't care. I acknowledge the urge of writing and I am willing up to a certain point to pay by means of a vigorous mental discipline and a certain self-saving from useless self-spending, but I don't pretend that writing satisfies me. Something descends upon me and says, 'Write,' and shakes me like a helpless kitten until I do write; but it's a relief when the shaking is over, and I am left to the merrier business of merely being myself. In other words, I am a writer because I can't help it, but I am a woman because I choose to be.

MERCHANDISE

BY AMY LOWELL

I MADE a song one morning,
Sitting in the shade under the hornbeam hedge.
I played it on my pipe,
And the clear notes delighted me,
And the little hedge-sparrows and the chipmunks
Also seemed pleased.
So I was very proud
That I had made so good a song.

Would you like to hear my song?
I will play it to you
As I did that evening to my Beloved,
Standing on the moon-bright cobbles
Underneath her window.
But you are not my Beloved;
You must give me a silver shilling,
Round and glittering like the moon.
Copper I will not take;
How should copper pay for a song
All made out of nothing,
And so beautiful!

THE GIRL : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

II. GIRLHOOD

BY KATHERINE KEITH

I

I ASKED Miss Ellen one day why there were no lady soldiers. She laid her hand suddenly on my shoulder and I could feel it trembling through my serge dress. 'There are, darling,' she said, 'hundreds of them. They carry no bright banners, and when they march there is no band. Often the uniforms they wear are quite shabby. When there is a victory, none know it but themselves — and the enemy.' Then she smiled abruptly and dropped her hand. 'But it's a glorious fight just the same, and a great one.'

'Do they get cold and hungry like real soldiers?' I asked.

Miss Ellen stared out of the window and spoke very slowly. 'No,' she said. 'Often I wonder if that would help. Perhaps it is necessary that they should.'

Then I put my arms round her neck, and hid my eyes on her shoulder. I felt strange and afraid, as once a long time before, when Jack's guinea-pig was sick and lay in my lap. Presently he died. I wanted to hold him but I could not.

Next morning, I told Eleanor what Miss Ellen had said. We should be soldiers too. Mother bought us little badges. They had a gold cross against a white enameled shield. On the arm were the letters S. of D. 'Soldiers of Duty' we called ourselves. We had

little books in which we wrote each day. One was for the victories, another for defeats, and a third for pillages. When we did some one a kindness which cost us no sacrifice, we called it a pillage. Jim¹ was my captain. I dedicated my book of victories to him. Every night, when Fräulein had gone out, I sat on the floor by the nursery fire and wrote my accounts. Jim sat beside me in the big armchair. When I had finished I laid the three books in his lap. For victories and pillages he said nothing; but if there were defeats, he would run his fingers through my hair and hold my head back, looking into my eyes.

One time, father and mother were going to New Orleans. They said that they would take me.

'But Fräulein will be so unhappy if you leave her,' I told them.

Mother said that father was tired, and Fräulein's crying would worry him. She was quite sensitive. Once mother had called me to dinner and forgotten to include her name. I could not persuade her to go down with me. When we were eating our salad, she came in without speaking. The tears rolled off her cheeks and some of them fell into her plate. When mother saw this, she threw her napkin on the table and went upstairs.

¹ An attractive actor who had impressed himself on the child's imagination, and had become the hero of her dream-life as well as a friend in the real world. — THE EDITORS.

If I went to New Orleans, there would be another defeat in my book. It made me very unhappy when Jim held back my head and looked at me, and so I told mother that I would rather stay at home.

That night Jim laughed and kissed me.

'You're getting fat, Karpeles, living on the ranch,' he said.

I liked that victory better than any other in my notebook.

One day during the summer vacation Eleanor sent me a newspaper clipping. Jack brought the envelope down to the brook where I was washing some doll clothes. The article said that Jim's wife had divorced him after fifteen years of marriage because he was in love with an actress of his company. When I read it, I let the paper fall on the grass before me. The wind blew it into the current, where it was whirled in and out among the stones of the brook bed. I sat quite still, with my hands lying in my lap. On the opposite bank was a bush of yellow touch-me-nots. Every few moments one of the little flowers would fall to the ground. At last I thought that if another blossom dropped, I should scream aloud.

Then I got up and walked to the house. I went aimlessly about my room, touching first one and then another of Jim's pictures. Finally I put them all into a little silver box which stood on my bureau and burned them. I threw the casket and the ashes into the lake. When I came back, the candle which I had used was still sputtering. I picked up the steel nail-file which lay beside it and held it into the flame. When it was glowing, I pulled open the lacing of my sailor blouse and held it against my breast. It made the skin draw together suddenly, like the meshes of father's sock which Fräulein was

teaching me to darn. The burn seemed to pierce an opening into my heart by which the pain which strained it might escape.

After this, I no longer kept my victory and my pillage books. Every night I wrote down only the defeats. Then I would lie awake making up new ones for the following day. It grew to be a kind of game, trying to break the other records.

Mother had planned to let Fräulein go in the fall. But one day, when our neighbor called because I had squirted olive oil at her with my water pistol, she looked at me and shook her head.

'I guess you are not old enough to be without a governess,' she remarked.

When Fräulein heard this, she laughed and then shook me.

'*Kleiner Spitzbube*,' she said, 'your naughtiness is not quite bad after all.'

One day mother was going to a reception on a yacht which was anchored in the bay. Billy Fargo asked me to paddle out with him to a place where we could watch the people. They were stretched in steamer chairs on deck. The orchestra was playing, and waiters in white coats and aprons were serving refreshments.

'Ugh!' Billy grunted, 'how lazy they are!'

'Let's pretend that I'm drowning,' I said, 'and see what they will do.'

So we paddled over to Jack, who was fixing his motor-boat beside the pier, and asked him to come out and tow us.

'But, you goops,' he protested, 'I'd upset you.'

'We want to be upset,' I told him.

Billy took off his heavy shoes and threw them into the launch. Then we started. I sat in the bow and held the painter from Jack's boat. He went straight out into the bay, to turn suddenly at right angles. The rope slack-

ened for an instant, and then straightened with a jerk. It lifted me over the gunwale into the water. I almost forgot to scream before I sank. When I came up, Billy had jumped in too, upsetting the canoe. We both looked over at the yacht. The people had scrambled to the railing, and the sailors were unfastening the tackle on the lifeboats. Then I grabbed Billy around the neck, and began to scream. His face grew quite red, and he pinched my arm violently until I let go. He swam to the canoe and began emptying it, pushing it from him until the water within splashed over the edge, then jerking it up before more entered. Old Macksaba, the Indian rug-weaver, had taught him early in the summer.

When the boat was almost empty, Billy threw in the seats and paddles which I had collected, and scrambled in himself. When I asked afterwards how he did it, he only grunted, and did not answer. He balanced the canoe while I climbed over. The lifeboat from the yacht had just struck the water. Then we paddled ashore and ran up through the woods. I hid my clothes in the attic.

When mother came home, she said a girl had almost been drowned in the bay.

Since I no longer lived with Jim, I began pretending book-people again. One evening I was the Lady of Shalott. There was a full moon, which shone brightly on the little river that emptied into the bay. I lay in the bottom of our white canoe, with my head and arms hanging over the edge. My hair was loose and trailed in the water. The boat drifted slowly with the current, and it was very still. Presently, from round the bend, I heard the swish of oars. It drew nearer and nearer, until I could distinguish the squeaking of the locks in their sockets. My canoe

was broadside across the river. Suddenly the bow of the other boat struck it, barely missing my head. The occupant dropped his oars, and wheeled about, swearing. Still I did not open my eyes. There was a long silence, and then he bent over and slowly lifted my arm. It was cold and wet, and I made it as heavy as possible. The man gave a queer noise in his throat and let my arm drop back into the water. Then he grasped the gunwale of the canoe and shook it violently.

'Lady! lady! wake up!' he said. 'In God's name, lady, wake up!'

After this he sat silently again for a moment; then he groped in the water for the painter of my boat and tied it to his own.

I sat up slowly and brushed back my hair. Then I reached over, and, unfastening my rope, threw it into the row-boat.

The man sprang up suddenly and shook his fist at me. 'Little devil, I'd like to break your teeth in!' he said.

One afternoon I dressed up like a gypsy. The hair-dresser in the village gave me two long switches for black braids. I covered my head with a red handkerchief; then I smeared my face and neck with pot-grease, and rubbed my hands in the mud. I put grease and mud on my flannel waist, and tore jagged rents in my skirt with a pen-knife.

The main street passed Jack's house and the hotel, so that I ran through the woods to the railroad. I slouched along the ties with my shoulders bowed and my head hanging. Presently, I heard quick, heavy footsteps behind me. Somebody grasped my arm, and jerked me around roughly.

'I'm the sheriff,' the man said. 'If you're not out of this town in one hour, I'll lock you and any of the rest of your damn gang in the coop.'

Then he dropped my arm, and went back the way he came.

I turned down a road which crossed the tracks, and stopped before the first gate. A girl was hoeing potatoes in the yard.

'I tella you nice-a fortune,' I said, and stretched my arm across the fence.

She laughed, and squirmed her bare toes in and out of the grit. Then she took a dime from her petticoat pocket and crossed my palm.

I laid the dime on the fence-post. 'You getta married,' I told her, 'to a nice-a man in t'ree year.'

'Ach,' she said crossly, 'you're no good. I'm married already.'

'The hand say t'ree year,' I repeated doggedly.

'Will I marry again?' she asked me. 'Maybe.'

She dropped her rake, and held my wrist tightly, pushing her face close to mine. 'Will Georgie —' then she stopped and swallowed, and began again. 'Will my Georgie die?' she whispered.

We stood there silently together for a moment. When I looked up, I saw a tear had worn a pink channel on her grimy cheek.

'I am not a real gypsy,' I said slowly, 'and nothing I told you is true.'

Then I drew away my arm, and turned to shuffle down the road, without looking back.

A few houses beyond lived a farmer whom we knew. When grandmother Barnes and I rode by in the motor he always waved his handkerchief, and came running toward us with branches of cherries, or an armful of apples. I stopped beside the nearest tree and picked up a plum. The farmer was pitching hay in the centre of the orchard. He grasped the end of his long fork and shook it at me violently.

'You dirty beggar,' he roared, 'get out of my yard! Here I sweat in the sun all day, while you take your damn

ease, and then you think I'll feed you!'

I dropped the plum, and walked on down the road.

Ten minutes later I heard some one plodding heavily behind me. It was the farmer's wife. She held a huge slab of bread and meat, which she thrust into my hand. Then she turned round quickly, mopping her head with her apron, and went back without a word.

I went on slowly, eating my bread. It was dry, and the meat was very tough and salty. When I had finished, I sat down under a tree by the road. Near by was a house, where a man in shirt-sleeves was swinging in a hammock. Presently he got up, stretched his arms above his head, and came along the path toward my tree. He was smiling, and his face was red and shiny. He had narrow eyes and a little thin-lipped mouth.

'Come in and stay a while, kid,' he said, and sat down beside me in the grass.

I drew myself away and tried to slide into the ditch by the road, but he held the end of my skirt.

'I must go home now, to supper,' I explained.

'They'll get supper without you,' he said, blinking, and twisting a ragged strand of my skirt.

I pulled at the cloth insistently. 'Please.'

He rolled over on the ground, and leaned back, still smiling, to lay a hot palm on my hand.

'Aw, don't go,' he said; and his voice was deep, and trembled.

I jerked my skirt loose, and, turning, ran toward the cottage, while the road reeled unevenly beneath my eyes.

Mother and father, the Fargos, and Jack's family stayed very late at the seashore that summer. The leaves turned red, and the hotel windows were boarded up. The north wind whistled

about our new cottage by the beach. One afternoon Billy and I wandered over to sit on the deserted hotel veranda. We found an old newspaper in one corner. There was a story in it about a thief. When the judge asked why he stole, he told him that he had slept that night in a dry-goods box in the alley, and had not had anything to eat for twenty-four hours.

'Pooh,' said Billy, 'I bet I would n't steal if I were like that.'

We decided that next day we would go without any meals.

The following morning I had breakfast with father. He brought his book to the table, and did not notice that I was not eating. At noon Billy and I went on a picnic. The cook fixed up a big basket of sandwiches and cake. We gave it to a farmer who let us ride on his mowing machine. When I came home, I told mother that I had eaten so much lunch I did not care for any supper.

That night my head ached, and I could not sleep. I lay on my back and thought about the thief in the newspaper. Then I remembered that he had slept in a dry-goods box all night. Billy and I were not pretending it real.

When Fräulein had gone to bed, I put a sweater over my nightgown, and crawled out on the porch roof. Jack had taught me how to climb down by the lattice-work of the woodshed. When I reached the ground, I ran and took the boat-house key, which hung on a nail near the back door. Then I went down the path to the wooded point. It was very dark, and twice I went astray, and fell into the bushes. The night was cold, and the woods seemed very lonely. Nobody lived on the point.

The only fastening on the boat-house was the padlock outside. I put a barrel against the door, and tied an oar-lock to the end of a string which I wound

about a hook on the panel. I balanced the oar-lock on a shelf near by, so that if any one opened the door, it would fall down. Then I climbed into the chest where father kept his sails, and wrapped myself in the canvas. I counted sheep jumping over a fence until I fell asleep. Pretty soon the padlock fell down and wakened me. I was very much frightened, and sat up in the chest. The moon shone brightly on the overturned barrel, and the wind danced the scattered shavings across the boat-house floor.

At dawn, I woke up again. It was very cold, and sharp little pains ran up and down from my knees and elbows.

I went home through the woods, and climbed to the porch roof again. When I was dressed, I went over and called Billy. Then we went to the village, and walked up and down in front of a grocery store. There were only some turnips in a barrel beside the door. Billy was right, for I could not steal them.

When we went home in October, mother sent me to a new school. I thought the pupils were very nice. The girl who sat next to me wore a large black hair-ribbon, with a gold pin in either loop. Her name was Elizabeth. We became great friends. Eleanor told me that she thought her father was an Indian. She said that her hair looked coarse, and she walked flat-footed. In the second week of school, Elizabeth asked me to join her club. It made me very glad and excited. When I told mother that evening, she forbade me to accept.

'We do not know her family,' she said.

The next morning, I explained to Elizabeth that mother thought I had better be at home out of school hours.

Then I sat staring at her curiously, for a long time.

'I hope you will know me when you see me again,' she remarked at last, shrugging her shoulders.

'Excuse me,' I said, and my face became very hot.

Suddenly I leaned across the desk, and put my arms around her neck. I held her tightly, and kissed her on the forehead.

'You do not know me well,' I whispered. 'Thank you for asking me to join your club.'

One day Eleanor's father took us to the *matinée*. It was a play about fairies and a boy who would n't grow up. During the intermission I read in my programme a short account of the leading actress's life. It said that once she had played *Romeo and Juliet* with Jim.

When the curtain fell, I turned to Eleanor's father. 'I am going back of the scenes now, to see Miss Allen.'

Mr. Ethridge twisted the stubs of our tickets. His face was very red.

'I think, my dear,' he said, 'that we had better wait until another time. I do not believe that your father and mother would like it.'

I did not answer, but hurried on down the aisle. There was a strange, trembling dryness in my throat.

'Marian,' Eleanor protested behind me, 'how can you be so rude and thoughtless?'

Then we reached an open exit, and I ran out into the dank twilight of the alley.

There was a man standing by the stage door. He did not want to let me in. He leaned across the opening and chewed tobacco, arguing with me noisily. I took off my little gold bracelet and gave it to him and slipped in under his arm. Eleanor and her father followed slowly. She held his hand and walked on tiptoe.

Miss Allen was standing in the centre of the stage, talking to her maid.

Great sections of scenery swayed and toppled about her as the men shifted them back and forth. It looked like a huge card-house.

Mr. Ethridge wound and unwound a button on his coat. 'Miss Allen,' he said, 'these little girls have begged to come and meet you.'

She looked down at us smiling, and shaking her head. 'Adventurous babies,' she said.

Her face was small, with eyes startlingly large and deep under their black lashes and blue shaded lids. They were thoughtful eyes, which watched each speaker with a fixed, almost anxious kindness. The short light wig reminded me of Karpeles, so that when I saw it I looked away again quickly.

'I want to speak to you all alone for a minute,' I said.

She took my hand, and we walked slowly across the stage.

'We play that we are soldiers,' I began, and stopped, the strange dryness trembling again in my throat.

'Yes, dear, you pretend you are soldiers,' she repeated softly, and tucked the white edge of my sleeve into my coat-cuff.

Then I went on in a monotone, and told her about Jim.

'Was n't it a little bit his wife's fault?' I asked.

'I do not know him well, child,' she said at last, 'but I think that he has always been a very nice person.'

I did not answer, but turned away, and went back to Eleanor and Mr. Ethridge.

'Are you coming here again this year?' Eleanor inquired eagerly.

'I do not think so,' Miss Allen replied. Then she came over to me, and standing behind me, rubbed the backs of her fingers up and down my cheeks.

'I know that it is very hard, dear,' she said, 'but you must not take it like this.'

But I slipped from her arms, and ran across the stage, and out into the alley.

Latin class was long, and very tiresome. I sat by the window, where I could look out at the people passing back and forth on the Drive. In the spring, the window was open. The ground was only eight feet below. One day I heard the fire-engines. Miss Wilcox was writing on the blackboard. I darted from my seat and vaulted over the sill. It was raining, and there was a large puddle of water beneath. A man with an umbrella was standing beside the puddle. I fell against his umbrella and bent it. When I struck the ground, I splashed dirty water on his shoes and trousers.

'Please excuse me,' I said, 'but I am going to a fire.' Then I ran on around the corner.

When the fire was out, I went back to the class-room. My clothes were plastered with mud, and my hair clung in strands to my damp forehead.

Miss Wilcox sent me to the office. The principal laughed when I came in. Then she told me to put on my coat and go home. I could not come back until she telephoned me. She said I was the most perverse girl in school. When I went home, I looked up perverse in the dictionary; it came from the Latin for 'turned the wrong way.'

That night mother and father talked for a long time in the library. Then they sent for me. They said that in the fall I was going to boarding-school.

Three weeks later, Fräulein went away. The afternoon that she left I was practicing in the parlor. She came downstairs, drawing on her gloves. Her hat was new, of yellow straw with pink roses, and her black hair was tightly crimped. When she saw me, she came over and stood staring into my face for a long time.

'I hope that they will not send you home from boarding-school,' she said; 'that would be too disgraceful.'

I rubbed the toe of my shoe back and forth across the carpet, and said nothing. Then suddenly she began to cry and to brush my hair clumsily with her big, rigid fingers. The cheek with the mole was turned toward me, and this time I did not avoid it.

I kissed her once, and then walked slowly beside her along the hall.

'Good-bye,' I said stiffly, as I held open the door; and she went down the front steps, carrying her suitcase, and mopping her eyes with her white cotton gloves.

One day, before we went away to the seashore, Eleanor and I were walking down town together. On a corner, beside the steps of the elevated road, we met Jim. When I saw him, it seemed as if all my blood were drawn suddenly from my veins back into my heart. It was like the streams of sand-grains sucked after a wave through little channels cut in the beach. He limped slightly on one foot, and I wondered vaguely if he had hurt it while training a new pony for Karpeles.

'Marian, you look so white,' Eleanor said, 'and your lips twitch. You must be ill.'

Then I slipped my hand into hers, and we went on without speaking. Above, the elevated train rattled across the tracks, groaning shrilly as it swayed, and a newsboy on the corner behind us called the baseball score discordantly.

'You are so stupid,' I whispered to myself, 'for there never was any Karpeles.'

II

On the warm hillside behind our house is a vegetable garden. Blackberry bushes grow beside the fence. In

the spring, the gardener bends down the long, swaying branches, and buries their tips in the earth. The nodes along the stem put forth rootlets, and young tendrils spring up. So love bends the soul it touches, and begets new life.

The village about the school lay in a valley. Behind the houses of Main Street rose the first low ridge of hills. Across the green-brown checker-board of fields, the second ridge stood out against the sky in a hazy, straggling line. In the evening, the mist which hid all day among them crept out and stole across the fields. When it reached the little farmhouses, it seemed to rub its cheek gently along their splintery walls, as if it loved them, and then would fold them closely in its gray veils.

The school extended on either side of the village street. The square, colonial buildings, with the girls running in and out, reminded me of white beehives in an orchard.

Beyond was the church. Day and night, the bell in its slender steeple rang out the hours. It paused after each stroke, and seemed to gather up the myriad of tiny vibrations which filled the air, to boom them forth once more across the valley.

A river encircled the outskirts of the village. On its banks, at the foot of a side street, stood a nursery for blind babies. The first time that I went in, there was a little girl sitting in the centre of the playroom floor. She was tracing circles and squares in the air with her finger. The floor creaked under my foot, and she paused, with her arm still extended.

'Who is there?' she said.

'I came from the school to see you,' I told her.

Then she drew her breath sharply, and shook her hands up and down.

'Nana,' she screamed, 'come quickly, one of the ladies is here!'

She clutched the edge of my skirt, and drew herself up slowly. Then she patted my belt and cheeks.

'Lady,' she said eagerly, 'are you a child or a woman?'

My room in the school was on the second floor of the main house. The building was big and square — red brick with green blinds. It had been an inn many years before the Civil War. When you ran up the stairs quickly the narrow railings trembled, and, above, the little panes of the hall window made a sharp, clickety sound. The sick-room was at the end of the winding corridor. At the opposite end, near the front, stood Mrs. Hearn's room.

Mrs. Hearn was the principal of the school. She was tall and large, with silver hair. Sometimes at night I would open my eyes and find her standing beside the bed. Once she shook me, holding on to my arm, so that I woke up suddenly.

'Marian Crosby,' she said, 'what have you been doing?'

'Nothing,' I whispered.

She was very lovely with her soft hair hanging about her shoulders. She looked at me for a long time without speaking again, and then went away, closing the door quietly. The next morning she told me that a girl on the third floor had caught a mouse in an umbrella. She thought I had been out of my room, playing tricks on somebody.

My room-mate was an 'old' girl. Her name was Edith. She had pink cheeks, and blue eyes, and straight, dull hair. The line from her shoulder to her knee made a long beautiful curve. She used to hold her arms above her head, standing before the mirror and turning her body back and forth. In the morning she would pin her blouse with five safety-pins, in order not to hide the outline. She always went be-

hind the screen so that I would not see how she did it. At night she was afraid of the dark, and made me hold her hand while she was going to sleep. If she woke up she bent over and scratched my forehead sharply until she wakened me.

'Please, Marian,' she would whisper, 'come down to the cooler with me. Our water is so warm.'

She was always afraid that I might walk in my sleep. It was very dangerous then, she said, if a person became conscious. She might harm the one who wakened her. Once, while I was taking a bath, she hid the purple stone. I searched until the bedtime bell, but could not find it. When she was almost asleep, I crawled slowly out onto the floor.

'Can't find it,' I muttered, passing my hand across her dressing-table, so that the picture frames fell with a clatter.

Edith sat up suddenly.

'Marian,' she whispered, very softly. Her voice whimpered like a child's. 'Mar—' she began again, and smothered the word in her arm.

'Can't find it,' I repeated, scattering the little lead shot of the pen-holder across the floor. Then I pulled open her bureau drawers. The stockings and undervests were ranged side by side in neat black and white checks.

'Can't find it,' I said, and threw them right and left over my shoulders.

Edith made a tense, gurgling sound in her throat. Then she grasped the railing of her bed, and screamed shrilly for Mrs. Hearn.

The mathematics teacher lived across the hall from us. At night, after the bell had rung, she would come down the corridor to each room, to see if the lights were out. I used to lie on my back in bed and listen for the rustle of her black silk petticoat. She would

open the door swiftly and quietly, and pause for a moment on the threshold. From my pillow, I could see her profile against the dim light of the hall beyond. 'The marble lady,' Edith called her.

'Good-night, girls,' she would say briefly, and close the door.

Five minutes later, I could hear the swish of her skirts again, as she crossed the walk below the window, going to the house beyond. Sometimes I was awake when she came back, and I would jump out of bed to kneel on the window-box and watch her as she passed. She was tall and very straight, with a long, black cape which hung to her ankles. The rays of a street lamp shone brightly across the sidewalk, and for a moment I could see her face. It was thin, with square jaws and a chin like a man's. Her forehead, framed by straight brown hair, was high and white. She had narrow lips, and a beautiful, regular nose. Her eyes stared before her as she walked. There were purple circles about them, as if the shadows had stolen from within and welled over their lids.

One night Edith did not go right to sleep. She came over into my bed and whispered long stories about girls and teachers of the school.

'Edith,' I said finally, 'Miss Douglas, who wears the long black cape, has an engagement ring on her left hand. Do you think that her life has been very sad?'

'Oh!' she answered suddenly aloud, 'she's had a terrible life. My sister-in-law went to college with her, and told me all about it. Her mother and father both died of tuberculosis, and when her brother developed it she broke off her engagement, because she said that it was not right for any one to pass consumption on.'

Presently Edith climbed back into her bed, and fell asleep.

As I lay awake beside her, I could

only go over vaguely and quickly the story which she had told me. I could not pretend it to myself, as I usually did, because it hurt me so. Yet I was very happy. I had another captain, and would no longer write down my defeats.

There were ten long tables in the school dining-room. Each had twelve girls and two teachers. Edith and I sat three away from one another at the same table. The girl opposite me was called Sybil. She was heavy and white. Her hair was combed back and fastened in a tight knot on the top of her head. Usually her eyes were hidden by the shadows of their thick, drooping lids, but when she spoke she raised them slowly. The irises were clear and brown, like strong ale held toward the sunshine.

Once, at luncheon, Edith glanced over at Mrs. Hearn.

'How much she coughs to-day!' she exclaimed.

'But her cough is not as bad as Miss Douglas's,' I answered quickly.

Sybil looked up deliberately.

'You would really be very sorry to have it so,' she said.

Edith gave her head a quick little jerk.

'Quite worthy of our oracle,' she remarked.

I was silent, staring at my spoon as it traced and retraced squares and triangles on the table cloth.

Finally I raised my head, and smiled into those queer amber eyes.

'Thank you, Sybil,' I said softly.

Just as we were going down to dinner one evening, the village bell rang loudly and persistently. From the hall window we could see people running up the hill. Some carried buckets and some were dragging mops. A little cottage on the outskirts of the school grounds was burning brightly.

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Mrs. Hearn stood at the head of the stairs, her hands resting on either banister.

'Nobody is to leave this house,' she said.

I did not think of Miss Douglas. I only ran along the corridor and down the back stairs. The pantry window was open, and I scrambled through, hung by my hands from the sill, and dropped to the ground. I had on satin evening slippers. They soon became filled with snow, and so I took them off and carried them under my arm. When I reached the street I was very tired. The butcher boy was running beside me.

'Oh, come on!' he shouted when he saw me stop. 'Be game!' Then he took my hand and we went on up the hill together.

I stood inside of the school fence, hidden by the corner of a building. People were running from all directions with water. When they ran, the heavy buckets weighed them down on one side, so that they lurched back and forth. In the glare of the flames they made me think of Indians whom I had seen at the seashore, dancing about a camp-fire.

Mrs. Hearn and the school house-keeper had come up the hill. They stood right beside me, by the other wall of the jutting corner. I pressed my back against the house and kept very quiet. Beyond, the firemen were trying to turn on the water. They had the hose propped up on a saw-horse. A group of little boys stood in a semi-circle about the nozzle. Then a loop in the tubing behind untwisted suddenly. A jet of water shot out. It drenched the firemen and rolled two of the children over and over on the ground. I forgot that Mrs. Hearn was beside me, and began to laugh. She looked round the corner. The flames were very bright.

'It is Marian Crosby,' she said. Her voice trembled.

Then she took me by the shoulder and shook me.

'In the snow, with your thin slippers — oh, you impossible child!'

She made me lift up my foot, while she rubbed her hand over my ankle and instep.

'Go right home to bed!' she ordered.

I danced about on my other foot, trying to keep my balance.

'But, Mrs. Hearn —' I began excitedly.

She dropped my leg roughly.

'Go home to bed!' she repeated.

'Yes, yes,' I said; 'but, Mrs. Hearn, did you see how the water knocked the little boys down?'

She looked at me for a moment. Then, against the firelight, I could see that her shoulders were shaking.

'Terrible child!' she said, and patted my hand. 'You have seen the fire. Now mind me and go home, before I am angry again.'

The next morning I went to the infirmary with bronchitis. One day, two of the nurses were talking outside of my door.

'She has a strong tendency toward consumption anyhow,' they said. 'She had better be very careful.'

When I went back, Mrs. Hearn called me into her study. 'You are too delicate for boarding-school,' she told me, 'and too careless. Next year I cannot take the responsibility of letting you come back.'

I did not say anything for a moment, but stood beside her desk, twisting my coat sleeve.

'May I go into Miss Douglas's ethics class for the rest of this term and next?' I asked her finally.

Mrs. Hearn considered a while.

'Yes,' she said. She had an odd way of closing her eyes and smiling, while she nodded her head up and down.

The following day I waited for Miss Douglas outside of the class-room door.

'May I come in?'

'Yes,' she said, without turning her head, 'if you will pay attention. I hear that it usually is not your custom.'

The room in which the ethics class met was on the basement floor. It had little windows high above our desks. Outside, on a level with the sill, ran a narrow flagging which connected the house and the infirmary. When Miss Douglas lectured she leaned against the wall, with her cheek resting on a moulding of the ledge, and knotted the curtain string round and round her fingers. Often the hand which marked her place in the textbook before her would drop suddenly, so that the pages slipped together with a whispered, clicking sound. Then she would look aside out of the window, and tell us little stories of her own life. Some made us laugh, and some were very sad. Her voice seemed to come back from a long way off.

Sometimes the gardener rattled his barrow over the paving beyond. We would raise our eyes to see who was passing, and drop them quickly again to her face. Then she would pause abruptly, pick up her book, and turn to the page of our lesson.

One day she was quoting some lines from Tennyson.

'It was my duty to have loved the highest;
It surely was my profit had I known;
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Launcelot, nor another.'

She closed her eyes, and drummed her fingers restlessly upon the sill.

'Oh,' she said, 'how *lazy* you all are! Quite smug about your tinsel, so that you need not dig to find the gold.'

Then she looked around the room slowly. Her lids drooped and her lips were slightly parted.

'There is not one of you here,' she told us, 'who is capable of becoming great.'

Before I came to boarding-school I had promised a boy to kiss him after a year if he would not drink during that time. He had asked me in the summer, one day while we were out fishing. He made wonderful electric engines, no larger than a small cherry, with tiny, hair-like coils. These he kept in pill bottles, with the wires which connected them to the battery running out through the cork. I thought that some day he would be a great inventor.

After we had had the chapter on marriage and the family in our Ethics book, I decided to tell Miss Douglas of my promise. One night about ten minutes before the bed-time bell, I started to go across the hall to her room.

'It is almost time to put the lights out,' Edith remarked.

'I am going to speak to Miss Douglas a minute,' I told her.

'What!' she exclaimed, 'You are going in to Miss Douglas with your wrapper on?'

And so I ran into the closet, and covered my hair with a hat, and my nightgown with a long evening cape.

The door was open and Miss Douglas was sitting by her desk, writing a letter.

'I am afraid,' I began, 'that you will think I am rather queer, asking you about this.'

She turned round and looked at me for the first time since I came in.

'I think, Marian,' she said, 'that that is your chief aim in this school, to have people think you queer. Let me congratulate you on a laudable ambition.'

Then it was very still in the room. I held on to a corner of the table, with my face turned away.

'Well,' I said at last, 'we won't think of that now, for there is something which I had to ask you.'

Then I sat down, and told her about my promise.

The night before school closed, I turned off the lights after the bed-time bell, and then stood waiting, with my hand still on the switch, for Miss Douglas.

'You are supposed to be in bed now,' she said when she saw me, 'not to be standing in the middle of the room in your nightgown.'

'Miss Douglas,' I asked her, 'do you still think that my chief aim in this school is to have people consider me queer?'

She looked at me for a moment, and shook her head. 'No,' she said turning away, 'not any more.'

GLIMPSSES OF REALITY

THE *Atlantic* has discovered that 'twenty minutes of reality' is a conservative estimate. Since the first of May the editor's desk has been 'saturated with brightness,' and every mail brings in its sheaf of visions, some mystical, others in plain testimony of patent facts of life. 'As though a star should open out, all sides,' these intimate and eager revelations glow and shine and will not be rejected. It is a temptation to pack the magazine from cover to cover with 'reality'; to pursue and prove the stuff which it is made of, whether subjective or objective, part of the mystery of personality or part of that other mystery that makes the world about us; but it has seemed kinder to the general reader to temper 'the too-much glory.'

The explanations which multitudes of our correspondents offer are as various as the spiritual adventures others recount. One maintains that the cause of the experience is cosmic consciousness; another that it is common sense. Some say that Christian Science is once again made manifest; others that 'projection' and 'detachment' have been at work. One or two make delicate references to the 'milder forms of insanity,' while numbers write that here is accomplished the mystic union of the finite with the eternal consciousness.

Of the multitude of deeply personal experiences which the article has called forth, three have been chosen, for the sake of the spiritual kinship revealed through their temperamental variety. It is a question whether or not St. Theresa and Brother Lawrence and their fellowship would concede that the writers had experienced reality according to the accepted definition. But the *At-*

lantic does not presume to settle questions so subtle and so expressive of divers ways of thought. It is content to record these three adventures and the witness they bear to healthy spiritual hunger.

I. THE UNREMEMBERED VISION

The article, 'Twenty Minutes of Reality,' will, I feel sure, have interested many readers of the *Atlantic*, some of whom, no doubt, can recall similar happenings in their own lives. The following short account of a somewhat analogous spiritual experience that I recently went through may be of significance to those whose interest in the subject has already been awakened.

Unlike the writer in the May *Atlantic*, my fears as a child were awakened, not by the thought of life everlasting, but by the thought of everlasting death. I feared personal extinction; feared it at times so acutely that I seemed to realize what it would be to suffer complete disintegration, to feel the very pangs of the snuffing out of the personal entity. I sometimes visioned to myself an immense funnel, fashioned of some unyielding substance of stone or steel, with, at its bottom, a tiny pin-head of a hole for outlet. Down the steep sides of its converging walls there rolled masses of stone and rock, which at the bottom slowly and inexorably by some unseen power were ground to dust and forced through the minute opening. Sudden terror seized upon me as I thought: 'This shall be my fate'; and, though I felt that such obliteration somehow was impossible for my soul, whatever happened to my body, my panic was real. I seemed to dread the

emergence of some undreamed-of force or will that in a flash would make the impossible a thing accomplished.

The acuteness of this fear was not of long duration. Thoughts on this subject were of infrequent occurrence and I soon outgrew such fears entirely, pushed them aside, ignored them, as was only proper for a healthy and much occupied youth. By the time I came to mature faith and belief in the goodness of the universe and the existence of God, I seemed never to have entertained them.

The vision of which I would speak is not properly a vision, rather the effect of what I think must have been one; realization I prefer to call it. This realization was connected with an event that happened but a year ago. It was not so much a part of the event as an aftermath, occurring two days later.

About a year ago I underwent a slight operation that caused me to stay in bed for only a few hours. I suffered very little discomfort in going under the anæsthetic; in fact, few of the physical sensations that I had been told to expect. What occurred to me seemed almost entirely to be within the realm of mind or spirit. After a moment of calm waiting and deep breathing, my mind suddenly reverted to my childhood days and I asked myself, 'What if those childish fears were not unfounded?' Then a quick conviction came over me that I was trapped, pinned down helplessly, by an inexorable power; that I had deluded myself through all the years in which I had so carelessly cast aside fear. Reality in all its hideousness seemed hanging over me. A great sound reached my ears, or rather a mighty vibration smote them with fast-repeated waves, as if the whole adamant universe were beating in upon my soul some hard, ironic message. There was no power to struggle left in me. I thought, 'Hark, God

laughs at you!' Then unconsciousness came upon me.

I had little trouble in coming out of the ether, and I was on my feet again and returned home the same afternoon. A few days' rest made me feel as fit as ever. It was while quietly lounging about on the second day that my thoughts reverted to what had just passed. It was then that the realization came over me. It is as vivid to-day.

To my surprise, the past event was seen in an utterly new light; the experience undergone before the loss of consciousness had lost its grip of terror upon me. Certainty dwelt calmly, assuringly, inevitably in my soul—certainty that the past was past and had not been an approach to death, and that the future could never be torn from out my soul. I knew that not for an instant during the period of utter blankness had I ceased to exist, nay, to be conscious; that my soul had made some tremendous journey whose range and destination my mind could but dimly guess. I was assured that the very adamant laughter of God had been unable to destroy the entity that was my soul; somehow that mighty beating in upon my consciousness no longer seemed ironic to me, but filled with the ubiquity and power of ineffable life.

I was not mentally elated or physically excited, but calm in mind and body. I was having no vision. Simply I seemed possessed of the certainty of having had such a vision; rather of having been for a time a conscious part of the ultimate reality, the vision of which was no longer present in my mind. Something had happened in that period of blankness—I know not what. It was as though I had been borne gently up out of some dark abyss, toward which I looked back now without terror, into a realm of mist and moving gray cloud through which I could distinguish immense granite cliffs forming

the walls of the pit above whose sun-lit rim I had at last been given a vision of unimaginable beauty; as though, as Dante says, I had seen 'un riso dell' universo'; as though it had been vouchsafed me to gaze for an instant into the very eyes of God to receive assurance from his smiling glance.

This certainty of the goodness of the universe has dawned in my soul, though I have no vision to recount as its cause. The strength and quiet peacefulness of its presence have not lessened. I am convinced that during that short period of unconsciousness something of immense import to my soul took place. How could *nothing* have happened?

Thus it was that my childhood fears of non-eternity were effaced.

II. ROCK-RIBS OF TRUTH

Reading the very interesting article in the May *Atlantic* entitled 'Twenty Minutes of Reality' inclines me to contribute an experience of my own. It happened more than forty years ago, but the memory of it is still fresh.

My experience differed from that of the *Atlantic* author in that it was distinctly moral in character; in fact it was brought about by wrong-doing. It all happened so many years ago that I can now tell the story as if I were speaking of another person.

I believe I am naturally very honest, but at the time I speak of I had been pursuing, for a considerable period, a course that was, to say the least, disingenuous, and thereby I was attaining what seemed to me at the time a great advantage. I was not at peace, however, and all spiritual truth, to which I had previously been keenly sensitive, appeared to me dead and unreal. I used to pray that I might be made to *feel* the reality of it, but no answer came until, after a long time of jangling conflict and inner misery, I one day, *quite*

quietly and with no conscious effort, stopped doing the disingenuous thing.

Then the marvel happened. It was as if a great rubber band which had been stretched almost to the breaking point were suddenly released and snapped back to its normal condition. Heaven and earth were changed for me. Everything was glorious because of its relation to some great central life — nothing seemed to matter but that life. While the experience lasted — and I think it must have been some time, as I remember it both in the house and out — I could have gone cheerfully to the stake. I walked on air, so gloriously commissioned did I feel by some higher power. Even the details of daily living, such as tying one's shoestrings, or brushing one's teeth, which had previously almost suffocated me by their monotony, became of thrilling interest as fitting me for the work I was to do. Reality was shown to me in answer to my prayer. I *saw*, as plainly as I see the city chimneys from my window as I write, great shoulders of Truth and Righteousness reaching down underneath all material things like the rock-ribs of a mountain-side beneath the shifting clouds and shadows. I saw that all material things are but clouds and shadows in comparison. Hence I have never doubted what *Reality* is.

The only other unusual experience that has come to me had no moral bearing whatever.

One day, for no reason that I can trace, in looking at a perfectly familiar mountain-side, I became for a few minutes poignantly conscious of the *life* of the mountain — life of beast, bird, insect, sap in trees, thrill of the earth; the whole mountain, and all it held, seemed to sing and quiver with life.

In a few minutes it was only an ordinary mountain again, thick-set with trees and holding its secret, but *I* was a little different — at least, I hope so.

The third witness to the truth of these things we may call

III. THE PERMANENT ECSTATIC

What is wrong with my psychology? [she writes.] Why does one very gifted person, with a pen to express what he feels, receive as a *vision* the psychic experience of joy and the inner conviction that Good is at the bottom of everything which another very un-gifted person, with no power of self-expression, has felt with more or less intensity — generally more — ever since her first conscious awakening of thought; but which, until she read 'Twenty Minutes of Reality,' she always regarded as merely the normal mental attitude of the normal human being?

As I read this very beautifully written article I said, 'Of course.' 'Why, naturally,' 'Of course,' at the ending of so many paragraphs that, at last, I found myself gasping in amazement that any living man or woman should have thought an experience of *twenty minutes* of reality a thing of sufficient import to write about — it almost took my breath away. But I'm glad they did. For I have been imprisoned in egoism. All my life long (I am forty-four years old), from the age of five years when I danced madly around the first Christmas tree I can remember, shouting 'Joy, Joy, Joy!' I've known *more* than twenty minutes of this unveiled naked reality every humdrum day I've lived — and, up to now, I supposed I was just like everybody else, and that everybody else was like me, excepting misanthropes, valetudinarians, Standard Oil magnates, vivisectionists, and kings who, of course, we all know were born blind.

I supposed every normal person heard this undertone of Joy — this unseen *but always felt* Reality of things, beating and throbbing underneath the

horrible and sad, underneath even the monotonous and dull (which is worse than the horrible because less impressive and intense).

I am a very ordinary woman, living a very ordinary life, my days (the bulk of them, at least) given up to housework — tending my furnace, cooking, dusting, washing dishes; but somehow, these duties are never really gray; in the heart of them there's always a glow.

Whenever I tend my furnace I feel a thrill of wonder as I think of the shiny black coal coming out of this miraculous earth, and of the brave, toiling lives of sturdy men that have been spent and sacrificed down in the mines to dig out that very coal so that I *can* tend my furnace. I really love my coal-bin (except when I see it lowering!) for I always feel as though it brought me so close to a big Reality — close to God and close to man. It's like a tremendous link. The Beauty of things I don't find quite so poignant when I'm washing dishes, though there is always a bird warbling in the lilac bush outside my kitchen window or a streak of sunlight on the vines to make me feel the glad wild joy at the heart of life — and did it not sound like too great a silliness, I could truthfully say that I have given way, day after day, to an ecstasy of wonder at the fresh clean water in my dishpan, and have stood, like a gaping idiot, sometimes for several moments, gaping at it as though it were Niagara Falls — and, so it is, only a 'little less.' From the eternal mystery of the stars down to my very dishpan it's all so thrilling, so outside of ourselves, so God-put-together, that there never has been, to me, any 'commonplace.' The rain pattering on my roof always makes something warm swish around in my heart just as it does when I hear Schumann-Heink; it seems perfectly unescapable, this endless consciousness

of Joy and Beauty. As to Eternity it's always made me chuckle. I've always counted on an æon with Walt Whitman and John Muir, several æons with Balzac, Dostoievsky, and Burns, the evenings of æons with the *Atlantic*, the

mornings with Seveik's Violin Finger Exercises, and no charitable organizations anywhere to interfere with the wholesome joy of selfishness and to make one feel elately dutiful and Righteous. Eternity is only fair.

COMMON FOOTING

BY SEYMOUR DEMING

I

IF the world chooses to abandon walking, that is its privilege. If it chooses to unlearn those things which are only learned on foot, that is its penalty. What with rubber tire, gasoline engine, flexible wing-tip, and trolley wire, your modern imagines that the countryside yields its secrets for the price of a carfare. The countryside allows him to think so — and keeps its secrets. But he who walks, instead of seeing more than he can take in, takes in more than he can see. Your rider discovers only that all the values of landscape and life change on the instant when he climbs down from his vehicle (motor-car or other high horse) to trudge the road on such legs as God gave him. On this common and ancient footing of highway dust two momentous revelations are vouchsafed him: his fellows discover that he is, after all, a human being, and he discovers the same of them. After which, things can begin.

To walk is an excursion in democracy. And while I am well aware that cultivated people nowadays do not unanimously believe in democracy; while

I know they are convinced that familiarity with cosines and Wagnerian scores has created ineradicable differences between them and their fellow-men (differences which they may be willing to overlook, but cannot quite be expected to forget), I merely proclaim a quick and efficacious remedy for this disbelief. I do not argue. I invite to a rediscovery of human equality such as have the inclination and the legs. We are losing both.

But waiving the moral reward of going afoot, and even the material reward of that pleasant tautness of tendons and a mind dwelling on supper, there is a mental phenomenon which only walkers know. They alone feel the miracle of modern rapid transit, because they alone know the physical contest with distance. From this winding of road over a green alluvial river vale to that rippling blue line of hills against the sky, is fifteen miles: by road or across country, a trudge of some hours. Between lie three towns, lifting white needle spires out of tufted foliage. They can be seen at the price of a brisk stride kept up throughout a forenoon. A train, bound citywards, stops at the toy-sized station of the last of them.

Boarding it, in half an hour you are swept back across the landscape from smoke-blue ridge to river vale, — that distance which cost such a swinging of legs, — watching the groves, streams, meadows, and villages that you leisurely scanned in the forenoon caught up and rushed past you all in a huddle. Steam is a miracle. One never felt it until now.

If people who ride can grow callous to the wonder of distances, what is to prevent them from growing dull to the wonder of the commonplace in human life generally? I suggest a few days in upper Maine in the company of seafaring men, if one would learn that there are only a few topics of permanent importance in this world (the rest are 'specialties'), and that on these subjects — birth, death, work, marriage, and funny stories (the last including all the others) — one man's opinions are about as valid as another's. Also, that the advantage is not always to the educated. Mindful of that notion that Wagnerian scores somehow abrogate human equality, I asked Lem Osborne, purely in the spirit of dispassionate research, whether he had ever heard of *Tristan*. 'Seems to me I have,' says he. 'Ain't it a brand of beer?' This was sobering. For I was bound to reflect that there were qualities in Lem compared to which the might of orchestras and the majesty of operatic stages are as rubbish for the junk heap. Then it appeared that the notion that there should be any real difference between Percy and Pete — any difference in their ways of being born, falling in love and dying — is profoundly pitiable, impoverishing the holder of it. Let him go afoot. No surer riddance of superfluous baggage.

II

Meredith and Whitman celebrate the sheer joys of walking. Let me expound

its methods and its rewards. With them, walking, like health, was its own reward; and so it is. But they had no burdens of the social upheaval to lug on their backs. Merry pagans! They took to the road and forgot the world. Let us take to the road and rediscover the world.

In a time when, I suppose, all serious-minded people must think, and think pretty continuously, about their share in the general task of social reconstruction, walking is offered, not as an escape from such thinking, — not as a dilettante occupation for the forgettery, — but as an aid to it, and, above all, as a valuable corrective. Test your ideas on the road. Whet them on the hard, practical sense of the folks turned up to you by a day's tramping; then see whether the edge has been turned or tempered. You will find, I undertake, that there are matters which your companions do not know. You will also find that what they do know far outweighs in substance and in value what they do not; that, wherever they may be, their blind spots are least likely to be opposite sympathy and compassion, more likely to be opposite the petty prejudices which the inescapable narrowness of city life has cheated city people into supposing the whole of life.

'You tell us of this buried treasure: how is it to be digged?'

It was nine o'clock of a blustering November night, seven miles from anywhere in particular. The three of us had little idea where we were going, and less where we were going to stop. 'I wish,' remarked Stirling, one of the pedestrians, 'that some of my fastidious acquaintances were along on this expedition; they would be so utterly miserable.' The remark betrayed a person new to the game of bartering for supper and bed; for though the zest of the occasion was the uncertainty of both, the transaction itself is democratic and

of the utmost simplicity. Modesty of arrival is a strategic point. You should be neither prince nor pauper. You should evidently need the accommodation, yet be able to pay for it. Above all, you should no more be anxious to pay more than it is worth than to pay less than it is worth. Condescension is as bad form as stinginess. On lonely roads of the headlands along the northern coast, the union rate is, I find, about sixty cents for supper, bed, and breakfast. If Clem rose at 3 A.M. to fracture the closed season on lobsters in order that the guests might have a treat, an extra twenty-five cents is courtesy.

So far, the negotiation for lodging will have been conducted entirely on credit. 'He looks harmless'—that is your asset. 'What is your name, and how do you earn your living?' (this question in a delicate periphrasis)—that is your liability. Once accepted, you should cash in promptly and with a good grace. You are expected to tell, briefly but circumstantially, the story of your life. If college-educated, you may, without dishonesty, leave that out, and you had better do so. I do not know why, but that item, while not a shout from the quarter-deck of 'All hands stand by to repel boarders,' seems to admonish whole families to be on their guard against being patronized within an inch of their lives. I merely record the fact. A college is hard enough to live down merely as a guilty secret. Known, it may become as a skeleton at the feast of democracy. For the rest, you tell who your folks were, what sort of house they lived in, and how the deuce you happened to be coming this way. This brand of simplicity, practiced on a householder in a city suburb, would, I cheerfully admit, produce a clandestine hurry call to the police station. In the country, it is your credential. Whereupon, your host

counters with his own life-story, and those of his eldest children who are out west on the wheat lands, or trained nurses in the city — 'Maybe you know them?' This done, you are old acquaintances, and may chat of life, death, immortality, what ails the church, and the high cost of living.

Let me hasten to interpolate that, tried near big towns, this procedure is a ghastly fizzle. In railway and street-car belts people simply cannot believe that any one is such a dunce as to walk by preference. That story is received with the same polite skepticism which greets the remark, 'No, I really care nothing for money.' And, being unable to fathom your game, they prefer to take no chances. The nearer the city, the more the mere act of walking requires elaborate explanations which frequently fail to convince. Within fifteen to thirty miles of a metropolis it is simpler to give up, and go to country inns. But on lonely roads a plain tale should earn a plain deal. 'Do you give your real name?' I am asked. Now in the name of all the gods at once, why not?—unless one has set out with definite designs on the spoons. It is only the alibi that requires the alias. Besides, it is a mistake to suppose that the story of James Steerforth is unknown to people who have never read *David Copperfield*. The wayfarer is taught this by the preliminary inspection of him. Perhaps he is bluntly told, 'Well, I guess you look all right.'

Walkers quickly discover that it is not so easy nowadays to break out of one's class. People, wondering why, if you possess an advantage, social or financial, you should be such a fool as to repudiate it, attempt, with only the kindest intentions, to thrust you back where they think you belong; just as a stranger makes bold to inform you that you have come down town wearing a black shoe on your right foot and a tan

on your left. You are told, pityingly, that there is a real summer resort at Cheapslow, or a good hotel at Dippsbury, six miles farther along. Both are known to you: Cheapslow, a noisy, confident, codfish aristocracy of marriageable daughters and yacht-racing sons; Dippsbury, a hostelry which unites the horrors of neo-colonial architecture with a squad of stodgy dowagers who overdress twice a day and overeat thrice. One tactfully explains that the express object of the present expedition is to avoid both the Cheapslows and the Dippsburys of life, for the following reasons, to wit; and will they kindly assist. Since you put it that way, they are generally quite cordial about it, although it is only late that evening that they begin to perceive that this preference for their own society and fireside is genuine.

We never come at the best in the other fellow — the full flavor of what he has felt and thought — until we have shed all our own pretensions, — or, better, convinced him that we have none to start with, which takes some time. But then how he unbosoms! If possible, hoist feet to fender, tilt back chair, produce an ancient, battered pipe, and remark that if things keep on at this rate, ordinary folks will have to go without meat except on Sundays. . . . You might have been neighbors for forty years. 'The missus' adds a log to the stove, and resumes her mending. Presently she asks, bending soberly over a stitch, what are the chances for a boy in the city these days; and whether he is better off on the farm. . . . I merely inquire what better opening one could have for landing a black eye on urban industrialism and cheating it of one more victim for mill-fodder.

Two hours of give and take. Forbear to put on any 'side,' and you may have eager and earnest listeners. Be a good listener yourself, and you may

have all the wit and wisdom of the countryside, all the lore of the coast: the wrecks, the rescues, the exploits, the lean years and the fat, the big wind, the record log-drive, the miraculous draught of mackerel, the plague year, the Indian massacre, the Good Friday gale, the high water, the gold diggings, the smuggling days, the privateers, and the phantom ship. You get the story of Clare McLean sailing ten miles across the bay to fetch the doctor for her father at midnight in a November gale, when the breakers were dashing halfway up the surf-scoured granite of Owl's Head, and the fishermen next morning would not believe the doctor had come by boat. And Clare cooking breakfast as usual, — 'Only,' says she, 'my hair's a bit wet-like.' Asked how it was out there in the storm, she says, in the lingo of the headland, 'Well, not *too* bad.'

Or a captain discusses ships and shoes. 'When a new man come aboard my vessel I could tell whether he was going to be a good hand or not. How? I will tell you, sir. The crew would say: "Well, what do you think of him, skipper?" "He's an able man, but he'll catch no fish." "Why not?" "I don't like the looks of his boots." It would n't fail. I had an instinct. Maybe my eye was accustomed to a sailor's boot from a life-time of going to sea. When I saw a pattern of creases on his boot that looked strange to me, I knew he might be a good carpenter or a clever woodsman, but no sailor. In sizing up a man, I always sized him down.'

In an interval when the captain had excused himself to give the cow a bucket of water, his wife told her part: how she ached with dread when he was off on a coasting voyage or fishing on the Grand Banks. 'It near killed me. I would n't have lived out here alone on the headland between the sea and the moor all those years if I had n't known

he would leave off going Banking as soon as he could manage. And when the storms came —' She shook her head and turned her face away. 'Yet I can say that we have been pretty lucky, take it all in all.'

This line of humble adventure is not recommended to the squeamish. It presupposes a readiness to put up with things as they come. If the mattress is corn-husk, you are in luck: it might have been a cord bedstead. To one fresh from a scientific dairy, the sanitary programme of milking-time is an affair to curdle blood, if not the milk itself.

At Polly Soi, the dish of 'blueberry slump' which constitutes the evening meal had made its noun a verb; whereby it appeared that a twenty-five-mile tramp to reach that dish was its own reward, and something more: on no less heroic terms would the slump have yielded to the suave persuasion of the gastric juices.

At Cornelius Libby's, the baby howls straight through the meal-time without exciting the concern of anybody.

There is a limit to the appetite not educated on salt herring.

These items are enumerated not ungratefully, but as mortifications of the flesh whereby the soul may profit. City germophobes may die a thousand deaths of apprehension; but the fact is, hygiene or no hygiene, they thrive, in spite of science, on the deadly bacteria, and pass their plates for second helpings.

III

It may have been guessed that personally I prefer the coast roads, which, speaking humanly, is a preference for the shore fishermen of the North Atlantic. These evenings beside kitchen stoves in tiny cottages on bleak headlands, storm whistling outside and

wind wailing under eaves, are *noctes ambrosianæ*. People wonder at the hardy breed these men are. Let them try the life and cease to wonder. A meagre living wrung from the sea at continual peril. Face to face with elemental danger, these men acquire a faculty of moral judgment which is profound in simplicity. 'The dread is always on you,' confesses Leander Holland, skipper of the Land Ho! 'You get off shore with nothing but a half-inch of board atwixt you and eternity; and maybe a westerly gale springs up. You've got to claw in against it somehow. The dread is always on you.'

Is it any wonder that they are grave; that they look on frivolity with solemn amazement; that the ordinary ills which beset mankind look trifling to them; that their stern sense of right and wrong, won from dwelling in the shadow of eternity, is a corrective and enlightener to men of towns who go among them? In the mortal risk of tussle with winds and waves, they have learned that on salt water, at least, human preferences are not consulted. Dutiful as they may be at church (Leander plays the organ — with some retardation), they are fatalists, pagans at heart — but truer Christians, even so, than numerous inland brethren flattered by easeful security into imagining that certain laws of retribution can be cheated. These men have wrestled with God on the high seas too often to entertain a light opinion of that contest.

It was Morgan, my walking companion, who, on one of these excursions, first bade me observe that while city life traces lines around men's eyes, seafaring life imprints its lines on men's mouths. The first are lines of nervous anxiety; the second are lines of stoical determination. Farmers, while the absence of vital danger in their work may sometimes allow a whine to creep into

their legitimate grumble, have learned the same lesson: that man lives, fundamentally, in a hand-to-hand struggle with nature, and only secondarily by his wits. Economists, of course, have settled this officially; but no verification of truth is necessary for those who live it.

So, I say, wisdom is gathered on foot, along country roads. Collect your ideas where you can: from alley, boulevard, office, lecture-hall, theatre, dinner-table, library, wharf, picture-gallery, street-car, opera-house, curbstone, or courtroom; but test them on the road. Confronted with the realities of soil and salt water and the character shaped by these, they will look vastly less momentous or vastly more so. We are a nation at 'the smart age,' which is the dangerous age. If we were predominantly an agricultural people, not predominantly an industrial people, this moral ballast would be ours without taking thought for it. But we left the land and went into the cities, where, having learned to earn more by our wits in one month than our parents could from soil or salt water in a year, we briskly assumed that the whole range of our powers had risen in the same ratio. A look at the cities and what they breed scarcely corroborates this.

These headlanders do not understand the minutiae of a minimum-wage regulation; but they know that you can get no more out of a farm-hand or an acre than you put into them. 'Gene Gordon, to be sure, has never listened to a symphony orchestra, or walked through a picture gallery. Why should he? Around him and above are unrolled, day by day, the pageantries of the weather—the screeching gales of winter; the lyric moods of May on these moors; the matronly, rich abundance of summer; the smouldering sunsets behind brown November woods on evenings ruddy with frost. In his ears sings

the drone of insects, or the clank of a bell-buoy—the mournful wash of surf on a distant shore, the tinkle of cow-bells over the lea. The sweet chime of church-bells peals over the bay; gulls set up their shrill piping. It is absurd to suppose that he is unconscious of all this music and landscape, of which the music and landscapes of art are but the counterfeit. It is absurd to suppose that it passes him unnoticed, without appreciation. It is, on the contrary, built into the bone and fibre of him. He takes it for granted, as he takes health, and the love of women, and the pretty prattle of little children, and loyalty to friends, and death by drowning at the last. I know, for we have spoken of it together. The greater absurdity is to suppose that casual association with orchestras and picture galleries can compensate the folk penned in great towns for the loss of the great originals. I doubt, for instance, if 'Gene Gordon would be much impressed by a statue. He himself is a statue. And all the fellows he knows are statues. Evenings, when the gang goes swimming off the rocks at Yankee Cove, he sees a dozen statues, gloriously bronzed, diving, oaring with sinewy arms—figures to set a sculptor's fingers itching for the wet clay.

As it is with the arts, so it is with philosophy, religion, sociology, or whatever you choose to call the art of life. He does not theorize about it: he lives it. His theory may be weak; his life is strong.

Now the curious thing is that, in all good faith, I am not able to discover that the gentlemen I encounter in great place—the senators, the wizards of preventive medicine, the scholars weighing drachmas of theory, the subtle critics, the jurists sifting evidence; the harassed administrators of affairs, the business executives (those 'managing brains' which, we are ponderously

assured, collectivism cannot pay for), the eminent architects and the cunning artists — are, at bottom, any more clever than my farmers and fishermen. They are specialists. You catch them young and train them to do one thing. They can do it. It would be strange if they could not. Meanwhile, the effort they have spent mastering what they do know has blinded them to the vastness of what they do not know — the wonder and majesty of common life. They preen themselves on being 'in the know.' They fail to disguise a patronizing tone in their references to 'the average man.' Caught outside their little orbits of artificial routine, they are adrift in chaos.

And then, if you speak of specialists, so are my farmers and fishermen. Abraham Judson, hand on tiller, warily manœuvring for just the puff of squall which will pull his schooner between two ugly rocks in Dover Basin, and getting the puff, and pulling her through, is a specialist. Leahman French, running the Horse Race of the Penobscot West Branch on a morning of spring freshets, with only a splash of water in his canoe to show for the exploit, is something of a specialist. But they are not conscious of it. Modesty has sharpened the eyesight of their wisdom.

Some magic is in this life of contact with elemental things which seems to provide a sane and sturdy mind against which to try the perplexing questions of urban civilization. Take your puzzles to them and be helped. Not directly; but, as most discoveries advance, by indirection. Not that they can give the explicit answer; but they offer a character test which seems to reveal the truth or folly of whatsoever it encounters.

And why should they not be the arbiters of these issues? Who but they supply the city with that clean, new blood which keeps it fresh? They have

given their best to the cities. Who has a better right to be consulted?

The difficulty of their lives, the honesty of them, their hard work and upright living give them a sweetness and dignity which make the outer-worldliness at which they wonder so seem tawdry and vulgar. They put one instinctively on his best behavior. He wishes his own class to appear as well as it can in comparison with theirs. If you walk such roads as these, pay trust with trust. Whatever your hosts seem to wish to know about you, tell them. It is not curiosity; it is interest and friendliness, genuine and deep. They are giving their hospitality and flavoring it with a welcome far sweeter than luxury.

So I sing the Road. It is a different road from Walt's. Like him, I tramp out of the city into the country, but not to leave the city behind — to come back to it, rather, through wisdom bred in the open: to test, in contact with sons of soil and salt water, ideas that shall profit the cities. I sing the pleasant converse by the stove in cottage kitchens on winter evenings; the good man in his woolen-stockinged feet on the lounge by the woodbox; the good wife sewing under yellow lamp-beams. I say that it is good to listen and to reply. I say that here is no superiority or inferiority, moral or social. We are equals, swapping experience of the road, bound on the same journey, bearing the same burdens, hoping the same hopes, fearing the same fears, suffering the same bereavements, earning at a dear cost the same rewards. I say that there is no city and no country, no college-educated or illiterate; no Yankee and no Polack, no master and no servant — but just neighbors round a kitchen stove resting after the day's work. And I say that he who would come to this feast must come as a common man, on foot.

A LITERARY ACCIDENT

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

It is a sweet and vexatious thing to be a member of a small community. One does not know whether one is more stimulated or hampered by it, more cheered or exasperated. The result is at least peculiarly human; and that is so good that we in our village do not see how substantial things ever come to pass at all in the detached life of cities.

Among us, everything that happens to any one happens to all the rest; every ambition is a community affair; every destiny is common. Nobody lives to himself or even to his profession, whatever that may chance to be. I have admitted that it is vexatious. Silas Hapgood resorts to profanity every spring when he starts in to cultivate his long meadow that borders the highroad — he gets so much advice from passers-by. And Lucy Merwin repeatedly declares that she will never make another of her famous pound cakes, because, in spite of their excellence, somebody is always found to suggest a further improvement. Nevertheless, that particular meadow grows in fertility from year to year, and the cakes grow in lusciousness; and the community's pride in them both is just and natural. I am sure that John Underwood never would have learned to play the organ so well, if old Plyn Holcomb had not stood right up in meeting and shouted, 'For God's sake, take your foot off that loud pedall!' New Englanders are supposed to be stiff-necked; and so they are sometimes with outsiders. But they stand a great deal from one another.

In my own case, when I came back from college and settled down in my spinster cottage and began to send contributions, first to the local weekly, then to the *Springfield Republican*, then to a few magazines, I was at once aware that my neighbors were watching me eagerly. We had had a musician or two in our midst. We had had an artist. We had had any number of teachers and three ministers. But we had never had a writer. Fieldsborough, the neighboring township, had one. For lack of a nearer, more personal loyalty, we all read her stories assiduously and enjoyed them in spite of ourselves; but there was an element of jealousy in our admiration. As a matter of fact, I suppose, one obscure reason for my turning my hand to the pen at all lay in Fieldsborough's unspoken challenge.

The mere fact that I succeeded in getting anything accepted and published seemed at first so surprising to the villagers that they gave me whole-hearted applause.

'Millicent Roswell!' (Thus I heard them behind my back.) 'Why, she's just like any one, she's just folks. Would you have believed she had it in her? A real pretty piece, too — about — well, about — I guess I've sort of forgotten, but never mind, it was good.'

This was all very well, so far as it went. I was glad of the sympathetic encouragement; in fact — thorough villager as I am — I do not know how I could have got along without it. But of course I detected a menace in the general failure to remember what my

'pieces' were about; and it was with much apprehension that I watched the development of my small talent.

I could not write stories. Every time I tried, I failed so dismally that the return mail was hardly quick enough for them to come back to me from newspaper or magazine. With essays, on the other hand, I had a growing success. They were quiet little productions — about the beauty of the world, about certain moral aspects of human life that seemed to me particularly worth consideration, about philosophical theories. I was not excited over them, but I thought them the best I could do. They found a limited audience somewhere out in the great world; and they brought me in an equally limited income. Now and then I had a letter from a sympathetic stranger which went to my very heart.

I was not surprised, however, when a note of uneasiness began to make itself heard in my fellow villagers' comments.

'Say, Milly, I had to sit up till ten o'clock over that last paper of yours, and even now I'm not sure I understand it. It's learned stuff, and I'm proud to think you could write it; but I do sort of wish you'd write a story once in a while.'

I was not going to confess that I had written stories — scrap-baskets full of them. I hoped against hope that that secret lay between the postmaster and myself. So I said nothing.

'There's an awful good Fieldsborough story in the last *Sunset*,' my neighbor continued: 'about a man who hated a woman so that at last he just had to tell her about it; and as soon as he began to speak, he found himself begging her to marry him. Gee! that was true to life.'

There was a wistful pause. Still I said nothing — what could I say? So, with a sigh, she left me, and I went in and shook my head at my ink-bottle.

This sort of thing happened again and again; and I began to feel, not only disappointed in myself, but distinctly guilty toward my community. I was not doing what they expected of me, what the situation demanded; I was falling short of an obvious goal. I grew unhappy, and ceased to write at all.

Then, one summer evening, I was sitting on my front steps in the dusk, when Joel Potter came up the street and stopped to speak to me.

'Have n't read anything of yours in a long time,' he said. 'That's a saving of Library fines, for I always had to keep your papers out more than three days. But I hope you have n't run out. I suppose you've read the last Fieldsborough story. A good one, was n't it?'

It is hard to say why one challenge, more than another, strikes home and rouses the spirit. Other people had spoken to me thus, all too often, and I had only sat still. But there was something in Joel's remarks, and in the tone in which he proffered them, that was at last too much for my New England patience. In the light of the outcome, I now think there may have been something fatal in the very fact that it was Joel who spoke. At any rate, no sooner had he disappeared up the street, than I had made a mighty, irrevocable resolve to write a good story. In the name of all that was self-respecting and civically loyal, I must and would.

Yes, surely, Fate had a hand in the business; for, as I sat there, white-hot with my purpose and intent on means of accomplishing it, Deborah Brewster went by. It could not have meant just nothing that she should so promptly follow in Joel's wake.

Deborah Brewster was one of the most staid and deliberate spinsters in our community. At the time of our mutual crisis, she was about forty, and Joel was forty-five. She had always lived an utterly uneventful life, tied to

the bedside of an invalid father who died when she was thirty-eight. She was not interesting; but then, she had never had anything to make her so. Nevertheless, contradictorily, she had always interested me. I could not tell what it was, but there was something about her. It lay in a certain curve of her placid mouth, in a caressing way she had with her hands, in an unexpected gleam that now and then shot through her eyes. She never lived up to these characteristics, never seemed to be even aware of them; but they were there — at least, they came and went — and, first and last, I have spent many minutes staring at her and trying to make quite sure that I understood her: The obvious, general effect she produced was one of stolidity.

We none of us knew her so very well; perhaps we did not care to. Her house stood a little aside from the village, and her long years of attendance on her father had fostered in her a habit of solitude. She read a great deal, and she was a famous housekeeper and gardener. Her rose-bushes alone must have taken hours of her time every summer.

When her father died, I was distinctly though vaguely excited. Now was her chance. If the curve and the gleam and the caress really meant anything, they were at last free to show it. But nothing happened. She went right on in her monotonous routine — did not even change the furniture or get a new dress; and I was forced to conclude that I had been mistaken, that her elusive characteristics were meaningless tricks of heredity. So I tried to put them out of my mind and relegate her once for all to the class of human prosiness where she undoubtedly belonged.

It will now be apparent what kind of a chance presented itself to me, as I sat on my steps, fired with my resolution, and watched Deborah Brewster go up the street. I had always thought that

the failure of my stories lay in their unreality (I had spun them out of sheer imagination), and that if I could make a study from life I might succeed. But natural loyalty had forbidden me to use any of the human material which lay about me in my neighbors' affairs. If, now, I should take Deborah for my heroine, and write her life-history, — not as it had been, but as it might have been, — might I not hope to achieve something quite inoffensive and at the same time solid and convincing? I was so delighted with the idea that I made haste to get a pad and pencil.

I had never enjoyed anything so much as writing that story. I began it by casting an anchor to reality in the description of Deborah; then I let loose the gleam and the curve and the caress, and gave them full liberty. It was amazing what a difference they made. They transformed my heroine into a creature of fire and light, involved her in love-affairs and adventures, and gave her some narrow escapes. Instead of a dull, monotonous existence, she lived a full and vivid life, replete with interest. The process worked such entire conviction with me that I was sure this was not only Deborah as she might have been, but Deborah as she was intended to be. I finished the story in a glow of satisfaction.

It was accepted and promptly published by that same *Sunset Magazine* in which Fieldsborough so largely figured. I was as pleased as a child when I held it in my hands. At last my neighbors would know what I was writing about, and what to say to me. At last they were spared the necessity of burning painful ten o'clock oil on my account. At last Fieldsborough was invited to share a tiny leaf of its laurels with our village. I could hardly wait to learn the verdict of the villagers.

I did not have to wait long. Several of our people take the *Sunset Maga-*

zine, and there is always a copy in the Public Library. Before I had finished my supper, there came a hurried knock at my door and Lucy Merwin burst in. I had never seen her cheeks so red, and her eyes were like saucers.

'Why — why — why — Milly!' she stammered. 'What in the world? How did you ever find out? I never was so surprised in my life. How did you *ever* find out?'

This was not what I had expected, and my mind misgave me obscurely, though the enormity of the situation was not yet apparent to me.

'I guess I don't know what you mean,' I temporized.

'Why, your story about Deborah Brewster, of course. You've described her to the life. And, now that you've opened my eyes, I can see how everything might have happened just as you've told it. In fact, I sort of think I suspicioned that affair of hers with Joel. But she's always so innocent-looking — my! is n't she deep? How *did* you ever find out?'

'Joel?'

I got the word out as soon as my horrified lips could frame it. I felt myself turn pale.

'Of course!' Lucy was growing impatient with me. 'You did n't describe him quite so closely as Deborah, but it was plain enough who you had in mind. My! he's a sly one, too. I never was so surprised.'

My distress was almost too deep for words, but I could not yield to it — never had I needed words so badly. With all the impressiveness I could muster, I adjured Lucy to believe me. Not a detail of the story was true; I had made it all up; Joel Potter had not been in my mind when I was writing it.

'He went up the street just before I began, and perhaps he was in my subconsciousness; but I had no intention of describing him. So far as I know,

he has never had anything to do with Deborah. Oh, Lucy! you must believe me, you must help me make the village believe me. This might be too cruelly dreadful. Deborah Brewster! Why, Lucy, you know as well as I do that nothing has ever happened to her. She's a quiet, dull old maid.'

But every one who has ever had anything to do with a New England village will understand how well-advised was the desperate element in my appeal. Villagers believe what they want to, and that is generally what rumor suggests. Moreover, they have a certain pride of omniscience, especially in affairs of the heart; and nothing can make them commit themselves to that in which, after all, they may find themselves caught napping. I could get no satisfaction from Lucy; and all that evening and the next day I was assailed by keen-eyed callers, watchfully on their guard.

'I can't say I'm surprised. No, I always thought there was more in Deborah Brewster than appeared on the surface. But I've never said anything because it was none of my business.'

'I know just when it was that Joel hurt his foot in her trap and she rode the horse bareback after the doctor. I've always wondered who it was went galloping by our house that night.'

'You mean to say you've only just learned that she got lost two days and a night on the mountain? Yes — I heard tell of it.'

It availed nothing for me to protest, 'But she did n't, she was n't; I tell you, I made the whole story up, it is none of it true.' My neighbors only looked at me silently, and then glanced at one another. If I had not been so unhappy, it would have amused me to see how alert and suspicious they were, and how, through fear of betraying ignorance, each one egged on the others to believe the impossible. It was a masterly de-

monstration of the working of the village mind.

Meantime, poor Deborah: what of her? I knew that she took the *Sunset* and that she read it faithfully. No one had seen her about the village for the last two or three days; but she often stayed at home all the week, working in her garden. It was there I must seek her to learn the effect of my unfortunate story upon her and to beg her pardon. I was afraid, yet I wanted to go. On the third morning after the revelation I mustered up my courage.

She was busy with her hollyhocks as I entered the gate, and did not see me coming. That gave me a chance to stop and study her a moment. Her face, underneath her big straw hat, was as quiet and non-committal as ever; I could not make much out of it. But at least it was not distressed and resentful. In fact, as I watched her, it seemed to me that I could discover more than that mere negative reassurance. Was she not a little changed for the better? Had she always worn a ribbon about her hat? And her hair — I remembered it drawn back into a tight knot; now it lay loose about her face. Surely, she was different, she was — Then she looked up and saw me.

I do not know just what happened, except that a wave of shame went over me, and I stood paralyzed. But, in another moment, I found my hands held in a friendly grasp, and I was being led along to a chair on the front porch.

'How did you know? How in the world did you know?' Deborah was saying to me.

Now, I had supposed that I was prepared for every possible attitude on the part of my heroine. Resentment, grief, embarrassment, indifference, amusement, I stood ready for them all. But her actual question startled me so that my brain reeled, and I groped for the chair and sat down in it helplessly.

'Know what?' I stammered.

I suppose I looked idiotic. At any rate, Deborah laughed a little as she sat down near me and took off her hat.

'You must know what I mean,' she said succinctly. 'Your story, our story. Oh! of course we both understand that it did n't really happen; but how did you know that it might, that I had it in me to ride horses bareback and to get lost on the mountain? Above all,' — she hesitated, — 'how did you know about Joel?' she asked rather shyly.

Yes, certainly, I must have lost my wits; or else my brain was playing me one of its queer repetitious tricks; for, just as Deborah had amazed me by repeating Lucy's first question to me — how did I know? — so now I heard myself reiterating my own exclamation, 'Joel!' In both cases, I was blinded by astonishment.

'Because I did n't know,' Deborah went on slowly, too intent on her explanation to notice my stupefaction, or to repeat Lucy's impatience with me. 'I did n't know anything at all until I read your story. Then —' She spread out her hand in an eloquent gesture. 'That certainly was the night of my life,' she added literally.

I imposed a strong command on myself, and sat up and brought my attention to bear on the unexpected turn which this incalculable affair had taken. I could not understand it, but I saw that it was fraught with interest. As the mists cleared from my eyes, I observed that Deborah's face was indeed changed. No need to hunt for the gleam and the curve in it now. They were dominant. She was watching me eagerly, longing to share her experience with me.

'The night of my life,' she repeated. 'I wish I could tell you about it, but it won't be easy. I always make a point of reading your things,' — I proffered a humble gesture of acknowledge-

ment, — ‘and, for a year or two, I’ve taken the *Sunset Magazine* for the sake of the Fieldsborough stories. Well, day before yesterday, when the new number came, and I saw that you had a story in it too, I was delighted. I hurried through supper, and lighted the lamp. Then I took the cat in my lap and began to read. I tell you —’ She broke off and shook her head. ‘No, I can’t tell you,’ she said, regretfully. ‘It’s beyond words.’

‘In five minutes, I’d put the cat down and gone to look at myself in a mirror. Yes, there I was, just as you had described me — hair and face and clothes and everything. You *must* have had me in mind. Yet what in the world —? Then I sat down again.’

‘Another five minutes, and I was up once more, walking the room and reading at the same time. I felt as if I was going crazy; the place was too small for me. That horseback ride: I’ve never been on a horse in my life, yet I knew exactly how that woman felt as she rode through the midnight, and I wanted to go and take Silas Hapgood’s horse out of his barn and ride right away on it. That getting lost on the mountain: I’ve never been alone in the woods, but I wanted to climb West Mountain that minute, and never come back. That having a sweetheart —’

Again she hesitated, and this time I was not sure that she was going on.

‘If you knew all along that Joel liked me,’ she brought out at length, speaking, for the first time, with a certain note of accusation, ‘I think you ought to have let me know long before this, and in not quite such a public manner.’

‘But I did n’t, I did n’t! Dear Deborah,’ — I seized the chance which she gave me, and spoke as rapidly as I could, my pleading words crowding one another. I sat on the edge of my chair, and held her by the apron hem. ‘I did n’t know anything; you must believe

me. I did n’t even know that you might have done all these things. And I never so much as dreamed of Joel. I simply wanted to write a story, and it seemed to me that, if I made it all up, you probably would n’t mind my using you for a heroine. I can’t tell you how sorry I am. Can you ever forgive me?’

She gazed at me silently, her honest eyes struggling with an incredulity which was almost too much for her. Then she relieved me unspeakably by laying her hand on mine.

‘Well, that beats all!’ she murmured. ‘Oh! you don’t have to ask me to forgive you. I guess I’m rather obliged to you. I’m glad to know that the Lord did n’t make me quite so dull as I’ve always thought myself; and — yes, I’m real glad to know what Joel Potter used to mean by looking at me in church. I’m only sorry’ — she smiled wistfully — ‘that I did n’t know before.’

‘You see,’ she went on, when my perplexity and unhappiness kept me dumb, ‘I’ve always been tied down and have n’t had any chance to make experiments. Father did n’t think much of me; he used to tell me I was as homely as a rail-fence. I’m not very spunky by nature and I took his word for it. Anyway, you know how it is,’ — she appealed to the instinctive fatalism which is so strong in all us New Englanders, — ‘things just are as they are; it does n’t come natural to question them or to try to change them.’

I nodded soberly.

‘And so I’ve lived on, never dreaming. And now it’s too late.’

‘Is it?’

My question startled us both. I saw it drive the gleam out of her eyes, leaving only a blank consternation there.

‘Why, Milly, I’m forty years old!’ she quavered dubiously.

‘Well,’ I insisted, ‘that’s no great age. Of course, you would n’t ride horses bareback now, but —’

She stopped me abruptly by shaking her head. 'No,' she declared; 'I'm too old, it's too late, I'm too settled in my ways. Maybe I should n't even want it — it would be too hard work. Don't let's talk about it any more. It rather frightens me.'

She pushed my hand away, and got up, and started to go into the house for a soothing pan of potatoes to prepare for dinner. Her manner was that of one who definitely turns her back on an illusion. But she had not taken two steps before we were both arrested by an apparition in the gateway which caused my maidenly blood to run cold.

It was Joel Potter. He said not a word; and, for a minute, he did not move. He simply stood with a hand on either gate-post and looked at Deborah. I had never seen any one look like that. I wanted to hide, to run away; but I could not move a muscle, — and, anyway, he blocked the only exit. Moreover, my terrified remnants of wits told me that I had brought this situation on Deborah and that it behooved me to see her through.

But when I mustered courage to look at her, I caught my breath in the shock of the culminating surprise of this momentous day. She was the most triumphantly transfigured person I had ever seen. Poised for departure, she looked back at Joel; and at least ten years fled out of her face and from her slender figure. Her eyes were all gleam, her mouth was all a sweetly mocking curve, and her hand caressed the front door-knob in a maddening fashion.

Not that Joel needed to be maddened. I had always thought him a placid, self-contained person; now I saw that he was a kindled fire. He glared at Deborah, glared at her; and a copy of the *Sunset Magazine* stuck out of his coat-pocket.

I wondered if the electric silence was going to last forever.

'You're a pretty person!' he said finally, speaking so thickly that I should never have recognized his voice. 'Are n't you ashamed of yourself?'

The first part of his accusation was true. With her head held high and her cheeks aglow, Deborah certainly was, for perhaps the first time in her life, a pretty person. But his denouncing question flew wide of its mark. She was not in the least ashamed of herself.

'Who is he?' He entered the gate, and took a step nearer her. 'Tell me at once: who is this lover of yours?'

What could she say — poor Deborah? Not, 'Why, you, Joel!' So she said nothing at all.

'Deborah!'

His cry was so piercing, so eloquent of all sorts of things which I had no business to be overhearing, that, panic-stricken, I slipped out of my chair and dropped off the porch, and made for the now open gateway, my heart pounding in my ears. I never looked back once. I ran and ran and ran.

That is all that I know about the events of the morning. I got away just in time. But the results were known to the whole village in less than a month. Joel and Deborah were married in the little village church, and I was the only person they asked to stand up with them.

I suppose I shall never know at what conclusion the villagers arrived concerning the matter. Perhaps they never have arrived, but prefer to keep the particularly delectable subject open for perpetual discussion. It is a bad sign that, from the day of the announcement of Deborah's engagement, they have none of them made any further comments to me. But I try not to care. I have only to look at Deborah's happy face to go home and salute my pen with an awed respect. It's a dangerous business to write stories, but sometimes it is worth while.

TRANS-NATIONAL AMERICA

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

No reverberatory effect of the great war has caused American public opinion more solicitude than the failure of the 'melting-pot.' The discovery of diverse nationalistic feelings among our great alien population has come to most people as an intense shock. It has brought out the unpleasant inconsistencies of our traditional beliefs. We have had to watch hard-hearted old Brahmins virtuously indignant at the spectacle of the immigrant refusing to be melted, while they jeer at patriots like Mary Antin who write about 'our forefathers.' We have had to listen to publicists who express themselves as stunned by the evidence of vigorous nationalistic and cultural movements in this country among Germans, Scandinavians, Bohemians, and Poles, while in the same breath they insist that the alien shall be forcibly assimilated to that Anglo-Saxon tradition which they unquestioningly label 'American.'

As the unpleasant truth has come upon us that assimilation in this country was proceeding on lines very different from those we had marked out for it, we found ourselves inclined to blame those who were thwarting our prophecies. The truth became culpable. We blamed the war, we blamed the Germans. And then we discovered with a moral shock that these movements had been making great headway before the war even began. We found that the tendency, reprehensible and paradoxical as it might be, has been for the national clusters of immigrants, as they became more and more firmly estab-

lished and more and more prosperous, to cultivate more and more assiduously the literatures and cultural traditions of their homelands. Assimilation, in other words, instead of washing out the memories of Europe, made them more and more intensely real. Just as these clusters became more and more objectively American, did they become more and more German or Scandinavian or Bohemian or Polish.

To face the fact that our aliens are already strong enough to take a share in the direction of their own destiny, and that the strong cultural movements represented by the foreign press, schools, and colonies are a challenge to our facile attempts, is not, however, to admit the failure of Americanization. It is not to fear the failure of democracy. It is rather to urge us to an investigation of what Americanism may rightly mean. It is to ask ourselves whether our ideal has been broad or narrow — whether perhaps the time has not come to assert a higher ideal than the 'melting-pot.' Surely we cannot be certain of our spiritual democracy when, claiming to melt the nations within us to a comprehension of our free and democratic institutions, we fly into panic at the first sign of their own will and tendency. We act as if we wanted Americanization to take place only on our own terms, and not by the consent of the governed. All our elaborate machinery of settlement and school and union, of social and political naturalization, however, will move with friction just in so

far as it neglects to take into account this strong and virile insistence that America shall be what the immigrant will have a hand in making it, and not what a ruling class, descendant of those British stocks which were the first permanent immigrants, decide that America shall be made. This is the condition which confronts us, and which demands a clear and general readjustment of our attitude and our ideal.

I

Mary Antin is right when she looks upon our foreign-born as the people who missed the Mayflower and came over on the first boat they could find. But she forgets that when they did come it was not upon other Mayflow-ers, but upon a 'Maiblume,' a 'Fleur de Mai,' a 'Fior di Maggio,' a 'Maj-blomst.' These people were not mere arrivals from the same family, to be welcomed as understood and long-loved, but strangers to the neighborhood, with whom a long process of settling down had to take place. For they brought with them their national and racial characters, and each new national quota had to wear slowly away the contempt with which its mere alienness got itself greeted. Each had to make its way slowly from the lowest strata of unskilled labor up to a level where it satisfied the accredited norms of social success.

We are all foreign-born or the descendants of foreign-born, and if distinctions are to be made between us they should rightly be on some other ground than indigenouness. The early colonists came over with motives no less colonial than the later. They did not come to be assimilated in an American melting-pot. They did not come to adopt the culture of the American Indian. They had not the smallest intention of 'giving themselves

without reservation' to the new country. They came to get freedom to live as they wanted to. They came to escape from the stifling air and chaos of the old world; they came to make their fortune in a new land. They invented no new social framework. Rather they brought over bodily the old ways to which they had been accustomed. Tightly concentrated on a hostile frontier, they were conservative beyond belief. Their pioneer daring was reserved for the objective conquest of material resources. In their folkways, in their social and political institutions, they were, like every colonial people, slavishly imitative of the mother-country. So that, in spite of the 'Revolution,' our whole legal and political system remained more English than the English, petrified and unchanging, while in England law developed to meet the needs of the changing times.

It is just this English-American conservatism that has been our chief obstacle to social advance. We have needed the new peoples — the order of the German and Scandinavian, the turbulence of the Slav and Hun — to save us from our own stagnation. I do not mean that the illiterate Slav is now the equal of the New Englander of pure descent. He is raw material to be educated, not into a New Englander, but into a socialized American along such lines as those thirty nationalities are being educated in the amazing schools of Gary. I do not believe that this process is to be one of decades of evolution. The spectacle of Japan's sudden jump from mediævalism to post-modernism should have destroyed that superstition. We are not dealing with individuals who are to 'evolve.' We are dealing with their children, who, with that education we are about to have, will start level with all of us. Let us cease to think of ideals like democracy as magical qualities inherent in

certain peoples. Let us speak, not of inferior races, but of inferior civilizations. We are all to educate and to be educated. These peoples in America are in a common enterprise. It is not what we are now that concerns us, but what this plastic next generation may become in the light of a new cosmopolitan ideal.

We are not dealing with static factors, but with fluid and dynamic generations. To contrast the older and the newer immigrants and see the one class as democratically motivated by love of liberty, and the other by mere money-getting, is not to illuminate the future. To think of earlier nationalities as culturally assimilated to America, while we picture the later as a sodden and resistive mass, makes only for bitterness and misunderstanding. There may be a difference between these earlier and these later stocks, but it lies neither in motive for coming nor in strength of cultural allegiance to the homeland. The truth is that no more tenacious cultural allegiance to the mother country has been shown by any alien nation than by the ruling class of Anglo-Saxon descendants in these American States. English snoberies, English religion, English literary styles, English literary reverences and canons, English ethics, English superiorities, have been the cultural food that we have drunk in from our mothers' breasts. The distinctively American spirit — pioneer, as distinguished from the reminiscently English — that appears in Whitman and Emerson and James, has had to exist on sufferance alongside of this other cult, unconsciously belittled by our cultural makers of opinion. No country has perhaps had so great indigenous genius which had so little influence on the country's traditions and expressions. The unpopular and dreaded German-American of the pres-

ent day is a beginning amateur in comparison with those foolish Anglophiles of Boston and New York and Philadelphia whose reversion to cultural type sees uncritically in England's cause the cause of Civilization, and, under the guise of ethical independence of thought, carries along European traditions which are no more 'American' than the German categorizes themselves.

It speaks well for German-American innocence of heart or else for its lack of imagination that it has not turned the hyphen stigma into a 'Tu quoque!' If there were to be any hyphens scattered about, clearly they should be affixed to those English descendants who had had centuries of time to be made American where the German had had only half a century. Most significantly has the war brought out of them this alien virus, showing them still loving English things, owing allegiance to the English Kultur, moved by English shibboleths and prejudice. It is only because it has been the ruling class in this country that bestowed the epithets that we have not heard copiously and scornfully of 'hyphenated English-Americans.' But even our quarrels with England have had the bad temper, the extravagance, of family quarrels. The Englishman of to-day nags us and dislikes us in that personal, peculiarly intimate way in which he dislikes the Australian, or as we may dislike our younger brothers. He still thinks of us incorrigibly as 'colonials.' America — official, controlling, literary, political America — is still, as a writer recently expressed it, 'culturally speaking, a self-governing dominion of the British Empire.'

The non-English American can scarcely be blamed if he sometimes thinks of the Anglo-Saxon predominance in America as little more than a predominance of priority. The Anglo-

Saxon was merely the first immigrant, the first to found a colony. He has never really ceased to be the descendant of immigrants, nor has he ever succeeded in transforming that colony into a real nation, with a tenacious, richly woven fabric of native culture. Colonials from the other nations have come and settled down beside him. They found no definite native culture which should startle them out of their colonialism, and consequently they looked back to their mother-country, as the earlier Anglo-Saxon immigrant was looking back to his. What has been offered the newcomer has been the chance to learn English, to become a citizen, to salute the flag. And those elements of our ruling classes who are responsible for the public schools, the settlements, all the organizations for amelioration in the cities, have every reason to be proud of the care and labor which they have devoted to absorbing the immigrant. His opportunities the immigrant has taken to gladly, with almost a pathetic eagerness to make his way in the new land without friction or disturbance. The common language has made not only for the necessary communication, but for all the amenities of life.

If freedom means the right to do pretty much as one pleases, so long as one does not interfere with others, the immigrant has found freedom, and the ruling element has been singularly liberal in its treatment of the invading hordes. But if freedom means a democratic coöperation in determining the ideals and purposes and industrial and social institutions of a country, then the immigrant has not been free, and the Anglo-Saxon element is guilty of just what every dominant race is guilty of in every European country: the imposition of its own culture upon the minority peoples. The fact that this imposition has been so mild and, in-

deed, semi-conscious does not alter its quality. And the war has brought out just the degree to which that purpose of 'Americanizing,' that is, 'Anglo-Saxonizing,' the immigrant has failed.

For the Anglo-Saxon now in his bitterness to turn upon the other peoples, talk about their 'arrogance,' scold them for not being melted in a pot which never existed, is to betray the unconscious purpose which lay at the bottom of his heart. It betrays too the possession of a racial jealousy similar to that of which he is now accusing the so-called 'hyphenates.' Let the Anglo-Saxon be proud enough of the heroic toil and heroic sacrifices which moulded the nation. But let him ask himself, if he had had to depend on the English descendants, where he would have been living to-day. To those of us who see in the exploitation of unskilled labor the strident red *leit-motif* of our civilization, the settling of the country presents a great social drama as the waves of immigration broke over it.

Let the Anglo-Saxon ask himself where he would have been if these races had not come? Let those who feel the inferiority of the non-Anglo-Saxon immigrant contemplate that region of the States which has remained the most distinctively 'American,' the South. Let him ask himself whether he would really like to see the foreign hordes Americanized into such an Americanization. Let him ask himself how superior this native civilization is to the great 'alien' states of Wisconsin and Minnesota, where Scandinavians, Poles, and Germans have self-consciously labored to preserve their traditional culture, while being outwardly and satisfactorily American. Let him ask himself how much more wisdom, intelligence, industry and social leadership has come out of these alien states than out of all the truly American ones. The South, in fact,

while this vast Northern development has gone on, still remains an English colony, stagnant and complacent, having progressed culturally scarcely beyond the early Victorian era. It is culturally sterile because it has had no advantage of cross-fertilization like the Northern states. What has happened in states such as Wisconsin and Minnesota is that strong foreign cultures have struck root in a new and fertile soil. America has meant liberation, and German and Scandinavian political ideas and social energies have expanded to a new potency. The process has not been at all the fancied 'assimilation' of the Scandinavian or Teuton. Rather has it been a process of their assimilation of us — I speak as an Anglo-Saxon. The foreign cultures have not been melted down or run together, made into some homogeneous Americanism, but have remained distinct but coöperating to the greater glory and benefit, not only of themselves but of all the native 'Americanism' around them.

What we emphatically do not want is that these distinctive qualities should be washed out into a tasteless, colorless fluid of uniformity. Already we have far too much of this insipidity, — masses of people who are cultural half-breeds, neither assimilated Anglo-Saxons nor nationals of another culture. Each national colony in this country seems to retain in its foreign press, its vernacular literature, its schools, its intellectual and patriotic leaders, a central cultural nucleus. From this nucleus the colony extends out by imperceptible gradations to a fringe where national characteristics are all but lost. Our cities are filled with these half-breeds who retain their foreign names but have lost the foreign savor. This does not mean that they have actually been changed into New Englanders or Middle Westerners.

It does not mean that they have been really Americanized. It means that, letting slip from them whatever native culture they had, they have substituted for it only the most rudimentary American — the American culture of the cheap newspaper, the 'movies,' the popular song, the ubiquitous automobile. The unthinking who survey this class call them assimilated, Americanized. The great American public school has done its work. With these people our institutions are safe. We may thrill with dread at the aggressive hyphenate, but this tame flabbiness is accepted as Americanization. The same moulders of opinion whose ideal is to melt the different races into Anglo-Saxon gold hail this poor product as the satisfying result of their alchemy.

Yet a truer cultural sense would have told us that it is not the self-conscious cultural nuclei that sap at our American life, but these fringes. It is not the Jew who sticks proudly to the faith of his fathers and boasts of that venerable culture of his who is dangerous to America, but the Jew who has lost the Jewish fire and become a mere elementary, grasping animal. It is not the Bohemian who supports the Bohemian schools in Chicago whose influence is sinister, but the Bohemian who has made money and has got into ward politics. Just so surely as we tend to disintegrate these nuclei of nationalistic culture do we tend to create hordes of men and women without a spiritual country, cultural outlaws, without taste, without standards but those of the mob. We sentence them to live on the most rudimentary planes of American life. The influences at the centre of the nuclei are centripetal. They make for the intelligence and the social values which mean an enhancement of life. And just because the foreign-born retains this expressiveness is he likely to be a better citizen of the

American community. The influences at the fringe, however, are centrifugal, anarchical. They make for detached fragments of peoples. Those who came to find liberty achieve only license. They become the flotsam and jetsam of American life, the downward undertow of our civilization with its leering cheapness and falseness of taste and spiritual outlook, the absence of mind and sincere feeling which we see in our slovenly towns, our vapid moving pictures, our popular novels, and in the vacuous faces of the crowds on the city street. This is the cultural wreckage of our time, and it is from the fringes of the Anglo-Saxon as well as the other stocks that it falls. America has as yet no impelling integrating force. It makes too easily for this detritus of cultures. In our loose, free country, no constraining national purpose, no tenacious folk-tradition and folk-style hold the people to a line.

The war has shown us that not in any magical formula will this purpose be found. No intense nationalism of the European plan can be ours. But do we not begin to see a new and more adventurous ideal? Do we not see how the national colonies in America, deriving power from the deep cultural heart of Europe and yet living here in mutual toleration, freed from the age-long tangles of races, creeds, and dynasties, may work out a federated ideal? America is transplanted Europe, but a Europe that has not been disintegrated and scattered in the transplanting as in some Dispersion. Its colonies live here inextricably mingled, yet not homogeneous. They merge but they do not fuse.

America is a unique sociological fabric, and it bespeaks poverty of imagination not to be thrilled at the incalculable potentialities of so novel a union of men. To seek no other goal than the weary old nationalism, — bel-

ligerent, exclusive, inbreeding, the poison of which we are witnessing now in Europe, — is to make patriotism a hollow sham, and to declare that, in spite of our boasting, America must ever be a follower and not a leader of nations.

II

If we come to find this point of view plausible, we shall have to give up the search for our native 'American' culture. With the exception of the South and that New England which, like the Red Indian, seems to be passing into solemn oblivion, there is no distinctively American culture. It is apparently our lot rather to be a federation of cultures. This we have been for half a century, and the war has made it ever more evident that this is what we are destined to remain. This will not mean, however, that there are not expressions of indigenous genius that could not have sprung from any other soil. Music, poetry, philosophy, have been singularly fertile and new. Strangely enough, American genius has flared forth just in those directions which are least understood of the people. If the American note is bigness, action, the objective as contrasted with the reflective life, where is the epic expression of this spirit? Our drama and our fiction, the peculiar fields for the expression of action and objectivity, are somehow exactly the fields of the spirit which remain poor and mediocre. American materialism is in some way inhibited from getting into impressive artistic form its own energy with which it bursts. Nor is it any better in architecture, the least romantic and subjective of all the arts. We are inarticulate of the very values which we profess to idealize. But in the finer forms — music, verse, the essay, philosophy — the American genius puts forth work equal to any of

its contemporaries. Just in so far as our American genius has expressed the pioneer spirit, the adventurous, forward-looking drive of a colonial empire, is it representative of that whole America of the many races and peoples, and not of any partial or traditional enthusiasm. And only as that pioneer note is sounded can we really speak of the American culture. As long as we thought of Americanism in terms of the 'melting-pot,' our American cultural tradition lay in the past. It was something to which the new Americans were to be moulded. In the light of our changing ideal of Americanism, we must perpetrate the paradox that our American cultural tradition lies in the future. It will be what we all together make out of this incomparable opportunity of attacking the future with a new key.

Whatever American nationalism turns out to be, it is certain to become something utterly different from the nationalisms of twentieth-century Europe. This wave of reactionary enthusiasm to play the orthodox nationalistic game which is passing over the country is scarcely vital enough to last. We cannot swagger and thrill to the same national self-feeling. We must give new edges to our pride. We must be content to avoid the unnumbered woes that national patriotism has brought in Europe, and that fiercely heightened pride and self-consciousness. Alluring as this is, we must allow our imaginations to transcend this scarcely veiled belligerency. We can be serenely too proud to fight if our pride embraces the creative forces of civilization which armed contest nullifies. We can be too proud to fight if our code of honor transcends that of the schoolboy on the playground surrounded by his jeering mates. Our honor must be positive and creative, and not the mere jealous and negative protec-

tiveness against metaphysical violations of our technical rights. When the doctrine is put forth that in one American flows the mystic blood of all our country's sacred honor, freedom, and prosperity, so that an injury to him is to be the signal for turning our whole nation into that clan-feud of horror and reprisal which would be war, then we find ourselves back among the musty schoolmen of the Middle Ages, and not in any pragmatic and realistic America of the twentieth century.

We should hold our gaze to what America has done, not what mediæval codes of dueling she has failed to observe. We have transplanted European modernity to our soil, without the spirit that inflames it and turns all its energy into mutual destruction. Out of these foreign peoples there has somehow been squeezed the poison. An America, 'hyphenated' to bitterness, is somehow non-explosive. For, even if we all hark back in sympathy to a European nation, even if the war has set every one vibrating to some emotional string twanged on the other side of the Atlantic, the effect has been one of almost dramatic harmlessness.

What we have really been witnessing, however unappreciatively, in this country has been a thrilling and bloodless battle of Kulturs. In that arena of friction which has been the most dramatic — between the hyphenated German-American and the hyphenated English-American — there have emerged rivalries of philosophies which show up deep traditional attitudes, points of view which accurately reflect the gigantic issues of the war. America has mirrored the spiritual issues. The vicarious struggle has been played out peacefully here in the mind. We have seen the stout resistiveness of the old moral interpretation of history on which Victorian England thrived and made itself great in its own es-

teem. The clean and immensely satisfying vision of the war as a contest between right and wrong; the enthusiastic support of the Allies as the incarnation of virtue-on-a-rampage; the fierce envisaging of their selfish national purposes as the ideals of justice, freedom and democracy—all this has been thrown with intensest force against the German realistic interpretations in terms of the struggle for power and the virility of the integrated State. America has been the intellectual battleground of the nations.

III

The failure of the melting-pot, far from closing the great American democratic experiment, means that it has only just begun. Whatever American nationalism turns out to be, we see already that it will have a color richer and more exciting than our ideal has hitherto encompassed. In a world which has dreamed of internationalism, we find that we have all unawares been building up the first international nation. The voices which have cried for a tight and jealous nationalism of the European pattern are failing. From that ideal, however valiantly and disinterestedly it has been set for us, time and tendency have moved us further and further away. What we have achieved has been rather a cosmopolitan federation of national colonies, of foreign cultures, from whom the sting of devastating competition has been removed. America is already the world-federation in miniature, the continent where for the first time in history has been achieved that miracle of hope, the peaceful living side by side, with character substantially preserved, of the most heterogeneous peoples under the sun. Nowhere else has such contiguity been anything but the breeder of misery. Here, notwithstanding our

tragic failures of adjustment, the outlines are already too clear not to give us a new vision and a new orientation of the American mind in the world.

It is for the American of the younger generation to accept this cosmopolitanism, and carry it along with self-conscious and fruitful purpose. In his colleges, he is already getting, with the study of modern history and politics, the modern literatures, economic geography, the privilege of a cosmopolitan outlook such as the people of no other nation of to-day in Europe can possibly secure. If he is still a colonial, he is no longer the colonial of one partial culture, but of many. He is a colonial of the world. Colonialism has grown into cosmopolitanism, and his motherland is no one nation, but all who have anything life-enhancing to offer to the spirit. That vague sympathy which the France of ten years ago was feeling for the world—a sympathy which was drowned in the terrible reality of war—may be the modern American's, and that in a positive and aggressive sense. If the American is parochial, it is in sheer wantonness or cowardice. His provincialism is the measure of his fear of bogies or the defect of his imagination.

Indeed, it is not uncommon for the eager Anglo-Saxon who goes to a vivid American university to-day to find his true friends not among his own race but among the acclimatized German or Austrian, the acclimatized Jew, the acclimatized Scandinavian or Italian. In them he finds the cosmopolitan note. In these youths, foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents, he is likely to find many of his old inbred morbid problems washed away. These friends are oblivious to the repressions of that tight little society in which he so provincially grew up. He has a pleasurable sense of liberation from the stale and familiar attitudes

of those whose ingrowing culture has scarcely created anything vital for his America of to-day. He breathes a larger air. In his new enthusiasms for continental literature, for unplumbed Russian depths, for French clarity of thought, for Teuton philosophies of power, he feels himself citizen of a larger world. He may be absurdly superficial, his outward-reaching wonder may ignore all the stiller and homelier virtues of his Anglo-Saxon home, but he has at least found the clue to that international mind which will be essential to all men and women of good-will if they are ever to save this Western world of ours from suicide. His new friends have gone through a similar evolution. America has burned most of the baser metal also from them. Meeting now with this common American background, all of them may yet retain that distinctiveness of their native cultures and their national spiritual slants. They are more valuable and interesting to each other for being different, yet that difference could not be creative were it not for this new cosmopolitan outlook which America has given them and which they all equally possess.

A college where such a spirit is possible even to the smallest degree, has within itself already the seeds of this international intellectual world of the future. It suggests that the contribution of America will be an intellectual internationalism which goes far beyond the mere exchange of scientific ideas and discoveries and the cold recording of facts. It will be an intellectual sympathy which is not satisfied until it has got at the heart of the different cultural expressions, and felt as they feel. It may have immense preferences, but it will make understanding and not indignation its end. Such a sympathy will unite and not divide.

Against the thinly disguised panic which calls itself 'patriotism' and the thinly disguised militarism which calls itself 'preparedness' the cosmopolitan ideal is set. This does not mean that those who hold it are for a policy of drift. They, too, long passionately for an integrated and disciplined America. But they do not want one which is integrated only for domestic economic exploitation of the workers or for predatory economic imperialism among the weaker peoples. They do not want one that is integrated by coercion or militarism, or for the truculent assertion of a mediæval code of honor and of doubtful rights. They believe that the most effective integration will be one which coördinates the diverse elements and turns them consciously toward working out together the place of America in the world-situation. They demand for integration a genuine integrity, a wholeness and soundness of enthusiasm and purpose which can only come when no national colony within our America feels that it is being discriminated against or that its cultural case is being prejudged. This strength of coöperation, this feeling that all who are here may have a hand in the destiny of America, will make for a finer spirit of integration than any narrow 'Americanism' or forced chauvinism.

In this effort we may have to accept some form of that dual citizenship which meets with so much articulate horror among us. Dual citizenship we may have to recognize as the rudimentary form of that international citizenship to which, if our words mean anything, we aspire. We have assumed unquestioningly that mere participation in the political life of the United States must cut the new citizen off from all sympathy with his old allegiance. Anything but a bodily transfer of devotion from one sovereignty to

another has been viewed as a sort of moral treason against the Republic. We have insisted that the immigrant whom we welcomed escaping from the very exclusive nationalism of his European home shall forthwith adopt a nationalism just as exclusive, just as narrow, and even less legitimate because it is founded on no warm traditions of his own. Yet a nation like France is said to permit a formal and legal dual citizenship even at the present time. Though a citizen of hers may pretend to cast off his allegiance in favor of some other sovereignty, he is still subject to her laws when he returns. Once a citizen, always a citizen, no matter how many new citizenships he may embrace. And such a dual citizenship seems to us sound and right. For it recognizes that, although the Frenchman may accept the formal institutional framework of his new country and indeed become intensely loyal to it, yet his Frenchness he will never lose. What makes up the fabric of his soul will always be of this Frenchness, so that unless he becomes utterly degenerate he will always to some degree dwell still in his native environment.

Indeed, does not the cultivated American who goes to Europe practice a dual citizenship, which, if not formal, is no less real? The American who lives abroad may be the least expatriate of men. If he falls in love with French ways and French thinking and French democracy and seeks to saturate himself with the new spirit, he is guilty of at least a dual spiritual citizenship. He may be still American, yet he feels himself through sympathy also a Frenchman. And he finds that this expansion involves no shameful conflict within him, no surrender of his native attitude. He has rather for the first time caught a glimpse of the cosmopolitan spirit. And after wandering about through many races and civiliza-

tions he may return to America to find them all here living vividly and crudely, seeking the same adjustment that he made. He sees the new peoples here with a new vision. They are no longer masses of aliens, waiting to be 'assimilated,' waiting to be melted down into the indistinguishable dough of Anglo-Saxonism. They are rather threads of living and potent cultures, blindly striving to weave themselves into a novel international nation, the first the world has seen. In an Austria-Hungary or a Prussia the stronger of these cultures would be moving almost instinctively to subjugate the weaker. But in America those wills-to-power are turned in a different direction into learning how to live together.

Along with dual citizenship we shall have to accept, I think, that free and mobile passage of the immigrant between America and his native land again which now arouses so much prejudice among us. We shall have to accept the immigrant's return for the same reason that we consider justified our own flitting about the earth. To stigmatize the alien who works in America for a few years and returns to his own land, only perhaps to seek American fortune again, is to think in narrow nationalistic terms. It is to ignore the cosmopolitan significance of this migration. It is to ignore the fact that the returning immigrant is often a missionary to an inferior civilization.

This migratory habit has been especially common with the unskilled laborers who have been pouring into the United States in the last dozen years from every country in southeastern Europe. Many of them return to spend their earnings in their own country or to serve their country in war. But they return with an entirely new critical outlook, and a sense of the superiority of American organization to the

primitive living around them. This continued passage to and fro has already raised the material standard of living in many regions of these backward countries. For these regions are thus endowed with exactly what they need, the capital for the exploitation of their natural resources, and the spirit of enterprise. America is thus educating these laggard peoples from the very bottom of society up, awaking vast masses to a new-born hope for the future. In the migratory Greek, therefore, we have not the parasitic alien, the doubtful American asset, but a symbol of that cosmopolitan interchange which is coming, in spite of all war and national exclusiveness.

Only America, by reason of the unique liberty of opportunity and traditional isolation for which she seems to stand, can lead in this cosmopolitan enterprise. Only the American — and in this category I include the migratory alien who has lived with us and caught the pioneer spirit and a sense of new social vistas — has the chance to become that citizen of the world. America is coming to be, not a nationality but a trans-nationality, a weaving back and forth, with the other lands, of many threads of all sizes and colors. Any movement which attempts to thwart this weaving, or to dye the fabric any one color, or disentangle the threads of the strands, is false to this cosmopolitan vision. I do not mean that we shall necessarily glut ourselves with the raw product of humanity. It would be folly to absorb the nations faster than we could weave them. We have no duty either to admit or reject. It is purely a question of expediency. What concerns us is the fact that the strands are here. We must have a policy and an ideal for an actual situation. Our question is, What shall we do with our America? How are we likely to get the more creative America — by confining

our imaginations to the ideal of the melting-pot, or broadening them to some such cosmopolitan conception as I have been vaguely sketching?

The war has shown America to be unable, though isolated geographically and politically from a European world-situation, to remain aloof and irresponsible. She is a wandering star in a sky dominated by two colossal constellations of states. Can she not work out some position of her own, some life of being in, yet not quite of, this seething and embroiled European world? This is her only hope and promise. A trans-nationality of all the nations, it is spiritually impossible for her to pass into the orbit of any one. It will be folly to hurry herself into a premature and sentimental nationalism, or to emulate Europe and play fast and loose with the forces that drag into war. No Americanization will fulfill this vision which does not recognize the uniqueness of this trans-nationalism of ours. The Anglo-Saxon attempt to fuse will only create enmity and distrust. The crusade against 'hyphenates' will only inflame the partial patriotism of trans-nationals, and cause them to assert their European traditions in strident and unwholesome ways. But the attempt to weave a wholly novel international nation out of our chaotic America will liberate and harmonize the creative power of all these peoples and give them the new spiritual citizenship, as so many individuals have already been given, of a world.

Is it a wild hope that the undertow of opposition to metaphysics in international relations, opposition to militarism, is less a cowardly provincialism than a groping for this higher cosmopolitan ideal? One can understand the irritated restlessness with which our proud pro-British colonists contemplate a heroic conflict across the seas in which they have no part. It

was inevitable that our necessary inaction should evolve in their minds into the bogey of national shame and dishonor. But let us be careful about accepting their sensitiveness as final arbiter. Let us look at our reluctance rather as the first crude beginnings of assertion on the part of certain strands in our nationality that they have a right to a voice in the construction of the American ideal. Let us face realistically the America we have around us. Let us work with the forces that are at work. Let us make something of this trans-national spirit instead of outlawing it. Already we are living this cosmopolitan America. What we need is everywhere a vivid consciousness of the new ideal. Deliberate headway must be made against the survivals of the melting-pot ideal for the promise of American life.

We cannot Americanize America worthily by sentimentalizing and moralizing history. When the best schools are expressly renouncing the questionable duty of teaching patriotism by means of history, it is not the time to force shibboleth upon the immigrant. This form of Americanization has been heard because it appealed to the vestiges of our old sentimentalized and moralized patriotism. This has so far held the field as the expression

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of the new American's new devotion. The inflections of other voices have been drowned. They must be heard. We must see if the lesson of the war has not been for hundreds of these later Americans a vivid realization of their trans-nationality, a new consciousness of what America meant to them as a citizenship in the world. It is the vague historic idealisms which have provided the fuel for the European flame. Our American ideal can make no progress until we do away with this romantic gilding of the past.

All our idealisms must be those of future social goals in which all can participate, the good life of personality lived in the environment of the Beloved Community. No mere doubtful triumphs of the past, which redound to the glory of only one of our trans-nationalities, can satisfy us. It must be a future America, on which all can unite, which pulls us irresistibly toward it, as we understand each other more warmly.

To make real this striving amid dangers and apathies is work for a younger *intelligentsia* of America. Here is an enterprise of integration into which we can all pour ourselves, of a spiritual welding which should make us, if the final menace ever came, not weaker, but infinitely strong.

'AE SPARK O' NATURE'S FIRE'

BY ROBERT M. GAY

I SHALL never forget the astonishment I felt when I first encountered a man who took poetry seriously. He was a Scotchman, burly, bluff, bewiskered, straddling in his gait like a seaman, kicking out his toes and playing wide with his elbows, and speaking Scots burry as a thistle. He was not a sailor, although he drew his living from the sea. He sold fish. I saw him more than once plying his trade in Fulton Market in the midst of finny droves of cod, mackerel, and red snappers, but it was in his home that I discovered that his soul was not entirely piscatorial.

He passed our house every morning and evening for over twenty years, and the clump of his heels on the pavement had made 'Here comes Mr. Macgregor' a formula of the supper table. On Saturday evenings he always carried under his 'oxter' a flat package a foot long and half as wide; and then my father would say, with a laugh, 'There goes Macgregor with his finnan haddie.' Every Saturday for twenty years, I gathered from the family gossip, he had carried home his foot or so of Scotch smoked haddock for his Sunday breakfast; and my vagrom wits used to exercise themselves in calculating, as students of arithmetic will, how many miles of haddock he had consumed. The only glimmer of enthusiasm I had ever caught in him had to do with this victual, for he paused one summer twilight long enough to lean over the front fence and tell my father, who was pulling weeds, how to prepare finnan haddie according to the Scottish tradition.

Up to that time he had not discovered me, but one evening in June I chanced to be sitting on the steps with a book on my knees when he passed. It was a book of poetry; I have forgotten what — perhaps *The Ancient Mariner*. At any rate, he drew up at the gate and looked me over. Knowing him as a man whose soul was smoked and dry-salted and whose appearance was to the last degree pragmatic, I was ashamed to be caught reading anything so effeminate, and tried to hide the page. But his eyes weresharp. Without a word he took the book, glanced at it, and handed it back.

'And do you like the poetry, laddie?' said he.

'Yes, sir,' I returned, somewhat timidly.

'Ah, then you should read Bobbie Burns. He's the boy for the poetry. There's none like him.'

And so we fell to much talk. Before darkness had fallen he had invited me to call upon him next evening, and I had agreed.

The next evening found me at half-past seven seated in his long front parlor in one of the most uncomfortable chairs I have ever seen. At his suggestion I had stationed myself against the street wall between the two windows, while he stood at the other end of the room beside the square piano, on one corner of which, conveniently arranged, he had stacked a pile of books bristling with slips of paper to mark the places at which he purposed to read. His manner was serious, even solemn.

He carefully cleared this throat and

began to read 'The Mitherless Bairn' of William Thom, the Inverary weaver. It was the first time I had ever heard Scots read by a Scotchman, and, what with strange words, and familiar words strangely pronounced, I was much puzzled to catch the sentiment; but he was greatly affected and rolled out the concluding couplet, —

In the dar-r-k hour-r of anguish, the hear-r-tless
shall lear-r-n
That God deals the blow for the mither-r-less
bair-r-r-n, —

with a frowning significance that was very impressive. I summoned all my faculties, therefore, to bear upon the next poem, in mortal fear that he might ask me a question. I think, however, that he was as bashful as I. He made no comments whatever, but read two or three poems more, — some of Robert Tannahill's, 'Jessie the Flower of Dunblane' and 'The Midges Dance aboon the Burn,' I think; at least, they have had a familiar ring ever since.

I was still floundering, but he cared never at all. He was a Paisley man, and the old songs flooded his mind with recollections of all the 'West Kintra side' — the braes of Gleniffer, Cruickston Castle's lonely walls, Calder Glen, the bonnie wood of Craigielee; he had known the Barrs and Langs and Semples and the rest of those who had kept the town's literary traditions green; and, warmed thoroughly by his theme, he delivered a lecture full of anecdote, family histories, and local legend, with interpolated readings, almost as delightful to me as to him. I have forgotten it all, and he is dead, and my memory is only the echo of an echo.

A reference to the Burns Society of Paisley offered a natural transition to Burns himself. Like all Scotchmen, Mr. Macgregor could see no moral obliquity in his hero, yet felt called upon to defend him from charges which, Heaven knows, I had no intention of prefer-

ring. I gathered, also, that no mere English-speaking person could appreciate Burns, try as he might; even learning the dialect would not suffice; it was necessary to have taken it in, as it were, with one's mother's milk, to feel all its softness and tartness and rough tenderness and bagpipe music.

I noticed, however, that my congenital deficiency as a mere English-speaking person did not deter him from reading vast numbers of poems of which I understood but one word in three. That he was illogical was nothing to him. I had become only a pretext. To a lonely man, a cat, a dog, a chrisom child, is better than no audience at all.

It was nearing ten o'clock when an astonishing phenomenon became visible. We had been laughing together over his anecdotes of famous Scotchmen. There was, I remember, the one about Scott's whimsical maligning of his grandmother, — 'Aiblins me gran'-mither was an awfu' leear,' — and the one about Campbell's intoxicated guest falling downstairs and, to the irate poet's, 'Who the deevil's making yon fearful racket?' replying, 'It's I, sir, rolling rapidly.' There were many others, I do not know how many; these I remember. But suddenly he fell silent with an eye on the clock. 'It's time a' weans was in bed,' said he, 'but first I'll read you just one wee bit poem more.' And he began to recite in a loud voice, —

'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,'

drawing himself up to his full stature and glaring proudly down upon me as if I had been Bruce's whole army, terrible with tartan, plaid, and claymore.

'Wha will be a traitor knave?'

he inquired with unspeakable scorn, and, with swelling breast and flashing eye, —

'Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?'

And, while I felt obscurely that I was entirely neutral in the matter, I was thrilled by his ardor.

It was at the close of the fourth stanza that tears began to gather and fall, dropping from his eyes as if without his knowledge. A more astonishing sight than this was beyond my imagining. Here was a man who took poetry seriously, who loved it and grew excited over it, as another might over baseball or religion or dinner; a great big bearded man crying, actually crying, over a little song hardly thirty lines long. Evidently the verses had some meaning that I could not fathom, something that caused the working of his rough features with the tears on them and the flashing of his eyes and the suffusion of his forehead and cheeks, as he thundered, —

'Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!'

No other friend of mine ever recited poetry in that way, or, for that matter, ever recited poetry at all.

'Those lines aye make a fool of me,' said he simply. 'Now, run away home, laddie. It grows late.'

I had no words at my command but mumbled thanks for his hospitality. I did run away home, and I lay awake for an hour tingling with excitement. The next morning I began a search of the family library for the poems Mr. Macgregor had read, and found those which I have mentioned. But I never exchanged ten words with Macgregor again. He never repeated his invitation. When he spoke to me it was of generalities. He had opened his heart once, but thereafter I was to know only his outside, — 'as if a rose should shut and be a bud again,' and a very thorny bud at that.

The secret of the matter was that Mr. Macgregor thought that he had

been sentimental, and was ashamed. Children know well enough, and who should know better than I, that gruffness often hides a melting heart; yet he thought by a hard exterior to show me that his performance of the other evening had been only an aberration.

I think that I partly guessed his difficulty and sympathized with him. I had not thought him sentimental — he could never have held me spell-bound for three hours if I had; but boys are afraid of showing emotion themselves and are suspicious of it in others. It was all very well to shed tears over poems once, but it was impossible to picture a man of Mr. Macgregor's physiognomy and physique doing it often. Nothing could be more natural than that he should look askance at me as at one who had caught him in a moment of weakness. I took the separation very philosophically, and contented myself with nodding at him and keeping out of my face any reminder that we had once been intimate.

But I have often thought of the incident since and wondered whether he remembered it long. I have a fancy that it meant even more to him than to me, serving as a kind of catharsis to a full heart. Children are cruel through ignorance, and a better understanding of him might have taken me again and again to his parlor to be read to for our mutual good; yet it was my very youth and ignorance, I suppose, that made him first pitch upon me as an audience and that later made him forget the constraints of manhood.

I do not know that Mr. Macgregor had ever essayed the writing of verse himself, but it seems likely. I have just been looking over Burns's *Remarks on Scottish Song* and have made a list which would seem to indicate that, while no fish-merchant is enrolled in the archives of poetic fame, there is no reason why one should not be. There

are songs ascribed to Mr. Alexander Ross, schoolmaster at Lochlee; Mr. McVicar, purser of the Solebay, man-of-war; Richard Hewit, Dr. Blacklock's amanuensis; Dudgeon, a respectable farmer's son in Berwickshire; David Maigh, keeper of the blood lough-hounds of the Laird of Riddel; Mr. Skirving, a very worthy farmer of East Garleton; Dr. Austin, a physician at Edinburgh; the Rev. John Skinner, a non-juror clergyman at Linshart; Jean Glover, a ranting thieving hussy who knew the inside of half the houses of correction in Scotland: all these, and poor drudging, tippling 'Balloon' Tytler, who compiled the larger part of the original *Encyclopædia Britannica*, not to mention those fine ladies of the old school, Grisel Baillie and Ann Lindsay — all these, remembered by a song or so; as if the entire population, from the 'Balloon' Tytlers to the Rev. John Skinners, from the Jean Glovers to the Ann Lindsays, had tried their hands at a stray ballad or two. It would not be a wild wager to stake a Scotch pound that Mr. Macgregor had, stored away in his solid old walnut desk, a sheaf of lyrics in which *town* rhymed with *aboon* and *eye* with *dree*; and Scotia or Caledonia was proudly invoked with all her glens and braes and banks and burns; and the memory of some Patty or Nannie or Mary or Jeanie received a modest celebration.

To the public outside of Scotland, Scotch lyrical poetry is simply the poetry of Burns — a view which Mr. Macgregor, with all his love of Burns, would have scouted indignantly; for he knew that every hamlet in Scotland, one might almost say every street in Edinburgh and Glasgow, has its poet. There are many reasons why this is so. The Scottish people are educated; they speak the tenderest of languages; they offer their poets a sympathetic audience; they know the mellowing influ-

ence of John Barleycorn, and are great in convivial gatherings; they are Celts and so are sentimental at heart. A lyric poet must be glad or sad with all his might — or bad or mad, for that matter — anything but lukewarm or phlegmatic; and the Celt, be he Welsh, Irish, or Scotch, however harsh his exterior, is fundamentally volcanic.

We need songs here in America, but our poets seem better able to write everything else. I have a friend who thinks that they are too refined or too good. 'How,' says he, 'can we expect our poets to be passionate if they have n't any passions? How can they sing love lyrics if they are too refined to admit that they have ever been in love? How can they lament with plausibility if they have never done anything to lament over? The Heines, the Villons, the Burns of the world have been great lovers and great sinners; it is they who can touch the popular heart.'

There seems to be some sense in his theory. The poets of the day impress me as little likely to 'touch the popular heart.' They seem to fall into two classes — those who are trying to be recondite and those who are trying to be 'virile.' The former would probably be shocked at the thought of appealing to the profane vulgar; yet, although it may be no derogation of a true poet to say that he does not catch the popular ear, it may be a very fine thing to be able to say that he does. The few may relish caviar, to use a metaphor in the vein of Mr. Macgregor, but there is still a place in the world for caller herring. The virile style, on the other hand, may be as much a confession of weakness as the delicacy against which it is a protest. There is a sentimentalism in avoiding sentimentalism. The virility of our poetry and fiction does not ring true, because there is something in it of the boy's trying to be manly by smoking and swearing. It is the fashion of

the day to dismiss prettiness and pathos and sentiment as Early Victorian, the intimation being that 'we have changed all that' — a perilous generalization. Some one has acutely observed that already Ibsen is beginning to impress us as romantic, and that fifty years hence Mr. Shaw may be accounted sentimental.

The truth is that we are all sentimental at heart, whatever our culture. Even though we appreciate Brahms, shall we not find some pleasure in the repertoire of the hand-organ, and though we admire Botticelli, shall we utterly condemn *Darby and Joan*? There are moods in which Jean Ingelow and Mrs. Hemans are not mawkish. The thousands still weep over the death of Little Nell, though the critics sneer.

The more I think about it, the less I am sure what is sentimental and what is not. I condemn *The May Queen* critically, yet find that many sensible people enjoy crying over it very much. Temperamentally I do not like to groan and weep over my reading; I am more likely to laugh over *The May Queen* than to cry; yet I find that there is hardly a pathetic poem that I admire that some critic or some friend does not consider soft. It is obvious that for some cold temperaments Lamb's essays may seem excessive. It is certainly true that for any of us a poem may seem sugary before breakfast that after dinner may seem only sweet.

The lymphatic critic might comment on the last observation, 'Then read only before breakfast'; but few of us would be content to have our emotional dissipation so curtailed. Mr. Macgregor could never have wept at nine o'clock in the morning in a class of twenty-five seniors still reminiscent of breakfast. His heightened pitch and color were things of the evening hours and the solitary place and the receptive — or at least quiescent — listener.

There and then he could expand, forget the exigencies of social decency. This expansion and his subsequent diffidence seem to me to epitomize the condition of mankind; we, too, like so much once in a while to expand, to flap our wings, to lyricize, and we are so much ashamed of ourselves afterwards.

'Back home' we used to gather around the piano of an evening, a God-fearing, respectable family, and hold orgies of sentimental melody, seeing Nellie home, and imploring the winds of heaven to bring back our Bonnie to us. To a chance dyspeptic sitting on the hydrant outside, it must have been sickening.

The people, in the innocence of their hearts, wallow in sentimentalism unabashed. They have always done so. There is not much to choose in this regard between *la comédie larmoyante* (which is now studied in post-graduate courses) and the moving-picture of today. Probably the topical songs of the present are not more painful to us than were the ditties of a hundred years ago to people of refinement; the difference being that the latter, having about them the aroma of age, strike us now as quaint. This is a part of the alchemy of time, — that the affectations and sentimentalities of a bygone age become charming, — and points to the truth that what is and what is not sentimental is somewhat a matter of relativity.

The point of these reflections is that it is not less emotion that we want, but a finer expression. The old idea that sentimentality differs from sentiment in degree, in excess, seems to me only half true. Emotion or passion differs from sentiment in degree, but sentimentality differs also in its objects and in its expression. Humanitarians might impress us as sentimental over an earthworm or a fish, because the object is unworthy; Dickens impresses us as

sentimental over Paul Dombey because his expression is cheap. Our popular songs are sentimental because, while they are sincere enough, they are unbridled, crude, inartistic in form and diction. One of our sorest needs in America is songs that are passionate and direct and simple and sincere, and that express universal emotions in terms that are national and native.

Meanwhile, having no local songs, we fall back upon those of Scotland and of our own South, and for the sake of the sentiment are willing to sing of Kentucky homes and Suwanee Rivers

and lands of cotton, all of which must remain to most of us Yarrows unvisited. Unable, if called upon, to define the burns and braes of which we sing, and exceedingly hazy as to the geography of sweet Afton and bonny Doon, we still apostrophize and lament them with surprising conviction. The sentiment is all; yet it is a pity that it cannot have a local habitation. 'Alas for us, our songs are cold!' It is here that Mr. Macgregor had the better of us, as have all the Germans who sing the songs of Heine and all the Frenchmen who sing the songs of Béranger.

PROHIBITION DOES NOT PROHIBIT

BY FLOYD KEELER

IF it were not for the fact that this statement is so often made in a defensive way by the opponents of prohibition it would scarcely seem as if any one could have controverted it. Of course, prohibition (in its usual sense of the forbidding of the liquor traffic) does not prohibit, any more than prohibition of anything else does. A very slight acquaintance with laws and their results will show the truth of this. Since the very earliest times there have been prohibitions based upon some external sanction, a command of God, an axiom of experience, a demand of the ruler or state, or a tribal custom. Of the Ten Commandments only two are positive injunctions — the others are all prohibitions. They came to the Hebrews with the highest possible sanction; they have received every possible form of ecclesiastical approbation ever

since; and yet, judged from the standpoint of the accomplishment of their prohibitory purpose, they are utter failures. On the supposition that because prohibition does not prohibit it is of no use, what a fine case could be made against them on the ground of the continued idolatry, blasphemy, murder, adultery, and covetousness which still exist! In addition to the prohibition from the religious side, all but the first and the last of these sins are offenses punishable by civil law as well, yet they do not cease. These laws have been in existence a good while, too; still, they have not prohibited the things against which they were formulated. Is it reasonable, therefore, to say that the Commandments and the parts of the criminal code based on them shall be repealed, awaiting that far-off, happy day when education will have done

away with the necessity for them? In these cases can we agree with the brewers' statement that 'prohibition applied from without is a farce?'

Another aspect of the case is the stress laid by the liquor advocates upon the distinction between prohibition and temperance. They tell us that prohibition is not temperance, but a form of extremeness which is in reality 'intemperance,' and that *they* are the real advocates of temperance because they are the ones who are trying to prove that a man can drink a moderate amount of liquor and be none the worse for it. Here we should note that there is a division in their ranks, for the brewers and the distillers disagree radically as to what promotes temperance. The former are as much opposed to distilled liquors as are the prohibitionists, urging as substitutes ale, beer, cider, and light wines; while the latter insist that moderation in all things — etymological temperance as it were — is the true solution and that one need not under those circumstances abjure the use of whiskey and brandy, only being careful not to run to excess in their use. Their slogan is the old saying, 'It is not the use but the abuse which is harmful.'

The public has recently been treated to expert articles written by men who make claim to be scientific and careful investigators, and who publish an array of statistics to prove that the per-capita consumption of intoxicants increases proportionally with the adoption of prohibition; and not being in a position to verify or disprove their figures, I am constrained to allow their statements to stand. Perhaps they are all true, but if they are, why should the liquor interests be fighting prohibition? Should they not welcome it as an effective ally, rather than regard it as an enemy? Or are they philanthropically standing for civil liberties and man's inalienable rights? Perhaps! But what-

ever their motive and their methods, they monotonously reiterate the statement that prohibition does not prohibit. This seems to be the one thing on which they can rely, and so they use it constantly. Its truth has already been admitted, and no one tries, so far as I am aware, to confute it. What, then, is the case for prohibition? If it does not prohibit, what does it do? and why do any of us think it worth while?

The State of Kansas probably furnishes the best example of what prohibition does, because of nearly thirty years' continuous experience with it and because of the well-nigh unanimous sentiment of the population in favor of it. I select the effects of prohibition in Kansas because I live there and see them every day. The first thing that strikes one in crossing the line into Kansas is the absence of the licensed or open saloon. A trip on a street car from Kansas City, Missouri, to Kansas City, Kansas, will readily illustrate this; and as he goes from town to town within the state, the visitor notes the absence of corners bearing great brass signs advertising beer or whiskey, and the gayly lighted and gilded rooms beneath, where men are occupied in seeing how great a quantity of liquor they can hold and still keep on the move. If his nose is sensitive he will notice the absence of the smell which always pervades such places and is noticeable even on approaching them — that smell which is sickening and disgusting to those who do not care for liquor and yet is such a fertile source of temptation to those who have the craving. Even if the absence of the saloon does not reduce the consumption of liquor (though I doubt it), it assuredly does reduce the number of men and boys who are drawn into the drink-habit, by removing the invitation; and if it did no more than that prohibition would be worth while.

It does, however, much more. It certainly reduces the amount of public drunkenness. In more than four years in Kansas, traveling extensively over the state, I have seen only three men under the influence of liquor in public places. One of them was in a town then notorious for its persistent violation of the law; the others were transients in a railroad division town where naturally the floating population made its 'change of cars,' and therefore were probably not residents of Kansas at all. My experience in other states leads me to feel that this scarcity of drunken men is due to prohibition and nothing else. Again, it is a fact that in prohibition territory generally the people have more actual cash to spend, and are able to buy more of the comforts of life and have larger bank accounts than where the open saloon flourishes. In one of the southwestern counties of Kansas it is said that every second family owns an automobile. I do not believe that any 'wet' county in the country can make an equal showing.

The experiences of other parts of the world in regard to the moderate use of liquors are not at all pertinent to the question as it affects our own country; for it has been shown that in licensed territory there is no such thing, generally speaking, as moderate drinking; and even if it might exist in some cases, it is generally true that there is no mean between prohibition and drunkenness; for the average American who patronizes the open saloon drinks at least enough to be a detriment to him. The average American does not really desire to drink to excess, and the majority of them will not if ever-ready opportunity presented by the open saloon be removed. I have had men in Kansas tell me frankly that they do not dare even to go to Kansas City, Missouri, on business for fear of falling into temptation, but that they never touch a drop while

in Kansas itself. Our opponents will jeer at their weakness, perhaps, and they know they are weak; but society is beginning to realize that the protection of the weak is one of its duties.

Prohibition is no longer an open question in Kansas. All our most prominent and influential citizens indorse it heartily. A few years ago a candidate for governor whose platform was the resubmission of the prohibition amendment received a very small vote, and a large proportion of the vote he did receive came from persons who believed that 'resubmission' would be a good thing for prohibition, on the ground that, if resubmitted, the amendment would receive such an overwhelming indorsement that no one would thereafter dare to bring the matter forward.

Liquor is sold in Kansas, but it is a crime to sell it, and 'bootleggers' furnish not a few occupants of our jails and penitentiaries. Druggists in many instances do not even keep it on hand, and physicians seldom prescribe it, feeling that it is not valuable as a medicine. A generation which has never seen a legalized saloon has grown to manhood, and it is a generation which cannot understand how there could be any question as to the wisdom of prohibition. We do not claim that prohibition absolutely prohibits, but it has made disreputable and outlawed a traffic which has never yet proved itself beneficial, and from which great evils are known to emanate. The saloon has yet to prove its usefulness, the opponents of prohibition have yet to show us a better method of curbing the curse of drunkenness with its attendant vices; and until they can bring forth such proof and show us such method, we in Kansas, at any rate, will rest content with what we firmly believe is the best and what we have already tried and proved. We wonder that the whole country cannot see it.

RED CROSS AND R.A.M.C.

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL

I

No small part of the cruel anxiety felt by the people at home for their friends and relatives at the front has been caused by the many ignorant and unfounded criticisms of a noble branch of the Army Service which is prevented by professional etiquette from speaking in its own defense. Since returning from a winter spent working in France at a large base hospital intrusted by the Royal Army Medical Corps to the Harvard Surgical Unit, I have been asked seriously and repeatedly why the government leaves the care of the wounded soldiers to a voluntary society called the 'Red Cross.' I have found, indeed, that the public knows as little about the way the wounded are dealt with as we ourselves knew when we first landed in France. The confusion has been augmented by people forgetting that the red Geneva Cross, with its white background, used by the medical corps of all nations as their emblem, is identical in appearance with the badge of the Red Cross Society; and, in many minds, it has come to be considered as the exclusive property, the distinguishing mark, of the great voluntary organization. The fact is that those who wear the badge on the field of battle are practically *never* employees of the Red Cross Society, but are members of the regular army.

This popular ignorance, if not exactly pardonable, is easily explained. A search carried even into the British Museum has revealed the fact that as

yet no history has been written of a service which it is supremely important that the public should appreciate and trust. It has seemed somehow in keeping with the spirit and calling of the fighting man that he should be careless of the fate that awaits him if he is wounded, and that he should despise such mean things as sanitary precautions. That is why literature preserves no account of how the armed Crusaders cared for their stricken comrades. Possibly they were justified in comparing unfavorably the 'leech' and his pillboxes with the bearer of more ostensibly destructive weapons; at any rate, in civil life the social recognition accorded to the versatile 'barber-surgeon' was never perilously exaggerated. It has always seemed strange, however, that the duty of the State to care for the bodily welfare of its protectors should have been taken so lightly, until the time of the 'Lady with the Lamp'; and that even then the burden should fall on a voluntary society. However romantic amateur 'flying ambulances' may be, they are necessarily inefficient; and however unselfish and courageous ladies may be, the fact that even at the beginning of this war they were permitted to rush about here and there, picking up stray wounded, is as serious a comment on the public interest in making proper preparation for army medical service as was the Kaiser's estimate of the small army we originally sent to fight him.

Very reluctantly, indeed, has the re-

cognition of equal rank been bestowed on the fighters of germs and of Germans, though so many of the former have died at their posts, like the brave men they are. Numbers of them have given their lives, in China or in Servia, in the endeavor to save tens of thousands of their fellows from the ravages of typhus and plague. The valor and glory of such sacrifices never seem to stir the popular imagination like that of the hero who, to save the lives of his friends, flung himself on a bomb which he had himself inadvertently dropped. The appreciation of proper perspective is an acquired art.

Now, the immense moral value of recognizing success is unquestioned. Even the sacrifices at Verdun would be justified to Germany if they secured for her the stimulus of a great victory. By the same token, the scant praise and liberal criticism which have been accorded to the Royal Army Medical Corps spell a real loss to the nation. The successes of these men, won in the face of stupendous difficulties, already form a romance of which England has as much right to be proud as she has of the achievements of her splendid fighting men on sea and on land.

The first necessity of an army is unquestionably munitions; the second, equally unquestionably, is food; medical care comes a close third. In the first of these we can at least feel that we are doing as well as any other unprepared nation. As for the second, Tommy Atkins, from the Somme to the Yser, will admit that the Army Service Corps has simply done marvels. And as regards the third, I say, in the face of all the grumblers, that any Englishman who has seen the R.A.M.C. at work and is not filled with pride in his countrymen, can surely have no soul.

It is scarcely out of place to say here that those elements in the make-up of a man which are least visible and tangi-

ble, but which alone account for the noblest, the most that is worth while in him, are to-day being more considered as worthy of serious provision. It is really being acknowledged, at last, that high souls, and not alcohol-dulled sensibilities, are factors of highest importance in making the best fighters. In this connection, the unpretentious services rendered by the Y.M.C.A. huts are admittedly more real influences for victory than the fighting man was once willing to admit; and the attitude of the R.A.M.C. toward intoxicants is of the greatest importance. A large obituary notice of the 'Rum Ration,' with a heavy black edging, hangs prominently in the General Headquarters Office.

II

The question, What provision is made for the average wounded Tommy before he reaches England? is so frequently asked these days that a brief sketch of the various progressions of the medical service may be considered timely.

First of all, the Army itself provides, from the R.A.M.C., a doctor for each battalion, who always remains with the regiment. The men know him by sight, and know where to find him. He has three orderlies of his own, a Maltese cart for supplies, and four stretcher-bearers to each company — twenty-four in all. These men have received special training in the work of stretcher-bearing and the giving of first aid; in other respects they are ordinary soldiers, and do not wear the Red Cross. If fighting is very heavy and these men are killed, — as very often happens, — the medical officer may ask his battalion commander for additional assistance. At a pinch, the field-ambulance men (of whom more will be said later) will help to carry the wounded along

the trenches. These men also supply the line with sterilized water, look after the latrines, and wheel round the medical supplies.

A few yards behind the line the medical officer has one or more heavily protected dugouts, called regimental dépôts. To these the wounded walk or are carried, and receive first aid. An extra doctor, or even two, from the R.A.M.C. field ambulance help here in 'unhealthy' times. Roads do not lead to every part of a line; often they could not be used if they did. To be near is not always to be accessible; so, farther back from the trenches, in as safe a spot as can be found where it is possible to carry a man by hand or on wheeled stretchers, the 'advanced dressing station' of the R.A.M.C. is placed. This is probably in a cottage, or barn, or in another, and larger, protected dugout. This dressing station must be at a road-head if possible, so that the motor ambulances may come and carry away the wounded who have been collected there from two or three dépôts. On account of the firing, these ambulances may not be able to come in till dark.

In spite of all precautions, the shadow of danger hovers dark over the men who work in these stations. In the midst of a heap of bricks and rubbish, in a ruined village of Francè, some blue crystals of copper sulphate one day attracted my attention. I wondered how they had come there. 'Oh, that's all that is left of a dressing station,' came the reply. 'A "coal-box"¹ went square into it; but the wounded were in the dugout behind it, and were not touched.'

It is hard going for the motor ambulances over the shell-torn roads; but squads of Tommies are eternally repairing and filling up holes. The

wagons have good springs, and are as merciful as anything could be. In places where the motors cannot go, horse-drawn ambulances assist.

The next stop is the field ambulance, which collects the wounded from three or four dressing stations. It usually has room for about one hundred and fifty patients at a time. It must be ready to move at once if the line moves, and yet be able to keep patients for two or three days if necessary. It provides for operations on men wounded in the abdomen, or chest, for in these cases every moment gained is priceless. If possible, it is located beyond reach of the enemy's guns. Each bed is, in reality, a stretcher, raised on rough wooden legs, so that it can be quickly carried off, patient and all, if need arises. Each field ambulance has ten medical officers and two hundred and thirty or two hundred and forty men for stretcher-bearing and for tent work. Its motor ambulances leave for the dressing stations about sunset; to avoid accidents, as far as possible their work must be done at night. The doctors go right on the field with the stretcher-bearers, and many have been killed at this work. They must stumble along in the dark—not even wearing the Red Cross badge, because the white on it serves as a mark for the enemy's snipers. Three of these doctors are civil surgeons, specially brought out for their known skill and experience. Yet no man in the R.A.M.C., of whatever eminence, receives more than the regimental pay of his rank, however much he loses by accepting the commission.

Of course, all the desirable conditions can seldom prevail. More than once, these field ambulances have shared the fate of the advanced dressing stations; they have been shelled, and lost men thereby. More than one brave man has had to operate hour

¹ Soldier's slang for a shell of large calibre. —
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after hour in these unfavorable situations, at the peril of his life, just as the shells may also destroy the roads, upset the ambulance cars, and kill the stretcher-bearers. Yet one field ambulance at least has saved many lives by being a 'special abdominal hospital.' One poor fellow was operated on an hour after being wounded, and was saved as a result. The roof was one day knocked off by a shell, but no one was hurt, and the 'special hospital' only moved a few hundred yards to one side, nearer a friendly mound. It is all in the day's work.

That is the spirit in which my friend Colonel — accepted his vicissitudes. Earlier in the war he had made his field ambulance in a church, where he had three hundred wounded. The Germans overran the place before he could move the poor fellows. He chose to stay by his wounded. From the enemy he could get neither food nor dressings; indeed, he was forced to help them, while foraging as best he could for his own men, between times. One morning the Germans raised hurried barricades across the streets. An excited battery, drawn up in the road, began firing, and was shortly answered by another from a distance. Then a French battery suddenly came into sight on the sky-line. The Germans hastily packed up and disappeared, but not before they had rushed to the church, seized on any wounded who were able to stand or hobble, and carried them off. The colonel, rushing out to welcome the incoming French, found himself brought up short at the point of several bayonets. He had been mistaken for a disguised German. But when once he was recognized, the hearty Frenchmen overwhelmed him with more kisses on both cheeks than fall to the lot of the average British officer.

From the field ambulance, the stream flows on to the next stage in the

long journey — the hospital at the nearest rail-head, called a Casualty Clearing Station. Now that the roads are better, traveling is safer, and shells seldom reach so far back. In France, where firm trust in the line prevails, there has been a wonderful development of these stations. A large proportion of their two hundred beds are real hospital beds. The presence of nurses and sisters adds a psychic and spiritual factor of untold value to the man on the road to recovery. Patients likely to get well in a fortnight need go no farther than these stations. Every ingenuity has been exercised to adapt the school, brewery, or whatever the buildings occupied, to the purposes of preventing wastage, and at the same time so thoroughly renewing 'Tommy' that he may soon be back in the fighting line again. Some casualty clearing stations have become really marvelous hives of work. Out of the eight officers at each station, four are probably civil surgeons with varied, special lines of work; while the eighty-five men allotted include carpenters, tinsmiths, washmen, store clerks, dispensers, armorers, wardmen, and that useful variety of man called 'batman.' This place is really like a large sieve. Cases that will need long treatment, and, in rush times, less serious cases, are placed on hospital trains, each with three medical officers and two nurses, or on large canal barges if the jolting of the train is liable to hurt such injuries as bad fractures — five hundred men in a train, or thirty on a barge. A motor convoy, with a doctor in charge, always does the transference work.

Some casualty clearing stations are almost entirely rest-camps, sending the less serious cases back in a week or two, but with everything renewed, washed, repaired, and ready for the line. Splendid new surgical methods have been devised, and fractures can now be set

here so that frequently they will need no rearrangement at the base hospital. Many operations entailing the removal of larger and more obvious foreign bodies can be performed; much other major surgery is also accomplished. Hundreds of our soldiers are now healed at these developed casualty clearing stations, and are saved the time and expense involved in sending them to the base.

And now, the serious cases, arrived at one of the bases, which are purposefully multiplied so that the stream can never be entirely blocked by any accident, are carried in motor ambulances (in France now the property of the Red Cross Society) to the stationary general, or special, hospitals provided. In these are found every comfort and convenience of the most modern hospital. To-day over fifty thousand beds are ready if required. These hospitals at first had to be installed in hired hotels, or in canvas marquees; but gradually they are being transferred to veritable cities of asbestos, iron, or wooden huts, on the beautiful French seacoast. There are infectious hospitals, special fracture hospitals, hospitals for slight dressings, massage, and finishing-up purposes, fine convalescent camps, and, beyond all this, provisions for games, for recreation at night, and for religious exercises.

Those men who cannot return to the line are periodically shipped to England on fine hospital steamers, still in charge of doctors and nurses, and go to hospitals in England if necessary. That only one hospital ship has been torpedoed, or mined, in this 'everyday' service is a marvelous testimony to the efficiency of the naval guard. In order that empty beds may always be ready 'across the water,' and no wounded men be left untended, there must always be some units more or less idle to meet the varying requirements of this

unprecedented war. One man blames Lemnos and Malta for having too many doctors while another blames Mesopotamia for having too few. In France at least, where the main part of our armies is located, the balance has been most wonderfully preserved.

The good men of the R.A.M.C. see the magnitude and difficulty of the problems, and if they feel they 'might do more elsewhere,' instead of squealing they find temporarily other outlets for their energies — and these are endless. The fact that a small percentage in every profession is faulty is only a confession that this is a human world. The one great comfort which the public can take to heart is that the heads of the service are not the inflexible, conservative officials, who care only for old methods, and conventions, and statistics — as critics both in and out of Parliament might lead us to infer. In France, where I saw the work of the R.A.M.C. from the base to the trenches, the one great, impressive feature was the flexibility displayed, and that willingness to receive suggestions which alone can lead to perfection. Such suggestions are tested thoroughly, and the old methods discarded if found wanting.

III

A fine detective service is always a comfort to peace-abiding people, because it suggests efficiency. A better knowledge of the R.A.M.C. in France reveals it as a thoroughly up-to-date secret service. Each division of sixty thousand men has a chief executive officer, called the A.D.M.S., — assistant director of medical services, — as has each base, and also each advanced base. These report to their army head offices, over which presides a D.M.S., — director of medical services, — and these again to the surgeon-general at General Headquarters, 'somewhere in

France.' The town where he works is not named. Even if one finds the town, only the elect know where the G.H.Q. is; and only those who gain admittance to it would credit the truly marvelous system which enables it to keep in touch with every last medical officer, with every individual patient, and, of course, with the War Office in England.

Endless graphic charts in bright colors are kept, illustrating every valuable line of knowledge connected with the administration of the forces. During our visit a discussion on the value of helmets arose. Instantly a chart was produced showing at a glance every head wound for every day since the office started work, and the proportion of head wounds to those of any other part of the body. Thus, for one month, let us suppose that the total wounds were three thousand two hundred. Seven hundred and sixteen were of the head. Of these four hundred were slight, two hundred severe. The majority were on the side and back of the head, as against the crown, and were in the order of shrapnel, bullet, shell. The leg injuries came next — four hundred and twenty; the chest, two hundred; and the abdomen, one hundred. By comparing the months, and taking into consideration the movements of the line, invaluable suggestions had been made.

Again, the discussion turned to the losses from typhoid fever. Charts were instantly produced, showing that in the Boer War the wastage from typhoid was one hundred men out of every thousand; in Dongola, seventy; in the Nile expedition, eighty-five; in China, twenty; in Mashonaland, sixty; in France to-day, one; and even with the addition of doubtful cases and para-typhoids, it is only three and eight tenths. If one case of typhoid is diagnosed in the whole British Expeditionary Force, from Switzerland to the sea,

it is known by telegraph the same night at G.H.Q., and next morning the cause of its origin must be hunted for by the medical officer nearest the case. Yet in the trenches west of Ypres our Allies had 6000 cases of typhoid when we took them over. Typhoid was endemic in all the villages, and 26,000 Belgians had to be persuaded to be vaccinated.

The 'trench-feet' chart was the next one produced. It showed a tracing somewhat like that of the fever of acute pneumonia, — large numbers at first, and then a rapid return to next to none, — a fall like the subsidence of the fever crisis. Once and again occurred a little rise, a small relapse, but each one was accounted for. The week before, we had seen a batch of Highlanders straight out of the trenches, with disabled feet, sitting and lying around a large dressing station. The chart instantly revealed, not only the fact, but the cause: continuous fighting, wet, snow-flooded trenches, no time to change socks for two days, and so no reprimand for the medical officers in charge. 'Trench feet' have almost become a misdemeanor, so successful are the precautions for preventing the trouble.

To us, the most interesting chart of all was that showing the total sick and wounded for every day of the war. The lines of rise and fall looked much like relapsing fever, and with the brief appended comments, it gave one a history of the fighting. This big red rise meant Loos, and that one Festubert; this one meant the Battle of Ypres, that one the advance of Hooge. The level blue line denoted fine weather in Flanders and less sickness. The strange thing seemed that sickness showed always nearly twice as much wastage as wounds (except in cases of big attacks) in spite of all the advances of hygiene. We also noticed that, when fighting

was most severe, sickness grew less. 'No time to take notice of it' was the explanation.

The public must realize that examinations for physical fitness to enter the army are fallible and are often hurried. A certain economic loss is entailed by drilling and sending out men who have later to be sent home as useless. Seeing that old men give false ages to get passed through, and that young men are no more veracious; that appearances are deceptive; that past illnesses may be denied, and many disabilities and hereditary taints concealed temporarily, this wastage will always occur. But where it occurs is accurately known; it is brought home as soon as possible to the responsible examiner, and, if his mistakes are serious, he soon finds himself weeded out, like other 'undesirables.'

The consideration of just one apparently simple problem — the personal cleanliness of the armies — is worth a moment's attention. It is unnecessary to say that it is a matter of supreme importance. The very first step had to be to take over the whole sanitary arrangements of every village and town anywhere near the fighting lines, the water-supply, sewerage, and drainage: an Augean task for the modern Hercules! But it has been accomplished, as the splendid health statistics of the enormous semi-stationary armies that flooded into these villages demonstrate. Ambulatory chemical laboratories repeatedly test the source of every water-supply; not a pump or tap but has a certificate of some kind attached to it. Ambulatory pathological laboratories everywhere pry into the secrets of 'bug diseases.' Breweries and factories are commandeered and converted into public baths. Two thousand Tommies a day are washed in one of these, in batches of one hundred and fifty — at times to the music of 'Jack Johnsons'

dropping into the water-supply. 'Tin sheds' have been erected for 'itch' treatment — a skin disease that has laid up as many as four thousand men at a time. No happier men exist in France anywhere than these victims just freed from their tortures. The jolly naked crowds of splendidly developed fellows, singing and shouting in the great baths within hearing of the thunder of the guns, make the murder of war seem plain devilish.

The plagues of vermin are an additional horror. A shirt preserved in a glass at — Baths is said to have come there unattended. So while Tommy is tubbing, his clothes are superheated and hot-ironed; clean underclothing is provided, and he goes out a self-respecting being again.

Meanwhile, in improvised laundries, truly built of 'consecrated' iron, one sees through Newfoundland fogs of steam heroic squadrons of women attacking what appear, in that flat country, to be mountains of the dirty clothes of armies. They also work to the accompaniment of shrapnel and shell. Never were there truer 'companions of the Bath' than these women.

Sewage and garbage are dealt with by clever economic incinerators built of old tins and clay, in which the fires burn as eternal as in the Valley of Hinnom.

In these and a thousand other ways, the R.A.M.C. is holding down water-borne diseases, preventing tropical sicknesses, avoiding dietetic troubles, and nipping 'filth' diseases in the bud, until the total sick ratio per thousand for the army in the field is a little more than one half that of ordinary civil life. The scrupulous worship of Hygeia is more dramatic in its results than even the cult of Æsculapius.

In a well-known magazine, a British officer a short while ago wrote, 'For every Englishman killed in the war,

two will be created.' Every oarsman knows that a crew is more likely to win, the less dead weight it has to carry; and although this war has killed off a large number of our physically best men, it has as certainly made many new ones, both body and soul, out of those who were anæmic, neurotic, bottle-shouldered, flat-chested, with cramped lungs, embarrassed hearts, liable to every malady that came along — turning these by the magic of the open-air life and the sanitary care of the R.A.M.C. into veritable tan-faced giants. Hundreds have had handicapping physical deformities operated on and cured; thousands have had infected, rheumatism-causing teeth and throats cleaned up and repaired by the R.A.M.C. — men who never would have had treatment in peace times. Thousands have learned to appreciate simple and more natural living; dozens of thousands are interested as they never were in the things that make for true manhood. At length the man of arms has accepted the man of science as a real factor in fighting; has given to him the same rank and insignia and the chance to share the same honors. The world has realized that his claim to recognition depends not merely on successful operations on the wounded, and that even the battle with dirt and drains is an honorable calling.

It is often said now that if the government service was what it ought to be there would be no need for a Red Cross Society at all; and its very existence does at first seem a stricture on the R.A.M.C. The world at last has agreed that the soldier wounded has as much right to be cared for by government as the soldier unwounded — not merely because that is good economy but because it is inherently right. There are always, however, many things needful, which, in England, we prefer to leave to voluntary work,

and we hate naturally every form of conscription. The Red Cross is essential when sudden strains arise, as at the beginning of this war, or in suddenly developed new fields, as in Serbia, when we or our Allies have still no adequate government organization to meet the needs of the moment. The Red Cross is an invaluable outlet for these services of love that honor a nation, and a blessing of untold value to those who find in it the peculiar opportunity they want for exercising their capacities for unselfishness. To the worried doctor it brings help immediately, when organization on more rigid rules spells delay. To the wounded soldier it spells luxuries which no public service yet considers that it is justified in charging to the taxpayer.

On the other hand, like every other presentation of the ideal of the great Master, its ideal is to work for its own elimination. One service under one control is the ideal; voluntary hospitals dotted here and there are far from desirable, however useful they may be temporarily. It is the duty and privilege of government — I say this advisedly — to provide all that is needed for the heroic men who give their lives for their country. That there should be inadequate medical provisions, something lacking because of a shortage of voluntary funds, is almost worse than the failure to insist on universal service when the fate of the nation is hanging in the balance. The system cannot afford to risk being haphazard; the R.A.M.C. must be every bit as scientific as the fighting branch of the service. This it can be only under one government control; and division simply means overlapping and waste. It is the one great fault of the present-day service of man's higher self — the division that seeks to bolster particular methods, and thus begot or lose sight of the main issue.

We forget that the human body is the most wonderful material machine between earth and heaven. The fact of death still forces us to admit that the knowledge of how to keep it in perfect running order still lies within a sealed book, which prayers, no less than pills and potions, have failed completely to open. The diverse schools of medicine, the various arts of healing, the large fortunes of the venders of patent medicines, the patronage accorded to the shrines that work miracles, show that even in the more stable times of peace the public is inclined to question the value of the discoveries of science.

The R.A.M.C. has demonstrated to the most skeptical by its sanitation results, as well as by its vaccines and sera,

and at a time when the long casualty lists come in and our loved ones are in danger, the rationality of experimental research. The confidence inspired in man's capacity to adapt himself to a hard environment is fostering the spirit of Empire among men whom circumstance and vocation had hitherto tied to the office or the counter. No chronicle as yet records the deeds of the R.A.M.C., its splendid devotion, its scientific triumphs, its unselfish economies. It never blows its own trumpet. Truly 'it seeketh not its own.' Only generations to come will fully appreciate the nation's debt to that noble body, which for the first time in history has really begun to come to its own — in this, the greatest war of all times.

VERDUN

BY HENRY SHEAHAN

THE Verdun I saw in April, 1913, was an out-of-the-way provincial city of little importance outside of its situation as the nucleus of a great fortress. There were two cities, — an old one, *la ville des évêques*, on a kind of acropolis rising from the left bank of the Meuse, and a newer one built on the meadows of the river. Round the acropolis Vauban had built a citadel whose steep, green-black walls struck root in the mean streets and narrow lanes on the slopes. Sunless by-ways, ill paved and sour with the odor of surface drainage, led to it. Always picturesque, the old town now and then took on a real beauty. There were fine, shield-bear-

ing doorways of the Renaissance to be seen, Gothic windows in greasy walls, and here and there at a street corner a huddle of half-timbered houses in a high contrast of invading sunlight and retreating shade. From the cathedral parapet, there was a view of the distant forts, and a horizontal sweep of the unharvested, buff-brown moorlands.

'Un peu morte,' say the French who knew Verdun before the war. The new town was without distinction. It was out of date. It had none of the glories that the province copies from Paris, no boulevards, no *grandes artères*. Such life as there was, was military. Rue Mazel was bright with the gold braid

and scarlet of the *fournisseurs militaires*, and in the late afternoon *chic* young officers enlivened the provincial dinginess with a brave show of handsome uniforms. All day long squads of soldiers went flick! flack! up and down the street. Bugle-calls sounded piercingly from the citadel. The soldiery submerged the civil population.

With no industries of any importance, and becoming less and less of an economic centre as the depopulation of the Woevre continued, Verdun lived for its garrison. A fortress since Roman days, the city could not escape its historic destiny. Remembering the citadel, the buttressed cathedral, the soldiery, and the military tradition, the visitor felt himself to be in a soldier's country strong with the memory of many wars.

During the winter great activity in the German trenches near Verdun had led the French to expect an attack, but it was not till the end of January that aeroplane reconnoitring made certain the imminence of an offensive. As a first step in countering it, the French authorities prepared in the villages surrounding Bar-le-Duc a number of dépôts for troops, army supplies, and ammunition. Of this organization, Bar-le-Duc was the key. The preparations for the counter-attack were there centralized. Day after day convoys of motor lorries carrying troops ground into town and disappeared to the eastward, big mortars mounted on trucks came rattling over the pavements to go no one knew where, and khaki-clad troops, 'troupes d'attaque,' tanned *Marocains* and chunky, bull-necked Zouaves, crossed the bridge over the Ornain and marched away. At the turn in the road a new transparency had been erected, with VERDUN printed on it in huge letters. Now and then a soldier, catching sight of it, would nudge his comrade.

On the eighteenth we were told to be in readiness to go at any minute, and permissions to leave the barrack yard were recalled.

The attack began with an air raid on Bar-le-Duc. I was working on my engine in the sun-lit barrack yard when I heard a muffled *Pom!* somewhere to the right. Two French drivers who were putting a tire on their car jumped up with a 'Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?' We stood together looking round. Beyond a wall on the other side of the river great volumes of brownish smoke were rolling up, and high in the air, brown and silvery, like great locusts, were two German 'planes.

'Nom d'un chien, il y'en a plusieurs,' said one of the Frenchmen, pointing out four, five, seven, nine 'planes. One seemed to hang immobile over the barrack yard. I fancy we all had visions of what would happen if a bomb hit the nearby gasoline reserve. Men ran across the yard to the shelter of the dormitories; some, caught as we were in the open, preferred to take a chance on dropping flat under a car. A whistling scream, a kind of shrill increasing shriek, sounded in the air and ended in a crash. Smoke rolled up heavily in another direction. Another whistle, another crash, another and another and another. The last building struck shot up great tongues of flame. 'C'est la gare,' said somebody. Across the yard a comrade's arm beckoned me, 'Come on, we've got to help put out the fires!'

The streets were quite deserted; horses and wagons abandoned to their fate were, however, quietly holding their places. Faces, emotionally divided between fear and strong interest, peered at us as we ran by, disappearing at the first whistle of a bomb, for all the world like hermit-crabs into their shells. A whistle sent us both scurrying into a passageway; the shell fell with a wicked hiss, and, scattering the

paving stones to the four winds, blew a shallow crater in the roadway. A big cart horse, hit in the neck and forelegs by fragments of the shell, screamed hideously. Right at the bridge, the sentry, an old territorial, was watching the whole scene from his flimsy box with every appearance of unconcern.

Not the station itself, but a kind of baggage-shed was on fire. A hose fed by an old-fashioned seesaw pump was being played on the flames. Officials of the railroad company ran to and fro shouting unintelligible orders. For five minutes more the German planes hovered overhead, then slowly melted away into the sky to the southeast. The raid had lasted, I imagine, just about twenty minutes.

That night, fearing another raid, all lights were extinguished in the town and at the barracks. Before rolling up in my blankets, I went out into the yard to get a few breaths of fresh air. Through the night air, rising and falling with the wind, I heard in one of the random silences of the night a low, distant drumming of artillery.

The next day, at noon, we were ordered to go to M—, and at twelve-fifteen we were in convoy formation in the road by the barrack walls. The great *route nationale* from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun runs through a rolling, buff-brown moorland, poor in villages and arid and desolate in aspect. Now it sinks through moorland valleys, now it cuts bowl-shaped depressions in which the spring rains have bred green quagmires, and now, rising, leaps the crest of a hill commanding a landscape of ocean-like immensity.

Gray segments of the road disappear ahead behind fuzzy monticules; a cloud of wood-smoke hangs low over some invisible village in a fold of the moor, and patches of woodland lie like mantles on the barren slopes. Great swathes of barbed wire, a quarter of a mile in

width, advancing and retreating, rising and falling with the geographical nature of the defensive position, disappear on both sides to the horizon. And so thick is this wire spread, that after a certain distance the eye fails to distinguish the individual threads and sees only rows of stout black posts filled with a steely, purple mist.

We went through several villages, being greeted in every one with the inevitable error, 'Anglais!' We dodged interminable motor-convoys carrying troops, the *poilus* sitting unconcernedly along the benches at the side, their rifles tight between their knees. At midnight we arrived at B—, four miles and a half west of Verdun. The night was clear and bitter cold; the ice-blue winter stars were westering. Refugees tramped past in the darkness. By the sputtering light of a match, I saw a woman go by with a cat in a canary cage; the animal moved uneasily, its eyes shone with fear. A middle-aged soldier went by accompanying an old woman and a young girl. Many pushed baby carriages ahead of them full of knickknacks and packages.

The crossroad where the ambulances turned off was a maze of beams of light from the autos. There was shouting of orders which nobody could carry out. Wounded, able to walk, passed through the beams of the lamps, the red of their blood-stains, detached against the white of the bandages, presenting the sharpest of contrasts in the silvery glare. At the station, men who had died in the ambulances were dumped hurriedly in a plot of grass by the side of the roadway and covered with a blanket. Never was there seen such a bedlam! But on the main road the great convoys moved smoothly on as if held together by an invisible chain. A smouldering in the sky told of fires in Verdun. Another comrade and I were sent to get some wounded in the town.

From a high hill between B—— and Verdun I got my first good look at the bombardment. From the edge of earth and sky, far across the moorlands, ray after ray of violet-white fire made a swift stab at the stars. Mingled with the rays, now seen here, now there, the reddish-violet semi-circle of the great mortars flared for the briefest instant above the horizon. From the direction of this inferno came a loud roaring, a rumbling and roaring, increasing in volume — the sound of a great river tossing huge rocks through subterranean abysses. Every little while a great shell, falling in the city, would blow a great hole of white in the night, and so thundering was the crash of arrival that we almost expected to see the city sink into the earth.

Terrible in the desolation of the night, on fire, haunted by spectres of wounded men who crept along the narrow lanes by the city walls, Verdun was once more undergoing the destinies of war. The shells were falling along rue Mazel and on the citadel. A group of old houses by the Meuse had burnt to rafters of flickering flame, and as I passed them, one collapsed into the flooded river in a cloud of hissing steam.

In order to escape shells, the wounded were taking the obscure by-ways of the town. Our wounded had started to walk to the ambulance station with the others, but, being weak and exhausted, had collapsed on the way. They were waiting for us at a little house just beyond the walls. Said one to the other, 'As-tu vu Maurice?' and the other answered without any emotion, 'Il est mort.'

The twenty-fourth was the most dreadful day. The wind and snow swept the heights of the desolate moor, seriously interfering with the running of the automobiles. Here and there, on a slope, a lorry was stuck in the slush,

though the soldier passengers were out of it and doing their best to push it along. The cannonade was still so intense that, in intervals between the heavier snow-flurries, I could see the stabs of fire in the brownish sky. Wrapped in sheepskins and muffled to the ears in knitted scarves that might have come from New England, the territorials who had charge of the road were filling the ruts with crushed rock. Exhaustion had begun to tell on the horses; many lay dead and snowy in the frozen fields. A detachment of khaki-clad, red-fezzed colonial troops passed by, bent to the storm. The news was of the most depressing sort. The wounded could give you only the story of their part of the line, and you heard over and over again, 'Nous avons reculé.' A detachment of cavalry was at hand; their casques and dark blue mantles gave them a crusading air. And through the increasing cold and darkness of late afternoon, troops, cannons, horsemen, and motor-trucks vanished toward the edge of the moor where flashed with increasing brilliance the rays of the artillery.

The driving snow half blinded me. I fell into conversation with a wounded soldier who sat beside me — a chunky black *poilu* wounded in the arm. He wanted to know what I did *en civil*. 'I am a pastry-cook,' said he. 'Oh, the good old days! I do the cooking and my wife keeps the shop. When this damned war is over, come and have a cake with me.'

I saw some German prisoners for the first time at T——, below Verdun. They had been marched down from the firing-line. Young men in the twenties for the most part, they seemed even more war-worn than the French. The hideous, helot-like uniform of the German private hung loosely on their shoulders, and the color of their skin was unhealthy and greenish. They were far

from appearing starved; I noticed two or three who looked particularly sound and hearty. Nevertheless, they were by no means as sound-looking as the ruddier French.

The *poilus* crowded round to see them, staring into their faces without the least malevolence. At last — at last — *voilà enfin des Boches!* A little to the side stood a strange pair, two big men wearing an odd kind of grayish protector and apron over their bodies. Against a nearby wall stood a kind of flattish tank to which a long metallic hose was attached. The French soldiers eyed them with contempt and disgust. I caught the words, 'Flame-throwers!'

The Verdun I saw on March 24, 1916, after a month of explosive shells and incendiary bombs, was almost half in ruin. Almost every house was bitten and pock-marked with fragments of shell. A large number, disemboweled

by projectiles, had fallen into the street. Incendiary shells had done the greatest damage, burning great ugly areas in the close-packed streets.

Opening on rue Mazel, by some miracle untouched, was the gay shop window of a military tailor, and in the window stood a mannikin dressed as a lieutenant. With hand raised to salute, of irreproachable *tenuë*, the dummy surveyed the scene of desolation with inane eyes. Shells have scarred the steep walls of the citadel, and dug great craters in the enclosure at the summit. Many times in a day shells start new fires, which a brigade of territorials and police officers put out if they can. The smoke of the artillery hangs low on the buff-brown moor. There are German assaults at Malancourt and toward the Hauts de Meuse. But the great attack is over. Both sides know it. Verdun is beyond all question out of danger.

SWITZERLAND'S PART

BY MARIE-MARGUÉRITE FRÉCHETTE

I

SWITZERLAND, that little country entirely surrounded by war, is playing a very noble and unselfish part in the world's tragedy. When war broke out the Swiss people accepted without a murmur the sacrifice that the mobilization of their army involved, and have, in spite of their heavy financial burdens, sought to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate victims of the war in all the belligerent countries.

August 1 is the national holiday in Switzerland. It is fêted with enthusiasm by all classes. From every accessible mountain peak at dusk rises a beacon fire to show that all goes well. But on August 1, 1914, there were few beacon fires, and no merrymaking, for the day before, in each town and village, a man with a drum had called the people together, and had read the notice of the mobilization of most of the army for the following Monday. The farmers were in the midst of their harvesting

and the *vignerons* were jealously tending their vines in prospect of a good yield of fruit. In ordinary times this work would have been put aside for the festivities, which usually begin with games, target-shooting, and tests of strength, and end with dances at the cafés. But this year, with the men and horses going, there was little enough time for all the necessary work, so the fields were peopled from dawn to dusk; children and old people raked up the hay which strong young women and men cut with the heavy Swiss scythes. And to every Alpine pasture was sent some one not fit for military service, to replace the cowherds, who, upon these heights, care for the combined herds of the villagers.

The grave question whether Switzerland would share the fate of Luxemburg and Belgium engrossed every mind. The frontiers must be guarded; so there was no lamenting heard when the men left. In the country the women went back to their double burdens; in the towns many shops were closed, and as quickly as possible most of the thousands of foreigners left for their respective countries.

Those who stayed on had occasion to benefit by the kindness of the Swiss hotel-keepers. Many were entertained for weeks without paying a cent of board, and some were even supplied with pocket-money until funds could arrive from their homes. The financial loss to these same hotel-keepers has been enormous, for they, and much of Swiss commerce, depend almost exclusively upon the tourists, who, since the beginning of hostilities, have naturally been almost non-existent.

At that very moment, when, by reason of the mobilization, the State was compelled to make a large and unusual outlay, the receipts of its railroads dropped to almost nothing; so the people have not only given their personal

services, but have very heavy additional taxes to pay as well. It might have seemed natural that, under conditions imposed upon them by a war in no way sympathetic to them, the Swiss should have contented themselves with doing this, their full duty. But so far from this being the case, collections were made on all sides in favor of the victims of the war, and well-organized benevolent works sprang into existence.

Hundreds of homeless Belgians were received and distributed about the country, none except the ill going into institutions, but all being sent into Swiss homes — a child, or an old couple, or a whole family, according to the request of the householder. And there were offers of homes for a thousand more children than came. As a precautionary measure against epidemics, these refugees, on their arrival at Geneva or Lausanne, were detained for twenty-four hours before being sent to their destinations. During this time they were given new clothes and a bath, and were examined by a doctor; and a complete record, with all particulars as to health, place of origin, and so on, was made for each individual. Through this record many families have been reunited.

Something of the same kind is now being done for the Serbs, and a large contingent of Serbian orphans is expected. These children will be taken into homes where they will be treated as members of the family, and will be brought up with ideals of democracy as understood by the Swiss.

Much financial aid has also been sent to the Polish, Lithuanian, and Armenian sufferers, it being the only kind possible under the circumstances.

Soon after the war began, appeals came from France and Serbia for medical aid in their hospitals. One of the greatest Swiss surgeons went to Besançon, where he worked with several of his

assistants and a staff of Swiss nurses until his University duties recalled him to Lausanne. Other Swiss surgeons and nurses went to different hospitals in France; and five young surgeons (one of whom had already been decorated for his services during the Balkan War) left for Serbia, where, after valiant work, three fell victims to typhus, from which only one recovered. Other eminent surgeons gave their services for a time to Austria and Germany.

II

Though in its relief work, as in every other official attitude, Switzerland is entirely neutral, its geographical position makes it natural that the bulk of its work should have to do with the victims of the western theatre of war; and it is particularly with this part that I shall deal.

Early in 1915, at the instance of the Swiss government, France and Germany agreed to an exchange, through the medium of the Swiss Red Cross, of those prisoners of war too badly wounded for future military service. At intervals ever since, Swiss Red Cross hospital trains have simultaneously left Constance and Lyons, loaded with the wounded. The trains are arranged with tiers of stretchers on either side of the cars, and on the stretchers the invalids make the journey with a minimum of fatigue. Swiss doctors and nurses superintend the loading and unloading, and accompany the trains.

In this way thousands of the most severely wounded, or incurably sick, soldier prisoners have been able to regain their homes, or to be cared for in hospitals in their own countries. The governments of both France and Germany have shown themselves most grateful, and it was in recognition of this humane work that the French government presented to Switzerland

a military aeroplane which had been obliged to alight on Swiss territory.

If thousands of French and German wounded have been exchanged by the Swiss, the interned civilians who have been repatriated may be counted by tens of thousands. Most of these were Belgians and French of the invaded regions, directed into France after having been interned for long or short periods in Germany. As the majority of these unfortunates had been taken from their homes at a moment's notice, their sufferings had been great.

With those going into Germany, this was not often the case, for they were for the most part the wives and families of Austrians and Germans who had been living in France before the war, and from the outbreak of hostilities had known that they must leave. At the Swiss frontier (at Schaffhausen, if coming from Germany, and at Geneva, if coming from France) all were welcomed, fed, given a bath and an entire change of clothing if in need, and allowed to rest before being sent on in special trains.

This service of exchange of wounded and civilians is in charge of the Swiss Red Cross and the Territorial Service of the Army. The State, which owns the railroads, bears the expense of transportation, and individuals give the food and clothing. At all stations along their route, these trains, whether they pass by day or during the night, are met by large crowds who show their sympathy by bringing gifts of dainties and little comforts to the poor people who for so long have had nothing but the barest necessities of life. That this is appreciated is shown by the cheers of 'Vive la Suisse!'—sincere but quavering—that go up from the sick and aged, the women and children who pack the cars, and by the touching and grateful letters received by the committees after the travelers reach their destinations.

Often from the crowds on the station platforms are heard anxious inquiries addressed to the travelers as to whether any of them come from such and such a place, and whether they can give news of the whereabouts or fate of this family or that; and, surprisingly, some one is often found who does know the locality, and tells mournfully that the house of the family in question has been sacked and burned, and that the people sought for are also among those interned. Then the inquirer waits feverishly until the date when he finds upon the list of those passing through the name for which he is searching; and the meeting takes place.

In addition to providing the trains mentioned above, the Swiss government sends post-free packages of all sorts, letters, and money orders, addressed to prisoners. The magnitude of this enterprise will be better understood if I describe the War Prisoners' post-office in Berne, in which mail-matter coming from foreign countries, to or from prisoners, is handled.

The office is in a great hall, one end of which is reserved for letters and money orders, while in the remainder stand great heaps of bags filled with packages waiting to be taken to the trains, and other mountains of parcels being sorted into bags by soldier employees. Two soldiers are constantly occupied in rewrapping and tying parcels which have come undone, while ten others are kept busy transporting the mail-bags to and from the station. The packages handled in this office are all rather small, under one kilogramme ($2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds) in weight, and most go to Germany. Many of those I saw rewrapped contained a loaf of bread, or some other kind of food. Often the addresses are very difficult for the authorities to decipher, as the foreign names of prisoners' camps, written by hands evidently unaccustomed to that kind of work,

are strangely altered. The care given to correcting the addresses on packages, as well as on letters, was most noticeable, and every employee seemed eager to do everything possible to make their arrival prompt and certain.

The letters and money orders are all handled by regular post-office employees, and they involve much more than the usual amount of work, for, as the superintendent told me, the department wants to hasten the arrival of this mail at its destination. To this end, bundles of prisoners' letters and cards coming from Germany, marked simply *France*, are sorted for the different towns at Berne, instead of being forwarded to await their turn for sorting in the overworked, under-manned French frontier post-office. With this precaution taken, the mail is usually received about a fortnight after being sent.

The letters are often open and contain little gifts made by the prisoners. I was shown a really beautiful little seal ring of silver, the monogram being inlaid with copper, with the name of the maker engraved on the inside. The workmanship was exquisite, and one realized how precious the gift would be to the person for whom it was destined.

The money orders, too, involve much extra work, for the space reserved for 'remarks' is often filled by a closely written little letter — I saw one beginning 'Caro Figlio.' As financial relations are entirely broken off between the belligerent nations, Switzerland cannot forward the orders received, as in time of peace, but must make out a new *Swiss* order, instead of the original one. The country sending the money pays it to Switzerland, and Switzerland in turn pays the country in which the prisoner is held. Not only are these money orders rewritten, but the letters upon them are copied faithfully, so

that, though in a strange hand-writing, the recipient gets the greetings with his money. Orders for about twenty thousand francs are received daily from France, and for about half that amount from Germany. During the month of December, 1915, over four hundred thousand francs were transmitted from Austria-Hungary to prisoners in Russia.

My attention was called to a bundle of letters just arrived from France, in which envelope after envelope, in the same handwriting, was addressed to the chaplain of each camp of prisoners and lazaret in Germany. The Superintendent told me that these were probably inquiries sent by the family of a soldier reported 'missing.'

In the Christmas mails there were many little Christmas trees with their pathetic home-made ornaments and 'goodies,' sent to German prisoners in France, and, going in both directions, thousands of photographs of prisoners. It was noticeable in the poses of these photographs that the hands were held in full view—proof positive for their families that the prisoners had not lost them. A group of six Parisians had hit upon the idea of being photographed under a shower-bath. What better way could there be of showing that their wounds were healed and that they were in physically good condition?

Of the picture post-cards decorated by the prisoners themselves, there were many of real artistic value—a curious psychological detail being that, where figures did not form the subject in either original or printed cards, the French prisoners usually chose flowers, while the Germans chose landscapes, preferably winter landscapes. The spirit shown in both photographs and cards was good, for, thanks to the facility in communicating with their families and to the substantial help from the 'Prisoners' Aid' societies, life in the prison-camps is far more endurable than it was.

Though the bulk of prisoners' mail passing through Berne goes from France to Germany, and *vice versa*, Switzerland also sends letters, money orders and small packages to Bulgaria, Turkey, Japan; to Great Britain and Italy, with their colonies, and to those of France. Letters and money orders are sent to Montenegro; and money orders between Austria-Hungary and Russia. Between France and Germany, as well as from Switzerland itself to either of these countries, packages up to 5 kilogrammes, addressed to prisoners, are also sent post-free.

III

A few statistics may be interesting: 7,782,680 letters and cards, and 636,839 small packages passed through the War Prisoners' post-office in Berne in December, 1915. Large packages (up to 5 kilogrammes) for prisoners, handled by the Swiss post-offices in the same month, numbered 2,427,376. Packages of bread sent from various towns in Switzerland from the beginning of the war up to the end of 1915, amounted to 751,404, aggregating 1,428,267 kilogrammes. The large consignments of bread sent by the English, French, Russian and other committees of the 'Prisoners' Aid' go in carloads by express service, also at the expense of the State, and do not pass through the post-office.

There are two hundred and fifty post-office employees working exclusively for the War Prisoners' post-offices, and, in 1915, these offices cost the Administration four hundred and twenty-three thousand francs. The amount which the mail-matter handled would have brought in revenue to the country had it been stamped in the usual way, would, for the year 1915, have reached over nine million francs. Of this sum, seven million francs would

have come from the consignments going to and from French civil and military prisoners in Germany.

Soldiers doing service on the front in Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, and Italy have free postal privileges when writing to members of their families who reside in Switzerland, and Swiss soldiers doing service have reciprocal privileges when writing to members of their families residing in Austria-Hungary, France, and Germany.

One cannot leave the subject of correspondence between the victims of the war without speaking of the several admirable organizations in Switzerland which have as their object the facilitating of communication between members of families separated. Certain of these committees occupy themselves exclusively in locating civilians who have disappeared and in forwarding letters to them, while others may also be consulted as to the whereabouts of missing soldiers.

Surely one of the most useful of the numerous benevolent organizations is the *Œuvre Universitaire Suisse*, which helps those students who, living in Switzerland and cut off from receiving money from their homes, find themselves in a critical position; or those who, as prisoners of war, are faced with months of enforced idleness, and have no means of continuing the studies which the mobilization interrupted. The Swiss universities have a very large percentage of foreign students, especially Russian and Polish, and from the Balkan States. In Lausanne, to cite the town where, I believe, the *Œuvre Universitaire* began, University students who are without resources may draw from the University a small monthly allowance — very small, of course, but enough for them to keep body and soul together; and every effort is made to help them in other ways.

The universities in German Switzerland — Basel, Berne, and Freiburg — look after the intellectual welfare of the students in prison camps in France; while the Universities of Geneva, Lausanne, and Neuchâtel make themselves responsible for French-speaking students in German camps. The University of Zürich has one camp of Germans in France, and two camps in Germany which contain French and Russian students.

To these are sent textbooks, and, in as large a measure as possible, laboratory materials. Classes in the camps are organized, and lectures by specialists, who are themselves prisoners, are given. Students in the Swiss universities send *résumés* of lectures and work done, while copies of technical and scientific periodicals containing no political articles, as well as University publications, keep the prisoner in touch with the intellectual movement.

Early in 1916, after many months of *pourparlers* between the governments of France and Germany, has finally arrived the first contingent of invalid prisoners who are to be interned in Swiss health resorts until the end of the war. They are divided according to nationality, the French going to French Switzerland, and the Germans to various portions of German Switzerland. They will live in hotels and sanitariums, under guard of Swiss troops, and their *régime* will be that of invalids in the Swiss army. The cost of guarding them, and their keep — six francs per day for officers, and four francs for privates — will be borne by their own governments.

A large number of the invalids already arrived are suffering from tuberculosis, but have not reached the incurable stage. They are sent to mountain resorts like Arosa, Davos, Leysin, and Montana, where the doctors are specialists and there is a maximum of

sunshine. The decision as to what prisoners are to benefit by this hospitality is made by Swiss doctors who visit the prison camps in France and Germany, and choose those invalids whom they think most in need of the care and treatment. It is to be hoped that nothing will prevent this plan from being carried out on a very large scale, for the many sick people who, in normal times, have come to Switzerland with the various maladies to which the flesh is heir can testify to the wonderful cures that take place in its mountain resorts and spas. And even for those who will not be cured, what a blessed change from a concentration camp, no matter how well organized and managed, will be provided by this marvelous air and scenery, and the knowledge that in this friendly country their families are free to join them if needed!

And there are others for whom the Swiss have been solicitous. In helping their suffering neighbors they have not forgotten their own people, who, owing to the mobilization of the breadwinner, also risk becoming war-victims. To the wife and each child of the man doing military service the State pays an allowance, and, when necessary, supplements this with additional financial aid. In the canton of Zürich alone such aid reached a total, from the beginning of the war to the end of 1915, of over three million francs.

For the soldiers themselves, the 'Maison du Soldat' is proving a boon. This name is given to the chalets built

by private subscription (one has been given by Americans living in Switzerland), in which the men find free reading and writing material, and can buy non-alcoholic drinks at cost. As the necessary funds are raised, a chalet is built and opened in each locality where troops are concentrated. Another comfort for them is the laundry in almost every town, where the soldiers' clothes are washed and mended by women who would otherwise be unemployed.

It must not be supposed that the money raised for these many benevolent enterprises in Switzerland comes only from the purses of the well-to-do, for a notable feature in the lists of contributions is that many factory and shop employees pay a percentage of their wages 'during a month,' or, 'for the duration of the war'; and this generosity, which means real sacrifice, is very general. Recently, after a lecture given in aid of the blind French wounded, an old laborer came to the speaker with his offering of a five-franc piece, representing most of his day's wage. The lecturer, realizing this, protested that it was too much for him to give, but was answered with characteristic independence: 'Is that any of your business? I've my sight, and I want to send this to those who've lost theirs.'

So it will be seen that the Swiss fulfill in their charities their ideal of democracy, which is second only to their patriotism, and which grants to each and all the right to share burdens as well as benefits.

AN IMPRESSION OF THE WAR

BY A. C. BENSON

WHEN the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* first asked me to try to put into words an impression of what the war had meant to one in such a position as my own, a mere teacher and writer, who, for thirty years of a busy professional life, had been immersed in work the very basis of which was peace, I felt a great reluctance to attempt anything of the kind. In the first place, an elderly non-combatant who cannot, it would seem, contribute anything whatever to the active furtherance of military designs appears to be the one person upon whom silence is naturally imposed; and in the second place, the whole catastrophe is so immense and bewildering, so dim and confused in its origin and so uncertain in its outcome, that to speak about it at all in definite terms seemed almost absurd, as though an ant in an ant-hill were to give its impressions of an earthquake.

But on thinking about it, I began to feel that one can certainly effect nothing by silence, and still less by refusing to attempt to see so great an affair clearly and steadily. To emerge from so immense an experience in a mood of dumb bewilderment, only hoping that time and life will enable one to forget, is a fruitless and childish frame of mind. So I will try to set down as clearly as possible a few prevailing thoughts; because the one thing to be avoided, if possible, is to come back to life simply stunned and battered, the worse for the war in every respect. The only hopeful thing is to emerge with a resolution to see where the old conceptions of peace

were wrong, where and how they broke down on so colossal a scale, and how we can reconstruct if possible a new fabric of life with fewer opportunities for human turbulence and jealousy, and whatever else is behind war, to break out into so fierce a conflagration.

I suppose that before the war began I was in the frame of mind of many peaceful and busy people, believing that a European crisis would somehow be avoided; that if Germany had a taste for shaking a mailed fist and talking about shining armor, and indulging in a romantic sort of self-glorification, she would in the last resort turn out to be civilized and reasonable and even sensible. There were many people, no doubt, who knew better, and saw how deep the poison lay. I do not doubt that now; but it was difficult for any one who knew to express all this without appearing provocative and suspicious; and then too came in that extraordinary British power of mind-ing our own business, and of viewing other nations with a good-humored tolerance. Certainly, in the circles in which I lived there was very little suspicion expressed of the designs of Germany, and no desire to interfere with them except by steady commercial competition. The idea seems so deeply rooted in the German mind that all England was perfidiously absorbed in the aim of stepping in to crush Germany, if an opportunity offered, that I suppose it is impossible to convince the German people of the real guilelessness of the English public, and indeed

of the almost total lack of interest in what Germany was doing or thinking. Strange as it may seem, I believe that the knowledge of Germany and her aims had steadily declined in the last thirty years in England. When I became a schoolmaster in 1885, there was a strong movement to make German a serious subject of study, and I spent a summer holiday in that year in Germany to pick up an acquaintance with the language. But the subject was slowly shouldered out of the curriculum, and I think it is true to say that educationally the study of German in England had been declining for some years, while among intellectual minds, the German influence had lost force and respect; the reason, I honestly believe, being that the Germans have been sacrificing intellect to what they call patriotism, and tingeing all their studies with an emotional self-worship.

Then with an awful suddenness the deluge burst upon us. And speaking quite honestly, the first months of the war were a nightmare which I do not willingly recall. My chief occupation at the beginning of the war was seeing the University and the College where my work lay melt away at the call to service; and much of my time was spent in trying to help our men to obtain the military work they wanted. As far as my own occupations went, it was like presiding at my own funeral. Writing and teaching disappeared. Cambridge became a hospital base, and was filled with troops; and for a long time my own College became the headquarters of a divisional staff, and our Hall table a military mess — a refreshing and interesting experience.

But of course anxieties multiplied fast. Scores of friends and old pupils went off to military depots and passed on to the front. Correspondence increased; and although direct war-work was not in my power, every institution

with which I was connected was confronted with the task of keeping afloat under the pressure of financial and technical difficulties; so that business, instead of decreasing, tended to ramify; and in the midst of this came a private sorrow, and much additional work resulting from it.

But the war itself! The devastation of Belgium was an accomplished fact, the fortresses meant to stem the tide for months fell in a few days, the onrush into France followed, and then as unaccountably was checked and held. Very slowly the affair resolved itself into an awful monotony of sparse combat, with every tradition and principle of warfare reversed, while at the same time it became clear how firm was Britain's grasp upon the sea, after all. The submarine menace lost its grip, the Zeppelin scare revealed itself as a piece of elaborate and futile brutality. The whole rush and turmoil of war seemed to curdle and settle down into a stern and simple strain of endurance and grim hopefulness.

Meanwhile the nation fell gradually into line; without wishing to impugn the motives of the critics who made it their business to find fault, acrimoniously and bitterly, with every department of state organization, a looker-on may frankly say that it is almost impossible to conceive how entirely some of our leading newspapers have misrepresented the mood of the nation. The nation has been singularly placid, diligent, patient, and public-spirited. It has responded cheerfully and as a matter of course to every call for men, money, and work. Every honest claim has been liberally financed, workers have flocked into every enterprise; and it is lawful to feel a deep pride in the fact that a huge national army containing all the best and freshest stock of the nation has been raised, trained, and equipped out of nothing but a vast re-

serve of healthy and sensible energy. I do not believe that such an army has ever been created in so short a time in the history of the world.

The papers have contrived to give an impression of fuss, selfish inactivity, and fear — the three elements which have been simply conspicuous by their absence throughout. My associates through the war have been mainly dons and soldiers, but I have not come across a trace of either pacifism or militarism. One would suppose that there was a large and influential group of men so besotted by the idea of peace that they wished to bring the war to an end at any cost. There is no such thing. There are a few faddists who have never had a hearing; while as to militarism, I have lived in a town crammed with billeted troops, whose one desire seemed to be as little in evidence as possible, and to prove themselves the kindest and the most easily pleased of visitors; while in traveling about the country as I have had to do, the popularity of the soldiers whom one sees everywhere arises from the fact that they have claimed no privileges which are not shared by the humblest traveler. Only one who has lived and moved about in England during the war can realize how little the militarism of the country has interfered with the civic life and organization.

Again, some of our papers have seemed to consider that panic is the only proof of seriousness. As a matter of fact, the absence of brooding and despondent anxiety has been a very remarkable thing. Men and women have proved their seriousness best by treating their own private fears and anxieties as part of the normal price they were prepared to pay for the task in which they were engaged. In Germany the loud proclamation of an ideal seems to be accepted as the only proof of deep convictions. I do not think that in England the national seriousness has

taken the shape of defining a positive ideal. Great Britain has no more conscious desire to make herself felt, or to stamp a type of honor and duty on the world, than before. What she desires is a sort of independence, the power to live a tolerant and reasonable life without subscribing too definitely to an ethical theory. The desire to conquer Germany is not accompanied by any missionary wish to improve Germany; it is rather the intense longing to be rid of a bullying and tyrannical neighbor, whose aggressive theories imperil the British conception of liberty — liberty of action, opinion, and conduct.

I do not think that Englishmen mind honest competitors or even avowed rivals. What really revolts them is the idea that another nation's self-satisfaction should take the form of imposing an ideal on the world. The Englishman does not believe in shaping or moulding an ideal. He is inclined to trust his instincts; he loves order, and he accepts the duty of work. But he does not like taking the Ark into battle; he does not believe in trying to invest with sacred associations what seem to him matters of common sense. I do not feel that the attempts to call the war a sacred war have really met with much favor in England. That savors of unreality. It seems to us merely disgusting and hateful that another nation should believe in aggression; and the sooner such nonsense is put an end to, the better. In this the Englishman is a realist and not a romanticist. Many a young officer who has gone cheerfully and good-humoredly into training and to the front, as a matter of course, and never dreamed of doing otherwise, has said to me, 'I want to see this through, and it is n't bad fun; but of course I shall be glad to get back to my work.' There is no touch of either cynicism or indifference in this; it means simply that a young Englishman trusts his

instinct, and dislikes making out an emotional case for himself.

I have seen something, at close quarters, of the sorrow of the war; and here too I have admired to the very bottom of my heart the simplicity of it. It has never taken the form of self-pity, of pathos, or of repining. There has been no glorification of self-sacrifice. It has simply appeared in the light of a heavy stroke to be endured. I hear critics say that we lack discipline, that we are individualists, that we have no national solidarity. Here again I believe that our solidarity is instinctive rather than rhetorical. But I do not know what the word discipline means, if it does not mean the spontaneous and immediate sinking of the sense of personal loss in the larger sense of national concern. If people do not indulge their grief, it is because a perfectly natural kind of temperateness steps in, which says that, whatever happens, this is a thing to be felt and not paraded. The intense mistrust of anything theatrical or even dimly dramatic intervenes. The Englishman with a loss to bear is simply grateful to anyone who will not remind him of it. He wants to resume his place in the ranks as though all were well with him. It is not stolidity, as I can abundantly testify. It may be called a convention, but it is a convention based upon a wholesome vitality and a belief in life as a process rather than in life as a show.

It is difficult to say in what way the war has really affected the thought of the country. I am inclined to believe that the deepest and most passionate craving of all human beings is the desire to be interested. The desire for pleasure is not so strong as the desire for excitement — that is to say for a quickened and fuller sense of life. People are happier in so far as they can believe in the significance and importance of what they are doing; the dreariness

of all drudgery lies in the fact that it is uninteresting; and thus I believe that in spite of the sorrows, anxieties, fears, and losses of the war there has been a vast increase in the kind of happiness that does not represent itself as happiness so much as lend zest and enjoyment to action. Thousands of men and women who have hitherto tried to fill their lives with imaginary activities have found their way to real activities. Even the planning necessary to effect economies in ways of living has brought with it a sense of pleasure in contrivance.

I do not think that the war has had a depressing or dreary effect at all, apart from personal anxieties for the safety of individuals. Heavy and grievous as the casualties have been, the percentage as compared to the population is small. Indeed the war has not developed new qualities so much as afforded an outlet for qualities which are characteristic of the nation — sturdiness, hopefulness, self-confidence, cheerfulness. The young men whom I have known, who have flocked to the colors, have done so primarily out of adventurousness and then out of *camaraderie*. There has been little solemnity about it; they have not seemed to me to follow the call out of a reasoned self-sacrifice, but out of a spontaneous impulse to bear a hand in an obvious need. I have not come across much weighing of motives. It has been rather the wish to have a part in a big affair; and the cases which I have come across of a man being rejected on medical grounds have been of the nature of a frank personal disappointment.

I am inclined to believe, too, that the organizing of athletics which has been going on for the last thirty or forty years in the public schools has had something to do with the matter. I confess that I was inclined to believe that athletic organization had

gone too far, and had produced a conventional belief in the importance of games; but I now see that it has had a much deeper and more instinctive effect in producing a feeling of coöperation, and a tradition of united effort which has gone much deeper than one had imagined. The unanimous response of the public-school element in England has proved that a force has been somehow generated of which we hardly guessed the strength. It has not presented itself in the light of a duty so much as in the light of an irresistible prepossession. The nature of this impulse, so widespread and so spontaneous, has lent I think a certain unreality to the religious appeals that have characterized the war. I do not believe that what may technically be called religious motives have entered into the matter. The outbreak of the war produced a certain number of religious utterances devoted to reconciling the need to fight with the principles of Christianity. But the instinct to fight was so natural and spontaneous that those obeying it had no scruples to overcome nor any doubt of the righteousness of the adventure.

I do not myself doubt that one aim of Christianity was to substitute a conception of human brotherhood which was intended to supersede national brotherhood. I do not think that the attempt to consecrate and Christianize the employment of force is likely to be fruitful, and I cannot help feeling that the outbreak of war has proved that Europe is still living more on chivalrous and knightly ideals of virtue than on Christian ideals. I do not mean that Christian ideals may not ultimately prevail, but it is idle not to recognize the fact that they have not so far prevailed. Religious teachers have certainly thrown their weight into the chivalrous scale and frankly accepted it. Bishops have gone so far as to say that they will not ordain candidates to

the ministry unless they have offered themselves for war service and been definitely rejected; and I have not come across a single case of a man who has been deterred by religious scruples from serving in some capacity.

It will be deeply interesting to see what effect the war will have on the current conceptions of Christianity. No religious teachers that I know of, except a section of Quakers, have lifted their voice to protest against the derision and abuse which has been the fate of the peace-makers who have preached the policy of stopping the war at any cost. Even those who have felt most sensitively the horror of the carnage, have not regarded it as a thing to be seriously attempted, to discuss any terms of peace. I myself feel so clear on the point that the only hope of civilization lies in the crushing root and branch of the aggressive ideals of Germany, that I am forced to consider whether I am entitled to claim to call myself a Christian honestly and sincerely. If non-resistance is a Christian principle, then I certainly am not a Christian. Whether it is possible to eliminate or to explain away the element of condemnation of the use of force in any form which stares one in the face in Christian teaching, I do not know; but I feel that this war has put Christian principles to the severest test ever applied to them. Whether it will produce a great awakening of Christian forces is hard to say; but I expect that thoughtful people will be forced to ask themselves whether a society that bases its life so largely on the accumulation of wealth can continue to believe that it is in any real sense Christianized.

Deeper even than this is the possible effect of the war upon the whole Theistic theory. The belief in the fatherly guidance and providence of God and in his education of the moral sense of humanity must be deeply shaken by

a catastrophe which has set the most intelligent and civilized nations to kill off their best stock, to waste their accumulated wealth, to devastate each other's territory, to wreck each other's shrines, and to do all this with an intense conviction of its rightness and its nobility, instead of attempting to fight the common human foes of disease, of tainted heredity, of poverty, of brutality. It is impossible for the sane and candid man to look upon the war as a divinely appointed educative experiment. The only possible interpretation of it is that it is a vast outbreak of evil forces, which have nothing in common with the forces of light, and are, indeed, in deadly opposition to all that makes for the happiness of mankind. The possibility of considering such a deluge of evil as the outcome of the power of humanity to choose what is detestable inside the Divine purpose of order, welfare, peace, is frankly inconceivable. The war must be evidence to all thoughtful men of the hideous actuality of evil, though it may end by showing the force and vitality of good. If it is a shadow cast by the light, it must be the shadow of powers which are incontestably and dreadfully there. It cannot be a mere perversion of good, when the right to aggression is romantically, emotionally, and passionately claimed by the millions of a nation conspicuous for devotion and laboriousness.

Is it possible sincerely to attribute, as in the old Collect, the putting into our minds of good desires to God, and to beseech Him to bring them to good effect? The simultaneous outbreak in the minds of millions of civilized people of a desire to crush by frank violence all ideals but their own and to set their heel on a prostrate continent—where does that originate? If the Power that guides the destinies of men does permit two such mutually destructive theories of morality to arise on so

gigantic a scale in the minds of great nations, what becomes of our religion? It would seem that religion must be prepared either to take a wider sweep and admit a new philosophy, or else retire into the background as a self-created paradise for idealists who can overlook the real elements of human nature.

The question before us is whether religion is to be a sentiment, or whether it will attempt an altogether wider task, and face, instead of evading, the problem of moral evil. It may be, I think, that the war may evoke a vast spiritual force, of a kind undreamed-of hitherto. The highest hope that I have for the outcome of the war, is that it will immensely enlarge our spiritual horizon, and raise it from the temperamental, almost artistic, region in which it is apt to linger, into its true place as a law of life which is as stubbornly there for all as the laws of intellect or health. At present religion has codified preferences; what one desires is to see it ascertain scientifically what the laws of psychology really are; for that they exist inflexibly I have no manner of doubt.

Civilization in the material sense will, I have no doubt, take care of itself, nor do I think that the social institutions of Europe will be seriously affected. But may we not hope that the wisest will set themselves to consider what are the causes and laws which affect this contagious fury which has drawn every nation of Europe, contrary to all their most obvious interests, into the maelstrom, with professed reluctance, yet with a deep suspicion of each other's designs and purposes? The fault must eventually lie with the only nation that has frankly preached the direct merit and nobility of war, while she brewed the cup as a medicine for ailing nations; yet by the tragic irony of destiny she is being forced to drink to the dregs, so great is her own heartsickness, the potion so insolently proffered.

REFUGEE

THE EXPERIENCE OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

BY WARRINGTON DAWSON

THE fast train was more than two hours late when it reached Rouen. Those waiting for it formed rather a civilian crowd. An English major and several convalescent French soldiers were conspicuous. So was a Frenchman more difficult to explain, clad half in uniform. He was quite young, but the two short gold stripes proclaiming him a second lieutenant glittered on his cap of the new gray model; the rest of his 'uniform' consisted of puttees and a mackintosh, although the weather was fine. His face, pale and wasted, had an almost furtive expression about its sunken eyes. Unencumbered by luggage, he jumped into the first available compartment as the train stopped, and, taking out some cigarettes, asked two ladies if he might smoke.

'Have one? They're Dutch,' he said to a man in the corner next to him.

The man looked suspicious, and exchanged glances with his vis-à-vis: both were middle-aged, and of the very middle class.

'So you went to Holland to get these?' asked the man, still eyeing the young officer and not accepting the cigarette.

'Yes; just got back. Taken prisoner and escaped, and was a fugitive for months. Passed through Holland to England. Reached France last night. Thought I should find my wife in Rouen, but it seems she's in Calais.'

The middle-aged man had mean-

while decided he could afford to smoke in such company, and took one of the cigarettes; so did his vis-à-vis. The young officer went on:—

'I'm in any clothes I could get. Managed to secure a cap with the right sort of stripes on it, and some puttees, and then this to hide the rest.' He opened the mackintosh, and displayed a civilian coat and shirt. 'Anything rather than be without a uniform. Don't want to be mistaken for some sort of an *embusqué* brother, you understand. Rather be thought a spy! That happened to me in Holland. But I've got a passport now — a Belgian passport.'

He took it out, unfolded it, read it to himself, and put it back in his pocket-book.

By this time his manner, even more than his words, had won the sympathy and confidence of those seated near him. There were the two men already mentioned; a little lady who had taken out her knitting and murmured occasional encouragement; and myself. We all listened attentively. Another lady in the far corner, and a tall gentleman evidently her husband — both were in stiff, intense mourning — showed hearty disapproval of the entire performance. From time to time their eyes sought a dust-worn placard overhead: 'Beware — Be Silent — The Ears of the Enemy are Listening.'

'You say you escaped from the Germans?' the little lady prompted.

'Jumped from the train,' the second lieutenant continued. 'I'd been put with other prisoners in a cattle-car. The officer in charge had the doors closed, of course. But as soon as he'd left us, the soldiers on guard began to drink. You rarely find a German soldier without his beer, but you never find him without his schnapps. So they took to drinking schnapps. It was very hot, and the heat and the schnapps together were soon too much for them. They opened the door of our car just a little, to get air to breathe. All this happened at the end of last summer.'

'When I saw that door open, just a little, I knew I might get my chance. They were Landwehr soldiers, and not a bad sort, apart from their drunkenness. Not at all like the non-commissioned officer in charge, who was a brute. The first thing he did with me when I was made prisoner was to kick me. Our captain was taken by a German major who kicked him so very brutally that he was badly injured. If you know what a Prussian officer's boot is like, you'll understand. They ought to be put in museums as curiosities, those boots — tiny pointed things!'

'I watched for my opportunity when the soldiers were very drunk and not noticing me. The train was going at about eighteen or twenty miles an hour. Of course I could n't see where we were or what obstacles lay before me. I just jumped for the door and leaped out, on the chance of landing somewhere and not being killed. As it happened, I only hurt my knee. Scrambling to my feet, I limped off, to get as far as possible from the railway. When I dared stop, I got my bearings, and started westward.'

'By the stars?' murmured the little knitter, romantically.

'No, by my compass. I'd hidden it in my puttees, and it escaped them when they searched me. They took every-

thing else away, except my money — and oh, yes: they left me my razor. I always wondered why they left that razor. Perhaps as an officer —'

'Or in the hope you would get desperate and cut your throat,' I suggested.

'Perhaps. I don't know. Anyway, they left me my razor and my money — one thousand francs. When I started from home, I was preparing to take a hundred francs with me. My wife begged me to take a thousand in case anything happened. I said it would only be lost on the battlefield or in prison, and she must keep as much as possible for herself; one hundred francs was all I could possibly need, and it would be absurd to risk losing more. But you know how women are when they get an idea into their heads; and what's more, they're generally right, in the end. Just to pacify her, I took the thousand francs. Well, if it had n't been for that money, I should n't be here now. Do you know how much I have left? Just over one hundred. Nearly nine hundred gone in the course of my wanderings!'

'Which started westward, I believe you said,' I prompted.

'Yes. I thought our troops might have driven the enemy back so I might reach them, somehow. You see, it was during an attack that I got cut off with one or two other officers and quite a few men.'

'They did n't maltreat you seriously?' I asked.

'Only kicked me to make me good. I was still sore from that when I tumbled out of the train, and then I hurt my knee rather badly. I felt as if I did n't want to go far. Yet I had to go on: and I did n't dare ask my way, as you can imagine. First thing I did, when daylight came, was to get civilian clothes. Some good people I met would have given them to me, but I insisted on paying five francs. More to buy silence than anything else.'

'Dressed like a peasant, so as to avoid attention if seen, I used to hide during the day and start walking westward when night came. To eat, I depended mainly on what I could find in the fields. Afraid to go about buying food, you see. It's hard to say, now, how many miles I covered; often I looped back, sometimes on purpose because I scented danger ahead; but then again I would go astray by mistake. Much of the time I was n't sure whether I was in France or in Belgium. When I had to talk, I did n't ask questions, and I put on an accent, saying I was a Belgian unfit for the army because of my heart. Looking for a job, I said. The story went all right with the people I spoke to, though they probably knew better, every one of them. Still, I might have met a traitor or a German at any time.'

'Did you actually see our trenches from the German side?' asked the little knitter.

'Luckily not. My knee got worse and worse, but my general bruises improved as days went by, and then I recovered something of my senses. Even supposing I could capture three or four lines of German trenches from behind, which was n't really likely, you know, I would have stood a poor chance, marching full into the face of our own trenches, rigged out as I was. That game was no good, so I made up my mind to steer northeast and get out by way of Holland, if I took a year to do it.

'On the whole, I managed fairly well. Beet-root, turnips, carrots, anything that grew was good enough for my appetite. Beet-root was the best — that served as dessert. Occasionally I went hungry, but that did n't matter much. The awful thing was when I had to go thirsty. Beet-root saved me several times from thirst as well as from starvation. I soon grew to look on beet-root as the European bread-and-water

tree. The worst came when I got near old battlefields. All ravaged, you know, only grass or weeds. Once in a while I might dig up an untouched tin of preserved stuff belonging to a soldier who'd died near that spot. Not nice to think of; but I do the thinking now.

'Then, I was hungry. And of course I would be reduced to buying food, at times. Once I bought a sausage; I was carrying it in a bag a peasant had given me, when I came to a deserted house guarded by a lonely little dog. The thinnest thing I ever saw. He must have been for days and days without food. You ought to have seen him eat that sausage! Does me good to remember it. He wanted to follow me, afterwards, and I thought he and I would make a good pair, both homeless and half-starved. So we traveled on together. In a village some kind-looking people asked me to give him to them. He wanted to stay with me, and I'd grown attached to him; but I knew he ought to take a home while he could get it. So I went on alone.'

'You must have wandered very far and very long!' sighed the little lady. The clicking of her needles had never ceased.

'With an injured knee, too, and rheumatism settling in the joint,' he said. 'If I did n't dare buy food, you can imagine I did n't dare get medical help! Sleeping out in the open when winter comes, without even a blanket or a sleeping-sack, is n't particularly good for the constitution.'

'What were you afraid of?' I asked. 'There must be some Belgians left in Belgium — and the Germans can't be everywhere at once.'

'If they were anywhere near, I was in danger of being denounced as a soldier; and the natives might have taken me for a spy. When I could n't help showing myself, I spent whatever money was necessary for hushing people.

Once, in a village where there were German soldiers, a peasant came up to me. He said, "Toi, soldat." I denied it. He said again, "You're a soldier," — still in his dialect. He was rough, and poor-looking; two starving children with him. I decided I must bribe, and bribe high. But money was going fast at this game. I hesitated an instant, calculating what was the utmost I dared give for my life this time. All of a sudden he drew a five-franc piece from his pocket and tried to give it to me. "You're a soldier!" he said. "You don't trust me! I'll help you!" He spoke in funny, broken French: "Toi, soldat! Toi, pas de confiance en moi! Moi t'aider!" I told him to keep the money for his children; that was n't what I needed. My life depended on avoiding attention, so if he really wanted to help me, please go away.'

The officer lighted another cigarette, again passing round the package; this time, he included me. After smoking in silence for some moments, he rested his eyes deliberately on each of us. It was a short, sliding glance which always ended far to one side or on the floor.

'You notice? — Funny! I can't look a single one of you in the eye,' he said. 'Must seem compromising — shady character, and all that. A habit I got into. I knew the only way to avoid attention was by never looking at anybody. But I had to know what was going on about me, and hear what people said. So I practiced never looking straight at anything, and seeing a little out of the corner of my eyes; and when I was compelled to look straight, I'd glide my eyes away as quick as I could. Took a lot of practice before it came naturally. Now, I find it hard to look straight — my eyes slip away of themselves!'

'Incidentally, they must have seen a great deal, all the same.'

'Yes. But remember I had to avoid places where much was occurring. Went to Brussels, though; my knee had to be seen to, I could n't walk any more, and that seemed the safest town because the biggest. Besides, at Brussels there's a hospital run by French civilians. The surgeon who examined me had been my regimental doctor for three years in France! He exclaimed, "Surely —"

'I whispered, "Yes, but don't give me away!"'

He stopped.

'And then?' I questioned.

'Then I got better, and took to the road once more. By that time I'd covered quite a lot of country and got a pretty good idea of the way things were.' He searched in his pocket and produced a note-book. 'I wish I could have taken notes. All this I made up from memory, in Holland. I had destroyed all my own papers, of course, because they would have identified me if the Germans had caught me.'

'Did you witness any atrocities?' asked the little knitter in an awed tone.

Somehow, atrocities always seem to fascinate little knitters.

'I have a good deal of evidence here; they have been exaggerated by reports, you know. But they were real. My regimental doctor, whom I found again at the hospital, as I have told you, had dealt with one horrible case — a baby nine months old, with both hands cut off at the wrist and both feet at the ankle. The mother asked the doctor if it would n't be better to chloroform it before it grew old enough to know.'

There was a silence. He broke it himself: —

'Those were n't the things I wanted to learn. I'm a soldier, and I was after military things. I got an idea of the difficulties we shall have in following the Germans on their retreat through Belgium, but I know we can do it.'

Their forts, their trenches, their defenses and general preparations are wonderful. They are going to blow up the principal towns before evacuating them. In Brussels, the City Hall and the Cathedral and all the other famous monuments have been mined, with the single exception of the King's palace, because that is used by the Red Cross. This I know for myself. I did n't get to Antwerp, but I understand they have done the same there.'

He turned the pages of his note-book, while the train rolled on. No one spoke. Presently he began again:—

'I was taken for a spy — but luckily I was safe, then. I managed to slip across the frontier to Holland, and turned up at a Belgian consulate to ask for a passport. I did n't have a single paper to identify me. But my trouble did n't come there.

'The consul said, "What's your nationality?" I answered, "French." He said, "Where do you want to go?" I answered, "England." He said, "What do you want to do there?" "Work," I said. Then he asked me, answering the question for himself, "Not to be a soldier? No!" That was his formula.

'Several young Belgians came in who had crossed the frontier together, although it's harder and harder to do. They all wanted to go to England to "work," and of each one he asked, answering himself, "Not to be a soldier? No!" Being the consul of an allied power, he could give me a passport as a Frenchman; and so he did, though it's a Belgian passport. That being done without difficulty, I started off feeling as if I was almost home again.

'But the British consul at Rotterdam was n't so easy. Asked me a lot of questions, trying to trip me up. Wanted to know if I spoke German — and I do, six words! He finally told me I might leave, but not that day — the

next. If he had had me arrested that night, I should n't have been a bit surprised, for he evidently thought me a spy. But I suppose he could n't have taken me up in a neutral country, and he had a better scheme. I left next day, quite happy, and found myself the object of particular and not flattering attentions at Folkestone. My description, with a statement of my case, had been sent on in advance!'

'But you got through all right?' I questioned.

'Rather! Or I should n't be here,' he said simply.

By a happy inspiration, the little knitter asked what I had been about to ask. It came more gracefully from her.

'How did you get across the frontier to Holland? You forgot to tell us.'

'No. I did n't forget.' He paused and reflected while putting his note-book in his pocket. 'But that's one of the things I can't talk about much. Should n't like to get any of my Belgian friends into trouble, you understand.'

'Oh! So they managed it for you?'

'It began with the father of the starving children. He followed me without my knowing it, and crept up that night as I lay under a bush. I'm not ashamed to say I was frightened when he touched me. Thought myself caught, you know. And it seemed hard, after so many months and efforts! I would n't have minded being killed in battle, or when jumping from the train, or else being caught and shot within a few weeks. Or at all events I did n't mind the idea of it. But to be bagged as I slept under a bush, after months and months of tramping and dodging and starving and succeeding at least from one day to the next — I hated the idea of dying then! But he whispered, "Soldat — moi ami!"

'I recognized his voice and his idiom. He went on to tell me that he would

help me to hide for some days and would get in touch with his circle of friends. After I'd been in his cellar for some days, he told me all was ready, and lent me his own passport to go as far as the next town. Meant death for him as well as myself if I'd been caught. I hid again, with the help of new friends, in this town, and went on once more with another borrowed passport. This continued until I reached the proper point near the frontier. It seemed to be a whole system, very perfect, working without a flaw.'

'But I thought the frontier was bristling with sentinels and was a maze of wires,' I ventured.

'Both terms are mild, considering. But if you've practiced skulking in fields and under hedges for a good many months, you may creep very close to a sentinel, and can lie like dead for quite a few hours—knowing you will be dead sure enough if you're seen. As for their wires and electricity and the rest, rubber gloves sometimes help. It's just possible, too, that special points of the frontier must be chosen, because of the nature of their soil. But that's a problem I shall let you work out for yourself.'

The train halted abruptly. A guard passed by the windows, ordering all passengers to alight. The sedate and reserved lady and gentleman seized upon their bags and escaped, as if fearing to be compromised. The little lady and I got out with the officer. Our other fellow travelers had already left us, at some station.

The passengers, after hesitating in confusion for some minutes, were now streaming out along the road that lay beside the tracks.

'Why have they stopped us? What are they going to do to us?' the little lady inquired nervously. She kept close to the officer.

'Only a collision ahead. Another

train has been made up just beyond.'

'How do you know?' I asked.

'Because I've learned to see without looking and hear without listening.'

We walked on together for a fair part of a mile. It appeared a collision had blocked one track, and a crane brought to clear the way had been dropped across the other track. The train in waiting already contained the passengers from two other trains. Our officer helped the little lady and several others to get into a compartment before getting in himself; I followed. That we were crowded, none could deny; but nobody complained save an old gentleman in an overcoat, a muffler, a sweater, and wristlets. He was also provided with a foot-warmer, a paper-backed novel, and a paper-cutter. He kept darting furious glances from his corner and grumbled intermittently for hours about people who forced themselves into other people's compartments.

Conversation was impossible in such an atmosphere. The little lady knitted with her elbows in the stomachs of two neighbors; the officer gazed through the window at the French landscape, and seemed completely happy; while I, squeezed into a sort of concave space where the arm of a seat had been folded up to accommodate me, tried to think and could not.

We reached Paris. The little lady shook hands with the officer, soulfully wishing him much more fighting and endless good fortune.

'May I walk a little way with you?' I asked him. 'I have been much interested in all you had to say.'

He laughed.

'Why, I have merely talked about anything that passed through my mind! After so many months of either silence or discretion, you can't imagine what it means to be able to turn one's tongue loose among one's own people. Even

in England I had to be rather careful, you know; could n't make friends very well, because my papers were n't exactly conventional, and I did n't know a soul in the whole country who could identify me. And then my note-book might have looked queer, among strangers.'

'I have been wondering if you would let me see it.' And I gave him my card by way of recommendation.

'Oh, impossible!' he said, taking the card but not looking at it. 'These notes are for my government. And I am afraid I must be hurrying, if I want to make the Calais train to-night to rejoin

my wife. I must report at the Ministry first, you see.'

'In that case I shan't detain you, Monsieur ——'

As I mentioned his name, he stopped short.

'How do you know my name?' he demanded, and for the first time glanced at my card.

'Because,' I answered, 'war correspondents, like refugee soldiers, sometimes learn to see without looking and hear without listening; and I fancy that we don't unfold, like you, our passports in a crowded train when we wish to travel *incognito*.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON THE APPARENT GULLIBILITY OF THE INTELLECTUAL CLASS

PERHAPS I may claim to be a member of the intellectual class, as I am a college professor of the old-fashioned sort — old-fashioned, that is, in having received a liberal education; but I do not wear a gray beard and gold spectacles, nor have I any reason to suppose that I look unworldly and meek. Yesterday I was led to wonder how I do look, through the friendly treatment I received when I went to buy a pair of shoes.

'A straight last,' I said.

'Yes,' said the salesman, 'that is the only shape for a trim narrow foot like yours.'

Now my foot has always been recognized as having certain solid and substantial qualities, but trimness and narrowness are not among them; hence I lifted my eyebrows. Yet why should

I dispute the opinion of an expert? So I let it pass. The first pair of shoes that were brought to me pinched rather alarmingly.

'Is this the size I have been wearing?' I inquired.

'Not exactly the same,' said the salesman. 'Those are B's and these are A's. But if you should ask my opinion I would say that A is your width.'

'I have no theoretical prejudices on the subject,' said I. 'But it does not feel like my width.'

'In fact, you know,' said he, 'these shoes are only one sixteenth of an inch narrower than what you have been wearing.'

'But this is not a matter of relativity,' said I (whereat he seemed pained); 'it is one of absolute comfort or discomfort.'

'Of course you must remember,' said he, 'that this vici leather stretches

very quickly. By to-morrow these shoes will be all right.'

It hurt me to be insistent, but the shoes hurt me still more, so I requested him to take them off. He brought a second pair. When I had occupied these, there was considerable room which I might have offered for rent.

'These are B's?' I asked.

'Well, no,' said the salesman. 'I seem to be just out of B's in this style; but as I looked at your foot in that pair of A's, I thought it was really a C that you wanted.'

'But when you look at it now,' said I, 'do you think it ought to be left to move about at large, as it were, so unrestrictedly?'

'Well,' said he, 'your foot needs to settle down into the shoe a little more, but it will do that soon enough. And it's quite worth while to be comfortable — at least that is what *I* always say.'

He implied that this was a high disinterested doctrine of his, to which less thoughtful spirits always came around in time.

I shall now leave the shoe-shop and its salesman, because it is a matter of no moment whether I took the C pair or not, and my real subject is not my shoes but my inner self. The point is that I left the shop with a painful sense of having been weighed in the balance and found wanting in common intelligence. For to what person of ordinary intelligence could the arguments of the salesman conceivably be addressed?

Salesmen often give me this chastening experience. There was the one who called last Saturday, for example, with goods to be made up into suits. They were his last remaining samples, and were to be sacrificed only because he had lost his family on the *Lusitania*, and was hurrying back to England. He spoke with much solemnity, and there was a distinct implication that unless I was wholly destitute of the quality of

mercy I would not hesitate to give my trifling aid toward the return of the bereaved man to his home. If only he had not emphasized so strongly the fact that the price he now set on the suitings was below their value in the wholesale market, and had not, in consequence, set me to wondering why he did not dispose of them by means less circuitous than seeking me out in my study, so far from the marts of trade, I should have felt that here was one of those calls which no man, however little he might need a new suit or be able to pay for having one made up, could bring himself to deny. As it was, however, my pity for the bereaved agent turned to the self-pity which I have already described, and I could have wept that he thought I was one to believe his story.

But it is not the approaches of salesmen that chiefly interest me, nor should I be led to consider them of themselves, for after all it is possible that their opinion of me is no different from that on which they act with all other kinds of men. In other words, perhaps they are not aiming at the gullibility of my particular class, but have simply failed to distinguish between the intelligent and the unintelligent. Unfortunately for this conjecture, I find that I meet with similar treatment from members of my own group, and from others who make a specialty of dealing with it. Sometimes, I must add, even from my own colleagues. For it was only the other day that my neighbor Professor Sprouts came to me and said, 'You know you agreed to join our new Club for the Discussion of all Public Woes. The first meeting is to be held next month, and we have decided that in order to give it a really good send-off we want you to read the paper. There's everything in beginning right, you know.'

Shall I deny that this brought a certain warmth to my bosom, as Sprouts intended it should? Yet this was in

spite of the absolute certainty that Sprouts would prefer almost any other man in the faculty for any purpose which he had deeply at heart, and of the further fact that I know definitely of three colleagues, and conjecturally of two more, who were asked to read the paper for the Public Woes Club before any one turned to me.

The mail brings similar experiences. Indeed, they are becoming so numerous that I seem to discern signs of a general movement toward the forming of societies which may be said to represent a kind of higher salesmanship. Last year I was invited to become an honorary member of an organization formed to support the researches of a distinguished man of science. No obligations of any kind; no dues; only the support of my name was desired. It is doubtless a very rare and violet-like type of man who will turn down any good cause which has use for his name. Nor did I; but I protest I knew that something more would presently be revealed. It was: the man of science had written his memoirs and expounded his views, in many sumptuous volumes, and honorary members could purchase these, by special favor, at an extraordinary reduction.

The National Exploration Society sought me out, a few months later, stating that they had the honor to inform me that I had been nominated as — not a member (perish the thought that one of my position should stoop to such a pass), but a Fellow, and they trusted there was no doubt that I would accept this opportunity to aid in furthering our knowledge of distant lands. A Fellow has the privilege of paying \$200 as a single fee, or \$10 annually if he expects to live very long. I had barely recovered from the realization that I had attracted the attention of the scientific world, when I was communicated with on the part of

the National Sociological League, with the request that I serve on their Advisory Council. 'We appreciate the fact that you are doubtless too busy to do more than assist in directing the general policy of the organization,' wrote the secretary. And who would not cheerfully pay the annual dues (mentioned casually in the last line of his letter) in order to assist in directing a number of eminent citizens who crave merely the crumbs of one's counsel?

Let no one suppose that I have exhausted the list of my honors. I am known to the National Council of Public Health, to the League for the Increase of the Army and Navy (or Decrease, I am not sure which, — perhaps both), to the Federation of Christian Citizens; I have been chosen to an Institute whose exalted name I blush to mention here, but membership in which entitles me to wear a silk button, white on a purple ground. And all this in spite of the fact that I am a professor of mathematics, and have never written or uttered a public word on the subject of natural science, or geographic exploration, or sociology, or public health, or the army and navy. There is only one day in the year — indeed only in alternate years — when I regret that two considerations, pecuniary exiguity and a slight but troublesome sense of humor, have kept me from accepting all these honors. That is the day on which comes the biennial request to revise my biography for 'Who's What,' and when, therefore, I must take account of stock with respect to my value to the human race. It would then be comforting to write down, in addition to the simple annals of my academic life, the titles of my two or three books, and the items 'Member of the American Mathematical Society,' 'Democrat,' and 'Congregationalist,' a pageant like this: Fellow of the Exploration Society, Advisor of the

Sociological League, Sustaining Member of the National Council of Public Health, Honorary Member of the Army and Navy League, Associate Member of the Federation of Christian Citizens, Member of the Institute of Blank and Blank. The town paper would reproduce all these, perhaps not during my lifetime, but possibly at the time of my retirement on a Carnegie pension, and certainly when announcing my death.

But the sad fact that underlies these experiences, the heart of my theme, must not be forgotten. It is that I *see through* all these things, and the promoters thereof apparently think that I do not. Is it not time, I sometimes query, that the intellectual class should protect its reputation by disavowing its gullibility? I did not say to my friend in the shoe-shop, 'Pardon me, but would it not be worth your while to lie as if addressing a person of intelligence?' Perhaps I ought to have done so. I did not reply to Professor Sprouts, 'Yes, I will read the paper, but please understand that I know your alleged reason for asking me is tommyrot.' I have a polite form-letter to use when honored by various national organizations, in which I say, 'The pressure upon my time and interests is such that I have resolved to confine myself to strictly professional engagements.' Would it not be in the interests of morality and self-respect to say instead, 'Your favor of the 10th instant appears to have been intended for some one who would really suppose you meant what you said in professing that he is one whom the country delighteth to honor. But I am no Malvolio; a poor professor of mathematics, but not to be writ down an ass. I remain, my dear sir, your obedient servant'?

Advice concerning this question of conduct would be received with due appreciation.

WHITE LEGHORNS

THE last faint rumble of the retreating wagon fell upon the ear as something significant and epochal. Fifty miles to westward passed the nearest railroad line; fifty miles to eastward the next nearest. Northward and southward the distance was so great as to be non-negotiable. On every hand, high, dry, and untamed, stretched the Central Oregon plateau. Richly timbered mountains and deep river-clefts made occasional dots and lines upon its vastness.

At the Pilgrim's back and on her right rose picturesque buttes; before her and to her left, smooth slopes of wash land, thickly grown with gray-green sagebrush and dotted with junipers, stretched to the Crooked River valley beyond which rose a mountain range. No human habitation was in sight. Overhead the dense foliage of a symmetrical juniper tree preserved a fresh coolness of shade from the brooding heat of the June day.

Under the Pilgrim's hand, a shaggy brown dog, absolutely relaxed, rested from the weary exertions of his long journey. Behind her, her trunk stood on end, and against it leaned a tent rolled and strapped. She had just opened a series of three splint baskets fastened on a rod, and now, on every hand, leaping, flying, running, springing into the air to clap ecstatic wings, chirping a babel of wild delight, ninety balls of straw-colored down — potential White Leghorn fowls, just four days out of incubator, celebrated their freedom.

Six weeks ago, the Pilgrim had stood in the Grand Central station, New York City, buying her ticket for Portland. Now she was at home. One hundred and sixty acres lying about her were already entered in her name on Uncle Sam's records. Tent and trunk

and downy flock were house and barns and blooded stock in embryo. 'Chickens and wheat' she had decided when she staked the claim. Hence the now liberated occupants of the three splint baskets. Let the Pilgrim tell the story of the Leghorn flock.

If you have tenderly conducted an incubator throughout the normal three weeks of operation you feel much of a mother's proprietorship in the emerging brood. Your normal temperature rises, and persists for the time being at one hundred and three degrees. Your testing incubator hand becomes as sensitive as the thermometer. If you lack the desirable basement for your machine, you become keenly aware of all weather changes, but regard them as significant only as they may run the temperature up or down in that dark and dreamy chamber crowded with nascent existences. Daily you turn the white eggs with tender anticipation. You are reduced to despair when you break one and a little live embryo flounders helplessly in the released albumen.

You will never forget that night of the cold snap, when you woke from prolonged slumber and, anxiously seeking the incubator, found the mercury low in the nineties and steadily sinking. You put on all steam, but still it fell. You frantically built a fire and introduced pans of hot water above and below the eggs. The quicksilver was now out of sight. (It is characteristic of an incubator thermometer to continue indefinitely in the direction in which it has got a start.) After ages of waiting, it appeared again. Very slowly and lingeringly it slid upward and, some time in the next forenoon, stood once more at 103. You cherished small hope, and your sky was darkened.

Next came that sudden heat wave. You had ventured on an excursion several miles from home. Returned, you flew to the incubator; you annihilated

the brightly burning flame; you stared stupidly at the thermometer. It did n't seem to register at all. Slowly you realized that the mercury was now out of sight — no telling how far — *above* 110. You were vanquished then? Down and out? Still, you took out the tray of eggs and set it upon cool, wet towels. You laid cool, wet towels upon the eggs. Inwardly sobbing, you awaited the pleasure of Mercury, wishing that the whimsical onlooker would depart and allow you to bawl!

Still you pursued your hopeless round, on the bare chance that, even after the chill and the cremation, some sparks of life might survive.

Two days before the classic three weeks was accomplished, you were fulfilling your daily duty to the machine, when you were arrested by a faint but vigorous hail. Bird, mouse, or cricket? You stayed your hand in wonder. Then, from directly beneath that hand, it came again — a chirp, this time piercing and insistent! An egg was pipped! The next morning, a limp and dragged pioneer had successfully arrived and lay weak and panting on the warm eggs. The whole chamber was alive with peeps and tappings. To your resuscitated hopes, every egg was cracked. By night, the machine resembled nothing but a corn-popper at its crisis. Brisk snappings, momentary evolutions, and first shrill cries of protest against the hardships of existence continued into the small hours. You oscillated feverishly between your couch and this cradle of a feathered brood.

On the final morning — the sun well up and chill departed — you tremblingly approached the machine with carefully lined and padded basket. Stooping to turn the little buttons that hold the door, you became aware of three brand-new personalities, attired in softest cream-colored down, standing observantly together at the tiny

round window in the door, and regarding you sagely with the brightest of black eyes.

Within, was a seething multitude, soft as thistledown, beautiful as flowers. You still trembled as you lifted to their new nest the spry and dry and fit, counting them meanwhile. A tardy minority must remain in the incubator for a little further maturing and polishing off. By night you had them all out — a three-fourths hatch — a contented, whispering, cuddling, exquisite possession. This your chilled and roasted brood, your forlorn hope!

Such a brood as this I liberated four days later under the juniper tree in Central Oregon.

And how grew they? At the age of two days the sprouting of the feathered wing is an accomplished fact, and, at two weeks, it has become a pearly shield covering the entire side — lustrous as a shell, exquisite in tint and curve. Elsewhere, the straw-colored down persists, only gradually yielding to the coming plumage, till, at six weeks, the little head alone has the creamy hue, and, at two months, I have a flock of snow-white doves, — for the Leghorn is, in fact, more bird than fowl, — this early and excessive development of wing indicating special powers of aviation. Like the subject of the old hymn, the Leghorn 'would rather fly than go.' Watch a flock of Leghorn hens take an eight-foot fence at standing flight, or sail over a good portion of a block to reach a desired feeding-ground.

In considering the beauty of the little wings, one recalls that the progenitors of these chicks inhabited a land of Art, called Italy, and one wonders if, for certain cherubic appendages, Michael and Raphael and the rest may not have impressed a little flock of feathered models to serve at the point where the human infant lacked a limb.

It is this light, and flitting, and bird-like quality that is, to me, one of the chief attractions of my flock, though I realize that to the fleshly eye, that sees a chicken always in the shadow of the dinner-pot, or, in its extreme youth, regards it as 'a little fry,' there are serious disqualifications. In fact, one would not keep a Leghorn for a market fowl, although, at six or eight months, given a contented and well-fed youth, the result is a very delicate and sufficiently plump little body.

THE WAY OF ESCAPE

IN Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson's new book of essays, entitled 'Escape,' there are a few pages, frankly personal, which pleasantly reveal his own methods of dealing with aspirants for literary honors. It appears that it is his kindly habit never to turn the cold shoulder even upon a total stranger, but to read and give a critical opinion when some beginner's manuscript is forwarded to him for approval or the reverse, no matter what its length. He states that there are several such manuscripts awaiting his judgment upon the table at the moment of writing. All the world will remember how Doctor Holmes, in one of his essays, once dealt with the very reprehensible practice, which seems to be common to most beginners in Europe and America, of submitting to a successful author the immature work of an untried one. Why does the novice, the world over, persist in doing this, instead of sending his work to the only proper person: namely, the editor or publisher, whose duty it is to look over such things with a professional eye? Heaven knows! It is probably through some mistaken idea that a written opinion of the man known to have succeeded will later count a great deal with the professional reader, when it comes to his knowledge.

Yet nothing can be more ill-judged, for the p. r., in nine cases out of ten, will cast aside the so-called 'criticism' with a glance of contempt, or even of pity, and settle himself down to decide the vital question for himself.

Perhaps, however, it may be simply for his own encouragement that the beginner places the busy, trained writer in his unpleasant position; for, of course, he expects that the enforced answer will be, in the main, favorable. In either case, the motive is purely selfish, most inconsiderate, and should be promptly discouraged. No manuscripts should be permitted to accumulate on the writing-table, but the door should be closed against them, one and all; any other course is unfair, not only to the busy man himself, but to all his fellows, who are sure to be subjected, sooner or later, to a similar annoyance, if he good-naturedly gives in.

Not so long ago — just before the war — I received a letter from a near relative in Paris, inviting me to read and report upon a MS. novel by an old friend who had passed a few days with me at a house-party in America years before. If I approved of the work, I was to hand it to my publishers for acceptance — and in reliance upon my good-nature, the MS. had already been mailed to my address. By the next post came a letter to the same effect from the author, hoping I would forgive the intrusion. The way of escape was therefore made doubly hard, but I did not hesitate. To each correspondent I made the same reply, which was the simple truth: that I was at the moment extremely busy, far too busy, to read the work as proposed; furthermore, that an opinion from me would be worth little if anything; but that I would hand the MS. over to my publisher at once, and beg him to report professionally upon its value.

In due course, toward the end of my

working day, I paid the charges, which were not inconsiderable (nothing having been settled in advance), upon a wooden box about the size and shape of a child's coffin. Opening this with some difficulty, for it was made very secure, and moreover lined with tin, I extracted the precious document, which was several hundred pages long. I held strictly to my text and did not undertake to read one line of it, but with a not unnatural curiosity, I looked at the title-page and read its name — the name of the heroine. Where had I heard that name before? I could not remember, but was dimly, nay, strangely conscious that I had done so. I dismissed the idle fancy, however, and took the book to my publisher myself, explaining all the circumstances, begging him to read and pronounce judgment, reporting directly to its author. This he pledged himself to do, so that I was able to dismiss the unwelcome subject from my mind.

It is almost unnecessary to state that I never heard again from either of my foreign correspondents. But now for the postscript, which, like most postscripts, contains the gist of the whole matter. Months afterward, when my relative's life had resumed its wonted course, I recalled the incident, and inquired the fate of the work that had passed unreviewed through my hands. It appeared that the author had been much disappointed by my failure to read it. But had the publisher kept his word and reported on it, I asked? Oh, yes, he rejected it, *for the same reasons for which it had been returned twenty years earlier*. A meteor-flash illumined my brain, like a spot-light in a theatre. I knew now why the name of that book was thrice familiar to me. In my country-house acquaintance of those early years, the author had handed the manuscript to me, requesting an opinion, and I had given it, before it went to the

publisher, sent, unknown to me, by the writer. The publisher's name, as unimportant, had been completely forgotten. At that time, I was the author of one small book! It did not matter: I had succeeded! At that time, too, I was flattered by the request, and as kind-hearted as Mr. Benson. All way of escape was therefore closed against me.

The moral of this 'ower true tale' is obvious. I cannot hope that any amateur, however, will take it to heart. Amateurs are not made so. But should this page ever fall under Mr. Benson's accomplished eye, he may weigh the point, and, in justice to others, be a little less lenient to the young writer who imposes upon him.

REFUGE FOR MEDIOCRITY

'Drop a penny here for the artist,' a small placard begged. Being modest, the request was drawing dimes and nickels in generous quantities from the sobered passers-by who watched the man in the torn coat-sleeves. He was working away briskly at Lincoln's nose when the ferry-boat landed me near the crowd. It was the last of his sculpture in the sand — an exhibit that began at the river's edge and stretched up to the levee. There was a baby's face, with an immense wailing mouth, which he had labeled 'For Newlyweds.' Next to it was a small boy fishing in a little pool that floated a lily-pad with a tiny frog on it. The boy's discarded stockings were tucked into his sand shoes — shoes with tiny sand buttons. Next to the urchin, the man had laid down a young mother and child on the shore, their garments long graceful waves of sand.

The artist's tools were two long gray wooden knives with which he flattened and creased the sand, cut the caverns, and patted the smooth surfaces. Sand and water and wooden knives were all

he needed. The river brought him the first two, the knives came out of his coat-pocket. The sky was his skylight; he had north light a-plenty and east, west, and south light to boot. A silent crowd shut him in from the street and river traffic.

The man worked silently, and no one talked to him as they rattled their nickels on the oilcloth spread to receive art's reward. Some one near me — a woman — wondered why he did not get 'real work with a grave-stone company.' Bah! It is better to build in sand if you merely have that modicum of talent which knows how near it lies to mediocrity! The kindly water makes the work merely a memory, and so transitory a thing can never awaken horror, even in the informed. Think of the range of river, lake, and ocean shore that stretches about the globe awaiting such adorning; the millions of children waiting to be struck dumb by a single flashing glimpse of creation, bare-faced, inutile! Skies are waiting, and kind waters sweep the sand to the artist's feet. One might get the sign in Chinese or French or Syrian and know the rivers of the world, walking alone and revered for the moment of wonder in your finger-tips to arrest all humanity.

Peach-blossom marble, enduring granite? Make my tomb-stone by the shore, a rhythm of clothly sand upon my outstretched effigy, and when the friendly rain comes, the sand will run back again to the level of the shore. Let my mourners go, not to my Yale-locked vault, but to the river-side where the man in the torn coat-sleeves can heap my image high, patting it into temporary semblance. He may lay at my feet a wreath of sand and a rope and anchor, and make a lithe little dog of sand to hold the rope between his teeth, and be a marvel to the little boys and girls who count his toes.

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DEMOCRATIC CONTROL OF FOREIGN POLICY

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

I

ON November 23, 1912, there appeared in the London *Times* a remarkable article, from which the following is an extract:—

'Who then makes war? The answer is to be found in the Chancelleries of Europe, among the men who have too long played with human lives as pawns in a game of chess, who have become so enmeshed in formulæ and the jargon of diplomacy that they have ceased to be conscious of the poignant realities with which they trifle. And thus war will continue to be made, until the great masses who are the sport of professional schemers and dreamers say the word which shall bring, not eternal peace, for that is impossible, but a determination that war shall be fought only in a just and righteous and vital cause.'

Less than two years later the great war broke out; and at the first shock of it, it was regarded as just such a war of diplomats. Thus the *Standard*, a conservative organ, said on August 3, 1914:—

'We do not know what sort of children our grandchildren will be, but if they are at all like ourselves they will recall with astonishment how Europe went to war in 1914 without passion, VOL. 113—NO. 2

or hatred, or malice—how between two and three hundred millions of people set out to slaughter one another in a fatalistic way merely because the diplomatists had arranged things so. . . . The Powers of Europe are at each others' throats in obedience to a barren diplomatic formula.'

Presently, under the stress of war, this truth became too intolerable to be credible. People cannot fight unless they believe that they are fighting for a great cause; and so, in fact, they always manage to believe it. None the less, these voices at the outset of the war were the true ones. It is a diplomats' war. None of the peoples wanted it, and none of them would have stood for it, if in some way they could have been jointly consulted in the light of full knowledge of the fact. But they were not consulted, either jointly or severally, no more in the countries called democratic than in the autocracies. If they had been, there would have been no war. Hence the movement for the democratic control of foreign policy.

That movement, I believe, is essentially sound. The existing situation, in democratic countries, is on the face of it preposterous. On questions of domestic policy, in such countries, the people are constantly consulted. An

insurance bill, a shop-hours bill, an education bill, a land bill, are canvassed eagerly and passionately in Parliament and the country. The whole press is set in motion; public meetings are held, deputations are arranged, ministries rise and fall. But where hundreds of millions of money and hundreds of thousands of lives are concerned; where the very existence of the country is at stake; where the decision to be taken involves not an extra tax, or a tentative experiment in social legislation, easily to be recalled or modified if it does not succeed, but the immediate summoning of the whole manhood of the country to kill and be killed in ways of unimaginable horror; when, in short, that very thing to the fostering and development of which every act of man, private and public, is rightly and exclusively directed; when life itself is to be destroyed wholesale, that decision, the most terrible any nation can be called upon to take, is precipitated by the fiat of half a dozen men, working in the dark, without discussion, without criticism, without a 'by your leave' or 'with your leave'; and those who are to sacrifice, in pursuance of it, everything which hitherto they have created and cherished, have no other choice than to accept the decision and pay the intolerable price. Surely only a god should have such power over men! And we give it to an emperor or a secretary of state!

That, in brief, is the general case for democratic control of foreign affairs. And to any one who believes at all in the root principle of democracy, the control by men of their own lives and their own affairs, it must seem a strong one. There are, however, real difficulties felt in accepting it even among men otherwise democratically minded. And these difficulties must be fairly considered.

It seems to be thought by many that

there is something about foreign policy peculiarly difficult to understand; that it is a thing of mysteries and special faculties, so that, although the methods of representative government may be trusted to conduct us safely through all the intricacies of our home affairs, though the people, roughly and in the last resort, are fit to decide about free trade and tariff reform, contributory or non-contributory insurance, the nearer or remoter effects of this or that method of taxation, and all the innumerable questions, difficult even to experts, that are raised by almost any of the legislative measures adopted year by year in progressive countries; yet the same people are specially and peculiarly unfit to judge about international relations.

This contention appears to me mistaken. Foreign questions, I suggest, are commonly simpler and more comprehensible than domestic ones. The difficulties connected with the former are rather moral than intellectual. The hard thing is not to see what would be the right thing, but to get the right thing done, where, on every side, there is suspicion, fear, jealousy, and bad will.

Let me illustrate from some contemporary issues. Take the case of Morocco. Essentially, what was it? The French wanted to annex Morocco. The Germans were opposed to this, mainly because they were interested in the trade and resources of the country. The British were willing to consent to a French annexation, so long as the strip of coast opposite Gibraltar did not fall into the hands of the French or of any strong power. Nothing can be simpler than all this. It is not an intellectual problem at all. It is a contention for power and influence. Compare it, for difficulty of an intellectual kind, with the question of the ultimate effects on employment, wages,

and prices, of a protective tariff. Yet it never occurs to any one to withdraw this latter question from the ultimate control of the people.

Take again the Balkan question. It is, of course, intricate. It requires for its solution knowledge of a number of facts about races, boundaries, and the like. But so far as questions of general policy are concerned, — questions that alone could be laid before a Parliament, — the matter is simplicity itself. Is Austria to eat up those peoples? Is Russia to eat them up? Or are they to eat up one another? Or is such an arrangement to be promoted as will separate out the nationalities, so far as may be practicable, and permit them each to develop freely in their own way? The difficulty here is to get people to do the right thing, not to see what the right thing is. And so far as the Balkan question concerns this country, I conceive Parliament to be as competent to decide what attitude we should adopt toward it as it is to decide upon the desirability of fixing by law the wage of agricultural laborers.

Or take the Mexican question. It is complicated, of course. But the main difficulty for the ordinary citizen in forming an opinion about it is that he is kept ignorant of essential facts, such as the operations of the American and British oil or railroad interests, and their influence on the political situation. But if the facts were sufficiently made known, it seems clear that the decision of American policy would turn upon the answer to be given to certain questions which are exactly of the kind that ought to be submitted to the people, as: Ought we to recognize any government that can keep order in Mexico, or only such a government as stands for the interests of the Mexican people? Does American honor require us to go to war because the American flag has been insulted? Or because

American citizens have been murdered on the frontier? Is the Mexican anarchy so serious and incurable that the United States have an interest and a duty to end it at the cost of a long and bloody war?

These are not easy questions to answer, even when the relevant facts are known. They will be answered differently by different temperaments. But they are not — like tariff questions, for example — questions for experts. There can be no experts in such matters. The problems are moral — for what issues will we take what risks and make what sacrifices? And it is exactly such questions that a democracy exists to answer.

It may be urged, in reply, that the objection to democratic control of foreign affairs is not that the questions are too complicated, but that they are too important for popular decision. Their importance is, I think, often misrepresented by those who concern themselves with international relations. They are apt to assume that the real business of a state is its foreign policy, and that domestic policy is a kind of sordid game, dividing a nation and weakening it in the pursuit of its true purposes. Whereas a just estimate would show that the contrary is the case: that, for example, the domestic questions that have been rightly pre-occupying England and France during the last decade touch vitally those real needs of men and women which it is difficult to bring into any relation at all to the issues that led up to the war. Still, foreign policy is very important, if only because it may produce war. But then, what reason is there to suppose that, for this reason, the people, if properly informed, would be unfit to deal with it?

In fact, two opposite charges are brought against them, either of which might be true at one time or another.

It is supposed that they would not be ready to face the test of war, when it was vital to the nation's interest that they should. And it is supposed that they would rush into war when their wise counselors would have kept them out of it.

Either of these things might certainly happen. But what happens now? What has been happening for centuries? Let us take the present war. What are all Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians saying? Are they not accusing the German government of precipitating upon Europe a monstrous and unnecessary war? Are they not urging that the only way to prevent such a catastrophe in the future is the democratization of the German constitution? That is, precisely, the calling in of the people to put an end to aggressive jingoism! Perhaps that method might be unsuccessful. My point is, that the other method has also been unsuccessful. Or look at Austria. These diplomats who sent the ultimatum to Servia, who refused to extend the time-limit, who rejected recourse to arbitration, who rejected diplomatic mediation — could the parliament of a democratic country have done worse? Is it not practically certain that it would have done otherwise and better? Or turn to the case of Italy. The Italian government, we are told, was forced into the war by popular enthusiasm. I do not know whether this is a true account. But, if it be, for those who believe in the cause of the Allies it is an example of the sound instinct of the people, defeating the erroneous calculations of statesmen.

It is true that upon foreign policy issues of life and death hang more immediately and perilously than upon domestic. It is true that parliaments and peoples cannot be trusted to decide with infallibly right judgment. But that is true also of statesmen and

diplomats. There is nothing special about foreign policy which makes democratic principles less applicable there than in other departments of national life. Broadly, almost every question of foreign policy is one of power, or of the prestige which is a guaranty of power. And it is precisely on these questions of power that the people ought to pronounce, since it is their blood that has to purchase or maintain the power. What bearing has this 'power' on the good life of men, our own or that of others for whom we may be rightly responsible? There is the most general problem of foreign policy, put as it ought to be put. How the people would answer it I do not take upon myself to say. I think they would answer it not as the diplomats have done. But, in any case, it is for them to answer it, if it is for them to answer anything at all. I doubt whether any one will deny this who at all accepts democracy.

There is then, I would urge, on the face of the facts, the same reason for subjecting to public control the issues of foreign policy that there is for so subjecting any other issue. This does not imply the dispensing with training and knowledge. It implies the putting of that training and knowledge at the disposal of the nation for its instruction, and the acceptance of the verdict of the nation thus instructed. We, in England, require a Salisbury, a Lansdowne, a Grey. Americans require a Root or a Lansing. But in a democracy these men are required, not to direct a passive nation, but to take it into their confidence and then leave to it the decision. Now it is clear that, in Europe, at any rate, the people have no control over foreign policy, even in countries otherwise democratic. This war certainly was sprung upon the British nation. True, after it had been so sprung, the nation endorsed it. But it

was in the years preceding that the control ought to have been exercised. How the control would have operated must be matter of conjecture. But it is clear that, from a democratic point of view, the nation ought to have known what policy was being pursued and what the risks were. It could then have decided whether it would pursue a policy that might land it at any moment in a European war (in which case, presumably, it would have made the requisite preparations), or whether it would alter the whole direction of its policy, by proceeding, for example, on the lines indicated by Sir Edward Grey in his often-quoted dispatch.¹ Or if it should have become evident, in attempting that change, that Germany was bent upon war, it would have been all the better that the fact should be known and the requisite measures taken. The result of not taking the nation into the confidence of the government was about as bad as anything could be — a policy drifting into war without making any adequate preparations for war.

II

That the peoples of Europe have, in fact, even in countries otherwise democratic, no control over foreign policy will hardly be disputed. But the question remains, how does this come about? In detail, the answer will be different in different countries, according to the details of constitutional machinery and parliamentary procedure. But one fundamental fact ap-

¹ 'And I will say this: if the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia and ourselves jointly or separately.' (British White Paper, no. 101.)

plies generally. The people in no country have cared to know or control. In England, and no doubt in other countries, it is plainly true that the advent of democracy has meant, so far, not more but less interest in foreign policy. The new classes admitted to the franchise have, naturally enough, concentrated their interest on the domestic legislation that bears directly on the conditions of their life. This legislation, more and more, has taken up the time and attention of Parliament. The front benches have profited by the situation to withdraw foreign policy from the arena of party controversy. And this withdrawal has meant that discussion has been discouraged, and that the foreign secretary has been able to evade all requests for information, with the full approval of the bulk of members in the House. It is thus that the almost incredible thing has occurred, that the whole of our foreign policy has received a new direction, that Great Britain has moved away from her old friend Germany, and toward her old enemies France and Russia, that she has abandoned the policy of isolation and adopted that of alliances, and that Englishmen have made themselves liable to be involved in a European war on a gigantic scale and to be converted, contrary to the whole tradition of our liberties, into a military and conscript nation, almost without notice being taken in the country of this tremendous transformation, carried out by the Foreign Secretary and a handful of officials at the Foreign Office, without ever becoming, even in a subordinate way, an issue at a general election.

Now, it would hardly be honest to put the blame for all this on the Foreign Secretary and the Foreign Office. They prefer, no doubt, to conduct foreign affairs autocratically, and are skeptical of the new point of view that

an instructed democracy might bring to bear upon them. But, after all, in the English system any matter can be made public and brought under control if the people are determined to do it. And in England it must be admitted that, if this has not been done, it is because the people have not cared to do it. A foreign secretary would have had to give information, if it had been made clear that otherwise there would be a vote of censure. And improvements in the machinery of our parliamentary government, useful and necessary as they may be, will not ensure democratic control, unless the people are determined to have it. Will they be determined? I cannot say. But after the experience of this war, it does not seem likely that they will revert to the illusion that foreign policy does not concern them.

The popular control of foreign policy will become possible, then, in democratic states, if, and only if, the people care enough about it to insist upon having it. But not all states are democratic, or likely to become so in the immediate future. And it is urged that democratic diplomacy must be at a disadvantage when it has to deal with an autocracy. But this is not self-evident. Has autocratic diplomacy, in fact, shown itself to be so intelligent and effective? German diplomacy certainly has not. It has led Germany into a war in which she is faced by a coalition unexampled since that which combined against Napoleon; and no one is more critical of German diplomacy than the German people.

Autocracy is no guaranty of good diplomacy. Nor, of course, is democracy. There can be no such guaranty. The advantage of democracy is that it puts responsibility for failure where it should reside, with the people who have to take the consequences. And to those who urge that the people, in

fact, would be less careful of the national interest, and less willing to make sacrifices for it than professional diplomats, it must be replied, first, that there is no evidence of this; secondly, that if it were true it would still be no argument.

The time has gone by for intrusting the destinies of nations to the supposed wisdom of experts. Experts, if indeed they exist, should advise, they should not control. The decision must rest with the nation, that is, with the total result of all the forces, material, moral and intellectual, progressive and regressive, pacifist and militarist, which combine in it and contend for mastery. To desire to withdraw foreign affairs from the control of this growing life, to keep them as a mystery for a profession, or a clique, or a class, is to attempt to fasten upon the present and the future the stamp of the past, to assume in this one department of life unchanging facts and principles, and a finished science. People who so think have too narrow a conception of democracy. Democracy is the whole sum of the arrangements whereby all the faculties of a nation are brought to bear upon its public life. The representative system — itself, no doubt, capable of and requiring much improvement — is the machinery by which the decisions thus reached are translated into action.

Our present conduct of foreign affairs, even in otherwise democratic countries, is a survival from a different order, where a nation was regarded as mere passive stuff from which a few men, with credentials held to be divine, should shape what figure they might choose. That order, I believe, has passed with the conceptions on which it rested. A new order is struggling into life. And from the principles of that new order no department of life can claim to be exempt.

Supposing democratic control to be established, what would be its effect on peace and war? I am one of those who think it would make for peace. Not that I suppose the mass of men to be less pugnacious and bellicose than the class that has hitherto conducted foreign policy. This war has proved, if proof were needed, that an artisan is of much the same stuff as a nobleman; as obstinate when he is in a fight, as averse from reason and reflection, as determined to go on till he has won and never to inquire what can be gained or lost by winning. Once let a war be on the near horizon and the people will lose their heads just as much as any one else. But it is in the process of getting the war on to the horizon that I should expect a change. The governing classes have been influenced in their foreign policy, partly by the abstract idea of power, partly by class interests. They have been appealed to by the pride of being a 'dominant race'; by a sporting feeling about war; by an instinct that war puts them back into the position of ascendancy to which they feel that they have a natural right.

These are the 'aristocratic' motives, plainly very strong in Germany, and not without considerable influence in England. To these must be added the more modern motives of plutocracy: the intrigues with governments of financiers and traders to push their particular interests; that whole competition between the capitalists of different nations which, directly or indirectly, has been the cause lying behind recent wars. These motives democratic control would set aside. It would insist upon putting the plain question that has hardly begun to influence governments in their conduct of foreign affairs, though it is the only relevant question: How does your policy bear upon the life of the people? A radical transformation was begun in the whole

direction of domestic policy when the much-maligned utilitarians brought that question forward in a way in which it could no longer be evaded. But the question has never yet been put effectively, and so that it cannot be evaded, to the directors of foreign policy. Democratic control would mean that it would be put; and the consequences, I believe, would be all favorable to peace. And that, not because the people are, as individuals, all pacific, nor because they are idealists, but because their general interest and outlook is favorable to peace.¹

To what extent what has here been said about European conditions is also applicable to America, American readers can best judge. To a foreigner it appears as though the conditions of popular control were present there more fully than in any other country. The president, it is true, has enormous powers; and although he cannot actually declare war, he can, of course, conduct negotiations in such a way that Congress has no choice save to declare it. On the other hand, the fact that he is an elected officer, and, in his first term, commonly seeks reëlection; the absence of a trained bureaucracy with a tradition, in the conduct of foreign affairs, indifferent to and contemptuous of the will and the judgment of the nation; and the apparent desire of the president to feel the support of public opinion, and for that reason to take it into his confidence — these conditions seem to offer good guarantees that the foreign policy of America, as it comes to be more and more important, may not be withdrawn into that night of secrecy in which the wars of Europe are engendered.

From this point of view, it may perhaps be suggested, Americans would do

¹ That is, to international peace. I am not here discussing the causes or possibility of civil war.
— THE AUTHOR.

well to watch very carefully the growth of an expert diplomatic service. For there seems to be nothing in the nature of the case to prevent such a body, once it has been created, from dominating a president necessarily preoccupied with other concerns, as it can dominate foreign secretaries in European countries, and so, by an imperceptible process, substituting its irresponsible decisions for the judgment of the magistrate elected by the people, supported by public confidence, which he has invited and received. In no department of democratic government is it so urgent as in this to solve the problem of associating expert knowledge with government without allowing the experts to determine policy.

Granting that the people in the different states should have an effective will to control foreign affairs, the machinery of constitutional government will have to be adapted to this purpose. The method of doing this must be worked out in each case by those who are conversant with the constitutional theory and practice of the countries concerned. It is, however, important to insist that there must be international as well as national publicity. All nations must have an opportunity, in the case of an acute dispute, of know-

ing the position and claims of all other nations. This can be done only through a full inquiry by an international authority which shall publish to the world its findings and recommendations.

The creation of an authority for this purpose, and an agreement on the part of the nations to refer their disputes to it, is the essential feature of that American 'League to Enforce Peace,' with whose proposals the governments of the states of Europe are openly associating themselves, and the inauguration of which in the United States may prove to be a turning-point in international history.

There is no magic means of conjuring war. The passions, the cupidities, possibly even the convictions of nations may provoke it in the future, as they have done in the past. But at least it should be possible to secure that, if there is to be war, it should be the people themselves that choose it with their eyes open; and that, if a whole generation of young men is to be destroyed, at least they should see the catastrophe coming and be able to affirm with full knowledge that so it had to be and that to them no choice was given. 'Εν δὲ φάει καὶ ὀλεσσον.' 'Destroy us, if it must be so. But let it be in the light.'

PANSIES

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

[*Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt*]

I

'Of course it is a horrid little garden, but one gets so fond of one's own things, even when they are horrid,' said Miss Edith Glover, with her gentle deprecatory laugh.

She stood with her friend at the door of the conservatory that led from the sitting-room to the oblong plot of garden — a small, middle-aged woman, with soft brown eyes, and hair the color of a faded leaf; her wasted throat and transparent temples and faint yet feverish flush marking her already with menacing symptoms.

The conservatory was of the sort that crops out irrelevantly at the back of many suburban houses, like glaucous fungi; but in Miss Glover's little establishment, its shelves filled with neatly ranged boxes of seedlings, with bundles of raffia, tidy baskets, and carefully garnered labels, it was completely utilitarian, with never a fern or begonia to recall its usual state. Miss Glover's house was suburban, or nearly so, for though it stood in secure detachment from other villas on the southern slopes of a small Surrey town, the town, on its northern side, spread into ugly patches of red brick that devoured the woods and fields and ran long tentacles almost up to London. Acacia Road was removed from this peril of vitality, and its upper windows looked over pleasant stretches of untouched hill and meadow.

The Nook had been left to Miss Glover by an aunt five years ago, and to her it was, from its porch before to its garden behind, a paradise pure and simple, though she described the garden now, in showing it to Florrie Lennard, so disparagingly. If she called it horrid, however, it was only because, with her strong sense of other people's claims and opinions, she recognized that to Florrie, accustomed to grand week-ends at big country-places, it must, *qua* garden, look very dim and meagre. That it must also look, in its humility, very lovely, she took for granted.

Mrs. Lennard, however, standing with her on the conservatory step, her robust silken arm protectingly and benevolently laid within hers, did not contradict her, though her cheerful eyes roamed kindly over the borders of pansies, the beds of mignonette, and the clumps of sweet peas in the corners; but her kindness was for her friend rather than for the garden, and she said, 'You have n't had strength, I expect, for doing more with it.'

'I've never had much strength,' said Miss Glover. 'It does n't want much hard work, luckily. The pansies go on from year to year and only need dividing in the autumn, and then there are the bulbs, of course, in spring; I have crocuses and daffodils and narcissi and some beautiful tulips. The rest I do with penny packets. All those sweet peas and all that mignonette came from two penny packets.'

'You can't expect much for a penny, can you?' said Mrs. Lennard with her rather jovial air; and now she stepped down on to the narrow strip of lawn that had a bird-bath sunken in the middle and a rose-bush at each corner, of the kind now seldom seen, known as Prince Charlie or Maiden's Blush — dark and small of foliage, with flat flowers that would be snowy were they not tinged with a cold pink. They always made Miss Glover think of an old Scotch ballad. Their flowering season was over, now, however. The old *Pyrus japonica* that grew against the wall was also, long since, over, though its fresh, vigorous green embossed the dull bricks; but on the wall opposite, a Madame Alfred Carrière was throwing out a second blooming, dreamy, melancholy, and romantic as only she could be. Madame Alfred Carrière made Miss Glover think of a Chopin waltz, and she hoped that Florrie might at all events remark favorably on her abundance. But Florrie hardly glanced at her. Pausing, as they paced the lawn, to look with tolerant interest at the bird-bath, she observed, —

'I've just been staying with the Isaacsons in Hertfordshire. Such a lovely place. They've a broad sanded walk leading from the house to the rose-garden, as long as — well, to the end of this road, and it's arched with roses all the way, a regular roof of roses, the latest climbers; I never saw such a sight. And their herbaceous border, even now, is a blaze of color. I wish you could see it. It would do you good. It did *me* good, I know. I told Mrs. Isaacson I always feel a better woman after a week-end in her garden. Flowers mean so much to me. I can't get along without them. I run down to the Isaacsons whenever, as I say to her, I need an æsthetic cocktail. Of course they've half a dozen gardeners working from dawn till dewy eve.

You can do pretty much what you want in the way of gardens when you're as rich as the Isaacsons. What it must have cost them to make that sunken rose-garden! — all flagged between the beds, and with a sun-dial and a fountain in the middle and bowers of roses all about. They terraced the lawns, too, with flights of stone steps leading down one from the other, and great white stone vases on the pilasters simply foaming over, my dear, with pink geraniums. Against the blue sky it's dazzling.

'Such nice people they are, too, the Isaacsons. Di, the eldest girl, is marrying Lord Haymouth next week, you know. People say it's a *mariage de convenance*, of course, for she's to have £50,000 and he's without the proverbial penny. But I happen to know it's a love match: love at first sight; a regular *coup de foudre*. I was with the Isaacsons at Ascot this spring when they met, and I saw in a moment that Di's fate was sealed. Do you remember the big photo of Di in court dress on the piano in the flat? No? Well, I should have thought it could n't have escaped notice. Such a splendid young creature; dark, proud, glowing beauty. I think, when they're young, there's nothing to beat a beautiful Jewess. She has a gorgeous voice, too, Di; could have made her fortune in grand opera. I've given her a gold cigarette-case with her monogram in diamonds and rubies. It nearly broke me; but they've always been simply sweet to me. She's very fond of smoking. Smokes too much, her mother and I tell her, though I'm afraid I'm not a very good example to set before the young!'

Mrs. Lennard's face, while she thus spoke, expressed her contentment with the Isaacsons, with herself, the cigarette-case, and life in general. It was large and ruddy and masterful, with aquiline nose and small, jocund mouth,

creasing to the chin in a deep line that spoke of good nature and ingenuous sensuality; the full throat supported by a high lace collar, well boned up behind the ears; the prominent blue eyes at once bland and beaming. She was tall, of a fine presence, her handsome bosom thickly decorated with turquoise ornaments, her shoes of glittering patent leather; and from her wrist dangled a purse of fringed and woven gold — an offering to her from the proprietor of the lady's paper that, for many years, she had edited with so much *flair* and ability.

She had made a very good thing of her life, had Mrs. Lennard; and, nearing the fifties as she was, she had amassed a small but secure income and a large number of affluent friends; friends always engaged in vigorous and costly pursuits that involved many rich toilettes, meals to the sound of orchestras in sumptuous restaurants, and constant motoring from place to place. Among such friends poor Edie Glover had not counted. She and Mrs. Lennard had been schoolmates in early days when their fortunes, one as the daughter of a poor parson and one of a poor doctor, were equally unpromising. But Florrie had married an ambitious young journalist, typified always, in Miss Glover's memory, from her one rather dazed and shrinking impression of him, by extraordinarily smart mustard-colored spats and the weighty and imposing seal ring on his finger; and, though early widowed, Florrie had followed along the paths where he had set her feet with an energy and shrewdness that he could not have bettered.

Meanwhile, poor Edie — for so Mrs. Lennard always thought of her — struggled through many years of waning youth to make her living, and support her mother, as a music-teacher in London. Mrs. Lennard, even when the tides of her own fortune ran low, never

lost sight of her. She had always been the kindest of friends, sowing the Glovers' dun-colored days with 'complimentary' theatre or concert tickets and asking them frequently to tea with her at her club. Even after Edie, now alone in the world, had retired to Acacia Road and left youth and London behind her, Mrs. Lennard, who had the air of fully possessing both, kept constantly in touch. She had never managed, it was true, but for one half hour as she motored by on a winter's day, to visit Acacia Road; but it was to her flat on the borders of Westminster and Charing Cross that Miss Glover always came when called to London by mild necessities or pleasures. Florrie insisted on it; and though, in some ways, Miss Glover would have preferred the house of her cousin in Bayswater, — overflowing with children as it was, and offering only the tiniest of back bedrooms on the top floor, — or the villa of a school-mistress friend at Golder's Green, it had always been impossible to resist Florrie's determined benevolence.

'Nonsense, my dear Edie,' she would say. 'Your cousin can't want you. You'll only be in the way, with those dozens of children. And as for Golder's Green, what can you see of London from Golder's Green?' (Florrie overlooked the fact that for forty-odd years Miss Glover had done nothing but 'see' London.) 'You'll be worn out with tubes and motor-buses if you go to Golder's Green. Whereas with me you are ten minutes from everywhere, be it dentist or dressmaker or concert, and your bedroom's waiting for you — Muriel Lestrangle left me only last Monday; and you can't make me believe you'd not rather have your bath in my lovely porcelain tub, with steaming hot water day and night, than in one of those awful, antediluvian, blistered monsters, that fold you up like a jack-

knife — and the tin of tepid water hauled up four flights by a slavey. I know my London, my dear, through *and* through, and any pleasure here depends upon how you start your day, upon your bath and your breakfast. I can't offer much, but I can offer both of those, A number one.'

So she could. Miss Glover could not deny it, though loyally and unheededly murmuring that the villa at Golder's Green had also its bathroom. It could n't, however, compare with Florrie's, all snowy tiles and glittering taps and ranged jars and bottles of salts and scents. Florrie's bathroom seemed to her always to be the very centre and symbol of Florrie's life — modern, invigorating, rejuvenating, at once utilitarian and decorative. It was a sort of brilliant magician's cave from which all the rest radiated: the compact yet so sumptuous little drawing-room with its baby-grand and its palm, its silver-framed photographs, frilled crêtonnes, and rose-colored carpet; the dining-room, even more compact, yet, in its sobriety, as sumptuous — where the breakfasts always, in spite of familiarity, broke upon Miss Glover as revelations of what coffee and rolls and kidneys and bacon could be in the way of strength and heat and crispness; even the pink silk quilt beneath which she crept at night, and the little maid who brought her early tea, looking, in her fluted caps and aprons, as though she belonged to a theatrical troupe — all seemed emanations of that magic centre where Florrie lay of a morning in hot, scented water and read the paper and smoked a cigarette before emerging armed and panoplied for the avocations and gayeties of the day.

Yet it was not so much Florrie's bathroom and breakfasts, or even Florrie's kindness, that overbore her protests as Florrie's determination, her way of knowing so much better

than you yourself could know what was not only good, but happy for you. There was never an answer to be found to her; and though Florrie's flat, with all its sumptuousness, dazed and even tired Miss Glover a little, just as dear Florrie herself sometimes dazed and tired her, she found herself installed there always, feeling her own pursuits, her little tea-parties, her concerts, her timid, bewildered shopping, to be very humdrum and inappropriate as issuing from such a base of operations. The only return she was able to make was to emboss Florrie's sheets and towels and table-linen with beautifully embroidered monograms, and she had always a slight and pleasant sense of being, at all events, a country mouse who had contributed its little offering of grain or honey when she recognized these trophies of her craft on her bed and on the table and in the bathroom.

But the last time she had gone up that summer, only, now, three weeks ago, she had found herself suddenly of a significance almost as great as that of any of Florrie's brilliant friends. To become significant to Florrie one had either to be brilliant or piteous, and she was piteous. Florrie had gone with her to the doctor's, and it was Florrie, kind Florrie, an arm about her shoulders and a breast spread to her tired head, who had broken to her the verdict.

She was menaced, gravely menaced. — Yes; it did not surprise her — she had thought it might be that. She had seen her father and two sisters die of it. — And unless she could go away and spend a year in a Swiss open-air cure, the doctor did n't think she'd live through the winter.

Seated on Florrie's frilled sofa, while Florrie, all encompassing tact and urgency, passed on the verdict, it was not of it that she first thought. Her mind, perhaps in an instinctive recoil, fixed itself upon the oddly insistent impres-

sion of pinkness that she was aware, suddenly, of receiving. Florrie's blouse, under her cheek, was a bright blur of pink; and when she turned her eyes away from that they met, everywhere, garlands of roses looped with knots of blue ribbon on a background of white and pink stripes. Too much pink: this was the absurdly irrelevant criticism that, dimly, but as if culminatingly, emerged. She must have felt it as too pink for many years, but only now was she aware of it. And then, with a sense of refuge, came the vision of her pansies: those borders of white and purple pansies under the dull brick wall that she had looked at so fondly that morning before starting for her journey. But she would have to leave her pansies, then; not only for a season; perhaps forever.

It was in this form and in this roundabout way that the thought of death became real to her; with pathos rather than poignancy and with yearning regret rather than fear. She did not feel afraid of dying. Her quiet little faith that, though so still, was deep enough for all her needs, had sunken wells of wordless security in her. She was not afraid; but the thought of leaving her flowers, her garden, the skyey view from her bedroom window, symbolized for her all the sadness of death. There was, indeed, nothing else to regret much. Every one she had loved most dearly was gone; and when all was said and done, and in spite of the peace of the last five years, she was a battered, tired little creature, with few of the springs of desire left in her. Her life, as she looked back on it, seemed to have been spent, for the most part, in crowded buses on wet evenings, with not enough lunch behind and not enough dinner before her; in those, and in going up and down the steps of strangers' houses. There had been, of course, more than that; she had never,

except when her dearest young sister died, been very unhappy, and there had been interests and alleviations always—beautiful evening walks across the Park and relaxations over tea with a book before the fire in her lodging-house sitting-room; but the past, when she called it up in an image, seemed always to crumple into that jolting, rattling, wet, and crowded omnibus. So there was not much strength now left in her for resistance or regret; but she would do her best to live, and that really meant that she would do her best not yet to leave her garden.

When she was older, too old to dig a little, divide the pansies in autumn and sow the penny packets in spring, too old to care for the Madame Alfred Carrière or the *Pyrus japonica*, would be time enough to go. But in coming back to it that evening, she knew how deeply, how tenaciously she loved her garden. It was the only thing she had ever owned in her life, the only thing she had ever made: her work and creation; its roots seemed to go down into her heart; and she could not feel that in heaven there would be old white roses and white and purple pansies and mignonette and sweet peas that one had sown one's self from penny packets.

II

At first, when Florrie told her, the verdict had seemed unescapable. She had said, after the little silence in which she received it, — the silence in which much had happened to her, — she had said, in a very quiet voice that had surprised herself, 'I'm afraid it's no good, then, Florrie dear. I can't afford to go away.'

Aunt Kate had left her only the house and its contents. She had saved only the tiniest sum herself — just enough to yield an income that paid for her food and light and coal. To

pay for Jane, her good old servant, to pay for her clothes and washing, to pay for the trips to London and the crumpets and cakes that she gave her friends at tea in Acacia Road, she had still to depend upon the pupils that, fortunately, she had found in the small Surrey town. On three afternoons a week she sallied forth, peacefully indeed, with no sense of anxiety or pressure, and made her way to the houses of the doctor, the rector, the big London manufacturer, and instructed their young daughters in the excellent Munich method that she had imbibed in youth. With these delightfully convenient strings to her bow she could manage perfectly. But to give them up and to pay for an open-air cure in Switzerland was outside the bounds of her possibilities.

So she explained, in the quiet voice, to Florrie; and it was then that Florrie, revealing herself as a more wonderfully kind friend than even in Miss Glover's grateful eyes she had always been, said, the tears suddenly hopping down her cheeks and making dark spots on the pink silk blouse, —

'Stuff and nonsense, my dearest Edie! What do a few pounds more or less matter at a time like this? You *shall* go! It's a question of life or death. Now, not a word, my dear, and listen to me. *I'll* send you. It'll be the proudest day of my life that sees you off. What's all my good luck worth to me if I can't give a friend a helping hand when she needs it? I can sell out some investments. I've more than enough, and I'll soon fill my stocking again. And you shall go as soon as we can get you ready; and first class, my dear, all the way, boat *and* train. Don't I know the difference it makes — and getting off to sleep on the way? Jane shall go with you to take care of you — oh, yes, she shall! — I won't hear of your going alone; and you'll come back next spring a sound woman.

'I know all about those Swiss open-air cures,' Florrie rushed on. 'They're magical. Poor Lady Forestalls was at death's door three years ago — there she is — over there on the piano — that tall, regal-looking woman with the Pekinese: worse than you she was, by far. And she went to Switzerland and came back in six months' time, cured; absolutely cured. Never a touch of it since. She does everything and goes everywhere. And such scenery, my dear, such flowers! You'll revel in it. And Julia Forestalls told me that the people were so interesting. She made a number of friends — Italian, German, Russian. You shall take my tea-basket, my dear. Jane can carry it easily. It's a gem; everything complete and so convenient. It makes simply all the difference on a journey if you can get a steaming hot cup of tea at any time you like, day or night. I saved Cora Clement's life with my tea-basket in Venice; she says so herself. She got chilled to the bone on the lagoons. Over there on the writing-bureau she is; American. Not a beauty, but *jolie laide*, and dresses exquisitely — as you can see. She's always taken for a Frenchwoman.'

Miss Glover, even more than usual, felt to-day that dear Florrie dazed and bewildered her a little; but the mere fact that Florrie's tears had dried so soon, that she could, so soon, be telling her about Lady Forestalls and Cora Clement, was encouraging. Miss Glover felt that her case was evidently but one among many to which Florrie had seen the happiest endings — a comparatively unalarming affair; entirely unalarming, though exceedingly engrossing, Florrie's tone and demeanor indicated, when taken in hand by such as she.

And how she took it in hand! There was no use protesting against anything. As always, Florrie made her feel that

she knew better than she herself could what was good for her. It was all arranged before they parted that day, and Florrie had further smoothed her path by declaring that nothing would suit her better, if Edie really felt fussed about the money, than to take The Nook during her absence. 'The very thing I need,' said Florrie. 'I've been thinking for some time that I must have a little place near London to run down to for week-ends. And you've that duck of a spare-room, too, I remember, where I can put up a friend; and it's so near town that people can motor down and have tea with me of an afternoon. My dear, nothing could be more providential.'

During the three weeks that followed, Florrie, in London, shopped for her, decided on the clothes she would need and the conveniences that she must take; and interesting parcels arrived at The Nook every morning. It was strange and exciting to be made much of, strange and exciting to be starting on a journey; she had not been out of England since that stay, in girlhood, in Munich; and in spite of the shadow hanging over her, the sense of haste lest she be overtaken, she felt the days of preparation as almost happy ones. Jane, it was true, was rather gloomy about everything, but even beneath her sombre demeanor Miss Glover felt sure that she, too, was touched by the sense of adventure, for Jane had never been out of England at all.

And now the boxes were all packed and Miss Glover's dressing-case stood open, half filled, in her bedroom, waiting only for her sponge-bag and pin-tray and brush and comb to be added to-morrow morning, when she and Jane and Florrie were to go up together to Victoria, and Florrie was to see them off; and while Jane prepared her most festive tea, Miss Glover had been show-

ing Florrie all over her new domain on that August afternoon when she had spoken of her garden as horrid. Florrie, in answer to her shy request that she might, perhaps, if it was n't too much bother, sow some mignonette and sweet peas for her next spring, had answered with reassuring decision, 'To be sure I will, my dear. I'll take care of everything and have it all waiting for you spick and span when you get back.' And then Jane's gong had summoned them in, and it had been reassuring, too, to see how benignant were the glances that Florrie cast about the little sitting-room while she stirred her tea and commended Jane's cakes. 'Beeswax and turpentine for all the furniture once a week. I know. And dusted every morning without fail.'

Yes, it was safe in Florrie's competent hands, dear little room. In her heart of hearts, though she had no faintest flicker of criticism or comparison, — except for that one strangely painful memory of the rush of pinkness, — Miss Glover very much preferred her own room, shabby and simple as it was, to Florrie's; just as, though so well aware of the relative insignificance of her garden, she knew that she would prefer it to the Isaacsons', with its arches of roses and its geraniums in white stone vases. She liked quiet, soft, gentle things; the ever-so-faded ancient chintzes on her aunt's chairs and sofa, showing here and there a ghostly bird of paradise or a knot of nearly obliterated flowers, her aunt's absurd, faded, old-fashioned carpet, — fortunately faded! — and her grandmother's Lowestoft cups ranged above the mantelpiece. Everything was in its place: her knitting-basket between her chair and the fireplace; her beaded footstool before the best armchair, where Florrie sat; the little table, with a bowl of white and purple pansies on it, where lay the daily paper and the two books

from the circulating library. All were dear to her; all spoke of continuity with the past, of long association, of quiet, small, peaceful activities; and as she looked about she knew that her heart would have sunk a little at the thought of leaving them, had it not been for Florrie's sustaining presence.

Florrie, while her second cup of tea was being made, drew forth and laid beside the tea-tray, with an air of infinite sagacity, the coupons for the reserved seats in the first-class carriage. 'I'll keep my eyes on those,' said Florrie. It was almost as if they had been tickets for some brilliant entertainment — as if, Miss Glover felt, she and Jane were going to be taken to the opera rather than to Switzerland. It was owing to Florrie that she had almost come to feel that Switzerland *was* the opera.

But that night, when they had gone upstairs and the house was still, the sense of adventure deserted her. Sitting in her dressing-gown before her mirror while, with hands that tired so easily, she brushed and braided her hair, she felt, suddenly, very middle-aged, very lonely, ill, and almost frightened. The look of her gaping dressing-case, as she glanced round at it, was frightening, as was the emptiness of the mantelpiece, from which the family photographs had all been taken to be packed, together with the Bible and prayer-book from the table near her bed. It was a room already deserted. It looked as it might look if she had died. What, indeed, in spite of Florrie's good cheer, if she were to die out there, alone, away from everything and every one she knew? And, with a curious impulse, rising to go and close the gaping dressing-case, she realized that she had not said good-bye to anything. The morning had all been spent in packing — in that and in preparations for Florrie's arrival; and all the after-

noon Florrie had been with her, and she was to be with her till her departure to-morrow. She would not again be alone in her little house; she would not again be alone in her garden. The thought of her pansies came with a pang of reproach; it was as if she had forgotten them, like children sent to bed without a good-night kiss.

She drew her curtain and looked out. Yes; there they were. The moon was shining brightly and the white pansies lay below like pools of milk upon the ground. She looked at them for some moments, while the soft fragrance of the night mounted to her and seemed with gently supplicating hands to draw her forth; and then, cautiously — for Florrie slept across the way — but with decision, she put on her heavy cloak over her dressing-gown, wrapped a shawl about her head and shoulders, and stole downstairs.

The drawing-room was very dark; she felt her way swiftly through it past the familiar objects, and the conservatory door opened on a flood of silvery light. She saw the far, shining disk, and the great black poplar tree that grew in the neighboring garden seemed vast against the sky. As she stepped out, she made herself think of Diamond in 'At the Back of the North Wind.' It was like stepping into a fairy-tale; only something more sweet and solemn than a fairy-tale, as that book was; something, for all its beauty, a little awful. But when she looked down from the moon, the sky, the poplar, there was only sweetness. The fragrance that had solicited her seemed now to welcome her, to clasp and caress her. The pansies were all looking up at her. On the wall Madame Alfred Carrière was more beautiful than she had ever before seen her, her pale flowers and buds making a constellation against the darkness.

She walked round the path, looking

at it all, so glad that she had come, smiling—a child in fairyland, or a spirit arrived in Paradise and finding it strange yet familiar—as Paradise should be. Perhaps, she thought, dying would be like that: a stepping out from darkness into something vast and solemn that would slowly gather about one into well-known and transfigured shapes, into white pansies growing thickly at one's feet. She stooped in the moonlight and passed her hands over their upturned faces. They were flowers entranced, neither sleeping nor awake; and she felt, as her fingers touched their soft, dewy petals, as if their dreams with their whiteness flowed into her. To leave them was like leaving her very self, yet the parting now was all peace and innocent acquiescence and gentleness, like them, and she was still smiling as she whispered to them, 'Good-bye, darlings.'

III

Switzerland was like the opera, and for her first months there Miss Glover felt as if she watched it from a box—very much at the back and looking past many heads at the vast display. Everything that Florrie had said was true: the scenery was more magnificent than she could have imagined, oppressively more, and the people, again oppressively, more interesting. They were, these people, engaged all of them in trying to keep alive, and, when they failed in that, in dying, dying under one's eyes from day to day; and in the publicity of such occupations there was something as abnormal as was the size of the mountains. Some of these people she came to know a little—the ones, usually, who had given up: the dear little Russian girl who, alas, died in December; the sulky, affectionate French boy; and the large yet wasted German singer who made Miss Glover think of a

splendid fruit keeping still its shell of form and color while eaten away inside by wasps. Fraülein Schmidt liked to have her play Schubert and Schumann songs to her, and still tried to sing attainable passages here and there in a queer, booming, hollow voice that made Miss Glover, again, think of the wasps imprisoned and buzzing. But most of the people remained parts of the spectacle to her. They engaged, when they were well enough, in winter sports; they talked together of books she had never heard of and of things she had never thought of; and often, moreover, she could not understand what they said, as her languages did not extend beyond rather simple French and German, and Dante with a dictionary.

The only other English person there was a young man who made her think of the Prince Charlie roses; he was sombre and delicate and beautiful and did not talk to anybody, sitting apart and reading all day long. Miss Glover wondered a good deal about him, and watched him sometimes from her place on the snow-sifted balcony when they lay there encased in fur bags and buttressed with hot-water bottles. His name was Lord Ninian Carstairs; and that was like the roses, too.

Once, when they were alone on the balcony, their recumbent chairs near one another, he lifted his eyes suddenly and found hers fixed upon him, and perhaps their wistful and ingenuous absorption touched him, for, flushing faintly,—he was a shy young man,—he asked if she were feeling better.

She said she could n't quite tell. It was difficult to tell what one felt, did n't he find? Everything was so different; so exciting in a way; and when one was excited one felt, perhaps, better than one was.

Lord Ninian laughed shortly at that, and said that he did n't feel excited; he wished he could.

'I'm depressed, too, sometimes,' said Miss Glover; and then he sighed.

'One gets so abominably homesick in this hole,' he said.

She had never thought of such splendor as being, possibly, to anybody, a hole; but she knew what it was to feel homesick. They smiled at each other when they met after that, she and Lord Ninian, and he lent her magazines and books. When she heard that he had died, — she had not seen him for a week and had feared for him, — she felt very, very sad and her thoughts turned in great longing to Acacia Road and to her garden.

She wanted very much to live to see her garden again; but she could not help being frightened lest she should not; for, as the winter wore on, it became evident to her, and all the more because every one else was so carefully unaware of it, that one of the things that Florrie had predicted was not to come true. She was not to return cured. She was not going to get better. At first the slow burning of fever had seemed only part of the excitement, but she could not go on thinking it that when it began to leave her breathless, trembling, faint. By the time that the miracle of the Alpine flower-meadows was revealed to her and she had watched the snow recede and the jonquils and anemones advance, she knew that if she wished to die at home she must soon go. They would not consent to that at once. They said that the spring months were full of magic, and she was persuaded to stay on. They were magically beautiful and she was glad to see them, but she longed more and more to see her little garden. She dreamed sometimes of her pansies at night, and it seemed to her once that as she stooped in the moonlight and touched them she was cured; the fever fell from her; a cool white peace flowed into her veins; and when she looked up from

them, the night was gone and the sun was rising over her Surrey hills.

At the beginning of June they consented that she should go. They did not tell her the truth, of course. They said that she might pass the summer in England, since she wished so much to return there, and that she must come back for next winter; but she knew that if her state had not been recognized as hopeless they would not have let her go. It was hopeless, and she summoned all her strength and resolution, that she might live until she reached Acacia Road.

IV

Florrie met her at Victoria. Florrie did not know that it was hopeless, though she knew that it was not, as yet, a cure; but from the way that she controlled her features to a determined joviality Miss Glover could infer her shock, her grief, her consternation. The glance, too, that Jane and Florrie exchanged was revealing, had she been in need of revelations.

After a night in Florrie's flat, however, she knew that she looked so much better that poor Florrie, when she came to see her in the morning, was quite erroneously cheered. '*You're* all right,' Florrie declared. 'The journey's knocked you about a bit; but once we get you down to Surrey, Jane and I, you'll pick up in no time. After all, there's no place like home, is there?'

Miss Glover, from her pillows, smiled. She felt very fond of kind Florrie and sorry for her that she must, so soon, suffer sadness on her account.

It was difficult, in the train, to listen to Florrie's talk. After her fright of the day before, Florrie had cheered up so tremendously that she talked even more than usual, of her friends, her enterprises, of how she was going yachting that autumn with the Forestalls,

and of how Di Haymouth had just had a baby.

'A splendid boy, and Mr. and Mrs. Isaacson are fairly off their heads with pride and pleasure. Such a layette, my dear, you never saw! Real lace through and through — and the cradle of a regular little prince! I gave him a silver porringer for his christening; a lovely thing, all heavy *répoussé* work with his initials on a shield at one side. Di says it's the prettiest porringer she ever saw.'

It was difficult to listen to Florrie and to nod and smile at the right moment when she was thinking of her garden and wondering if Florrie had really remembered to sow the sweet peas and mignonette. Even if she had n't, the Madame Alfred Carrière and the Prince Charlie roses would be out, and the late tulips, and the pansies, of course. And it was such a beautiful day, just such a day as that she had risen to look at when, in her dream, the pansies had cured her.

The drive from the station up to Acacia Road was a short one. The dear, foolish little porch was there, the bow-window, the laurel-bushes. Her own home. As she saw it she felt such a lift of the heart that it seemed to her, too, that she might be going to get better after all. Florrie and Jane helped her out and she and Florrie went into the sitting-room. She looked round it, smiling, while she felt her happy, fluttering breaths like those of some wandering bird put back into its own dear cage again, safe, secure, bewildered a little in its contentment. She was like such a trivial little cage-bird; she was meant for Acacia Road, and not for Swiss mountains.

Everything was the same: even her knitting-basket stood waiting for her, and all that caught her eye with their unfamiliarity were the flowers, the profusion of flowers, standing in bowls and

vases everywhere; perhaps almost too many flowers, — that was like dear, exuberant Florrie, — and all pink.

'Oh — how lovely they are!' she said, finding the fluttering breath fail her a little. 'How dear of you, Florrie, to have it all arranged like this!'

'They look welcoming, don't they?' said Florrie, who laughed with some excitement. 'Will you rest, dear, or come into the garden?'

'Oh, the garden, please. I'm not at all tired. I can rest later.'

Florrie still led her by the arm. They went into the conservatory and there came to her then the strangest, dizziest sense of pink — everywhere pink! — shining in at her through the sea-green glass, bursting in at her through the open door.

For a moment she thought that her mind was disordered, and looked up with large, startled eyes at Florrie; but, beaming as she had never yet seen her beam, all complacency and triumphant benevolence, Florrie nodded, saying, 'Now for your surprise, my dear. Now for your garden. Just see what I've made of it to welcome you!'

They stepped out. Pink. Pink everywhere, above, below, around one. The paths were arched with swinging iron chains on which, already, the long festoons advanced. The border, heaping itself up splendidly against the wall, was splashed with white, yellow, blue and purple, a blaze of color indeed, but pink dominated, like the sound of trumpets in an orchestra. It also made Miss Glover think, strangely, sickly, of the sound of a gramophone. There was no lawn. The centre of the garden was flagged, with a highly ornamental sundial in the middle and a white garden seat and a wonderful white stone basin for the birds. There were no Prince Charlie roses, no mignonette and sweet peas; there were no pansies. Her garden had disappeared.

'There!' said Florrie.

She led her to the garden seat. From here Miss Glover, as she sank down upon it, could see that the back of the house was also draped with the inces-sant color.

'Is n't it a marvel!' said Florrie. 'I hardly dared hope they'd grow as they have, but Dorothy Perkins is a winner, and these latest climbers run her close. I spared nothing, my dear, nothing — manure, bone-meal, labor. The men were working here for a week last autumn. All the old soil was carted away and a rich loam put in three feet deep. I knew I could get them to grow up in time if I took enough pains over it. Those chains will be covered in another month. I knew it would do you more good than any open-air cure to find such a garden waiting for you. I'd defy anybody to have the blues in this garden! In its little way it's just an epitome of joy, is n't it? It's done *me* good, to begin with! I've been having tea out here every day in my week-ends and every one who's seen it and heard about my plan says I'm a regular old fairy with a wand. Mrs. Isaacson motored down only last Saturday and thought it was a perfect poem. And so it is, though I say it as should n't.'

Florrie had paused on the deepest breath of purest satisfaction, and the time had come when Miss Glover must speak. She must find words to express gratitude and astonishment. She must not burst into tears. She felt that if she began to cry she would at once be very ill. She did not want to be taken ill before dear, good, kind Florrie. And it was, of course, a beautiful garden; far more beautiful than hers had ever been, no doubt; yet it hurt her so — to find her garden gone — that she heard her voice come in gasps as she said, 'Dear Florrie — you are a wonderful friend

— you are indeed. — I can never thank you enough. It's a miracle.'

Florrie patted her shoulder — she had her arm around her shoulders. 'My best thanks will be to see you happy in it, Edie dear, and getting well and strong again in it. It's a regular surprise-packet, this garden, let me tell you, my dear. It'll go on, that border, right up till November, one thing after another: I thought it all out, pencil and paper and catalogue in hand. I went over the whole color-scheme with Mrs. Isaacson — there's no one who knows more about it. And since most of the herbaceous things came from her garden, it did n't cost as much as you'd think. They've always heaps of plants left over when they divide in autumn, and everything was at my disposal; and all the latest varieties, as I need n't say. Wait till you see the lilies — yes, my dear, I've found room for everything; where there's a will there's a way is my motto, you know — and the phloxes and the chrysanthemums.'

She would never see them, though she was sure that they would all be very beautiful; she would never see these latest varieties from Mrs. Isaacson's garden. And she would never see her own little garden again. How wonderfully fortunate it was — the thought went through her mind confusedly as she sat there, feeling herself droop against Florrie's shoulder — that she was not to live with Florrie and to go on missing her own garden. How fortunate — but her thoughts swam more and more and tears dazed her eyes — that she had not to say good-bye twice to her pansies. She had died, then, really, — that was it, — on the moonlight night when she had last seen them. And she had left the house to Florrie, dear kind Florrie, and Florrie would go on having tea happily under the festoons of roses.

THE DUSK OF THE GODS

A CONVERSATION ON ART WITH GEORGE MOORE

BY JOHN LLOYD BALDERSTON

THE fall of an apple called Newton's attention to the law of gravitation, and my discovery that Art is extinct was quite as accidental. I had intended a journey of some miles to the fireside of a great financier, to ask him how much longer the international poker game can continue, the players having emptied their pockets of cash, checked away their bank balances, and commenced to buy more stacks of chips with little pieces of paper bearing the last three vowels of the alphabet and a signature. But the drizzle and fog of a London winter night made the long trip distasteful, so I went instead to a hospitable Chelsea studio near my lodgings.

George Moore was there, and to make small talk, with no intimation of the revelation about to be vouchsafed, I asked the author of *Evelyn Innes*, 'What effect will the war have on Art?'

'None whatever,' he replied. 'Art is dead. There is no more art being produced, and it is as plain as a signpost that we have entered a period as barren of Painting, Literature, and Music as were the Dark Ages.'

'Really?' I said, suppressing a desire to demand, 'What is, or was, Art? When was it born and when did it die? Who or what killed it, and for what reason? And if Art is dead now, will there ever be any more? And if old Europe, mother of masterpieces, has become barren, may not the young continents in their turn beget worthy children?'

These questions were to be answered later, for I extracted an invitation to call at Mr. Moore's home in Ebury Street and discuss the fatality. For the moment, I confined myself to the remark that the demise of Art would be felt most deeply in America, where our thoughts and hopes dwell on the future because we have no glorious past centuries to boast.

'Only one great artist is necessary to save the self-respect of a nation,' said Mr. Moore, 'and you Americans have produced two. That is enough. One was a painter, one of the greatest who ever lived: Whistler. The other was a poet. You have written well in America; you write better than we do, because you are further away from the French language, which debases English style. Hawthorne has moulded the English language into beautiful and musical rhythms, and I should grieve to think that America could forget him. Edgar Poe was a fine artist, much greater than Tennyson, though his lyre was small. But if the works of all your men of letters except one must be burned, if the writers and critics now living were called together and asked to choose what single American writer should be saved, it would be unpardonable to hesitate, even though the hesitation endured but for a moment. The best of Whitman's poems are among the grandest ever written. Hawthorne, Poe, and your lesser men — Emerson,

Longfellow, Lowell, — must all take their hats off to Whitman.'

A few days later we held an exhaustive inquest in Ebury Street. I found the great novelist clutching an American magazine. 'What about these vast preparations for war that America plans to make?' he demanded. 'I suppose you are getting ready to fight Germany in the future, alone, for that you should fight us seems as impossible as anything can be in this world where the impossible is always taking place. Why do you not come in now and help us make this war a failure for Germany, while there is yet time? It would certainly be simpler and less costly than to fight Germany single-handed, which seems to be the fate America is spinning for herself.'

Masterpieces of the Impressionist painters looked from the walls reproachfully during an opening conversation which, I thought, many superior persons for whom 'every stroke of George Moore's pen has a hieratic significance' would regard as vulgarly commonplace. We analyzed the latest *communiqués*, and Mr. Moore lamented that this French word has crept into our language, displacing without warrant or reason the English synonyms, 'communication' and 'bulletin.'

'And now,' I asked, 'will you begin by defining Art?'

'That is something men have been trying to do since the beginning of time,' Mr. Moore said. 'I suppose it has come my turn to try; I'll do my best, and my theory of the nature of Art will make it clear why there can be no Art under present conditions. All Art springs from the attempt of man to imitate Nature; but man, being an imitative animal, will imitate instead, if he gets the chance, the efforts of his fellow man to imitate Nature. If he does n't, — that is, if nations live apart and don't see each other, — he will go on

imitating Nature indefinitely, and thus continue to produce Art *ad infinitum*, for the number of ways of viewing Nature is inexhaustible.'

'But men are not hermits,' I objected. 'They don't live apart, and they always do see and imitate each other.'

'There is no harm in a man imitating his neighbors,' said Mr. Moore, 'for then he is creating a National Art. It is the communities that must not mingle together. Of course the seed must come from somewhere, but it must come accidentally, and not in large quantities. Before the days of locomotion, nations, speaking broadly, knew nothing of one another. Greek Art was ultimately derived from the Egyptian, but it was a long trip, a trip which few men made, from Memphis to Athens, and the seed from the Nile produced in Greece a new and more splendid fruit.'

'Japan, before the steamboats came, was far removed from China, and although the seed was brought from China, the Japanese developed Art in their own way, and the Chinese formula was more realistic, the Japanese more decorative. But if a shipload of Elgin marbles had been landed at Yokohama in the seventeenth century, there would have been no more Japanese Art. They would have said, "This is the thing to do," and they would have done it — badly.'

'When European Art did come to Japan, it killed the Japanese formula. The Japanese now go to Paris to paint, and a pretty mess they make of it; or they stay at home and try to imitate their own handicraft of two hundred years ago; but the inward vision has vanished from Japan, just as the Renaissance tradition, on which we have been living for four hundred years past, has vanished from France and England. The Renaissance tradition grew out of a revival of Art in an entirely new style. Why? Because men did not

know the Greek style. The Greek tradition died in the fourth century, and seven hundred years afterwards men began to build cathedrals in Gothic.

'But in the fourteenth century Greece was rediscovered, and the Renaissance has been described as a combination of Classic and Gothic, although the Renaissance people did not draw inspiration from the Gothic: their one desire was to get away from the Gothic. Greek Art arose out of the temple; Gothic Art is the art of the cathedral; the Renaissance Art is the art of the palace. In Holland in the seventeenth century the homely and comfort-loving lives of the Dutch people created the art of the house. The Dutch were inspired now and again by Italy, but the Art of the Netherlands is original as it could not have been if constant communication had existed between the two countries. As this brief mention of the genesis of the great artistic movements shows, what is important in Art is not knowledge, but ignorance. If original vision is to be attained, we must have segregation. Now we have discovered locomotion, which is another word for civilization, and civilization is a foe to ignorance.'

'So the death of Art —' I began.

'Can be summed up in one word,' Mr. Moore took me up. 'Locomotion! The steamboat and the railroad debauched the Muse and she died strangled in telegraph wires; the telephone chants her requiem. I cannot repeat too often that the masterpieces of Art are produced by segregation. The result of universal travel, universal exchange of ideas through the transportation everywhere of pictures, books, and musical scores, is the growth of the illusion that one way of imitating Nature is better than another, and in painting the way selected at the moment is the Boulevard Montparnasse way. In mathematics two and two do

make four and it is wrong to say that they make five; but in Art there is no right and wrong. Art cannot be taught, but we may learn, which is not quite the same thing; nor can Art be encouraged or repressed. To spend money on art schools and museums is absurd, and, when public funds are used, an outrage on the taxpayers.

'If it were only possible to suppress all art schools what an inestimable benefit would be conferred upon Art! The moment you set up a museum, whatever art there is in the locality is ruined at once. The Persians made the finest carpets in the world, but they simply worked away at a family industry and never dreamed they were creating art; and if any one should desire to destroy the beautiful carpet-weaving of Persia, he can do so by setting up school, to teach the Persians design, unless indeed this has already been accomplished by the introduction of machinery. Since there is no wrong or right way in Art, how pitiful are these young people from Japan and Paraguay and the United States who go to Paris and walk up and down the Boulevard Montparnasse and learn to paint like the French: especially since painting is dead in Paris—as dead as sculpture in Athens. People might as well go to Athens to learn sculpture because Phidias worked there, as go to Paris to paint because great artists once painted in Paris. All they study is the commercial art produced for purposes of exportation, which is in every way inferior to photography. It is impossible to tell an American from an English photograph—and who would now undertake to decide whether a picture was painted in Lima or in Christiania?'

'At least students do not travel to learn how to write,' I suggested.

'Literature is played out as well as painting,' said Mr. Moore, decidedly. 'Literary Art has become internation-

alized, and a modern novel reminds me of the international dinner, which consists of — I will not draw up a bill of fare and disturb any one's appetite. Russian books just now have more flavor than those of other countries, because Russia is more isolated; there are not so many railways. But the country soon will be developed and there will be an end of Russian writing. This fatal germ of internationalization even reaches communities as yet not connected physically with the outside world; there are villages in China where a hundred years ago everything that was made was beautiful, and now all things made there are inferior, although the people are still cut off from civilization. In some mysterious way their spiritual segregation has come to an end. Literature is past saving; the doubtful thing to me is whether any language worth speaking can survive.

'Will you develop that point?' I asked.

'It is a digression in one sense,' Mr. Moore replied, 'but the debasement of languages is caused by the factors that have destroyed Art. We still have the different languages, to be sure: the waiters who serve the international dinner in every hotel in the world speak all languages with equal facility and with equal incorrectness. Men have been trying to invent the international language, and they have all failed, but it is being formed naturally; the present international war is helping to this end, and hundreds of French words, which people use because they think they look nice, have crept into the English language from the battlefields.

'William de Morgan is one of those writers who like to sprinkle their pages with French, and I asked him the other day, "Why do you scatter French phrases through your work?" "Don't you like French words, Mr. Moore?" he asked; and I said, "I avoid them."

He was surprised, and said, "I always like to put four or five French words on a page." William de Morgan, you know, did not publish his first novel until he was on towards seventy, so I answered, "Yes, Mr. de Morgan, but you came late into literature!"

'People who use French in English writing are always those who don't know French very well. They use *badinage* for 'banter,' and think there is a shade of difference—or, I suppose I should say, a *nuance* of meaning. Then they write *résumé*, which they think more refined than 'summary,' and in society every woman is *très raffinée*. I met an author who had written "small and *petite*," and I asked him why he did it. He said *petite* can mean dainty as well as small, and I said, "It cannot; it means nothing but small; but, in any case, if you wanted to say dainty, why did n't you say dainty?"

'In my newspaper yesterday I met with an example of this tendency. True, it was in the newspaper, but what appears in the newspaper will appear later in our speech, and then it will have to be written. A dispatch read something like this: "The Germans have been asked to give up their gold ornaments and watches to be melted down into coin, unless they are *souvenirs*." A man must be without any æsthetic sense whatever who writes *souvenir* when he might have written 'keepsake'; it has associations, that word keepsake; it lives, breathes, runs, jumps, flies; but *souvenir* in English is a corpse. The person who wrote *souvenir* when he meant 'keepsake' thinks, I suppose, with the man who wrote *petite* and with Mr. de Morgan, that a little French relieves the tedium of English and improves style; but if these people knew enough French to read a French book understandingly and found English words on every other page, they would see that the use

of those words destroys the beauty of the French style, and, reasoning by analogy, they might infer that the use of French takes the smack off the English language.

'The international language that is arising will be almost without grammar, because grammar is difficult. English at present can hardly be said to have a verbal system. When verbs are not conjugated a language has lost a great deal of its beauty. When the adjective no longer agrees with the noun the loss of beauty is certain. Translate the title of my book, *Memoirs of my Dead Life*, and you get, "*Mémoires de ma vie morte*," which is obviously much prettier. I have a cousin in a convent at Lourdes. She has been there twenty years, but I suppose she has not troubled to learn French, and so missed a neat phrase, for I wrote to her, "*Nous sommes les deux rêveurs d'une famille peu rêveuse*." It is impossible to translate that into English, because our language is not sufficiently grammatical; and yet even French is losing its grammar. I fear that English will become more and more commercialized. The unity of the Empire demands that we provide in our future language for the Indian tribesmen, and the Africans, and such aborigines as we may annex in German colonies, so you see there is not much hope for progress.

'If there be a future for the English language, which I doubt, it is in America. A great deal of your speech is Elizabethan, and what is not you have invented. You are still inventing a language, while we have stopped; we take what additions foreigners and our savage subjects supply us, but that is all. Perhaps in America another language will arise, adopted to literary usage, out of your *patois* — Ah, yes, I see you smiling. Out of your slang, your dialects; English words both, and just as good. You might have done better,

when you went over the Atlantic, to adopt the Sioux language. Which possesses the more complex and subtle grammar, English or Sioux, I do not know. Probably the Sioux. Decidedly, you had better have adopted the Sioux, particularly if the Sioux was not a written language, because uneducated people, especially when they cannot read at all, are always more literary than the educated. If I had the privilege of learning English again, I should learn it from the peasants and be a better writer. Peasants use in their speech images inspired by what they look at; they never use abstract terms, and I'm sure that the Sioux spoke far more beautifully than any Englishman. If I ask my parlormaid to find something I have lost, she will say, "I'll have a look around." If I ask you, you will say, "I'll try to find it." Which phrase conveys the image?

'You may think I have wandered far from our topic, but in a discussion of literary art the question of language is of supreme importance, because literature exists in language, not in ideas. There is nothing so common in the world as ideas. An idea amuses one for a week or a month, then gets into the press and is dragged about until it becomes a platitude, and one loathes the very thought of it. A good phrase can never become a platitude. "The rosy fingers of the Dawn" is beautiful today, though it may have been hackneyed when Homer put it in the *Iliad*.'

'What will happen, in our new Dark Ages, to the Art of the past?' I asked.

'The future of Art will be in museums, as the future of the dead is in cemeteries,' Mr. Moore answered. 'As I have said, after the art of the temple, the cathedral, and the palace, came the art of the house, which was the last phase; for now the art of the house is dead, since people no longer live in houses. They are all moving into bun-

galows, or, which is the same thing, into apartments — and in a bungalow there is no room for art. We have futile attempts at art for the bungalow, as we shall have pretended art for the Pullman car, for the motor, for the aeroplane. The great pictures of the past, having hung in houses for centuries, are passing into the museums, not only because people are moving out of houses, but because new social ideas are destroying the great estates and making it impossible to keep valuable art works from one generation to another. In England now three death duties will break up the greatest estate in the kingdom. You say you still have houses in America and millionaires with money enough to buy pictures? Ah, but think of what they buy! It takes a lifetime to learn to recognize a good picture, and how can a man who has spent his best years making a fortune expect to know a masterpiece when he sees it? When I was in Paris forty years ago, your rich Americans were buying trash!

Mr. Moore's gaze rested lovingly upon some of his own acquisitions of the period, — works of Manet, Monet, Ingres, Degas, Morissot, Daubigny, — and he added, 'Now they, or their sons, ask, "Why did n't we put our money in Manet?" But if a newer Manet were to arise he would be passed over — the commonplace is always preferred by the "connoisseur," who thinks about Art when he is not engaged with more serious matters. Art, as Whistler says, is on the town; everybody thinks he can buy himself the right to chuck the Muse under the chin. He says "I know what I like"; but the taste of the moment is disastrous. We should buy what we shall like in ten years' time, and for that we should seek advice before we buy pictures as we do before we buy yachts or race-horses.'

A brown book on Mr. Moore's table

had attracted my eye. It was Whistler's *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, and upon the introduction of Whistler's name I picked it up, remarking, 'Does not Whistler in his "Ten o'Clock" lecture advance a theory of Art which would make all you have said, to put it mildly, untenable? If I remember rightly he contends that there was no such thing as an artistic period; that the artist is a man apart from and uninfluenced by his fellows, and hence denies by implication that segregation, locomotion, or any external conditions affecting the mob can have any influence whatever upon Art, since Art is the artist.'

'I had that question of an artistic period out with Whistler in Paris,' said Mr. Moore. 'He had discovered that his theory was more or less shaky. It became still more shaky when I said, "At least you cannot well hold that there have been no inartistic periods; there were isolated artists in the Dark Ages, but if generalities ever mean anything it can be said that there was no art for seven hundred years. After all, an artistic period only means a time in which there are more good artists than at another time, and you'll surely not deny that there were more good artists in Florence in the sixteenth century than in the tenth. Michael Angelo, Donatello, Andrea del Sarto, and Leonardo lived in Florence, a town half as big as Chelsea, and were contemporaries. We have agreed to call such a fortuitous concourse of atoms an artistic period."

'Whistler, in his amusing fashion, began to argue the point. He was always difficult to follow, because he very often did not finish his sentences. I remember Whistler telling me that some little figures about six inches high made by a sculptor named Story were very like the Elgin marbles; and, as I was at that time entirely sub-

jugated by Whistler, I did n't think of contesting the matter with him; but I could never keep the question out of my head, "Why are Story's figures like the Elgin marbles?" and I was pursued by an uncontrollable desire to find an occasion to ask Whistler to explain. One day, in the Grosvenor Gallery, there were a dozen of Story's figures on a tray, and as I stood before them pondering the problem, I saw Whistler coming down the gallery. "Now or never," I said to myself, "is my chance to find out," and I caught Whistler by the arm and said, "Tell me — you say these things of Story's are like the Elgin marbles — why?"

Here Mr. Moore began an imitation of the great painter's gruff voice, jerking out phrases, or fragments of them, with perceptible pauses between, which I indicate by dashes, and lowering and lifting a China inkwell before him to illustrate Whistler's handling of one of Story's statuettes.

"Well, you see," Whistler said, "you know — well, you know — you can take it up — you can put it down — and then you — look at it — you take it up — you put it down — you look at it again — and — that which is — then of course the relation of Art to Nature — which is the prerogative of the Artist — Art which is not Nature because it is Art — Art which is Nature because it is not Art — Nature which is not Art because it is Nature — Nature which is — Art which is not — the spontaneous creation — Oh, come along, my dear fellow — come along — lunch, bunch — lunch, bunch, — lunch, bunch — lunch, bunch —"

During the concluding portion of an extraordinary mimicry, which unfortunately I cannot reproduce, Mr. Moore had marched round the table, seized my arm and dragged me to the other end of the room, where he dropped the impersonation with a hearty burst of

laughter. 'Story had given evidence for Whistler in his suit against Ruskin,' he said, when sobriety had been restored, 'and to compare Story's work to the Elgin marbles was Whistler's notion of gratitude.'

'How do you answer Whistler's contention, which, if admitted, seems to me fatal to your theory that the artist is not influenced by his surroundings?' I asked.

'I can do better than answer it; I can explain it,' Mr. Moore replied. 'Another anecdote will do that. Whistler was walking with me, and he said, "Ugly boots — boots pointed toes — how can you?" They were new and rather expensive boots, and I asked in great surprise what was wrong with them. "Pointed toes — pointed toes — dreadful — dreadful-looking things!" Whistler went on. "Are they really very ugly?" I asked, and Jimmie rapped out, "Ugly? — well, of course — how can you, Moore?" I had not thought pointed toes ugly, but I supposed of course Whistler must be right, and I determined not to wear out that pair of pointed toes. Then, a little later, meeting Mrs. Whistler, I happened to say something about her husband's views on pointed toes, and she said, "Of course Jimmie has to wear square toes! He has a deformed foot."

'In everything Whistler's extraordinary egoism was manifested. Because of his foot, you see, he evolved a theory that square toes were beautiful and pointed toes ugly, and tried to make other people accept it. He wished to be regarded, not as a product of Nature, but as a spiritual essence — a miracle; he acknowledged no masters; he always insisted on being an American because America had produced no painter excepting himself. It was disagreeable to him to think that great artists come in bunches, and he wished to be associated with no school, although he learned

his painting in Paris during one of the great periods of Art — the middle of the nineteenth century. He conceived himself as coming into the world full-fledged, uninfluenced by predecessors or contemporaries, and he believed that this was so as sincerely as he devoutly believed in the ugliness of my boots.'

As Mr. Moore talked I opened Whistler's book, and on the fly-leaf found the inscription, above the artist's well-known monogram, 'To George Moore — for furtive reading.' I looked up inquiringly, and Mr. Moore chuckled as he saw my discovery. 'That's like him, is n't it?' he asked, and chuckled some more. 'You see Whistler read my *Modern Painting* and decided that I knew something about Art, and since he labored under the impression that nobody excepting himself had any ideas on the subject, it followed that I must have plagiarized from him. Hence the inscription: he asked me if I would mind if he wrote something nasty, and I begged him to do so. — What an absurd fetish it is that one should avoid plagiarizing! Everybody does it, has done it, will do it. I think I shall ask my parlormaid to read Tchekoff and tell me his plots, and then I shall write them my way. Once Zola discussed an idea with me, and I said, "Zola, I shall write that." "Very well, Moore," he said, "we'll both write it." We both did, and curiously enough, whether through a strange sense of modesty or not I do not know, I never read what Zola had written. And I am quite sure he did not read what I had written. But the two stories were entirely unlike; I am certain no one could have guessed the common origin.'

Suddenly Mr. Moore reached over and took *The Gentle Art* from my hands. 'All theories aside,' he said with kindling enthusiasm, "'Ten o'Clock" is one of the finest bits of prose in the

English language. It is the last thing written to which one need pay attention. Let me read you a passage as fine as any one has ever done.' And he read: —

"That Nature is always right, is an assertion, artistically, as untrue, as it is one whose truth is universally taken for granted. Nature is very rarely right; to such an extent even, that it might almost be said that Nature is usually wrong: that is to say, the condition of things that shall bring about the perfection of harmony worthy a picture is rare, and not common at all.

"This would seem, to even the most intelligent, a doctrine almost blasphemous. So incorporated with our education has the supposed aphorism become, that its belief is held to be part of our moral being, and the words themselves have, in our ear, the ring of religion. Still, seldom does Nature succeed in producing a picture.

"The sun blares, the wind blows from the east, the sky is bereft of cloud, and without, all is of iron. The windows of the Crystal Palace are seen from all points of London. The holiday-maker rejoices in the glorious day, and the painter turns aside to shut his eyes.

"How little this is understood, and how dutifully the casual in Nature is accepted as sublime, may be gathered from the unlimited admiration daily produced by a very foolish sunset.

"The dignity of the snow-capped mountain is lost in distinctness, but the joy of the tourist is to recognize the traveller on the top. The desire to see, for the sake of seeing, is, with the mass, alone the one to be gratified, hence the delight in detail.

"And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses palaces in the night, and

the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us — then the wayfarer hastens home; the working-man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master — her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her.

“To him her secrets are unfolded, to him her lessons have become gradually clear. . . .

“Through his brain, as through the last alembic, is distilled the refined essence of that thought which began with the Gods, and which they left him to carry out.

“Set apart by them to complete their works, he produces that wondrous thing called the masterpiece, which surpasses in perfection all that they have contrived in what is called Nature; and the Gods stand by and marvel, and perceive how far away more beautiful is the Venus of Melos than was their own Eve.”

Mr. Moore closed the book and sat silent a moment gazing into the fire. ‘I shall read that again to-night,’ he said. ‘It is so beautiful it brings tears to the eyes.’ I murmured a conventional phrase, and he said, ‘Would you like to hear it again?’ I said I would, and he read it again, and more, remarking as he finished, ‘How I wish I could write like that! Who of the younger generation knows Whistler as a writer? Ruskin never wrote half so well about Art, and how curious it is that Ruskin’s name comes down as a great critic, while people have forgotten the “Ten o’Clock” and remember Whistler only as a painter! Ruskin’s drawings are excellent, as even Whistler would admit — much better than his English style. I cannot understand how reputations are made. Some silly fellow at-

taches a tag to a man, and by that tag it seems he is ever afterwards appraised. People used to tell me that my ideas and the construction of my novels were good, but that I could not write. Then somebody called me a great stylist, and now they tell me I can write very well but have no ideas. I don’t believe that there is anything in these tags.’

After the Whistler interlude, I suggested that most of our conversation had dealt with painting and literature, but that the extinction of music and the minor arts was apparently included in the sweeping thesis under discussion.

‘The spirit of the age is indeed hostile to all manifestations of Art,’ said Mr. Moore. ‘No practical illustration of this could be more clear than the fate that every one knows has come upon handicraft. We are living in a handless world, a world of machinery. Men lost the use of their hands when they learned to invent mechanical substitutes. They cannot make furniture to-day, so we all live with old furniture, for to live with the new would be quite impossible, and what people will do when all the old furniture is broken I cannot imagine. Go across to the South Kensington Museum and look at Greek coins, and then at the medals of the Renaissance, which are not quite so good; and in every century from that time to this observe how the medals and coins have become coarser, until to-day they are appalling. Even photography, a creation of the nineteenth century, was better done when it was invented than to-day. The old daguerreotypes were beautiful, but photography soon became commercialized, and commercialized photography is very like commercialized painting, than which I could enter no more damning judgment. Painting of the eighteenth century is shallow and superficial, but the workmanship, which we are now

discussing, is better than that of the succeeding age, while in any craft you like, — printing, bookbinding, — the further back you go the better you find the work done.'

'When did Art die?' I asked, adding, 'You have fastened the murder upon locomotion, but my journalistic instinct calls for the exact date of the crime.'

I did not expect an answer, but I got one.

'About 1880,' Mr. Moore replied. 'The afterglow of painting lasted into the early nineties. The last new vision achieved was that of the Impressionists. Manet and Monet were among the greatest of artists, as was Whistler, and although most English painting has been derivative, the Pre-Raphaelite painters did original work. Literature? That was practically finished in the latter part of the last century. We have, as you said, neglected music, but no interview could be stretched to include a comprehensive discussion of all the arts. Music, which developed after its sister arts, attained the heights later, but came to perfection and death in Richard Wagner, no new vision being possible without segregation. Strauss is potted Wagner; Debussy did invent a new method of expression, but he wrote only one opera, and the most talented of modern musicians seem to create only one work.'

'Your reasoning,' I said, 'is intensely depressing. It seems we and our descendants to the last generation must live in a world without Art, for the conditions of segregation which you say are necessary for original vision can never return. There are no more barbarians to break up our civilization and bring about segregation again, as happened 1500 years ago; modern transportation we shall have with us always.'

'No,' said Mr. Moore, 'let us end on a note of hope. I believe Art will come

again, after an interval perhaps of many centuries. The coal-mines of the world will be worked out in a hundred years, more or less, and then locomotion will stop, all modern civilization will come to an end, and, who knows, men may go back to bows and arrows. I would like to live until that happens, and see the beginnings of Art, for there will be rude strivings in the right direction in the first generation after communication between communities ceases and segregation is restored.'

'Do you think science will remain dependent upon coal?' I objected. 'By the time the mines are worked out they will have harnessed the power of the sun — these men who cannot use their hands.'

'Ah, let us not think of that possibility. If that be true, this is indeed the Dusk of the Gods.'

One point, a delicate one, remained. I hesitated. My questions about Art were answered, but I wanted to raise a very personal one about Mr. Moore. The man whom an American critic has called 'the greatest literary artist who has struck the chords of English since the death of Thackeray' smiled benevolently as he sat in front of the fire stroking his black cat, which purred upon that Aubusson carpet so well known to the literary public.

'Some people,' I began, 'will call you an old fogey. They will say that you are the great writer of the previous age who has throughout all literary history pooh-poohed the achievements of the younger generation springing up about him. Art, they will say, goes on as before, but George Moore does n't know it. Your theory that Art is dead will be ascribed to your psychological inability, as a Victorian, to appreciate at your present age new movements in art — the Post-Impressionists, Cubists, Vorticists, for example — or the art of the motion picture —'

Mr. Moore had not lost his smile of kindly tolerance, but here he waved his hand impatiently. 'People who use the name of Art in conjunction with any form of photography,' he said, 'have no conception of the nature of Art. Art cannot be a mechanism, because a mechanism cannot read Man's own feeling into Nature. As for the drab schools of brushmen you mention, they are not a subject for art criticism, since all Art is an attempt to represent Nature, and they seek to imitate not Nature but ideas. Their achievements are notable, but they belong not to Art but to pathology.'

'And how,' I asked, 'do you answer in advance the other criticism which I have anticipated?'

There was silence for some little time, and then Mr. Moore said with a smile, —

'Am I then so old? There is no an-

swer to be made to what you have said. And there is no answer to be made to my thesis. Art was born in parochialism and cosmopolitanism has killed it. The life of Art depends on the discovery of new ways of seeing Nature, on fresh vision, new formulæ. Every formula man has discovered for the interpretation of Nature tells something more than any other formula. The Japanese vision contains more than exists in Constable, though not all that Constable saw; and in Manet there are truths that the Japanese vision, and that of Constable, did not perceive. But as has been shown in our talk, the opportunity for a new formula no longer exists. Locomotion has brought Art to a full stop. Art, until bows and arrows come again, is extinct. I have been thinking for years about what I have told you to-day. I do not know why I have never written it.'

THE SECOND-RATE MAN IN POLITICS

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

In our great modern States, where the scale of things is so large, it does seem as if the remnant might be so increased as to become an actual power, even though the majority be unsound. —
MATTHEW ARNOLD: *Numbers*.

I

Who governs America?

The answer is obvious: we are a republic, a representative democracy enjoying the utmost government of, for, and by the people. America is governed by persons we choose by our own volition to serve us, to make, execute, and

interpret laws for us. Addicted as we are to the joy of phrases, we find in these *clichés* unfeeling delight.

Democracy, ideally considered, is an affair of the wisest and best. As the privileges of the ballot are generously extended to all, the whole people¹ are invested with an initiative and authority which it is their duty to exercise. Presumably all are proud of their inheritance of liberty, jealous of their power, and alert in performing all the duties of citizenship. That we are not, in

¹ Your pardon, ladies. — THE EDITORS.

fact, highly successful in realizing this ideal is a matter that is giving increasing concern to thoughtful Americans.

As these words are read thousands of candidates are before the electorate for consideration, and the patriotic citizen is imaginably possessing himself of all available information regarding them, determined to vote only for the most desirable. The parties have done their best, or worst, as we choose to view the matter, and it is 'up to the people' to accept or reject those who offer themselves for place. The citizen is face to face with the problem, Shall he vote for candidates he knows to be unfit, merely to preserve his regularity, or shall he cast his ballot for the fittest men without respect to the party emblems on his ballot? Opposed to the conscientious voter, and capable of defeating his purpose, are agencies and influences with which it is well-nigh impossible for him to cope. The higher his intelligence and the nobler his aim, the less he is able to reckon with forces which are stubbornly determined to nullify his vote.

The American voter is not normally independent; it is only when there has been some marked affront to a party's intelligence or moral sense that we observe any display of independence. Independent movements are always reassuring and encouraging. The revolt against Blaine in 1884, the Gold-Democratic movement in 1896, were most significant; and I am disposed to give a somewhat similar value to the Progressive movement of 1912. But the average voter is a creature of prejudice, who boasts jauntily that he never scratches his ticket. He follows his party with dogged submission and is more or less honestly blind to its faults.

As my views on this subject are more usually voiced by independents than by partisans, it may not be amiss to say that I am a party man, a Democrat;

that I voted for Parker in 1904, for Bryan in 1908, and am 'regular' enough in local contests to retain my right to vote with a good conscience in primary elections. Living in a state where there is no point of rest in politics, where one campaign dovetails into another, I have for twenty-five years been an observer of political tendencies and methods. I may say of the two great parties, as Ingersoll remarked of the life beyond, 'I have friends in both places.' One of my best friends was a 'boss' who served a term in prison for scratching a tally-sheet. I am perfectly familiar with the theories upon which bossism is justified, the more plausible being that only by maintaining strong local organizations, that is to say, Machines, can a party so entrench itself as to support effectively the policies and reforms dear to the heart of the idealist. And bosses do, indeed, sometimes use their power benevolently, though this happens usually where they see a chance to win advantage or to allay popular clamor.

It is not of the pending campaign that I write, and any references I make to it are only for the purpose of illustrating phases or tendencies that seem worthy of consideration at a time when public thought is concentrated upon politics. And to give definite aim to this inquiry I shall state it in the harshest terms possible: —

We, a self-governing people, permit our affairs to be administered, very largely, by second-rate men.

Our hearts throb indignantly as we ponder this. The types have a queer look. Such an accusation is an unpardonable sin against American institutions, — against an intelligent, high-minded citizenry. It can, however, do no harm to view the matter from various angles to determine whether anything really may be adduced in support of it.

II

In theory the weight of the majority is with the fit. This is the pleasantest of ideas, but it is not true. It is not true at least in so great a number of contests as to justify any virtuous complacency in the electorate. It is probably no more untrue now than in other years, though the cumulative effect of a long experience of government by the unfit is having its effect upon the nation in discouraging faith in that important and controlling function of government that has to do with the choice and election of candidates. Only rarely — and I speak carefully — do the best men possible for a given office ever reach it. The best men are never even considered for thousands of state, county, and municipal elective offices; they do not offer themselves, either because office-holding is distasteful, or because private business is more lucrative, or because they are aware of no demand for their services on the part of their fellow citizens. By fitness I mean the competence produced by experience and training, fortified with moral character and a sense of responsibility. I should say that a fit man for public office is one who in his private affairs has established some reputation for efficiency and trustworthiness.

In assuming that a democracy like ours presupposes in the electorate a desire, no matter how feeble, to intrust public affairs to men of fitness, to first-rate men, it would seem that with the approach of every presidential campaign numbers of possible candidates would receive consideration as eligible to our highest office. It will be said that just as many candidates were available in 1916 as at any other period in our history, but this is neither conclusive nor heartening: there should be more! It cannot be pretended that public service does not attract thou-

sands of men; it can, however, be complained that the offices fall very largely to the inferior.

We have just witnessed the spectacle of a great republic, which confides the broadest powers to its chief executive, strangely limited in its choice of candidates for the presidency to a handful of men. No new commanding figure had sprung forward from the ranks of either party in the most trying period the country has known in fifty years. If Mr. Wilson's renomination had not been inevitable, it would be very difficult to name another Democrat who, by virtue of demonstrated strength and public confidence, would have been able to enter the lists against him. Our only Democratic presidents since the Civil War stepped from a governor's seat to the higher office; but I know of no Democratic governor who, in 1916, could have entered the national convention supported by any appreciable public demand for his nomination. And no Democratic Senator could have debated Mr. Wilson's claims to further recognition. Speaker Clark, with the prestige of his maximum 556 votes on the tenth ballot of the Baltimore Convention, might have been able to reappear at St. Louis with a similar showing; but the Democratic range of possibilities certainly had not widened. To be sure, Mr. Bryan would have remained to reckon with; but, deeply as the party and the country is indebted to him for his courageous stand against the bosses at Baltimore, he could hardly have received a fourth nomination.

The Republicans were in no better case when their convention met at Chicago. The Old Guard was stubbornly resolved, not only that Mr. Roosevelt should not be nominated, but that he should not dictate the choice of a Republican candidate. A short distance from the scene of their deliberations, the Progressives, having failed to estab-

lish themselves as a permanent contestant of the older parties, tenaciously clung to their leader. Mr. Roosevelt's effort to interest the Republicans in Senator Lodge as a compromise candidate fell upon deaf ears. Mr. Hughes's nomination was a part of the cut-and-dried programme which the high powers carried to Chicago. Mr. Hughes's high qualifications may not be seriously questioned. He is a first-rate man, and the lack of enthusiasm with which his nomination was received by the perfectly ordered and controlled body of delegates is not to his discredit. Sore beset, the Old Guard put forth a candidate little to their taste, one who, if elected, would, we must assume, prove quite impatient of the cramped harness fashioned for presidents by the skilled armorers of the good old days of backward-looking Republicanism.

In taking from the bench a gentleman who was 'out of politics' the Republicans emphasized their lamentable lack of available candidates. Nothing was ever sadder than the roll-call of states for the nomination of 'favorite sons.' Estimable though these men are, no one could have listened to the nominating speeches and witnessed the subsequent mechanical demonstrations without depression. None of these nominees had the slightest chance; the orators who piped their little lays in praise of them knew they had not; the vast audience that witnessed the proceedings, perfectly aware of the farcical nature of these banalities, knew they had not, and viewed the show with contemptuous amusement.

The heartiness of the reception accorded Messrs. Depew and Cannon, who were called upon to entertain the audience during a lull in the proceedings, was not without its pathos. They dwelt upon the party's past glories with becoming poignancy. Mr. Borah, tactfully projected as a representative

of a newer order of Republicanism, was far less effective. The convention was greatly stirred by no new voice; no new leader flashed upon the stage to quicken it to new and high endeavor. No less inspired or inspiring body of men ever gathered than those who constituted the Republican Convention of 1916.

I asked a successful lawyer the other day how he accounted for the lack of presidential timber. 'It's because the average American would rather be president of the Pennsylvania Railroad than of the United States,' he answered. And it is true, beyond question, that our highest genius is employed in commerce and business rather than in politics. If we, the people, do not seek means of promoting administrative wisdom and efficiency in our government we shall pay one of these days a high price for our indifference. There is danger ahead unless we are disposed to take our politics more seriously, and unless more young men of the best talent and the highest aims can be lured into public life. The present showing is certainly not encouraging as to the future of American statesmanship; and to say that the fit have always been few, is not a particularly consoling answer.

It is true of a period still susceptible of intimate scrutiny — say, from the Civil War — that presidential candidates have been chosen in every case from a small group of potentialities in both parties. We have established (stupidly in any large view of the matter) geographical limitations upon the possible choice that greatly narrow the field. Candidates for the presidency must be chosen, with an eye to the local effect, from states essential to success. Though Mr. Blaine's candidacy was surrounded by unusual circumstances, it emphasizes, nevertheless, the importance to the parties of nominating men from the 'pivotal' states. We have had no New England presi-

dent since Franklin Pierce. This is not because the New England states have not produced men of fitness, but is attributable solely to the small representation of the Northeastern states in the Electoral College.

The South, likewise, has long been eliminated from the reckoning. Though of Virginia birth, Mr. Wilson is distinctly not 'a Southern man' in the familiar connotations of that term. In old times the Southern states contributed men of the first rank to both houses of Congress; but, apart from Mr. Underwood (who received 117½ votes at Baltimore) and Mr. John Sharp Williams, there are no Southerners of conspicuous attainments in the present Senate. The Southern bar embraces now, perhaps as truly as at any earlier period, lawyers of distinguished ability, but they apparently do not find public life attractive.

No president has yet been elected from beyond the Mississippi, though Mr. Bryan, thrice a candidate, widened the area of choice westward. In the present year, Governor Johnson and Senator Borah were the only trans-Mississippi men mentioned as possibilities, and they cut no figure in the contest. We are still a congeries of states, or groups of states, rather than a nation, with a resulting political provincialism that is disheartening when we consider the economic and political power we wield increasingly in world-affairs.

It is a serious commentary upon the talent of recent congresses that the House has developed no men so commanding as to awaken speculation as to their availability for the presidency. No member of the House figured this year in Republican presidential speculations. Why do the second-rate predominate in a body that may be called the most typical of our institutions? Lincoln, Hayes, Garfield, Blaine, McKinley, Bryan, all candidates for the

presidency, had been members of the House, but it has become negligible as a training school for presidents. A year ago Mr. Mann received an occasional honorable mention, but his petulant fling at the President as 'playing politics,' in the grave hour following the dispatch of the final note to Germany, effectually silenced his admirers. Admirable as partisanship may be, there are times when even an opposition floor-leader should be able to rise above it! Nor is it possible for Democrats to point to Mr. Kitchin with any degree of pride. Of both these men it may be said that never have leaders failed so lamentably to rise to their opportunities. Mr. Hay, of Virginia, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, not only yielded reluctantly to the public pressure for preparedness, but established his unfitness to hold any office by tacking on the Army bill a 'joker' designed to create a place for a personal friend. Mr. Wilson, like Mr. Cleveland, has found his congresses unruly or wobbly, or egregiously stupid, manifesting astonishingly little regard for their party principles or policies. The present majority has been distinguished for nothing so much as impotence and parochialism.

Without respect to party, the average Representative's vision is no wider than his district, and he ponders national affairs solely from a selfish standpoint. Through long years we have used him as an errand-boy, a pension agent, a beggar at the national till. His time is spent in demonstrating to his constituency that when 'pork' is being served he is on hand with Oliver Twist's plate. The people of one district, proud of their new post-office, or rejoicing in the appearance of a government contractor's dredge in their creek, do not consider that their devoted Congressman, to insure his own success, has been obliged to assist other mem-

bers in a like pursuit of spoils, and that the whole nation bears the burden.

The member who carries a map of his district with him to Washington, and never broadens his horizon, is a relic of simpler times. In days like these we can ill-afford to smile with our old tolerance at the 'plain man of the people' who is likely to be just a demagogue. A frock coat and a kind heart are not in themselves qualifications for a congressman. Eccentricity, proudly vaunted, whimsicalities of speech, lofty scorn of conventions, have all been sadly overworked. Talent of the first order is needed in Congress; it is no place for men who can't see and think straight.

The Senate preserves at least something of its old competence, and the country respects, I think, the hard work recently performed by it. While its average is low, it contains men — some of them little in the public eye — who are specialists in certain fields. There is, I believe, a general feeling that, with our tremendous industrial and commercial interests, the presence in the upper house of a considerable number of business men and of rather fewer lawyers would make for a better balanced and more representative body. A first-rate senator need not be an orator. The other day, when Senator Taggart, a new member, protested vigorously against the latest River-and-Harbor swindle the country applauded. Refreshing, indeed, to hear a new voice in those sacred precincts raised against waste and plunder! Senator Oliver of Pennsylvania, a protectionist, of course, is probably as well informed on the tariff as any man in America. I give him the benefit of this advertisement the more cheerfully as I do not agree with his views; but his information is entitled to all respect. The late David Turpie, of Indiana, by nature a recluse, and one of the most unassuming men who ever sat in the Senate,

was little known to the country at large. I once heard Mr. Roosevelt and Judge Gray of Delaware engage in a most interesting exchange of anecdotes illustrative of Mr. Turpie's wide range of information. He was a first-rate man. There is room in the Senate for a great variety of talent, and its efficiency is not injured by the frequent injection of new blood. What the country is impatient of in the upper house is dead men who have little information and no opinions of value on any subject — the second-rate man. The election of senators directly by the people will have in November its first trial — another advance toward pure democracy. We shall soon be able to judge whether the electorate, acting independently, is more to be trusted than the legislatures.

I should be sorry to apply any words of President Wilson in a quarter where he did not intend them, but a paragraph of his address to the Washington correspondents (May 15) might well be taken to heart by a number of gentlemen occupying seats in the legislative branch of the government.

'I have a profound intellectual contempt for men who cannot see the signs of the times. I have to deal with some men who know no more of the modern processes of politics than if they were living in the eighteenth century, and for them I have a profound and comprehensive intellectual contempt. They are blind; they are hopelessly blind; and the worst of it is I have to spend hours of my time talking to them when I know before I start as much¹ as if I had finished, that it is absolutely useless to talk to them. I am talking *in vacuo*.'

There are, indisputably, limitations upon the patience of a first-rate man engaged in the trying occupation of attempting to communicate a first-rate idea to a second-rate mind.

¹ Thus reported in the press. — THE EDITORS.

III

In recent years our periodical literature has devoted much space to discussions of problems of efficiency. We have heard repeatedly of the demand, not for two-thousand-dollar men, but for ten-, twenty-, and fifty-thousand-dollar men, in the great industries. The efficiency engineer has sprung into being; in my own city several hundred employees of an automobile company are organized into a class of which a professor of psychology is the leader, the purpose being the promotion of individual and corporate efficiency. The first-rate man is in demand, as a buyer, a salesman, a foreman, a manager. One of the largest corporations in America pays its employees bonuses apportioned on a basis of their value as displayed from month to month. The minutest economies are a matter of daily study in every manufacturing and commercial house; the hunt for the first-rate man is unceasing. Executive ability, a special genius for buying and selling, need never go unrecognized. Recently a New York bank spent months searching for a bond-seller, and finally chose an obscure young man from a Western town who fell by chance under the eye of a 'scout' sent out to look for talent. But this eager search for the first-rate man, so marked in commerce and industry, only rarely touches our politics. It is only in politics that the second-rate man finds the broadest field for the exercise of his talents.

A president is beset by many embarrassments in the exercise of the appointing power. Our feudal system, by which senators and representatives are the custodians of post-offices, district attorneyships, marshalships, and countless other positions, does not make for the recognition of the fit. While the power to appoint is vested in

the executive, his choice must be approved by the senators or representatives. As the system operates, it is not really the president who appoints but the senators, or, in minor offices, the representatives, and the president is expected to meet their wishes. To question their recommendations is to arouse animosity, and where the fate of important legislation hangs in the balance a president is under strong temptation to accept the recommendation of second-rate men in order to keep the members of the law-making bodies in good humor.

In the professions and industries, in commercial houses, even on the farm, the second-rate man is not wanted; but political jobs, high and low, are everywhere open to him. Everything but the public service is standardized; politics alone puts a premium upon inferiority. The greatest emphasis is laid upon the word service in every field but government. The average American 'wants what he wants when he wants it,' and is proud of his ability to get it. 'If it is n't right, we make it right,' is a popular business slogan. Hotels whose indifferent service wins the displeasure of the traveling public are execrated and blacklisted. On the other hand, I have listened for hours to the laudation of good hotels, of the efficiency of railroads, of automobile manufacturers who 'give good service.' We have a pride in these things; we like to relate incidents of our successful 'kick' when the berth that we had reserved by telegraph was n't forthcoming and how we 'took it up' with the railroad authorities, and how quickly our wounded feelings were poulticed. 'I guess that won't happen again on *that* road!' we chortle. Conversely we make our errands to a city hall or courthouse as few as possible, knowing that the 'service,' conducted at the people's expense, is of a different order, and public

officials may not be approached in that confident spirit with which we carry our needs or complaints to the heads of a private business.

Or, if some favor is to be asked, we brag that we have seen 'Jim' or 'Bob' and that he 'fixed' it for us. It happens not infrequently that we want something 'fixed' from purely selfish motives, — something that should not be 'fixed,' — and it gives us a pleasurable sense of our 'influence' to know that, as we have always treated 'Jim' or 'Bob' all right, 'Jim' or 'Bob' cheerfully assists us. We chuckle over the ease with which he accomplished the fixing where it would have been impossible for us to effect it through a direct legitimate appeal. Thus in hundreds of ways a boss, great or small, is able to grant favors that cost him nothing, thereby blurring the vision of those he places under obligations to the means by which he gains his power.

In municipal government the second- and the third-rate man, on down to a point where differentiations fade to the vanishing point, finds his greatest hope and security. As first-rate men are not 'available' for the offices, they fall naturally to the inferior, the incompetent, or the corrupt. In few cities of a hundred thousand population is a man of trained ability and recognized fitness ever seriously considered for the mayoralty. Modern city government, with the broad powers conferred upon mayors, requires fitness of the highest order. Usually without experience of large affairs, and crippled at the start by a well-established tradition that he must reward party workers and personal friends, the incumbent surrounds himself with second- and third-rate men, for whose incompetency the taxpayer meekly pays the bills.

The mayor's office is hardly second to the presidency in the variety of its

perplexities. A man of the highest aims will fail to satisfy a whole community. There is in every city a group of reformers who believe that a mayor should be able to effect the moral regeneration of the human race in one term of office. The first-rate man is aware of this, and the knowledge diminishes his anxiety to seek the place. A common indictment against the capable man who volunteers for municipal service is that his ignorance of political methods would make him 'impractical' if he were elected. This sentiment is expressed frequently — often by large taxpayers. The insinuation is that a man of character and ideals would be unable to deal with the powers that prey by indirection. This is quite true: the fit man, the first-rate man, who would undertake the office untrammelled by political obligations, would not know the 'good fellows' who must be dealt with in a spirit of leniency. This delicate duty is more safely intrusted to one who brings a certain sympathy to bear upon the task.

Whatever may be the merits of party government in its national application, there is no sound argument for its continuance in municipal affairs. Its effect is to discourage, utterly, in most communities, any effort the first-rate man may be absurd enough to make to win enough of the franchises of his fellow citizens to land him in the mayoralty. On one occasion a Republican United States Senator, speaking for his party's candidate for the mayoralty at the last rally of a campaign in my own city, declared that his party must win, as defeat would have a discouraging effect on Republicans elsewhere. A few years ago both parties chose, in the Indianapolis primaries, mayoralty candidates of conspicuous unfitness. The Republican candidate was an auctioneer, whose ready tongue and drolleries on the stump made him

the central figure in a highly picturesque campaign. He was successful and the affairs of a city of a quarter of a million people were cheerfully turned over to him. Ignorant of the very terminology in which municipal affairs are discussed, he avoided embarrassment by remaining away from his office as much as possible. In the last year of his administration — if so dignified a term may be applied to his incumbency — he resigned, to avoid the responsibility of dealing with disorders consequent upon a serious strike, and took refuge on the vaudeville stage, from which, I understand, he threatens to run again! He was no more unfit on the day he resigned than on the day of his nomination or election — a fact of which the electorate had ample knowledge. He was chosen merely because he was a vote-getter. Republicans voted for him to preserve their regularity.

I am prolonging these comments on municipal government for the reason that the city as a political factor is of so great influence in the state and nation, and because the domination of the unfit in the smaller unit offers more tangible instances for study. The impediments encountered by the fit who offer themselves for public service are many, and often ludicrous. Twice, in Indianapolis, men of the highest standing have yielded under pressure to a demand that they offer themselves for the Republican mayoralty nomination. Neither had the slightest intention of using the mayoralty as a stepping-stone to higher office; the motives animating both were the highest. One of them was quickly disposed of by the report sent 'down the line' that he had not been as regular as he might be, and by this token was an undesirable candidate. The other was subjected to a crushing defeat in the primary. There was nothing against him except that

he was unknown to the 'boys in the trenches.'

From the window by which I write I can see the chimneys of the flourishing industry conducted by the first of these gentlemen. He has constantly shown his public spirit in the most generous fashion; he is an admirable citizen. I dare say there is not an incompetent man or woman on his pay-roll. If he were out of employment and penniless to-morrow, scores of responsible positions would be open to him. But the public would not employ him; his own party would not even permit its membership to express its opinion of him; and had he gone before the electorate he would in all likelihood have been defeated by an invincible combination of every element of incompetence and venality in the city.

The other gentleman, who began life as a bank clerk, made a success of a commercial business, and is now president of one of the largest banks in the state. Such men are ineligible for municipal office; they are first-rate men; the very fact that they are men of character and ability who could be trusted to manage public affairs as they conduct their private business, removes them at once from consideration.

Such experiences as these are not calculated to encourage the capable man, the first-rate man, to attempt to gain a public position. In fact, it is the business of political organizations to make the defeat of such men as humiliating as possible. They must be got rid of; they must be taught better manners!

The good-nature with which we accept the second-rate man in municipal office is one of the most bewildering of all our political phenomena. 'Well, things have always been this way, and I guess they always will be,' expresses the average citizen's feeling about the matter. As he cannot, without much

personal discomfort, change the existing order, he finds solace in the reflection that he could n't do anything about it if he tried. The more intolerant he is of second-rate employees in his own business, the more supinely he views the transfer of public business from one set of incompetents to another.

To lift municipal government out of politics in states where the party organizations never shut up shop but are ceaselessly plotting and planning to perfect their lines, is manifestly no easy task, but it may be accomplished by effective leadership where the people are sincerely interested. And it is significant that the present movement for an abandonment of the old pernicious, costly system took rise from the dire calamities that befell two cities — Galveston and Dayton — which were suddenly confronted with problems that it would have been madness to intrust to incompetents. This illustrates a point overlooked by that large body of Americans who refuse to bring to their politics the test of fitness that they enforce in private business. The second-rate man may successfully hide his errors in normal conditions, but his faults and weaknesses become glaringly apparent when any severe demands are made upon him.

I can suggest no permanent solution of the problem of municipal government that does not embrace the training of men for its particular duties. A development of the city-manager plan, of nation-wide scope, fortified by special courses of training, may ultimately solve it.

IV

The debauchery of young men by the bosses is a familiar phase of our politics and is most potent in the game of checking the advance of the fit and assuring domination by the unfit. Sev-

eral thousand young men leave college every year with some hope of entering upon a political career. By the time a young man is graduated he has elected to follow the banner of some party. If he lives in a city and shows a disposition to be of practical service, he is warmly welcomed into the fold of one of the organizations. He quickly becomes aware that only by the display of a servile obedience and following of the leaders can he expect to become *persona grata* to the party powers. By the time he has passed through one campaign as a trusted member of a Machine, his political illusions are well-nigh destroyed. His childish beliefs that only the fit should be elevated to positions of responsibility, that public office is a public trust, are pretty well dissipated. 'Good' men, he finds, are good only by the tests of partisanship as applied by the bosses. To strike at a boss is *lèse majesté*, and invites drastic punishment.

The purpose of the young men's political clubs everywhere is to infuse the young voter with the spirit of blind obedience and subjection. He is graciously permitted to serve on club committees as a step toward more important recognition as ward committeeman, or is given a place of some sort at headquarters during the campaign. There are dozens of ways in which the willing young man may be of use. His illusions rapidly vanish. He is flattered by the attentions of the bosses, who pat him on the back and assure him that they appreciate his loyal devotion to the party. With the hope of preferment before him it is essential that he establish as quickly as possible a reputation for 'regularity.' If his wise elders note any restiveness, any tendency toward independence, they at once warn him that he must 'play the game straight' and shut his eyes to the sins of his party. Or if his counselors sym-

pathize with his predicament they advise him that the only way he can gain a position from which to make his ideas effective is by strongly establishing his regularity and building up a personal following.

In a campaign preliminary to a local primary in my city I appealed to a number of young men of good antecedents and rather exceptional education, to oppose a particular candidate. One of them, on coming home from an eastern university, had introduced himself to me in the name of a great educator who was one of my particular admirations. In every one of these cases I was politely rebuffed. They said the gentleman whose ambitions annoyed me was a 'good fellow' and 'all right'; they could n't see that any good would come of antagonizing him. And they were right. No good did come of it so far as the result was concerned.

There are countless ways in which a young lawyer finds his connection with a machine helpful. A word in the right quarter brings him a client — a saloonkeeper, perhaps, who is meeting with resistance in his effort to secure a renewal of his license; or petty criminal cases before magistrates — easily arranged where the machine controls the police. He cannot fail to be impressed with the perfection of a system that so smoothly wields power by indirection. The mystery of it all, the potency of the names of the high powers, appeal to his imagination; there is a something of romance in it. A deputyship in the office of the prosecuting attorney leads on to a seat in the legislature, and he may go to Congress if he is 'good.' He is purchased with a price, bought, and paid for; his status is fixed; he is a second-rate man. And by every such young man in America the ideal of Democracy, the hope of Republican government, is just so much weakened.

V

Government by the unfit, domination by the inferior, is greatly assisted by a widely accepted superstition — the belief that a second-rate man, finding himself in a position of responsibility, is likely to display undreamed-of powers. The idea seems to be that the electorate, by a kind of laying on of hands, confers fitness where none has previously existed. Unfortunately such miracles are not frequent enough to form the basis of a political philosophy. Recourse to the recall as a means of getting rid of an undesirable office-holder strikes me as only likely to increase the indifference, the languor, with which we now perform our political duties.

Contempt for the educated man, a preposterous assumption that by the very fact of his training he is unfitted for office, continues to be prevalent in many minds. Conscious of this disqualification, President Wilson finds amusement at times in referring to himself as a schoolmaster; much criticism of his administration is based upon the melancholy fact that he is a 'professor,' a scholar, as though a life-long student of history and politics were disqualified, by the very fact of his preparation, for exalted office.

The direct primary, as a means of assisting first-rate men to office, has not yet realized what was hoped for it, and there is growing skepticism as to its efficacy. It is one of our marked national failings that we expect laws and systems to work automatically. If the first-rate man cherishes the delusion that he need only offer himself to his fellow partisans and they will delightedly spring to his support, he is doomed to a sad awakening. Unless he has taken the precaution to ask the 'organization's' permission to put his name on the ballot and is promised

support, he must perfect an organization of his own with which to make his fight in the primary. He must open 'headquarters' from which to carry on his operations, make speeches before as many citizens as can be assembled to hear him, enlist and pay helpers, most of whom expect jobs in case he is successful. He must drop money into palms of whose existence he never dreamed, the recipients of his bounty being frequently 'scouts' from his opponents' camps. The blackmailing of candidates by charitable organizations — and churches are not without shame in this particular — is only one of a thousand annoyances. He is not likely to enjoy immunity from newspaper attack. Months of time and much money are required for a primary campaign. I venture the assertion that many hundreds of candidates for office in this year of grace began their campaigns for election already encumbered by debts incurred in winning their nominations, which brought them only half-way to the goal. Such a burden, with all its connotations of curtailed liberty and shackling obligations, may not be viewed with equanimity. Instead of making office-holding more attractive to the first-rate man, the direct primary multiplies its discouragements.

The second-rate man, being willing to accept office as a party, not a public, trust, and to use it in every way possible for the strengthening of party lines, has the first-rate man, who has only his merits to justify his ambitions, at a serious disadvantage. Where an organization (the term by which a machine prefers to be called) finds that it is likely to meet with rebuke through public resentment of its excesses, it will sometimes turn to a first-rate man. But this is only in cases of sheer desperation. There is nothing more amusing than the virtuous air

with which a machine will nominate a first-rate man where there is no possible danger of party success. He it is whom the bosses are willing to sacrifice. The trick is turned ingeniously to the bosses' advantage, for defeat in such instances proves to the truly loyal that only the 'regulars' can get anywhere.

A young friend of mine once persuaded me to join him in 'bucking' a primary for the election of delegates to a state convention. I cheerfully lent my assistance in this laudable enterprise, the more readily when he confided to me his intention of employing machine methods. A young man of intelligence and humor, he had, by means which I deplored but to which I contributed, lured from the organization one of its star performers. I speak of this without shame, that the cynical may not complain that I am of those star-gazers who look upon politics as being what an Ohio statesman once called resumption — 'a damned barren ideality.' Our ally knew the game; he knew how to collect and deliver voters by most approved machine methods. We watched him work with the keenest satisfaction. He brought citizens in great numbers to vote our 'slate'; many of them men who had never been in the ward before. We gloated with satisfaction as the day declined and our votes continued to pile up. Our moral natures were in the balance; if we beat the machine with machine methods we meant never, never to be good again! It seemed indeed that our investment in the skilled worker could not fail of success. When the votes were counted, oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! 'Our man' had merely used our automobiles, and I refrain from saying what other munitions of war, to get out the vote of the opposition! We had in other words, accomplished our own defeat!

VI

The past year has been marked by the agitation for military preparedness; civil preparedness strikes me as of much greater importance. If I am right — or only half right — in my assertion that we are governed very largely by second-rate men and that public business is confided chiefly to the unfit, then here is a matter that cannot be ignored by those who look forward hopefully to the future of American democracy. There are more dangers within than without, and our tame acceptance of incompetence in civil office would certainly bring calamity if suffered in a military establishment. The reluctance of first-rate men to accept or seek office is more disquieting than the slow enlistments in the army and navy. Competence in the one would do much to assure intelligent foresight and efficiency in the other.

It is a disturbing thought that we, the people, really care so little and that we are so willing to suffer government by the second-rate, only murmuring despairingly when the unhappy results of our apathy bring us sharply face to face with failure.

'The fatalism of the multitude,' commented upon strikingly by Lord Bryce, has established in us the superstition that a kindly providence presides over our destinies and that 'everything will come out right in the end.' But Government by Good Luck is not a safe reliance for a nation of a hundred millions. Nothing in history supports a blind faith in numbers or in the wisdom of majorities. America's hope lies

in the multiplication of the fit, — the saving remnant of Isaiah's prophecies and Plato's philosophy, — a doctrine applied to America by Matthew Arnold, who remains one of the shrewdest and most penetrating of all our critics. Mr. Arnold distrusted numbers and had no confidence in majorities. He said, —

'To be a voice outside the State, speaking to mankind or to the future, perhaps shaking the actual State to pieces in doing so, one man will suffice. But to reform the State in order to save it, to preserve it by changing it, a body of workers is needed as well as a leader; — a considerable body of workers, placed at many points, and operating in many directions.'

These days, amid 'the thunder of the captains, and the shouting,' there must be many thousands of Americans who are truly of the saving remnant, who view public matters soberly and hold as something very fine and precious our heritage of democracy. These we may suppose will witness the dawn of election day with a lively apprehension of their august responsibilities, and exercise their right of selection sanely and wisely. 'They only who build upon ideas, build for eternity,' wrote Emerson.

This nation was founded on ideas; and clearly in the ideas of the fit, the earnest, the serious, lies its hope for the future. To eliminate the second-rate, to encourage the first-rate man to undertake offices of responsibility and power — such must be the immediate concern and the urgent business of all who love America.

SAÏFNA AHMAR, YA SULTAN!

BY ALEXANDER AARONSOHN

I

I HAVE already spoken of the so-called 'requisitioning' that took place among our people while I was working at Saffêd. This, of course, really amounted to wholesale pillage. The hand of the Turkish looters had fallen particularly heavy on carts and draught animals. As the Arabs know little or nothing of carting, hauling, or the management of horses and mules, the Turks, simply enough, had 'requisitioned' many of the owners — middle-aged or elderly men — and compelled them to go South to help along with the tremendous preparations that were being made for the attack on Suez. Among these there were a number of men from our village. In the course of time their families began to receive most harrowing messages from them. They were absolutely destitute, no wages being paid them by the Turks; their clothes were dropping off in rags; many were sick. After much excited planning, it was decided to send another man and myself down South on a sort of relief expedition, with a substantial sum of money that had been raised with great difficulty by our people. Through the influence of my brother at the Agricultural Experiment Station, I got permission from the *Mouchtar* to leave Zicron Jacob, and about the middle of January, 1915, I set out for Jerusalem.

To Western minds, the idea of the Holy City serving as a base for modern military operations must be full of in-

congruities. And, as a matter of fact, it *was* an amazing thing to see the streets packed with khaki-clad soldiers and hear the brooding silence of ancient walls shattered by the crash of steel-shod army boots. Here, for the first time, I saw the German officers — quantities of them. Strangely out of place they looked, with their pink-and-whiteness that no amount of hot sunshine could quite burn off. They wore the regular German officer's uniform, except that the *Pickelhaube* was replaced by a khaki sun-helmet. I was struck by the youthfulness of them; many were nothing but boys, and there were weak, dissolute faces in plenty — a fact that was later explained when I heard that Palestine had been made the dumping-ground for young men of high family whose parents were anxious to have them as far removed as possible from the danger zone. Fast's Hotel was the great meeting-place in Jerusalem for these young bloods. Every evening thirty or forty would foregather there, to drink and talk women and strategy. I well remember the evening when one of them — a slender young Prussian with no back to his head, braceleted and monocled — rose and announced, in the decisive tones that go with a certain stage of intoxication, —

'What we ought to do is to hand over the organization of this campaign to Thomas Cook and Sons!'

However, the German officers were by no means all incompetents. They realized (I soon found out) that they

had little hope of bringing a big army through the Egyptian desert and making a successful campaign there. Their object was to immobilize a great force of British troops around the Canal, to keep the Mohammedan population in Palestine impressed with Turkish power, and to stir up religious unrest among the natives in Egypt. It must be admitted that in the first two of these purposes they have been successful.

The Turks were less far-sighted. They believed firmly that they were going to sweep the English off the face of the earth and enter Cairo in triumph, and preparations for the march on Suez went on with feverish enthusiasm. The ideas of the common soldiers on this subject were amusing. Some of them declared that the Canal was to be filled up with the sandbags which had been prepared in great quantities. Others held that thousands of camels would be kept without water for many days preceding the attack; then the thirsty animals, when released, would rush into the Canal in such numbers that the troops could march to victory over the packed masses of drowned bodies.

The army operating against Suez numbered about 150,000 men. Of these about 20,000 were Anatolian Turks — trained soldiers and splendid fighting material, as was shown by their resistance at the Dardanelles. The rest were Palestinian Arabs, and very inferior troops they were. The Arab as a soldier is at once stupid and cunning; fierce when victory is on his side, but altogether unreliable when things go against him.

In command of the expedition was Djemal Pasha, a Young-Turk general of tremendous energy, but possessing small ability to see beyond details to the big, broad concepts of strategy. Although he is a great friend of Enver Pasha, he looked with disfavor on

the German officers and, in particular, on Bach Pasha, the German Governor of Jerusalem, with whom he had serious disagreements. This dislike of the Germans was reflected among the lesser Turkish officers. Many of these, after long years of service, found themselves subordinated to young foreigners, who, in addition to arbitrary promotion, received much higher salaries than the Turks. What is more, they were paid in clinking gold, whereas the Turks, when paid at all, got paper currency.

Beersheba, a prosperous town of the ancient province of Idumea, was the southern base of operations for the advance on Suez. Some of our villagers had been sent to this district, and, in searching for them, I had the opportunity of seeing at least the taking-off place of the expedition. Beyond this point no Jew or Christian was allowed to pass, with the exception of some few non-Mohammedan physicians who had been forced into the army.

Beersheba was swarming with troops. They filled the town and overflowed on to the sands outside, where a great tent-city grew up. And everywhere that the Turkish soldiers went, disorganization and inefficiency followed them. From all over the country the finest camels had been 'requisitioned' and sent down to Beersheba, until, at the time I was there, thousands and thousands of them were collected in the neighborhood. Through the laziness and stupidity of the Turkish commissariat officers, which no amount of German efficiency could counteract, no adequate provision was made for feeding them, and incredible numbers succumbed to starvation and neglect. Their great carcasses dotted the sand in all directions; it was only the wonderful septic power of the Eastern sun that held pestilence in check.

The soldiers themselves suffered much hardship. The crowding in the

tents was unspeakable; the water-supply was almost as inadequate as the medical service, which consisted chiefly of volunteer Red Crescent societies — among them a unit of twenty German nurses sent by the American College at Beirut. Medical supplies, such as they were, had been taken from the different mission hospitals and pharmacies of Palestine — these 'requisitions' being made by officers who knew nothing of medical requirements and simply scooped together everything in sight. As a result, an army physician told me that in Beersheba he had opened some medical chests consigned to him and found, to his horror, that they were full of microscopes and gynecological instruments — for the care of wounded soldiers in the desert!

Visits of British aeroplanes to Beersheba were common occurrences. Long before the machine itself could be seen, its whanging, resonant hum would come floating out of the blazing sky, seemingly from everywhere at once. Soldiers rushed from their tents, squinting up into the heavens until the speck was discovered, swimming slowly through the air; then followed wholesale firing at an impossible range until the officers forbade it. True to the policy of avoiding all unnecessary harm to the natives, these British aviators never dropped bombs on the town, but — what was more dangerous from the Turkish point of view — they would unload packages of pamphlets, printed in Arabic, informing the natives that they were being deceived; that the Allies were their only true friends; that the Germans were merely making use of them to further their own schemes, etc. These cleverly worded little tracts came showering down out of the sky, and at first they were eagerly picked up. The Turkish commando, however, soon announced that any one found carrying them would pay the death

penalty. After that, when the little bundles dropped near them, the natives would run as if from high explosive bombs.

II

All things considered, it is wonderful that the Turkish demonstration against the Canal came as near to fulfillment as it did. Twenty thousand soldiers actually crossed the desert in six days on scant rations, and with them they took two big guns, which they dragged by hand when the mules dropped from thirst and exhaustion. They also carried pontoons to be used in crossing the Canal. Guns and pontoons are now at rest in the Museum at Cairo.

Just what took place in the attack is known to very few. The English have not seen fit to make public the details, and there was little to be got from the demoralized soldiers who returned to Beersheba. Piece by piece, however, I gathered that the attacking party had come up to the Canal at dawn. Finding everything quiet, they set about getting across, and had even launched a pontoon, when the British, who were lying in wait, opened a terrific fire from the farther bank, backed by armored locomotives and aeroplanes. 'It was as if the gates of Jehannum were opened and its fires turned loose upon us,' one soldier told me.

The Turks succeeded in getting their guns into action for a very short while. One of the men-of-war in the Canal was hit; several houses in Ismailia suffered damage; but the invaders were soon driven away in confusion, leaving perhaps two thousand prisoners in the hands of the English. If the latter had chosen to do so, they could have annihilated the Turkish forces then and there. The ticklish state of mind of the Mohammedan population in Egypt, however, has led them to adopt a policy of leniency and keeping to the defen-

sive which subsequent developments have more than justified.

The reaction in Palestine after the defeat at Suez was tremendous. Just before the attack, Djemal Pasha had sent out a telegram announcing the overwhelming defeat of the British vanguard, which had caused wild enthusiasm. Another later telegram proclaimed that the Canal had been reached, British men-of-war sunk, the Englishmen routed — with a loss to the Turks of five men and two camels 'which were afterwards recovered.' 'But,' added the telegram, 'a terrible sand-storm having arisen, the glorious army takes it as the wish of Allah not to continue the attack, and has therefore withdrawn in triumph.'

These reports hoodwinked the ignorant natives for a little while; but when the stream of haggard soldiers, wounded and exhausted, began pouring back from the South, they guessed what had happened, and a fierce revulsion against the Germano-Turkish régime set in. A few weeks before the advance on Suez I was in Jaffa, where the enthusiasm and excitement had been at fever-pitch. Parades and celebrations of all kinds in anticipation of the triumphal march into Egypt were taking place, and one day a camel, a dog, and a bull, decorated respectively with the flags of Russia, France, and England, were driven through the streets. The poor animals were horribly maltreated by the natives, who rained blows and flung filth upon them by way of giving concrete expression to their contempt for the Allies. Mr. Glazebrook, the American Consul at Jerusalem, happened to be with me in Jaffa that day; and never shall I forget the expression of pain and disgust on his face as he watched this melancholy little procession of scape-goats hurrying along the street.

Now, however, all was changed. The Arabs, who take defeat badly, turned

against the authorities who had got them into such trouble. Rumors circulated that Djemal Pasha had been bought by the English and that the defeat at Suez had been planned by him; and persons keeping an ear close to the ground began to hear mutterings of a general massacre of Germans. In fact things came within an ace of a bloody outbreak. I knew some Germans in Jaffa and Haïfa who firmly believed that it was all over with them. However, Djemal Pasha succeeded in keeping order by means of stern repressive methods and by the fear roused by his large bodyguard of faithful Anatolians.

While I was traveling in the South, another menace to our people's welfare had appeared: the locusts. From the Soudan they came in tremendous hosts — black clouds of them that obscured the sun. It seemed as if Nature had joined in the conspiracy against us. These locusts were of the pilgrim or wandering variety; for forty years they had not come to Palestine, but now their visitation was like that of which the Prophet Joel speaks in the Old Testament. They came full-grown, ripe for breeding; the ground was covered with the females digging in the soil and depositing their egg-packets, and we knew that when they hatched we should be overwhelmed, for there was not a foot of ground in which these eggs were not to be found.

The menace was so great that even the military authorities were obliged to take notice of it. They realized that if it were allowed to fulfill itself, there would be famine in the land, and the army would suffer with the rest. Finally, Djemal Pasha summoned my brother (Director of the Agricultural Station at Athlit) and intrusted him with the organization of a campaign against the insects. It was a hard enough task. The Arabs are lazy, and fatalistic besides; they cannot understand why men should attempt to fight the 'Djesh

Allah' (God's Army, as they call the locusts). In addition, my brother was seriously handicapped by lack of petroleum, galvanized iron sheets, and other articles which could not be obtained because of the Allies' blockade.

In spite of these drawbacks, however, he attempted to work up a scientific campaign. Djemal Pasha put some thousands of Arab soldiers at his disposition, and these were set to work digging trenches into which the hatching locusts were driven and destroyed. This is the only means of coping with the situation: once the locusts get their wings, nothing can be done with them. It was a hopeless fight. Nothing short of the coöperation of every farmer in the country could have won the day; and while the people of the progressive Jewish villages struggled on to the end — men, women and children working in the fields until they were exhausted — the Arab farmers sat by with folded hands. The threats of the military authorities only stirred them to half-hearted efforts. Finally, after two months of toil, the campaign was abandoned and the locusts broke in waves over the countryside, destroying everything. As the prophet Joel said, 'The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. The field is wasted; the land mourneth, for the corn is wasted; the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth.'

Not only was every green leaf devoured, but the very bark was peeled from the trees, which stood out white and lifeless, like skeletons. The fields were stripped to the ground, and the old men of our villages, who had given their lives to cultivating these gardens and vineyards, came out of the synagogues where they had been praying and wailing, and looked on the ruin with dimmed eyes. Nothing was spared. The insects, in their fierce hunger,

tried to engulf everything in their way. I have seen Arab babies, left by their mothers in the shade of some tree, whose faces had been devoured by the oncoming swarms of locusts before their screams had been heard. I have seen the carcasses of animals hidden from sight by the undulating, rustling blanket of insects. And in the face of such a menace the Arabs remained inert. In fact, they attempted to find the silver lining to this great storm-cloud by eating as many of the locusts as they could. I often saw groups of Arabs bestirring themselves sufficiently to collect piles of them and heap them in braziers full of charcoal; then, as they sizzled and crackled and fried, the Arabs would pull them out and crunch them with great relish. That is a picture which still stirs my indignation.

III

While our campaign against the locusts was drawing to its dismal close, events took place which finally decided me to leave the country. About one hour's ride on horseback from our village lives a family of Turkish nobles, the head of which was Sadik Pasha, brother of the famous Kiamil Pasha, several times Grand Vizier of the Empire. Sadik, who had been exiled from Constantinople, came to Palestine and bought great tracts of land near my people. After his death his sons — good-for-nothing, wild fellows — were forced to sell most of the estate; all except one Feuzi Bey, who retained his part of the land and lived on it. Here he collected a band of friends as worthless as himself, and gradually commenced a career of plundering and 'frightfulness' much like that of the robber-barons of mediæval Germany. Before the outbreak of the war he confined his attentions chiefly to the Arabs, whom he treated shamelessly. He

thought nothing, for instance, of stopping a native wedding-procession and carrying off the young bride to his big, castle-like house. We villagers of Zicron-Jacob had never submitted to him in any way; our young men were organized and armed, and after a few encounters Feuzi Bey let us alone.

After the mobilization, however, and the taking away of our arms, this outlaw saw that his chance had come. He began to send his men and his camels into our fields to harvest our crops and carry them off. This pillage continued until the locusts came — Feuzi, in the meanwhile, becoming so bold that he would gallop through the streets of our village with his horsemen, shooting right and left into the air and insulting old men and women. He boasted — apparently with reason — that the authorities at Haïfa were powerless to touch him. Finally things grew so bad that my brother, who at the time enjoyed some authority, advised us to appeal to the head — to Djemal Pasha. I had then the *boyouroultou* or *laissez-passer* of a locust-inspector, so I was chosen to go at once to Jerusalem and present our complaint.

Djemal Pasha put no obstacles in the way of an interview. The day of my arrival he received me, and listened attentively while for a whole hour I poured out the story of Feuzi Bey's outrages. I put my whole heart into the plea and wound up by asking if it was to the credit of the progressive Young Turks to shelter feudal abuses of a bygone age. Djemal seemed to be impressed. He sprang from his chair, began walking up and down the room; then with a great dramatic gesture he exclaimed, 'Justice shall be rendered!' and assured me that a commission of army officers would be sent at once to start an investigation. I returned to Zicron-Jacob with high hopes.

Sure enough, a few days later Feuzi

Bey was summoned to Jerusalem; at the same time the 'commission,' which had dwindled to one single officer on secret mission, put in an appearance and began to make inquiries among the natives. He got little satisfaction at first, for they lived in mortal terror of the outlaw; they grew bolder, however, when they learned his purpose. Complaints and testimonies came pouring in, and in four days the officer had the names of hundreds of witnesses, establishing no less than fifty-two crimes of the most serious nature. Feuzi's friends and relatives, in the meanwhile, were doing their utmost to stem the tide of accusations. The Kaïmakan (lieutenant-governor) of Haïfa came in person to our village and threatened the elders with all sorts of severities if they did not retract the charges they had made. But they stood firm. Had not Djemal Pasha, commander-in-chief of the armies in Palestine, given his word of honor that we should have redress?

We were soon shown the depth of our naïveté in fancying that justice could be done in Turkey by a Turk. Feuzi Bey came back from Jerusalem, not in convict's clothes, but in the uniform of a Turkish officer! Djemal Pasha had commissioned him commandant of the Moujahaddaen (religious militia) of the entire region! It was bad enough to stand him as an outlaw; now we had to submit to him as an officer. He came riding into our village daily, ordering everybody about and picking me out for distinguished spitefulness.

My position soon became unbearable. I was, of course, known as the organizer of the young men's union which for so long had put up a spirited resistance to Feuzi; I was still looked upon as a leader of the younger spirits, and I knew that sooner or later Feuzi would try to make good his threat, often repeated, that he would 'shoot me like the dog of a Jew I was.' It was

hardly likely that an open attempt on my life would be made. When Ambassador Morgenthau visited Palestine, he had stayed in our village and given my family the evidence of his sincere friendship. These things count in the East, and I soon got the reputation of having influential friends. However, there were other ways of disposing of me. One evening, about sunset, while I was riding through a valley near our village, my horse shied violently in passing a clump of bushes, and a moment later the report of a rifle rang out. It was a narrow escape. The bullet had flicked the lapel of my coat. I dug spurs into my horse and got back to Zicron-Jacob unhurt.

That night I had a long talk with my brother. There was no doubt whatever in his mind that I should try to leave the country, while I, on the contrary, could not bear to think of deserting my people at the crisis of their fortunes. We argued into the small hours. The moon sank into the distant Mediterranean, and the turquoise-green dawn light was coming on when at last I yielded to his persuasion.

IV

It was all very well to decide to leave the country; to get safely away was a different matter. There were two ways out. One of these — the land route by Constantinople — could not be considered. The other way was to board one of the American cruisers which, by order of Ambassador Morgenthau, were empowered to assist citizens of neutral countries to leave the Ottoman Empire. These cruisers had already done wonderful rescue work for the Russian Jews in Palestine, who, when war was declared, were to have been sent to the Mesopotamian town of Urfa — there to suffer massacre and outrage like the Armenians. This was prevented by

Mr. Morgenthau's strenuous representations, with the result that these Russian Jews were gathered together as in a great drag-net and herded to Jaffa, amidst suffering unspeakable. There they were met by the American cruisers which were to transport them to Egypt. Up to the very moment when they set foot on the friendly warships they were robbed and horribly abused by the Jaffa boatmen. The eternal curse of the wandering Jew! Driven from Russia, they had come to seek shelter in Turkey; Turkey then casts them from her under pretext that they are loyal to Russia. Truly, the Jew lifts his eyes to the mountains, asking the bitter and eternal question, 'Whence shall come my help?'

The Turkish government later repented of its leniency in allowing these Russian Jews to escape, and gave orders that only neutrals should leave the country — and then only under certain conditions. I was not a neutral; my first papers of American citizenship were valueless to further my escape. I had heard, however, that the United States cruiser Tennessee was to call at Jaffa, and I determined to get aboard her by hook or by crook, hoping that her commanding officer, Captain Decker, whom I knew, would feel justified in making an exception in my case. One evening, as soon as darkness had fallen, I bade farewell to my people, and, with the tears of my old father still wet upon my hair, I set off for Jaffa, taking out-of-the-way paths and traveling only by night. I was liable to be stopped any time by pickets, and now that the locust campaign was over, my *boyouroultou* was useless. At dawn, two days later, I slipped into Jaffa by way of the great sand-dunes and went straight to the house of S——, a good friend, whom I could trust to help me in every possible way.

S—— had little encouragement to

offer me. He seemed to think, however, that my best chance lay in securing a passport of some neutral country, and that same morning he set out to try and secure one for me. All day he was gone; I was beginning to fear something had happened to him when he came home at sundown, tired and disheartened. All the venality, the subtle wire-pulling of the East had been useless. There had already been several escapes; the authorities were roused, and the human jackals who busy themselves with such matters as false passports were for the moment thoroughly scared.

I then decided to carry out my original plan of boarding the Tennessee without a passport. There was an old boatman at the harbor who had served me and whom I trusted as much as one could trust a Mohammedan of his class. Against the wishes of my friend, this boatman¹ was summoned to the house and I explained the situation to him. It was a desperate chance, I knew, but what else was there to do? At first he would hear nothing of it; finally, when I had raised the bribe sufficiently high, he agreed to meet me at dawn two days later — the Tennessee was expected then — near the sand-dunes just outside the town. When the man had left, S—— kept walking up and down, wringing his hands and declaring that we were both ruined. It was, in truth, a most unpleasant situation. At any moment we expected to hear the voices of Turkish officers at the door: even after I had said farewell to S—— the next day and started forth to spend the night among the dunes, I felt sure I should walk into some ambush.

Nothing happened, however. Next morning, long before sunrise, the prow

of the little skiff grated on the beach and my boatman came running to the meeting-place we had agreed on. He was greatly upset; at first he declared it was all up with me, and I had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to push off. Finally he gave in; I doubled up in the bottom of the boat in the bilge-water and refuse, beneath a great stinking sailcloth, and the old man rowed out into the silence, the wavelets slapping playfully against the boards by my ear. It seemed an eternity before I heard the muffled voices of sailors shouting to one another through the wreathing dawn mists, and knew that we had come to the little flotilla of fisher-craft lying at anchor off the harbor. Once among these, we could wait for the Tennessee in safety.

Long, cramped hours I spent under that sailcloth, even after the cruiser's whistle had blared out the news of her coming. Then the skiff shook; the rowlocks creaked; I knew we were off. I raised up an edge of the sail and whispered to the boatman. Was it safe for me to come out? He nodded; I emerged into the blazing sunshine, sore and aching in every joint. Ahead lay the Tennessee, a great gray bulk, with swarms of little boats creeping toward her, as though drawn by invisible strings. We edged up alongside into an indescribable confusion of screaming, cursing boatmen and wailing refugees; the gangplank hung above me; I jumped for it and walked up with as bold a manner as I could assume, although there was a feeling of horrible depression and uncertainty in my heart. At the top stood an officer, clean and cool, who asked for my passport. I waived his question.

'I want to see Captain Decker, please.'

The officer looked me up and down; then — decided probably by my fluent English — he passed me on to a sailor

¹ Readers of Mr. Aaronsohn's article will be interested to know that the American press, in April, chronicled the fact that this boatman had been put to death by Turkish authorities on the charge of espionage. — THE EDITORS.

who took me up to the captain's room.

I had met Captain Decker before, on an occasion when I had made him a confidential report. Now I unfolded my whole story, and wound up by asking if, under the circumstances, my 'first papers' might not entitle me to protection. He was silent for a moment; then he said, —

'This is a hard situation for both of us.'

I knew what that meant. I also realized the perfect justice of Captain Decker's refusal to take me away. Without any further words I turned and left the room. There were dozens of boatmen clamoring for passengers; somehow — I was dizzy and sick with disappointment — I got down the gangplank and started back to Jaffa.

On the quay I ran into Hassan Bey, commandant of the police, who was superintending the embarkation of refugees. I knew him and he knew me. Half an hour later I was in police headquarters under examination by Hassan Bey. I was desperate, and answered him recklessly. A seasick man is indifferent to shipwreck. This was the substance of our conversation: —

'How did you get aboard the ship?'

'In a boat with some refugees. A woman hid me with her skirts.'

'So you were trying to escape, were you?'

'If I had been, I should n't have come back.'

'Then what were you doing on the cruiser?'

'I went to talk to the captain, who is a friend of mine. My life is in danger. Feuzi Bey is after me, and I wanted *my friends in America* to know how justice is done in Palestine.'

'Who are your friends in America?'

'Men who could break you in a minute.'

'Do you know to whom you are speaking?'

'Yes, Hassan Bey. I am sick of persecution. I wish you would hang me with your own hands as you hanged the young Christian; my friends would have your life for mine.'

I wonder now how I dared to speak to him in this manner. But the bluff carried. Hassan Bey looked at me curiously for a moment — then smiled and offered me a cigarette, assuring me that he believed me a loyal citizen, and declaring that he felt deeply hurt that I had not come to him for permission to visit the cruiser. We parted with a profusion of Eastern compliments, and that evening I started back to Zicron-Jacob.

[Readers of the ATLANTIC who have followed Mr. Aaronsohn's stirring narrative will be relieved to know that shortly after his return to Zicron-Jacob he received a letter from his sister in Beirut, which crystallized his determination to leave Palestine at all costs. In the uniform of a Turkish soldier he reached Beirut, where he succeeded in obtaining passports of a neutral country for himself and his sister; and, after difficulty and risk without end, they finally got aboard a vessel that took them to Egypt. From Alexandria they proceeded by easy stages to the United States. —

THE EDITORS.]

HYMN TO AIR

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

BECAUSE the ways of breath
Belong not to the soul,
Which may not even control
How it shall come on death;
Therefore, beholding thus
What secret and wise care
Silently follows us,
Let the soul praise the air!

II

Shadow of life in me,
August familiar, dear
Companion ever near
Whose form I may not see;
I, when alone I walk
With men walking, or trees,
With this enchanter talk
Of older things than these.

III

This breath that enters in
To warm and purify
The source of life which I
Deem all my own within,
Has felt the earth reel round
From outer space that lies
Somewhere beneath the ground,
Somewhere above the skies.

IV

This humble unseen friend
Whom I go elbowing, —
What if it bid take wing
And in the spirit ascend
Where foot hath never trod,
Where bird hath never come,
Where man may look on God
And his thought find a home?

V

Joy wraps me round in air,
On mountain-heights I drink
Rapture, until I think
My being everywhere
Into the universe;
I laugh with divine mirth
To see the pretty, fierce
Babe-scamblings of the earth.

VI

Yet, day by day more sure,
This mercy, which I praise,
Silently all my ways
Doth follow, and endure,
Buffeted, to control
The ceaseless watch of death:
I praise thee with my soul,
Delicate air, for breath.

THE ODYSSEY OF THE SOCKEYE SALMON

BY WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY

I

THE fishing industry of British Columbia is of enormous importance. The aggregate value of the fish captured each year is over \$14,000,000. Toward this the salmon — so-called — contributes about two thirds, and of the five species of fish classed locally as salmon, that known as the 'sockeye' is most numerous and economically the most valuable. However, it is not now proposed to deal either with the economic or the strictly scientific aspects of the sockeye, but rather to describe some of the known features of its remarkable life. These are of quite extraordinary interest.¹

In a technical sense the five species of fish known as salmon on the Pacific Coast are not salmon at all — although more or less closely related to the *Salmo* genus. All five belong to the genus *Oncorhynchus*, the sockeye being known as *O. nerka*. The derivation of the term 'sockeye' is obscure; Dr. Jordan suggests that it may be derived from the word 'sukie,' by which this fish was known to a tribe of Indians which in old days inhabited parts of the southern section of what is now British Columbia. The sockeye is the smallest but one of the five species, its adult

weight being about six pounds and its length averaging some twenty-four inches. It is lithe and graceful in form. While in the sea the back and upper portions of its sides are of dark, metallic blue; it is silvery-white beneath. When the fish enter the fresh water the colors dim; later the back becomes suffused with a reddish hue. Throughout the journey to the spawning-ground the sockeye never breaks its fast. And this journey (up the Yukon, for instance) may involve a swim for some fifteen hundred miles against a swift and turbulent current, the temperature of which is but little above freezing-point. The range of the sockeye is from Northern Alaska to the Columbia River.

The beginnings of this creature's life are well known. From the embryonic stage to the end of approximately the first year of its existence as a free-swimming 'fingerling' in one of those crystal-clear lakes with which the northwestern part of America is so richly dappled, the nature and habits of the sockeye have been carefully observed and studied. But in late spring or early summer the young fish disappear into 'the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea' — and of their life therein for upwards of two and a half years, there is literally no record. No sockeye between the fingerling and the adult stages has ever been captured. In early summer, just before the run inland, adult sockeye have been taken in purse-nets on the Swiftsure Bank, just outside the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

¹ What is here set forth is based upon official reports of the careful and searching investigations as to the life-history of the sockeye, made by such men as Dr. C. H. Gilbert of Stanford University and Mr. J. P. Babcock, Assistant Commissioner of Fisheries for British Columbia, and upon such observations as the writer has been enabled to make. — THE AUTHOR.

Fragments of its meat, mixed with those of other fish, have been found in the stomachs of sea-lions killed farther north at the same season. The netted specimens revealed that the sockeye feeds upon a small crustacean and upon a form of *Ammodytes*, or sea-lance. But no sockeye has ever been known to take a bait.

The average four-years' life of this fish falls, therefore, into three periods, two of which are known and one unknown. This rule has exceptions. A few individuals, almost exclusively males, mature in three years and come in with the adult run. These are the so-called grilse. A few others remain for two years in the lake before migrating to the ocean. In the case of the Fraser River sockeye a curious fact has been observed — every fourth year an enormous run takes place. The last occurred in 1913. No such phenomenon has been observed in respect of the other spawning areas.

II

The approximate year having been spent in a fresh-water lake, the frail atom of a fish has grown to a length of from two to three inches. Some time between March and June, instinct prompts it to start on the perilous journey to the sea. This journey may take only a few uneventful days; on the other hand, it may involve traveling a thousand miles to some misty fjord where a brown spate, flung by melted snow from the Rocky Mountains, clashes with a brimming tide at the full of the moon. The little creature — so soft of texture, with its large, soft, apprehensive eye — has to run the gauntlet of numerous enemies. It is flung down foaming, vertical cascades; it is swept into shouting rapids combed by fang-like rocks. At the stream's mouth it is met by new dangers; fresh

and menacing problems are found at every turn. There is the sudden transition from fresh to salt water, involving chemical, dynamic, and respiratory changes. There are fierce enemies, openly ravaging, and stealthy murderers with ingenious lures and devices in operation, lurking in every nook where shelter might be sought. Yet it miraculously adapts itself and survives, — to disappear from human ken in the mystery of the illimitable sea, — until it reappears, adult, some three-and-thirty months later.

It is about midsummer — although the time varies slightly according to locality and individual season — when the sea gives up these mysterious denizens, the adult sockeye, which entered it as fingerlings three seasons previously. From far and near the schools crowd in and assemble before those lone and misty gateways through which the Pacific rollers smoke and thunder. The southeast limit of Vancouver Island is approximately four hundred miles from Prince Rupert, at the mouth of the Skeena River; but the intervening coast is much broken and indented — probably more so than that of any other with the exception of Norway. It is said that if the coast-line of every island, promontory, and indentation on the British Columbian coast were to be followed, a journey of twenty-seven thousand miles would be involved. This is irrespective of the immense and convoluted expanse of the Alaskan coast, which also lies within the sockeye range. Practically every indentation on the coast north of the Columbia has its stream, and — here lies the greatest marvel — every stream suitable for spawning appears to have its separate frequenting pack. It has, in fact, been practically determined that the sockeye will spawn only where it has been spawned.

After having digested their last meal

— for at this period the stomach of the sockeye is invariably found to be empty — the fish leave the salt water and, entering the gates through which they emerged, make for their respective spawning-grounds. These lie on the shallow margins of lakes or, preferably, on the margins of streams by which the lakes are fed. Enemies of many kinds beset the sockeye's course. North of smoky Quatsino Sound the predatory legions of sea-lions and hair-seals lie waiting for their easy harvest. Of the former there are believed to be over 11,000 within the compass of a small triangle north of Vancouver Island. A full-grown sea-lion weighs upwards of a ton. The havoc wrought by these creatures among the sockeye and other fish may thus be imagined.

The European fishermen with varied scientific devices crowd the areas where the salmon assemble from the sea. It is computed that in the area including Georgia and Juan de Fuca Straits and Puget Sound, 33,000,000 salmon were taken from the sea in the 1913 season. All along the river-banks the Indians stand with their scoop-nets, lifting out fish at the rate of hundreds a day. Below each rocky bar over which the fish have to leap, the wearied wayfarers lie resting — gaining strength for the effort. If the obstacle to be surmounted should be one of those cascades whose course is over sharp rocks standing in foaming, swirling eddies through which contending currents are flung, a large number of fish may be injured, and in the pool below are assembled a sorry company of the halt and the maimed — many with their sides cruelly gashed. Every now and then one notes a gleam of silver on the surface — and a dead fish floats away downstream. Perhaps one of the gorged fish-eagles may swoop down and seize the carcass; oftener it will be swept unregarded away.

The number of salmon crowding into

a stream when the run is heavy is almost incredible; occasionally they lie so densely packed that it seems almost as though one could walk from bank to bank on the mass. In the big Fraser run of 1913 many millions of fish were sacrificed owing to a landslide at Hell's Gate, near Yale. This narrowed the channel and increased the speed of the current to such an extent that the fish could not surmount it. They lingered, exhausted, for days below the rapid; then they floated downstream, died, and were borne as carrion toward the sea. Below Hell's Gate are good spawning-grounds, to be reached via the Harrison, Lilloet, and Pitt tributaries; but rather than spawn at any other spot than that where they themselves had been spawned, the fish forewent the great purpose of their lives.

The evidence in favor of the view that the sockeye will spawn only at their birthplace is overwhelming. Anderson and Nahmint lakes in Vancouver Island lie less than two miles apart. The vent-streams from both run to Barkley Sound. Both lakes are fed from the same snow- and rainfall; both lie embowered in cedar, hemlock, and pine; on both the same sky looks down between mountains of similar geology. Yet Dr. Gilbert will distinguish between a sockeye taken in Anderson Lake and one taken in Nahmint. It may be by the shape or size of the scale, the form of a fin, the angle of the jaw, or, if the specimen be a female, by the size of the ovum. But the distinctive peculiarity will be there, and will be found constant in every specimen examined. It is quite possible that with a little further knowledge, it will be practicable to determine, not only the lake in which a given fish has spent the first year of its life, but the tributary streamlet on the gravel of which the ovum that gave it life was spawned.

That this habit will in course of time

give rise to different races, and eventually to different species, is a fair inference. That the process is now going on is clear from the circumstance that already racial strains are arising. For instance, a sockeye of very large size has been found at Yes Bay in Southern Alaska. A number of eggs of this variety have been laid in a lake down in Vancouver Island and another in the State of Washington. All this involves an astounding proposition, but one which, on the evidence, we cannot avoid accepting.

To what may we attribute this inevitable determination of the sockeye to return for the purpose of spawning — and then incontinently dying — at the spot where it was spawned? Is it to a blind, compelling instinct void of conscious thought, such as characterizes so many of the marvelous operations of the honey bee; or is it a passionate love on the part of the fish for its birthplace — an overwhelming desire to revisit and end its life in the beautiful spot where life and light first dawned upon it? For all the spots where the salmon spawn are beautiful. Is it perchance what Schopenhauer, in connection with higher animals, termed 'the genius of the genus' working through the mind of each individual, urging it to forge the link of continuance between the generations in a perfect circle, ending where it began — spending the strength it amassed amid the rich pastures of the ocean in striving for a goal which has been an ever-present dream?

The evidence is, one may think, in favor of an intellectual rather than an instinctive process. Place twenty bees in an uncorked bottle of clear glass, and set the bottle on its side with the closed end in sunlight and the open end in shadow. The bees will die of exhaustion after vain struggles to penetrate the glass, but they will never attempt to escape through the open vent.

Their instinct is based on a long racial experience that light indicates an opening, and their intellect is incapable of leaving the rut thus formed. But if a salmon-run be obstructed, the fish will diligently and intelligently seek in every possible direction for a passage. Moreover, they will at once make use of a fish-ladder or other arrangement placed for their convenience. If, owing to heavy rain, a river becomes swollen, and a fall, passable at ordinary times, becomes impassable, the sockeye will wait patiently in the pool below until the spate has gone by, and then resume the interrupted journey. Among bees, so far as can be observed, individual preferences are unknown; the individual is nothing; the dominant note of the bee's life is a passionate devotion to the commonwealth, manifested upon rigidly fixed lines. But the salmon have individual preferences; male and female mate together, and in their mating they exhibit jealousy and other characteristics which link them with the higher animals — and even with human beings.

It must, one thinks, be a fixed idea — a memory-visualization which guides them. Do these creatures, throughout the course of their perhaps world-wide wanderings during nearly three mystery-shrouded years, dream of the little submerged cairn of purple gravel over which the crystal water lapped and murmured — that cairn among the interstices of which they found safe refuge from watchful, ravening foes, from the greedy trout and their own hungry kin of a previous generation? Do they dream of the sombre, stately cedars growing from the edge of the stream; of the rugged pines festooned with sage-green *Usnea* moss; of the lace-like fronds of the hemlock and the swaying fingers of the maple? These trees stand, dreaming, between the sky and the murmuring water. Do the

tired wanderers long for those fleeting glimpses of the folded hills, — perchance backed by sunlit, snowy peaks, — glimpses had when they sprang, playing, into the air at sunrise? Does the lure perhaps lie in the miraculous clearness of the peaceful water — a clearness so startling that its realization comes as a shock to the observer? One cannot tell what it is, but the lure is there; the magnet that draws the doomed creatures from the most distant and secret places of the sea, over stunning obstacles, by a memory strand so strong that only death can break it. And the most significant circumstance is that these salmon forego the purposed culmination of their tragic life — the fulfillment of the love-instinct and the consequent continuance of the species — when they fail to reach the shrine desired for its consummation.

At length, all difficulties surmounted, the goal is reached; perhaps one in ten, one in fifty, of those who as fingerlings ventured to the sea three seasons previously, may have escaped their legion of foes and surmounted the obstacles of their difficult path. The wanderers have returned to their native lake — to the placid sky-mirror in its frame of sombre green hills, or stark, snow-encumbered mountains, which they have never forgotten. But the perils are not at an end. In the central waters of the lake, in the larger pools of its tributary streams, safety is to be found, but spawning has to be effected on the margins — in water but a few inches deep — and close to these margins watchful enemies lie ambushed. If the lake lie near the ocean, the fish arrive in fair condition; they even appear to experience something of the joy of life; one may watch them leaping from the deeper pools of the tributary streams; occasionally from the lake itself. But if the latter lie very far inland, the effects of weariness and the long fast become ap-

parent; the fish take on a gaunt and haggard look. In the male the upper jaw undergoes a marked change: that portion immediately behind the snout becomes depressed, the forward portion curves almost into a hook. This gives the fish a most sinister expression.

After a few days' rest the process of spawning begins, and, under the veritable shadow of the wing of Death, — in a furnace, as it were, of terror and pain, — the link joining past with future generations is forged; the perfect circle is completed.

III

The sockeye have now almost reached the final stage of their long travail. The supreme and most fatal sacrifice has yet to come — the immolation of a generation upon the cold and thankless altar of the Future. But there intervenes a period of rest, — of cessation from persecution, — a few score hours of luxurious, almost effortless gliding to and fro beneath the placid surface of the liquid mirror into which the inconstant sky glances as it is borne past by the circling earth. Beneath this surface the water is literally as limpid as the untroubled atmosphere which lies so lightly upon it. Midsummer is now gliding imperceptibly into the fall. The days are long and dreamful; the winds are hushed; the sky is unmarred, its blue unflecked save by occasional drifts of fleecy vapor — immaculate flocks born of snow which has melted on distant peaks, straying over the rare, pellucid pastures of the upper atmosphere. The shrieking tempest and the blinding snowfall have been — and will again be — in some distant and incredible future.

The days are sultry and the nights are mild. The water is warm and delicious; nevertheless, it is fatally charged with the germs of a terrible disease,

— with the spores of the *Saprolegnia*, that foul fungoid which will inevitably attack and destroy the debilitated fish when they have reached their final stage of exhaustion after the strenuous spawning effort. But in the meantime, in those lakes around which the shallow spawning ledges lie, there is little to suggest danger or death. It is true that the fish-eagles, having followed the run from the sea, perch expectantly upon the tall, gaunt stumps — those sinister reminders of long-past forest fires which, like skeletons at the feast, are seldom out of sight even in the most luxuriant of the forests of Northwestern America. Behind the inevitable rampart of dead logs — usually invisible owing to dense undergrowth — lurk bears, grizzly or black according to locality. These wait sulkily for the final holocaust. They sleep most of the time, their dreams, no doubt, being full of gustatory reminiscence and anticipation. Their taloned paws are pressed against their temporarily depleted paunches; it is not likely they will be disturbed, for their lairs have been cunningly chosen. Many of them have followed the pack from the coast, gorging luxuriously at each obstruction, going empty when the course was clear. But their final and most Gargantuan feast is now nearly at hand. The restless coyotes slink in and out of the thickets, hollow-flanked and impatient.

But in the meantime the fish are out of danger and at peace. There are exceptions to this rule. If the run be a great one there is considerable competition for the available gravel-beds; consequently the sockeye set to work preëempting spawning-sites immediately upon arrival. At night the drumming of the ruffed grouse may fill a steep gorge with miniature thunder. Occasionally the long-drawn howl of a timber-wolf or the gulping snarl of a

panther, as it tears at the throat of a slain deer, makes weird the night. But such sounds are rare; the North American forest is usually as silent as the grave.

However, under the surface of the lake is peace, utter and profound; and, for the moment, safety. Dawn sends its spell across the dreaming forest, dappling its darkness with softly-paling shades. As the light grows, each tall fellowship of firs stands forth in sombre relief. The nearer comes the sun, the darker grows the forest. The surface of the lake is like glass — except where broken here and there by a leaping trout. A piercing ray of light thrills like an arrow through the trees cresting the eastern horizon. Then the timid dawn flies westward, and morning, triumphant, reigns. The slow hours trail on to noon — to afternoon — in sultry procession, until evening essays to reproduce the rapture of day-break, but fails for lack of mystery.

And what of the sockeye during those halcyon hours? One does not know; yet one may reasonably believe they enjoy a measure of content — even of happiness. May it not be that during this interval they seek their affinities — those mates in conjunction with whom the final and fatal mystery of their love's consummation may be fulfilled? That they do select their mates is certain; it is also certain, as will be shown, that the process of selection is marred by disharmonies and cruelties very similar to those which so often disfigure the sex-relations of human beings.

But may we not at least infer the sockeye's enjoyment of the sense of having triumphed over enormous difficulties and escaped frightful dangers — their realization of the desirous dream which was ever present during their long, eventful wanderings? Here is the region where they first swam free-

ly — breathing and, by the same operation, feeding upon those microscopic organisms with which stepmother Nature had filled the limpid waters for their first nourishment. Here, by the constant discipline of escape from the Steelhead trout and their own aberrant kin who decided to spend a second, or even a third, year in the lake, they had braced and schooled themselves for tremendous achievements. Here Nature, in the guise of 'the genius of the genus,' had broken the cells of the germ-plasm with which their tiny brains were charged, and revealed to them — by the process we name instinctive — the tremendous purpose of their mysterious existence.

Nature has strange and often unthought-of methods of adjusting balances. May it not be that the happiness, the bliss realized by these creatures as they lie wrapped in the mild waters of their natal lake is deep and searching enough to compensate for all they have endured? May it not be that if only one in a hundred — one in a thousand — realizes it, the hundredth or thousandth chance of realization may be sufficient recompense? 'Many are called, but few are chosen,' was said by the Christ of men and the Kingdom of Heaven; and the God of Israel was justified in that terrible saying. May not the same be true of fishes — their travail in the Great Waters and their short interval of blissful peace in the Delectable Lakes? But who shall dare to justify the majestic, terrible, and blood-stained steps of that awful entity we term Nature?

The final act, the spawning, begins. The female sockeye selects a gravelly spot, usually near the margin of some tributary stream — a spot over which water, to the depth of some three or four inches, flows. Her chosen mate follows and watches her actions with anxious attention. The fish have now

markedly changed their color: the clean metallic blue has given place to a hectic flush of red. The female lies sideways on the gravel, with her head upstream. Then she bends her body and immediately again straightens it with a quivering jerk. This displaces the gravel over an area about equal in extent to the palm of one's hand, and causes a slight hollow. The displaced gravel is pushed down stream and thus forms a hillock below the hollow. The fish then rubs her abdomen sideways and with a quivering motion on the lower edge of the hollow and close to the upper base of the hillock, emitting the ova as she does so. During the operation the hillock grows by accretion of the disturbed pebbles. The male fish is at hand; he expresses the milt in the same manner in which the female expresses the eggs. The milt has to reach the eggs within two minutes and twenty seconds of their emission; otherwise fertilization does not take place.

The eggs are carried by the milt-laden stream into the interstices of the hillock. The fish resulting from those eggs which remain exposed die within a few days after they have been hatched. Even if they escape the host of greedy enemies lying in wait for them, they become infected fatally in the region of the umbilical sac by the *Saprolegnia* fungus. It is still unexplained why the fry hatched out among the stones of the hillock are not attacked. Possibly the spores of the *Saprolegnia* cannot live in darkness; possibly some antidote-parasite exists which is ineffective in light. Herein lies an interesting subject for investigation.

The expression of the ova as well as that of the milt is a purely mechanical operation, for the sockeye has no muscular apparatus to assist in the process of voiding. It is solely through the bending of the body, the quivering jerk, and the rubbing on the pebbles

that the expression is effected. The female normally contains some five thousand eggs. About four days are consumed in the work of expressing. By that time the abdomen of the fish is usually raw and void of scales in the vicinity of the vent.

Herein is manifested one of Nature's energy-saving devices. If the sockeye were furnished with the usual expressing apparatus, it would not have to jerk and struggle; thus the hillock would not be formed, and some round-about way of eluding the *Saprolegnia* spores and other enemies would have to be devised. So Nature withheld from a highly specialized creature an organ proper to its rank in the zoölogical scale — forcing it to descend from the heights of specialization and perform a lowly, rudimentary action. It is almost as though the commander-in-chief of an army were set to the work of digging trenches.

If the run be a moderate or a small one, each female sockeye insists upon having a considerable space free around her spawning hillock, and will energetically attack any other female venturing into her vicinity. But if the run be large and space be consequently limited, other fish may spawn within a few feet and no objection be made. Should another female attempt to appropriate a preempted spot, a fierce combat would result.

Sockeye both male and female — unattached, unconventional beings not bound by the accepted ethical rules: piscatorial home-wreckers, in fact — are apt to disturb the harmony of the spawning grounds. Some female fish, whose symmetry is comparatively unmarred owing to a succession of lucky escapes, and who consequently has most of her strength in reserve, may glide in and try to appropriate the hillock on the erection of which some matron-fish has expended almost her last

available energy. A combat will inevitably ensue; contrary to all ethical canons, victory will most likely go to the intruder. The male fish will not interfere. His tail fanning just enough to counteract the pull of the current, he will impartially watch the contest. If his old companion be driven forth to a lonely death, he will impartially mate with the newcomer. Again, one may observe mateless males of comparatively superior physique moving about over the spawning grounds, evidently on the lookout for mated males whose physique is inferior. When one of the latter is found, a combat — which may exhibit great savagery — will follow. In such cases the female regards the situation with tranquil unconcern. Should the male originally in possession be vanquished, he will accept the inevitable and glide tranquilly to his death — let us hope a euthanasia — in the profound calm of the adjacent waters, while his wife accepts the companionship of the victor with equanimity.

The foregoing represents ideal spawning conditions, which, however, do not as a rule exist. When the pack arrives, the carnivora of the forest-covered ranges surrounding the lake crowd in to take their toll of the hapless sockeye. The great grizzly bear lumbers over the gravel-beds, and, displaying unsuspected quickness with his murderously taloned paws, flicks the wearied and preoccupied fish high and dry into the undergrowth. After he has gorged his fill, the grizzly will lay up treasure (that will soon smell to heaven) for the coming weeks. Twenty to thirty fish he will collect into a heap; over these he will pile logs and rocks so large and heavy that, even remembering the strength of his thews, one wonders at his ability to move them through the dense jungle. The black bear gorges too, but apparently accu-

mulates no store. Nevertheless he becomes fetid, blear-eyed, unhealthy generally, and filthy in his habits. Sometimes his dulled fur falls off in patches until his once silky coat suggests that of a mangy dog. The coyote, too, gorges to a point of scandalous obesity. Every creature capable of sustaining its life upon flesh crowds in to take toll of the hapless salmon.

Spawning over, the spent and exhausted creatures, now mere living corpses, — distorted, emaciated, and disfigured, — cleave their slow and painful way back to the deep waters of the lake. The results of the *Saprolegnia* infection now develop: foul festoons — the bearers of spores to infect the next generation of sockeye — hang from lips, eye-rims, gill-shields, and fins. The pairs which have spawned together as a rule maintain their companionship, each pair seeming to shun the society of others. Their movements become slower, stiffer. This existence may be prolonged for a fortnight; it usually continues for a week. Then comes death. For a brief period, the poor, disfigured carcasses float at the surface; then they sink to the bottom, where the soft tissues undergo swift disintegration.

The hatching-period of the sockeye egg varies according to the temperature of the water. The governing principle has been ingeniously worked out and determined by Mr. Wallach, of the United States Fisheries Department. It is as follows. Take freezing point, 32° Fahrenheit, as the basis. Then take the mean temperature of the water on each day, starting with the day on which the egg was expressed, and de-

duct 32 from it. As soon as the remainders reach a total of 990, the egg will have hatched.

To make the thing quite clear the following table is given. Assume that on the day of spawning and the four subsequent days, the respective mean temperatures read as follows: 52, 55, 53, 60, 54.

1st day, $52 - 32 = 20$

2nd " $55 - 32 = 23$

3rd " $53 - 32 = 21$

4th " $60 - 32 = 28$

5th " $54 - 32 = 22$

and so on. When the footing of the third column reaches 990, the egg will have hatched. The little fish soon becomes a free swimmer, but some eight weeks pass before the umbilical sac is fully absorbed. Then the minute, semi-transparent creature, helpless, except for the instinct that prompts it toward concealment from ever-vigilant enemies, starts on its independent career.

And what of that atom of faintly clouded jelly — its brain? Did any other physical substance ever bear such a tremendous load? Pictured or written therein is the vast and varied experience of the whole sockeye race, probably dating from a period before Vancouver Island emerged from the ocean, when the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains were wave-washed islands (there is evidence to be deduced from certain habits of the sockeye that this is the case). In that receptacle must be stored records of millions of precedents — clues for guidance through a life-embracing labyrinth of dangers and difficulties. It contains the tragedy and the triumph of the sockeye race. One's mind reels before the abyss.

HEROES

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

WHEN he could stand it no longer, he fired a revolver up through the roof of his mouth, but he made a mess of it. The ball tore out his left eye, and then lodged somewhere under his skull, so they bundled him into an ambulance and carried him, cursing and screaming, to the nearest field hospital. The journey was made in double-quick time, over rough Belgian roads. To save his life he must reach the hospital without delay, and if he was bounced to death jolting along at breakneck speed, it did not matter. That was understood. He was a deserter, and discipline must be maintained. Since he had failed in the job, his life must be saved; he must be nursed back to health, until he was well enough to be stood up against a wall and shot. This is War. Things like this also happen in peace time, but not so obviously.

At the hospital he behaved abominably. The ambulance men declared that he had tried to throw himself out of the back of the ambulance, that he had yelled and hurled himself about, and spat blood all over the floor and blankets — in short, he was very disagreeable. Upon the operating table he was no more reasonable. He shouted and screamed and threw himself from side to side, and it took a dozen leather straps and four or five orderlies to hold him in position so that the surgeon could examine him. During this commotion, from his bleeding mouth he shot great clots of stagnant blood, caring not where they fell. One fell on the immaculate white uniform of the

Directrice, and stained her from breast to shoes. It was disgusting. They told him it was *La Directrice*, and that he must be careful. For an instant he stopped his raving and regarded her fixedly with his remaining eye, then took aim afresh and again covered her with his coward blood. Truly, it was disgusting.

To the *médecin major* it was incomprehensible, and he said so. To attempt to kill one's self, when, in these days, it was so easy to die with honor upon the battlefield, was something he could not understand. So the *médecin major* stood patiently aside, his arms crossed, and his supple fingers pulling the long black hairs on his bare arms, waiting.

He had long to wait, for it was very difficult to get the man under the anæsthetic. Many cans of ether were used, which went to prove that the patient was a drinking man. Whether he had acquired the habit of hard drink before or since the war could not be ascertained; the war had lasted a year now, and in that time many habits may be formed.

As the *médecin major* stood there, patiently fingering the hair on his arms, he calculated the amount of ether that was expended — five cans of ether, at so many francs a can. However, the ether was a donation from America, so it did not matter. Even so, it was wasteful.

At last they said he was ready. He was quiet. During his struggles, they had broken out two big teeth with the mouth-gag, and that added a little

more blood to the blood already choking him. Then the *médecin major* did a very skillful operation. He trephined the skull, extracted the bullet that had lodged beneath it, and bound back in place that erratic eye. After which the man was sent over to the ward, while the surgeon returned hungrily to his dinner, long overdue.

In the ward, the man was a bad patient. He insisted upon tearing off his bandages, although they told him that this meant bleeding to death. His mind seemed fixed on death. He seemed to want to die and was thoroughly unreasonable, although quite conscious. All of which meant that he required constant watching and was a perfect nuisance. He was so different from the other patients, who wanted to live. It was a joy to nurse them. This was the *Salle des Grands Blessés* — those most seriously wounded. By expert surgery, by expert nursing, some of these were to be returned to their homes again, *réformés*, mutilated for life, a burden to themselves and to society; others were to be nursed back to health, to a point at which they could again shoulder eighty pounds of marching kit, and be torn to pieces again on the firing-line. It was a pleasure to nurse such as these. It called forth all one's skill, all one's humanity. But to nurse back to health a man who was to be court-martialed and shot — truly, that seemed a dead-end occupation.

They dressed his wounds every day. Very many yards of gauze were required, with gauze at so many francs a bolt. Very much ether, very much iodoform, very many bandages — it was an expensive business, considering. All this waste for a man who was to be shot, as soon as he was well enough. How much better to expend this upon the hopeless cripples, or those who were to face death again in the trenches!

The night nurse was given to reflection.

One night, about midnight, she took her candle and went down the ward, reflecting. Ten beds on the right-hand side, ten beds on the left-hand side, all full. How pitiful they were, these little soldiers, asleep! How irritating they were, these little soldiers, awake! Yet how sternly they contrasted with the man who had attempted suicide! Yet did they contrast, after all? Were they finer, nobler, than he? The night nurse, given to reflection, continued her rounds.

In bed number two, on the right, lay Alexandre, asleep. He had received the *médaille militaire* for bravery. He was better now, and that day had asked the *médecin major* for permission to smoke. The *médecin major* had refused, saying that it would disturb the other patients. Yet after the doctor had gone, Alexandre had produced a cigarette and lighted it, defying them all from behind his *médaille militaire*. The patient in the next bed had become violently nauseated in consequence, yet Alexandre had smoked on, secure in his *médaille militaire*. How much honor lay in that?

Here lay Félix, asleep. Poor, querulous, feeble-minded Félix, with a foul fistula which filled the whole ward with its odor. In one sleeping hand lay his little round mirror, in the other he clutched his comb. With daylight, he would trim and comb his moustache, his poor, little drooping moustache, and twirl the ends of it.

Beyond lay Alphonse, drugged with morphia after an intolerable day. That morning he had received a package from home, a dozen pears. He had eaten them all, one after the other, though his companions in the beds adjacent looked on with hungry, longing eyes. He offered not one to the men on either side of him. After his gorge, he had become violently ill, and demanded the basin in which to unload his surcharged stomach.

Here lay Hippolyte, who for eight months had jerked on the bar of a captive *ballon*, until appendicitis had sent him into hospital. He was not ill, and his dirty jokes filled the ward, provoking laughter even from dying Marius. How filthy had been his jokes — how they had been matched and beaten by the jokes of others! How filthy they all were, when they talked with each other, shouting down the length of the ward!

Wherein lay the difference? Was it not all a dead-end occupation, nursing back to health men to be patched up and returned to the trenches, or a man to be patched up, court-martialed and shot? The difference lay in the Ideal.

One had no ideals. The others had ideals, and fought for them. Yet had they? Poor selfish Alexandre, poor vain Félix, poor gluttonous Alphonse, poor filthy Hippolyte — was it possible that each cherished ideals, hidden beneath? Courageous dreams of freedom and patriotism? Yet if so, how could such beliefs fail to influence their daily lives? Could one cherish standards so noble, yet be himself so ignoble, so petty, so commonplace?

At this point her candle burned out, so the night nurse took another one and passed from bed to bed. It was very incomprehensible. Poor, whining Félix, poor whining Alphonse, poor whining Hippolyte, poor whining Alexandre — all fighting for *La Patrie*. And against them the man who had tried to desert *La Patrie*.

So the night nurse continued her rounds, up and down the ward, reflecting. And suddenly she saw that these ideals were imposed from without — that they were compulsory. That, left to themselves, Félix and Hippolyte and Alexandre and Alphonse would have had no ideals. Somewhere, higher up, a handful of men had been able to impose upon Alphonse and Hippolyte and Félix and Alexandre and thousands like them, a state of mind which was not in them, of themselves. Base metal, gilded. And they were all harnessed to a great car, a Juggernaut, ponderous and crushing, upon which was enthroned Mammon, or the Goddess of Liberty, or Reason, as you like. Nothing further was demanded of them than their collective physical strength — just to tug the car forward, to cut a wide swath, to leave behind a broad path along which could follow, at some later date, the hordes of Progress and Civilization. Individual nobility was superfluous. All the Idealists demanded was physical endurance from the mass.

Dawn filtered in through the little square windows of the ward. Two of the patients rolled on their sides that they might talk to one another. In the silence of early morning their voices rang clear.

‘Dost thou know, *mon ami*, that when we captured that German battery a few days ago, we found the gunners chained to their guns?’

A FEDERAL MERCHANT MARINE

A LESSON FROM HISTORY

BY PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM

SHALL we have a Federal Merchant Marine? President Wilson is still persistent in the matter. With his customary directness and forcefulness of manner he calls our attention, whenever an occasion offers, to the perfectly patent and well-known fact that, in years past, 'we have stunted and hindered the development of our Merchant Marine. And now,' he says, 'when we want ships, we have not got them.'

As everybody knows, the markets of the world are empty and waiting, in many instances, for the goods which we hold in great abundance. We, however, who are eager to supply the goods, have no means of getting them to the places where they are wanted. A great trade is waiting to be built up, and we lack the means of transportation. The remedy is clear — as clear as the opportunity is great. It is suggested that the government should 'open these gates of trade, and open them wide: open them before it is altogether profitable to open them, or altogether reasonable to ask private capital to open them at a venture.'

Conservative America — and America is often strangely and signally conservative — views the proposition with alarm. It seems an unprecedented step to take, and one which the Federal government can not enter upon with safety. Individual initiative would be endangered, we are told, and such an ex-

tension of governmental authority and enterprise is vehemently opposed. It is spoken of as 'a rash expedient that has only failure written on it.' We are told that the United States 'proposes to put the Federal government into competition with the enterprise of private owners — and, of course, to drive them off the seas. We should then,' it is asserted, 'have a delightful state of socialism.'

At such a time we need all the light which can be gained. It may be interesting, therefore, to turn back to the past, and to consider the long and rich experience with a government merchant marine which is supplied us by another great Republic. I refer to the famous Republic of Venice which, for many centuries, pursued the radical and far-reaching policy which is now suggested for America. The problem which now confronts the United States confronted Venice in the Middle Ages, and the way in which the problem was carefully worked out, to the extraordinary prosperity of Venice and, apparently, to the satisfaction of Venetian men of business, is not without its permanent value and suggestive elements.

It is well to remember at the outset that no modern state — not even Germany — is so carefully and thoroughly organized or so scientifically managed as was that proud and prosperous Republic whose feet were securely planted

in the Adriatic, and whose long and powerful arms reached out in all directions. Moreover, in no department of her government were greater skill and care exerted than in the wise development of her commerce.

It is well to remember, too, in the days of our somewhat callow youth as a country, that the Venetian Republic lived for more than a thousand years, while, for nearly half that time, she was the commercial sovereign of the world. In prosperity, in naval supremacy and financial capacity, she knew no rival. To be a 'Merchant of Venice' was a synonym for successful enterprise and bold as well as wide and wise adventure. This business supremacy, however, was not attained by the method of unregulated competition, nor yet by enormous combinations of capital. It resulted from a happy combination of law with liberty, of government—or state—control with individual initiative.

The 'Big Business' of Venice was her commerce. And this was natural enough, since commerce came to be the first necessity of life for those peoples who had fled before the armies of Alaric and Attila. Escaping to the islands in the long lagoons of the northern Adriatic, these fugitives had built their homes upon the oozing banks of tidal mud. With a tenacity that told upon the characters of their remote descendants, they clung heroically to the low-lying, scattered islands of which neither Goth nor Hun envied them the possession. They could live, however, only by entering into trade with the people of the mainland, exchanging in the first place salt and fish and other products of the sea for meat and milk and vegetables from the shore. Before long it came to be apparent that the very amphibious character of Venice had supplied her inhabitants with a peculiar and distinct advantage in the way

of trade. 'On the edge of the sea, at the foot of the mountains, within easy reach of numerous rivers, Venice had every facility at hand for the importation, the exportation, and the transmission of merchandise with different parts of the world.'

The trade which began with the mainland, as a matter of self-preservation, and which was carried on at first by means of rafts and boats and shallow barges, gradually grew and reached out toward the South and East. Venetian merchants who made a beginning by sending barges up the Brenta to Padua, and along the waters of the Piave to Belluno, were soon found establishing relations with Southern Italy and Sicily, with Dalmatia, Corfu, and the isles and ports of Greece. 'The Adriatic,' says Mr. Sedgwick in his fascinating study of *Italy in the Thirteenth Century*, 'was the "path of gold" down which Venetian galleys sailed on their way round the Peloponnesus, through the Ægean Sea to Constantinople.'

All this, as I have said, was natural and inevitable if any growth was to be secured. Hence, as Mr. Thayer has written in his *Short History of the City of the Sea*, 'Commerce, next to self-preservation, was the chief concern of Venice'; and he quotes da Canale to the effect that 'Merchandise flows through the city like the water of the fountains.'

Ruskin, as we might expect, is still more emphatic on the point. 'Venice stands, from first to last,' he says, 'like a naked statue; her coldness impenetrable; her exertion only aroused by the touch of a single spring. That spring was her commercial interest—this the one motive of all her important political acts or enduring national animosities. She could forgive insults to her honor, but never rivalry in her commerce; she calculated the glory of her

conquests by their value, and estimated their justice by their facility.'

I have called for the testimony of these writers because it proves how centrally and vitally important to Venice became her shipping interests and her trade by sea. What her coal-mines are to England, her glacial streams to Switzerland, her natural resources and giant railways to the United States, that — and even more than that — her ships and commerce were to Venice. Without them her prosperity would have faded suddenly away and her chief advantage in the world would have ceased to be.

We go on, therefore, to inquire how the Venetian government stood related to this central and supreme business interest; how individual rights and private incentive were encouraged, while nearly everything was carefully and minutely regulated by the State. We shall discover an example of semi-socialistic organization, and probably the only instance known to history in which a merchant marine was the property of the State, and a navy was utilized for purposes of trade. It is possible to trace with more or less precision how this came about; the steps that, one by one, led up to it are reasonably clear.

We have seen how commerce first began in Venice; how, at the outset a physical necessity, it was later fostered and developed by geographical conditions. It remains to consider now how man allied himself to nature, and how government reached out to confirm advantages conferred originally by geography.

As early as the eighth century, the protection and greater security of her budding commerce began to be considered by Venice. The seas were peopled with pirates. Corsairs cruised at large. In order, therefore, that Venetian merchants might have some protection and

be able to pursue their business with a certain measure of security, the government equipped and sent out fleets to suppress these robbers and rovers of the sea. But the task was difficult. The pirates could not be exterminated. They sprang up in the wake of the returning fleets. Before the Venetian warships were comfortably anchored off the Piazzetta the work of piracy had begun again. The deep and narrow bays, the rocky headlands, and the many islands of the Adriatic, — of which we read so much at present, — afforded the freebooters convenient hiding-places and numerous spots of refuge. As a measure of precaution, therefore, and to ensure protection against these pestering pirates, the government decreed that merchant ships should always sail in squadrons, and with these squadrons the State sent several fighting galleys to act as convoys.

For better protection, also, it was soon decreed that merchant vessels should themselves be armed and fitted to resist attack. Before long, therefore, it came about that trading expeditions were made up of three kinds of vessels. In the first place, there were merchant vessels pure and simple. After these came the trading galleys, partly armed; and finally, the government sent fighting galleys to protect the little fleet.

But this arrangement soon led to the necessity for further legislation. If the State engaged to send vessels from the arsenal to protect Venetian traders, it must have some say as to where the traders went. Thus it came about that the government gradually established the routes of trade, and announced at what times it would send its galleys to protect the merchant vessels. Nor was this all. If the State was going to the trouble and expense of protecting these merchant ships, it was good policy to

see to it that the ships were worth protecting, and, what is more, that they could be depended upon to do something to defend themselves. It was not long, therefore, before the State began to prescribe very definitely in regard to the character, dimensions and equipment of all the ships that flew the banner of St. Mark. Private shipyards were inspected and no Venetian was permitted to build a vessel for the mercantile business except in accordance with certain rigid specifications. Each ship that was designed for the foreign trade had to be of a certain length and draught, with equipment for a certain amount of cargo, and with definite and carefully calculated facilities for defense. The Naval Statutes even went so far as to prescribe the length of the anchors, the quality of the cordage, and the number of the crew. Romanin tells us that the Nautical Statutes, first published in 1172, provided that every vessel with a capacity for two hundred thousand pounds of cargo should have a crew of twenty men, which was increased by one man for every ten thousand pounds. It seems that the 'load-line' was indicated by a cross painted or cut upon the vessel's side. Government inspectors were on hand to see that no vessel left port carrying more than her proper amount of cargo. An indication of how carefully everything was regulated is found in the fact that it was permitted to load entirely new vessels somewhat 'above the line, but to a diminishing extent each year for the first three years.'

It is easy to see, of course, why the State should have come to regulate in this careful way the nature, dimensions and equipment of the ships. In the first place, since the vessels sailed together, it was highly desirable that everything possible should be done to keep them together. More particularly, in stress of weather it was eminently advanta-

geous to have vessels that would behave alike. An added reason, however, lay in the practice of sending out to the various trading ports certain state officials, known as consuls, whose business it was to promote and provide for the commercial interests of the Republic. Among other things these consuls were expected to keep on hand a supply of ships' findings — such as anchors, oars, cordage, rudders, yards, masts, shrouds, and the like. If the ships were all of uniform construction it can be seen how vastly easier it would be to keep in store the right supplies than in case they were of different designs and builds. When a ship lost a mast, or carried away her rudder, the consul at Tripoli, or Alexandria, or Antwerp, would have on hand a rudder, or a mast, of the proper size and this could be shipped without delay as soon as port was reached. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that these ships were all built so as to be convertible, without much difficulty, into men-of-war. In the event of sudden need they could be, and often were, employed for national defense; just as Great Britain when this war broke out, controlled by virtue of her subsidies the fleet of swift Cunarders and added them to her navy.

But this was far from all that Venice did in the line of regulation and control. The way had been prepared for still another step which was the most radical and interesting of all. If the government could supervise the private shipyards and decree that no vessel should be built for trade except along certain lines and in accordance with a standardized design, why might it not go just one step further and build for itself and own these vessels which were to engage in trade? History does not tell us whether or not there was opposition to the step. It may be that the State was accused of interference

with affairs of private business. But the Great Council did not listen to objections of the kind, — even if it heard them, — and by the middle of the fourteenth century we find merchant galleys which were the property of the government sailing on the appointed routes of trade.

These ships were built at the State arsenal. When they had been fully fitted out and armed, a public crier announced in the streets and squares that certain galleys were ready for the expedition to Alexandria, Corinth, Constantinople, or elsewhere. It was proclaimed in the name of the Doge and the Senate that these vessels would be put up at auction and leased to the highest bidder. The nobles who were privileged to bid — for the ships were let out to none but members of the higher classes — then came together and bargained for portions of the fleet. Merchants rented these government ships much as people nowadays lease a house or rent a car on a railway — the State, however, being the landlord or grantor. Manufacturers or traders put their merchandise on board, sometimes shipping themselves, sometimes sending representatives to look after their property. Great nobles, or large mercantile companies, often needed several ships; and by a curious survival of ancient privilege the lessee of each vessel was required to take, as a kind of supercargo, eight younger representatives of poor, but noble, families. These young noblemen were paid a nominal wage, and were allowed to ship a specified amount of merchandise without paying any freight.

The merchandise carried by the fleet was disposed of at the various ports where the vessels touched, other goods being taken on board and brought back for sale in Venice or else for further shipment. It appears that the person hiring a government vessel superin-

tended the lading of her and sometimes took command himself. The State, on its side, appointed a representative, or official guardian, for every ship, his duty being to look after the property of the government and see that it came back to the arsenal in good condition when the voyage was ended. This official was obliged to be on board from the time that the lading of the ship began until the last item of cargo was discharged; it being his business, also, to see that the crew had their stipulated rations of bread, meat, and wine, and to keep the ship's accounts. In the event of shipwreck, the 'sailors were bound to attend to the salvage, with all diligence, for the space of fifteen days, when the gains would be five per cent. Every ship had to have, besides, two scribes who were pledged to keep an exact entry of the quality, quantity, weight and measure of the ship's freight.'

It will thus be seen how immense an amount of responsibility was assumed by the government. It even supplied the merchant with clerks and bookkeepers who kept a tally of his goods. In addition to all this, inasmuch as the ships never sailed singly, but always in squadrons, a commander or fleet captain was appointed — at first by the Great Council but later by the Senate. Under him were the *padroni*, all of whom were nobles, next in importance being the master, to whom were referred all nautical as well as mercantile matters. That there was liability to 'graft' in those days is made evident by the fact that the fleet captain was forbidden from the first to have any pecuniary interest in the ships or cargo of his squadron. He was held responsible for the safety of the squadron as a whole, and was obliged to give bond before he took command. Here, therefore, was a very intimate relationship and a carefully worked-out adjustment

between government ownership and individual enterprise. The ships were the property of the State; but the cargo was the merchant's, and government officials were not permitted to have any interest in it. The adjustment went so far as to arrange a kind of mutual liability for losses in case of shipwreck. This was necessary, of course, inasmuch as all nautical matters were taken out of the hands of individual merchants.

One final point remains to be touched upon. I have hinted at it already and, of course, it follows naturally from all that has been said. The State began very early to prescribe, in part, the routes of trade, and it was not long before it regulated them entirely. The exact dates and lengths of the various voyages, with the different ports of call, were carefully arranged, and merchants leased the State ships for specified trips. The routes of trade were all government routes; at every port on the regulation routes were stationed government officials whose business it was to safeguard the rights of their fellow citizens.

The fleets of galleys had fixed times for starting on the various trips, and their regularity in arriving at the various ports of call was such that bankers dated their loans by them. At least, so it was in Dalmatia; for we read: 'Pour les affaires traitées à Lazarro, les échéances avaient pour termes l'arrivée des galères.'

When there were signs of war, or when the ambassadors or consuls who were stationed in different parts of the world gave notice of suspicious movements, the sailings were suspended for a time, or else a whole fleet of fighting galleys was sent as escort for the merchant ships. These government voyages reached far and often occupied several months. One fleet went round by Greece, passed through the Helles-

pont, and penetrated the Black Sea. Another sailed off to the South and East, calling at the ports of Syria and Egypt, where connections were established with the Red Sea and goods were received that had come from India. Another, the Flanders fleet, which took the longest voyage, sailed for Tripoli and Tangiers, touched at points in Spain, passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, coasted Portugal, called at various French ports, put in at Southampton or Dartmouth, and went north as far as Antwerp or Bruges, where Venetian merchants had large warehouses.

By the fourteenth century there seem to have been seven of these government mercantile expeditions each year. The fleet which visited Catalonia set sail between the fifteenth and twentieth of January; the Flanders fleet got away somewhere between the eighth and twenty-fifth of April; the galleys to Roumania and Trebizond set out between July eighth and twentieth; those to Alexandria between the eighth and twenty-fifth of September. An account has come down to us from a German priest, named Breydenbach, who made a pilgrimage to Palestine in 1483. He came home by way of Egypt and took passage on a Venetian squadron which had been sent to Alexandria. The squadron, it appears from his narrative, was composed of four well-armed galleys loaded with valuable merchandise. This Alexandrian squadron was joined by the Syrian fleet as well as by the fleet from Tarifa, and, much to the delight of the wandering parson, the commander of the three fleets, together with the patrons of the various galleys, organized a fête at sea.

Something of all this is familiar to us from Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. Shakespeare makes Shylock say of Antonio: 'He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies: I un-

derstand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad.'

It was a vessel, probably, of the Flanders fleet that was first reported wrecked, and marked the beginning of all the woes that followed. Salarino is made to say that he has it from a Frenchman how,—

' . . . in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught.'

Later the rumor is confirmed and the news is spread from the Rialto that 'Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say.' Still later the news comes of 'an argosy cast away coming from Tripolis.'

And so disasters follow one another, until it seems that all his ventures, one by one, have failed.

'From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,'

not a single 'hit.' Among them all not one escaped 'the dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks.'

Of course the natural supposition is — and always has been — that all these vessels were Antonio's private property. The fact that he was ruined by his losses, unable to pay his debts, and thus the helpless victim of Shylock, to whom he owed three thousand ducats, would appear to confirm this supposition. In all probability, however, at least some of the ships were the property of the State. Salarino called the one that met her end upon the Goodwin Sands, 'a vessel of the country,' —

'Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial.'

So far as Antonio's bankruptcy is concerned, the loss of the merchandise he had on board, — the 'spices and the silks' that we are told about, — this alone would have been sufficient to bring about his ruin. On the other hand, his losses may have come from the fact that all of these were private ventures, and that he had not taken advantage of government protection. For the State did not forbid the dispatch of private vessels built on standardized lines: it offered protection only against just such disasters as Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice may have brought upon himself.

The question of Antonio's losses brings us to a consideration of financial matters. The importance of the general commercial undertakings in which the government came to be involved may be inferred from the fact that these armed mercantile fleets — 'le flotte armate in mercanzia' — sailed and returned each year laden with merchandise estimated at over forty million lire. The exact equivalent of that sum cannot be accurately determined at the present time; but the profits were, undoubtedly, enormous. In any event, for many hundred years Venice was the leading trading nation of the world. At the end of the fourteenth century, when she was at the apex of her worldly power, the number of ships enrolled upon her register is given as thirty-three hundred. There were sixteen thousand men employed at the arsenal, and the roll of sailors numbered thirty-eight thousand, or about one-third of the native population of the city. In other words, the 'Business' was a 'Big' one, and these

. . . argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,

state-built, state-owned, and state-commanded, were a very profitable venture. In 1421, the Doge, Thomas

Mocenigo, could say with just pride to the Venetians, 'You are the channel of all wealth: you supply the whole world: the universe is concerned in your prosperity: all the gold in the world arrives at your door.'

In the whole matter, however, the thing of real importance and genuine significance is the close and careful partnership between the State and the individual citizen. It was a case of Socialism on the sea: but it was a phase of Socialism which left ample room for individual rights, and was careful not to discourage personal incentive. And in this respect it was typical of the Venetian idea of government in general. As some one has suggested, the Republic of Venice might be 'compared to a joint-stock company. The Board of Directors was the Senate; the citizens of Venice the shareholders.'

The government, in other words, was highly centralized. It was not only firm, but far-reaching — including many things which nowadays are left to private management. As to whether the agents of the government performed their duties well, resisting the temptations to bribery, which must have been numerous — we do not know. We do know, however, — and this is a thing of vastly more importance, — that the government mari-

time policy of Venice was enormously successful. The policy of renting ships for commercial voyages and ventures yielded such rich profit that the Venetian navy was almost self-supporting. Moreover, the efficiency of the navy was tremendously increased. A great part of Venetian maritime supremacy was due to the fact that her merchant marine was part of her navy and that her men-of-war were also merchantmen. Her ordinary seamen were sailors of the fleet. When the State went to war her men and ships were ready; and no sooner was peace restored than her fleet resumed the task of amassing wealth.

Such an arrangement makes us feel the stupendous folly of our modern system. For nowadays 'civilized' nations build battleships at enormous cost which have no use except in time of war. In contrast we cannot but admire the scientific policy that Venice so carefully worked out. And if we cannot imitate her and divert our 'Dreadnaughts' into channels of productive trade, at least we may learn a lesson in regard to a federal merchant marine. We may learn that a State has rights as well as duties, and that rigid and far-reaching regulation is not incompatible with individual enterprise and successful development and growth.

THREE'S COMPANY

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

A CURIOUS sense of yearning attacked Susan Magnus just as she was going to dive again. She paused to consider it. For a moment she thought she must be on the verge of an inspiration; then light broke on her. 'Hil!' she called. 'I believe I'm going to die a sudden death of starvation. Shall we go in?'

Her husband's head appeared on the other side of the diving-board. 'By Jove,' he said easily, 'should n't wonder a bit if we're jolly late for brekker. Where's old Binky with her bell?'

They swam to shore.

'Perhaps she rang it and we never heard,' said Susan, with an indifference that argued precedents for this supposition. 'Oh, oh, but I *am* hungry!'

Lifting her bath-wrap, she ran swiftly up the beach, and Hilary instinctively started in pursuit. In the veranda of the bungalow he caught and kissed her.

'Praise the Lord for all his mercies,' panted Susan, 'including legs.'

'Certainly; anything you like. But why legs specially?'

'Because if I could n't run away from you, you'd never want to run after me. Such is man — and art. Selah! Oh, Binky, there you are!' Susan looked in at the studio window. 'Are we frightfully late? We're so sorry.'

But for once Miss Bingham did not yield to the disarming charm of Susan's manner. 'It's ten o'clock,' she said dryly. 'I'll make fresh coffee.'

'Oh, Binky darling, are you wild?' Susan was instantly upon her, more charming than ever. 'Truly, honest Injun, we never heard your little bell.'

'I never rang it,' said Miss Bingham, even more dryly.

'Never —? Well, but *then* —!' With a relieved gesture Susan cast off all shadow of responsibility.

Miss Bingham faced her stonily. 'As far as I know, I am paid to have meals ready at certain hours, but not to fetch you in to them. You can both tell the time, I believe?'

Hilary had now added himself as audience, and chuckled. 'Our Binky, when roused,' he supplied, with the air of a showman.

'But Binky,' murmured Susan, half dismayed, half laughing, 'how — how *coarse* of you to refer to payments, like that. As if you did n't know your price was above rubies! Only we don't happen to have any.'

'Oh, yes, you can *talk*! You can *both* talk!' declared Miss Bingham exasperatedly, and stood for a moment considering them with smouldering eyes.

Hilary was dark and slim and lithe-looking, with some indefinable heritage of manner from courtly ancestors that persisted attractively through all his personal modesty and a fervor of democratic conviction. 'I always feel I'm going to fall over his sword,' Susan had once complained, summing it up. She herself could practically be described as being conspicuously everything that Miss Bingham was n't. Miss Bingham, although only two years the older, was temperamentally middle-aged, while Susan would remain inconvertibly young. They had been at school together, and there the older girl had

mothered (albeit sternly) the bright blossom, the flash of quicksilver, the entrancing sprite that had been Susan. Now she kept house for her — here in the summer, with more state in town throughout the winter.

And in childhood, in youth, in marriage, Susan had been uniformly favored and happy, so that it was easy enough for her now, Miss Bingham sometimes reflected, to get what she wanted by sheer force of never anticipating that she would n't. (She had got *her*, for instance, just when she married and would otherwise have been plunged into household management.) Then there were beauty and charm — both among Susan's birthrights; enough money, no incumbrances, and now Hilary Magnus, a husband who, although undeniably a musician, had been born (again, of course, to oblige Susan) without the temper to which persons of his temperament were known to be lamentably liable. And as if that were not enough, Susan herself — Susan the gay, the charming, the apparently frivolous — had only to stand at an easel for a few hours to produce drawings by which editors singled out for their reception felt themselves incomparably blessed: drawings of a strength, a poise, a very poetry of conception and execution that enchanted every one except those unhappy authors whose work, far from being illustrated, was simply obliterated by them.

Miss Bingham herself had never got what she wanted. Not that she complained of this. She shouldered her manifold burdens — poverty, invalid relatives, a too sturdy figure and an inability to pass examinations — with proud independence. But her lack of all the gifts that had been so royally showered on Susan made her unconsciously cling more and more fiercely to the knowledge that there was one thing in which she excelled — the thing that

Susan and Hilary had for two years passed lightly over as beneath notice. Even now, she observed, they had not the least idea that they were perched perilously on the very razor-edge of a crisis. Susan had asked her if she were 'wild'; Hilary had referred to her as 'roused.' Well, they should see to what extent! Their maddening unawareness of any crisis was precipitating it.

Susan made a last effort to beguile her friend into the way of peace. 'Binky beloved, I'm *hungry!*' she wailed, in heartfelt appeal.

For a second something in Miss Bingham leaped to answer that, and a quiver broke the sternness of her features. But she did not yield, except in a material sense. 'All right,' she said, and turned to go for the coffee. 'You can begin on the breakfast buns, while you dress. But of course they're cold.'

They began joyously. 'She brought us breakfast buns in a lordly dish,' mumbled Hilary with his mouth full; for, if cold, they were still delicious.

'And then,' continued Susan under similar disabilities, 'she never rang her little bell. (I can say everything but "r" with my mouth full.) Her heart is like the nether millstone, but her breakfast buns came out of the flesh-pots of the Egyptians. No, that's perhaps an insult, because they're not stale.'

'She hath fed,' Hilary revised, 'that is to say, she hath fed *us* on honey-dew buns, and presently we shall drink the coffee and milk of Paradise.'

Unhappily, these tributes were inaudible to Miss Bingham in the kitchen; and as they had paid them merely to please each other, and not in the least with the suspicion that it might be necessary to please Miss Bingham in any way beyond existing in her neighborhood, it did not occur to them to repeat or improve on their efforts when she returned, bearing coffee and a dish that exhaled savoriness. They

simply fell upon these blessings and demolished them, conversing cheerfully, as usual, on extraneous matters.

Miss Bingham meanwhile went about picking up stray bath-towels and pebbles. 'Coffee all right?' she asked presently, with a carelessness that should have been ominous.

The blinded pair stared.

'Of course,' said Hilary.

'Why should n't it be?' demanded Susan, with a deplorable lapse from tact.

'Oh, I don't know. Only you did n't say.'

'But — do we ever say?' Susan blundered on, puzzled.

'No, you don't.' There was suddenly a return of grimness in Miss Bingham's voice.

Hilary and Susan elevated eyebrows at each other.

'What's to be done?' questioned his.

'Leave her alone,' signaled hers.

But this, as it happened, was a counsel of disastrous imperfection. It gave Miss Bingham time finally to mature her grievance, and presently it burst upon them like a storm.

'I'm going,' she said tensely, gripping a bath-towel with both hands, as though for a tug of war. 'I'm going at once. I can't stand another day of it.'

'Binky!' they gasped in unison.

'Oh, yes, you can Binky me now as much as you like; it won't make a scrap of difference. I'm going; I'm tired of being treated as though I were something between a child and a dog. Either you forget me altogether, or else you — you just humor me. I don't want to be forgotten or humored; I want to be appreciated, and so I'm going somewhere where I shall be — where people are n't so clever that they simply can't see what other people do. You — both of you — you don't know you're *born* yet! You think a house runs itself. Well, you can just try. Then perhaps you won't look down quite so much on

whoever comes after me to run it for you.'

The storm abated with suddenness, though only, it was plain, to get its second wind.

'Look down?' Susan faltered. 'Oh, Binky, do you really mean you have n't been happy with us?'

Her eyes appealed to Hilary for help. He was as concerned as she, but his unaccustomed tongue refused to find any but the old, jesting words.

'Our Binky?' he murmured in a stunned way. 'Nursing a secret sorrow? Wanting to lead Her Own Life? And then going and wounding us in an exceptionally tender spot?' He roused to that. 'Binky, do you dare to deny, then, that we are enlightened democrats, incapable of treating any one (even your handmaiden, Emmy, who sings flat) as — as beings beneath us?'

'Yes, I do!' Miss Bingham asserted. 'I don't know or care what Emmy may think, but all the time you treat *me* like a rather amusing toy; you use me as a conversational ball that you can toss to each other in idle moments. Never for a minute do you take me or the work I do seriously. You keep that for yourselves and each other.'

Hilary fairly gaped at this transformed and tempestuous Miss Bingham. 'Sue, she *has* been reading Ibsen — if not Shaw — if not both,' he suggested weakly.

'I don't need to read anybody,' retorted Miss Bingham, 'to see the way you both laugh at me, condescend to me, *despise* me. You've got genius, have you? You've —'

'Now, Binky, be calm.' Hilary's eyes kindled a spark of mischief, but he kept his voice grave. 'You know we have.'

Miss Bingham hesitated. 'Well, I don't know about genius; I suppose you've got something,' she admitted grudgingly. 'But —'

'Oh, leave it at genius, Binky, please,' he implored earnestly. 'It can't do you any harm, and it bucks us no end. We ask nothing more, do we, Sue?'

Miss Bingham's look darkened. 'There you go again. Playing with me. Because I don't know about your sort of things. Well, has it ever occurred to you that you don't know about mine? You think anybody can housekeep, and they can't. Or, anyway, there are as many *degrees* of housekeeping as there are of picture-painting. And—and' (in desperation Miss Bingham blew a blast on her own neglected trumpet) 'mine's one of the *top* degrees!'

'Binky, of course it is, and you know we can't possibly do without you!' reproached Susan sweetly — yet not with that note of supreme conviction for which Miss Bingham yearned. This was just 'humoring' once more.

'Yes,' she agreed curtly, 'I know it; the point is that you don't.' Her purpose finally hardened. She folded the bath-towel. 'Well, that's all,' she said, with something of a return to her usual balanced and staid manner. 'I'm going now. Sorry I made a scene. Good-bye, and many thanks for the things you've both done for me.'

'Hil,' said Susan in distress, as soon as the door was shut, 'but we can't let our Binky go like that. Her home — it's wretched, you know, even if she could afford to stay in it. She'll have to look for other work, and she'll hate going to strangers, whatever she says, and she *is* fond of us and we of her, and — oh, have we really been such beasts to her?'

The situation had so many bearings that they were still discussing it when a cab drove past the window that faced the road.

'Quick!' Hilary urged, 'or she'll be gone.'

They rushed to Miss Bingham's room and knocked. There was no an-

swer, and then they heard Emmy bringing the cabman for the luggage. They could also hear what he was saying.

'The lady she just caught the 11.17, miss, and she said for to fetch her trunks and send them on after her.'

Susan and Hilary, exchanging signals of defeat, stole back unperceived to the studio.

'Oh, Hil, it's too late. Poor Binky! I — I wish we had n't upset her, but I really don't quite know even now what we did; do you?'

'Have n't an earthly.' But his profound meditation on the subject gave way suddenly to a new idea. 'And I say, Sue, what about us?'

Yet so obsessed had they been by their sense of Miss Bingham's loss in leaving them that even now it was not anxiety but merely interest that his question voiced.

'Us?' Susan gave the matter only an instant's thought. 'Oh, well, there's still Emmy, you know,' she reminded him and herself comfortably.

And thus was Miss Bingham justified in her going. For it was as though she, being informed by Susan that all the works of Michael Angelo were destroyed, had remarked, 'Oh, well, there's still that man who draws for *Fashion's Forecast*, you know.' Here too, as Miss Bingham had claimed, existed a question of degree.

'By Jove, so there is,' returned Hilary, precisely in Susan's manner. 'Better have Emmy in then, I suppose?'

'Had we? Why? Oh well, yes, there'll be lunch and things, won't there? All right; ring.'

Emmy answered the bell.

'Oh, Emmy,' began Susan briskly, 'Miss Bingham has — has been called away.'

'Don't!' groaned Hilary, under his breath; 'it sounds as if she were dead.'

Susan waved him aside. 'Called away,' she repeated firmly. 'And we

will have scrambled eggs and apricots and cream for lunch, Emmy, and cakes and things for tea, and — Hil, what shall we have for dinner?’

They fell with zest upon so novel an occupation as choosing their own dinner, but presently Hilary noticed that Emmy’s mouth was wide open — a sign that she awaited an opportunity to speak.

‘Yes, Emmy?’ he questioned.

‘Miss Bingham,’ said Emmy stolidly, ‘was goin’ ter myke termater soup ’n’ cutlets ’n’ mashed potato ’n’ a Victoria pudden fer dinner.’

‘Oh!’ said Hilary, descending ignominiously from higher gustatory flights.

‘Then we’ll have *that*,’ declared Susan. ‘Now run away, Emmy, and — and turn out the dining-room and clean the kitchen windows and polish the hall floor and have lunch ready at half-past one.’

‘Yes, miss — ma’am,’ said Emmy in a dazed way, and departed.

Hilary, swinging on the table edge, cocked his head critically. ‘There’s *something* wrong about the way you did it, Sue,’ he commented. ‘She’s gone off looking like a sleep-walker, and she never did that to Binky.’

‘Nonsense,’ said Susan complacently; ‘I think I did it frightfully well, considering I had n’t a minute to rehearse.’

Work being clearly out of the question, they went for a walk, and returned not more than three quarters of an hour late for lunch. To their innocent surprise, however, lunch was even later for them. They went in search of Emmy, and found her with her head buried in her arms, which were on the kitchen table. Explosive sobs rent the air at short intervals, and there was an undesirable smell.

‘What is the matter?’ Susan asked, her nose uplifted in investigation.

Emmy raised her head and wailed,

between explosions, a comprehensive answer. ‘I never remembered — which wy yer said nothen’, ’n’ so — I ain’t done ’em; ’n’ I was that ’ungry, me yed’s — fit ter split; ’n’ so I — remembered what yer — said about lunch, ’n’ I tried ter — scramble them eggs, but they seemed ter — kinder stick.’

Hilary, locating the smell at that instant, examined a frying-pan on the fire. ‘They did indeed,’ he confirmed. ‘Requiescant.’

‘Well, but, Emmy,’ Susan expostulated, ‘what’s the matter? You managed all right with Miss Bingham.’

‘Miss Bingham?’ Emmy picked up the name resentfully, like a weapon. ‘*She* did n’t never tell me all them things at once. She’d sy, “Emmy,” she’d sy, “go ’n’ clean the bedroom winders,” she’d sy, ’n’ I went ’n’ done it. Then she’d sy somethink else, ’n’ I went ’n’ done that. I kin work, I can, but I ain’t no use with me yed. Teacher always said so.’

There was a pause. Then Hilary gave a gasp, and drew Susan firmly by the elbow out of the kitchen. His face was alight with a new intelligence. ‘Sue! *That’s* what we’ve done to Binky. Don’t you see? The monstrous injustice of it! We’ve practically said, “She kin work, but she ain’t no use with ’er yed.” (No, what a bore: it has to be “*me* yed,” does n’t it, or the “*y*” does n’t fit in nicely.) Whereas you see how things go when Binky’s head is removed, and only Emmy’s body is left.’

‘Oh, do you think it’s that?’ Susan looked at him doubtfully, and decided there was nothing in his theory. ‘No, it’s just an accident, about the lunch and things. She’ll be all right to-morrow. Why, it’s nothing — the work of a bungalow like this! It’s — it’s —’

Her voice failed, and he turned to follow her suddenly stricken gaze. Emmy, jabbing hatpins into a large, limp hat on her head, stood at the door.

'I'm a-goin' now, ma'am, please,' she said, in a voice weak from many tears but charged with an immovable purpose. 'Miss Bingham paid me me wages yesterday, so that's aw right, thank you, ma'am. I won't be able ter manage, not be meself, I won't. I'm sure I hope it's no ill-convenience, ma'am, but yer see where it is. Miss Bingham, she never engaged me fer ter do it, 'n' it'd worrit me that awful, what with the cooking 'n' all, me yed would n't never stand it. Good-day, ma'am; good-day, sir; 'n' I'm sure I hope yer'll soon be suited.'

Hilary gazed after her retreating form. "'Ill-convenience,'" hemurmured, trying it over. "'Ill" — "in": yes, I vote for "ill" myself, as being more forceful.'

Susan wriggled her shoulders, as though discarding a weight. 'Oh, dear,' she said, in a surprised voice, 'what a day of fusses — all about nothing! Come on, Hil; we'll have to get lunch ourselves.'

Miss Bingham's intention was to walk to the front door of the bungalow and ring the bell. It was therefore curious, as she noted herself, that she should be cautiously creeping along the seaward veranda, and peeping in, as she passed, at one of the studio windows. It was also curious that her heart should be thumping so unmanageably, for had she not known Susan, if not Hilary, all her life; and had she not been a thousand times justified in leaving them, and was she not, nevertheless, magnanimously returning? In spite, however, of the impregnable position in which all these facts placed her, Miss Bingham was forced by her ridiculous heart to press herself for a breathing-space against the outer wall between the two open studio windows. For anything might have happened in three weeks! They might even be happy and com-

fortable without her, in which case she could retire, perhaps, without exposing herself to bitter humiliation.

Various sounds reached her as she hesitated. Hilary's whistle was accompanied by a scraping noise, and she gathered (not without a pang) that he was shoveling up ashes on the hearth. Suddenly both sounds ceased, and he burst loudly into a tune of his own composition.

'If seven maids with seven brooms
Swept till kingdom come —'

he postulated, and paused expectantly. From a little farther off (Miss Bingham judged it to be Susan's bedroom) returned instantly the antistrophe:—

'Do you suppose, the magni said,
The place would look less rum?'

Miss Bingham had an unexpected feeling. This kind of thing had always been one of their pet games, and she had secretly envied them their dexterity at it, as she had envied them so much else. But it was not dexterity that she noticed now, or envy that she felt. It was a thrill of pride. They were alone, then — without even Emmy — in difficulties; (and who but she should know how insuperable they would find such difficulties?) Yet they could still build for their voyaging this gallant bark of words. It was a thing, then, suited, not only to summer seas, but to winter and rough weather? Their gaiety, their carelessness, their charm of manner and sweetness of temper — these were not, as she had disparagingly thought, but the easy fruits of too easy living and achievement? They were something inherent in them — something that even her sudden defecation, with the havoc it must have wrought in their days, had not been able to shake?

Miss Bingham was conscious — although, indeed, to her great indignation

— of a sense of guilt. For her thoughts were groping their way to a new truth. And thereupon, because expression was so difficult to her, there fell on her out of the past a group of words still riddled with the manifold bullets of examination—parsing, analysis, paraphrase, translation; but now the words came strangely to life, supplying her need. 'Those who have not suffered are shallow, but he who has not happiness will scarcely know how to give it. . . . What we owe to others is not our hunger and our thirst, but our bread and our wine.'

Those who have not suffered are shallow: she had stopped short, in considering Susan and Hilary, at that. Yet who was she to say that they had not suffered? Her former blindness now amazed her. Were there no griefs but the material and visible? Were there not adventures of the soul? Having left the bungalow for the one, and being on her return involved in the other, she knew now that there were. And could they, unless they, too, had experienced these, have drawn into the service of art either beauty or humor, either understanding or strength? No! What she had missed had been their philosophy of life. They had known hunger (they must have known it to be what they were and do what they did), but it was their bread, not their hunger, that they shared with others; they had been athirst, but it was of their wine poured out that they made a feast. . . .

Susan's voice broke in opportunely on these somewhat exhausting reflections, and her remarks were interspersed with calculations of which Miss Bingham could at first make nothing.

'Before next Monday, Hil, (seven—eight) we shall have committed suicide, shan't we? So anyway (nine—ten—eleven) I shall never (twelve) have to count the (thirteen—fourteen) laundry again. Hil, did you know I

had a million cotton frocks, all dirty?'

'Rather! At least, I know you have n't a clean one. But why count the laundry even now, on that account? There are still our bathing things.'

'Yes, but the man's coming.' Susan was now in the studio, too, and absorbed, as was her custom, in the subject of the moment. 'And this is the third week, and both the other times I forgot.'

'Why did n't you make him wait while we did it, then?' Hilary inquired easily.

'Last week I did try. I offered him some coffee while he waited. But either he smelt that the milk was just the teentiest bit burnt, or else he felt that I had a rather too coming-on disposition. Anyway, he went, and I was given to understand that he would murder me if it was n't ready to-day.'

'Sue! Then to-day it will be necessary for me to have his blood.'

'Oh, well, not really, of course,' she modified. 'He only looked his daggers. What he actually said, I remember, was that 'e'd gotter get a move on, 'e 'ad. (Has any one, do you think, ever written an article on how hard it is to drop your *h's*?) So I promised for to-day, only I find I simply can't hold more than fourteen dresses on one arm while I pick up some more with the other hand, and then I drop the lot, and have to begin again.'

But this was too much for Miss Bingham. She entered by one of the windows. 'What do you want to *hold* them for at all?' she cried despairingly. 'Can't you put them down somewhere as you count them?'

'Put them down?' For the moment the vivid light cast by this suggestion blinded Susan to the unexpected source from which it sprang. 'Why—do you know, if I'd gone on counting all day, I don't believe I'd ever have thought of that. Binky, how *clever* of you! Put

them down. Of course.' That being settled, her glance wavered, in recognition of the circumstances. 'But, Binky — you?'

'Come to gloat over us, of course,' supplied Hilary, in amiable resignation. 'You can't deny she has a right to. Well, then, Binky,' — with a wave of his arm he made her free of the appalling apartment that had once been an attractive studio, — 'gloat.'

'I've not come for that!' Miss Bingham retorted furiously, because her heart ached. 'I—I hoped you were getting on all right. Why have n't you got some one to take my place?'

They stared, first at her, then at each other. Clearly, the answer seemed to them so obvious that they had difficulty in framing it.

'Well, but of course,' Susan managed at last, 'we did n't know how!'

Of course: Miss Bingham perceived it to be the literal truth. Advertisements, agencies, registry offices — they might never have heard of them for all the impression such things had been able to leave on that part of their brains which recorded impressions. And that meant, then, that they really could not do without her? They actually were defenseless (as she had maintained, yet not wholly believed) unless she defended them? Something swelled and burgeoned in Miss Bingham's heart, — the divine flower of the maternal root, — and although she did not give it a name she bowed to it in an ecstasy of surrender.

'Besides,' Hilary amplified, and again it was a simple statement of fact, 'we know now that there never could be any one to take your place.'

'So we just hoped you'd come back before we had to commit suicide,' Susan concluded.

'Oh!' said Miss Bingham. For this she had starved; on this she could thrive and achieve miracles of admin-

istration for them both. Her blunt exclamation, therefore, was no match for the gladness in her eyes.

'Binky!' Susan dared to voice their trembling hope. 'You *have* come back — to stay?'

'I never said so!' declared Miss Bingham, instantly on the defensive again.

'But Binky, when we admit it all!' implored Susan. 'All!'

'That your genius is superior to ours,' Hilary contributed.

'That it's *your* life that is real and earnest, Binky —'

'And we are but infants crying in the night without you —'

'That housekeeping such as yours is a science — an art — an inspiration —'

'That you can live without us —'

'Whereas we can't live without you!'

'Oh, yes!' Miss Bingham stemmed the rising tide of extravagance. 'It's easy for you to talk like that just now.' She was, in fact, innocently bursting with gratification, as two such psychological experts could not fail to see; yet she succeeded in giving each in turn a defiant glance. 'But if you want me to stay,' she threatened darkly, 'you'll have to keep it up, you know.'

'Keep it up?' murmured Susan, inexplicably blighted.

'Do it — this sort of thing — with a *purpose*?'

Hilary weighed the ultimatum. Each of them sought the other's eyes; both of them were suddenly awkward, distressed — Miss Bingham could not really make out what, though she felt it was not fair that they should be it, whatever it was. Why should n't they be willing to do for her occasionally such a small thing as keep it up? At the same instant, however, she was being attacked (most unfairly, she considered) by a sturdy demon of truthfulness that resided in her nature. For a while she struggled, but the demon prevailed. Yet, though she paid the price of de-

feat, she could not rise to doing it without bitterness.

'Oh, well, if you want to know,' she said in a hard voice, aware that she was madly relinquishing her one precious advantage, 'I lied to you just now. You don't have to keep it up. You said you could n't live without me. Well, it's just as true that I can't live without you — much truer, probably.'

'Binky! Because we're geniuses?' surmised Hilary hopefully. 'You may remember that we left it at that?'

'No!' she said, with the fierce shame of one baring her heart against her will. 'Because you're children — *my* children — the only ones I shall ever have. Oh, yes, it's true! You need n't trouble to contradict. I'm not old yet, but I shan't marry; I'm not the sort men choose. I've got — I've got a talent for marriage and for home-making and for children; but I have n't got — glamour. And every man wants that.'

'Oh, not *every*, Binky!' Hilary protested. 'There are quite a lot of intelligent men like me nowadays who look before and after glamour, so to speak.'

'There are n't! There's about one to every ten thousand women, and when I find him he's always married.'

Hilary swaggered. 'You hear that, Sue? I am married, as you will admit. I leave you to draw the flattering inference.'

Susan picked up a cushion to throw at him, but it was never thrown. For Miss Bingham, they both noticed, was suddenly gazing with a strange concentration at Susan's easel, where the faint outlines of a drawing hung dustily by one drawing-pin.

'Is that,' Miss Bingham asked, as though short of breath, 'the one you were doing when I went?'

Susan came up behind her to look. 'Yes, I believe it must be,' she admitted casually. 'Why, Binky dear?'

Miss Bingham did not answer that.

'What was it going to be?' she asked, still as though some one were trying to choke her.

It was so rare for her to ask anything of the sort that Susan frowned in the intensity of her polite effort to remember. But it was useless. 'I'm so sorry,' she said apologetically; 'but I'm afraid it's quite gone. I can't think in the least what it was going to be.' Not a breath of reproach was in her voice, not a thought of injury in her mind, Miss Bingham recognized, and writhed the more under the blinding light of self-revelation.

So this was what she had done! Three weeks ago there had been in Susan's mind a drawing — a thing touched with the tenderness, the humor, the strength that was Susan's and no other's, and now it was dead, killed by *her*. Nothing could bring it back. The dusty paper was like a ghost: no, not that, either; ghosts had at any rate once had life. Only a dream, only the unborn robbed forever of the right to life could smite with this intolerable poignancy.

It was Hilary who understood that thus did Miss Bingham feel, although thus she would have been abashed and furious to have her feeling put into words. 'It's all right, Binky,' he said, and squeezed her arm comfortingly as he slipped his through it. 'She'll do some more, you know. She's made of them.'

But even that light touch on her unbearable thought was anguish. She started, and shook him off. 'What on earth are you talking about, Hilary? Only look at the *dust* on it! So now, if you'll be good enough to walk to the village and tell Mrs. Fisher I'm back and shall be glad of her help, that's all I'll need. You must get lunch somewhere, but you can come home to dinner. I'll be ready for you by then.'

'Oh, Binky!' sighed Susan in ecstatic gratitude. 'The *dirt*!'

'Is this the face,' inquired Hilary in song, 'that launched a thousand meals? It is — it is! And oh, Binky, we have lived on Tins from time immemorial.'

Miss Bingham, affecting indifference, smiled with the calm of assured generalship. Nevertheless, there was a sweetness in these tributes to which she felt it would be dangerous to accustom herself.

'Oh, you don't have to keep it up, you know!' she reminded herself rather than them, a little wistfully. For it was hard. *Why* should she be bereft of her only hold on them, just because she could not live without them?

Again they exchanged one of the looks that Miss Bingham had come to recognize. It meant that they were either going to be astounded by the discovery of something that every one else in the world knew (as in the case, for instance, of how to count the laundry), or that they were going to astound her by knowing something that had never occurred to her. This time it was the latter.

'Blessed, beloved, benighted Binky!' cried Susan, as she hugged her and supplied her with another blinding light, 'but don't you see that's just why we *can*?'

TO TINTORETTO IN VENICE

BY ALICE MEYNELL

The Art of Painting had in the 'Primitive' years looked with the light, not toward it. Before Tintoretto's date, however, many painters practiced shadows and lights, and turned more or less sunwards; but he set the figure between himself and a full sun. His work is to be known in Venice by the splendid trick of an occulted sun and a shadow cast straight at the spectator.

Tintoretto's thronged procession to Calvary and his standing Cross are two of the greatest of his multitude of paintings in Venice.

MASTER, thy enterprise

Magnificent, magnanimous, was well done,
Which seized the head of Art, and turned her eyes
— The simpleton — and made her face the sun.

Long had she sat content,

Her young unlessoned back to an east impearled,
To a golden west, to a mingled firmament,
And looked upon a gently lighted world.

But thy imperial call

Bade her to stand with thee and breast the light,
And therefore face the shadows, mystical,
Sombre, translucent, vestiges of night,

Yet glories of the day.

Eagle! We know thee by thy undaunted eyes
Sky-ward, and by thy glooms; we know thy way
Ambiguous, and those halo-misted dyes.

Thou Cloud, the bridegroom's friend
(The bridegroom sun)! Master, we know thy sign:
A mystery of hues world-without-end;
And hide-and-seek of gamesome and divine;

Shade of the noble head
Cast hitherward upon the noble breast;
Human solemnities twice hallowèd;
The haste to Calvary, the Cross at rest.

Look sunward, Angel, then!
Carry the heavens forever by that hand.
Still be the interpreter of suns to men;
And shadow us, O thou Tower — for thou shalt stand!

LIFE'S LITTLE CLASSIFICATIONS

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

ONE of the first things we learn to do is to count,—one, two, three, four,—by which our infant feet mount by steps of our living selves to higher numbers. Then somehow we can compass two steps at a time,—two, four, six, eight,—and we smile up at the pleased assistant; for by twos means hand in hand, arm in arm, couples, an augmented self. Threes, though, are quite otherwise. No child willingly does threes. Enter then the rule of it, and masters. As for sevens and nines, those, as Marjorie Fleming said, are damnable.

Even the adult, whatever his conning and totting ability, still dotes on pairs. His first, last, and in-between philosophy of life consists in dividing the world—mankind, womenkind, things, feelings—into two classes. Stripped of verbiage there is only Me and Not Me in the whole world. Raveling and tying and winding up the thread of this summary style of classification into a play-ball has been of late one of my recreations; and few persons so superior or things so recalcitrant but toss me shreds and patches.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, omniscient but sane, announced that though she had lived a long time and seen a great deal she had met only two sorts of people and they were very much alike, namely men and women. Mrs. Oliphant had her own way of dividing persons, into 'those I can talk to and those I can't'; while Laurence Hutton used to say that there were only two sorts of persons in the world, those

who remember to say 'thank you' and those who do not. 'Is he a Yes-Sayer or a No-Sayer?' asked Nietzsche; with which simple brevity contrast Galsworthy: 'There are two kinds of men in this world—one who will not rest content till he has become master of all the toys that make a fat existence, never looking to see of what sort they are made; and the other for whom life is tobacco and a crust of bread and liberty to take all to pieces, so that his spirit may feel good within him.'

The world being thus sliced in two, lesser sections of it lend themselves to the same game. 'There are two Romes,' Masfield makes Cato say, 'one built of brick by hodmen; but the Rome I serve glimmers in the uplifted heart.' Carlyle resolves all history into the acts of individuals, while Buckle's idea of history leaves out men and women. Hardy's argument is that human beings with their brief joy and little ideals might get on very well if the general wave of the world did not overturn them. Meredith's idea is that our little lives always stagnate into morbidity unless the general wave of the world continually refreshes and recreates us. One man has the heart of Alexander of Macedon and another has the heart of little dog Fido; mine (it is Dostoevsky speaking) is that of little dog Fido. 'There is no good tyrant,' Jean Christophe declared, 'there are tyrants one loves and tyrants one detests.' Just where does tyranny become lovely? Francis Galton had two

sisters, of whom he wrote that one was just and one generous. When they buttered bread for him as a child, the one sister picked out the butter that filled the big holes and the other did not. No less distinct and delightful in their dichotomy were the Shandy brothers, Toby and Walter, one all gentle goodness, the other all wayward intellect.

One of the more elastic classifications of humanity into pairs is by habitual conduct. 'Our ventilation is other people's draughts,' sums it up; but for detail there is written up in a Friends' School, 'It is as much a Christian's duty to avoid taking offence as giving offence'; quite different from the 'Do others or they will do you,' felicitously adapted from Holy Writ for the use of the slums. Balzac noted that to give and to receive happiness are the two systems of feminine procedure separated by an abyss; which a more modern French novelist, M. Rolland, expresses thus: 'The eternal feminine has always exerted an uplifting influence upon the finer type of men; but for the commoner there is another type of feminine, quite as eternal, which draws them down.' Bishop Creighton observed that some persons ask about another's character, 'How much chaff?' others, 'Is there any wheat?' Malebranche distinguished between those who came to see and those who came to say that they had seen. Tolstoï found that in every attachment one loves while the other permits himself to be loved; one kisses, the other offers the cheek.

Then there is the whole class of minds which, as Bagehot says, prefers the literary delineation of objects to the actual eyesight of them. The primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose is to him, and it is nothing more because Wordsworth said so. Such a man chuckles over Protagoras's query,

'Shall I answer what appears to me to be short enough, or what appears to you to be short enough?' whereas in real society he would be short of any repartee. He delights in the neat French paradox, *Un saint triste est un triste saint*, but in the flesh he would fly both saints, sad or sorry. He admits the apothegm that the man of the library has much to learn from the man of the street, but insists that it is Ulysses of the book who furnishes him with unrivaled contradiction between seeming and being.

The *dioscurei* are not always one's self and another; there are also one's self and one's other self, and here we are often *counter-passant*, going opposite ways. The ego in the man of to-day is no more a simple reliable thing than was the ego of Milton's Abdiel — a double rebel, first against the poetical traditions of his age and then against the doctrine which he had set up against them. L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, the cheerful man and the pensive, are only two sides of the same man. In John Bright were blended the Old Testament and the New, which Trevelyan calls the two indispensable contradictions. Myself out of doors is a very different person from myself shut in by walls. I have active and passive phases of both abilities and inabilities, when the thing I see matters, or the thing I do not see.

Since we are so inconsequent ourselves, why begrudge the privilege to others, or find it incomprehensible that Shelley was one of the best, most unselfish and spiritual men that ever lived, who yet on several occasions behaved as badly as men can? While Simon slept in the garden, Peter still followed Jesus afar off. The best of us is tugging along the worst of us. Or would you say the worst of us is ever masquerading behind the best of us? — such a fine point as the critic brought against

The Rise of Silas Lapham, that instead of showing how an intolerably vulgar man can be innately noble, it shows how an innately noble man can be intolerably vulgar.

I amuse myself (and, I hope, my victims) by sometimes daring them to guess the author of certain pairings-off. Who could doubt that 'From Selfism to Otherism is the supreme transition of history,' was spoken by Henry Drummond; or that 'The world is a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel,' is the dictum of Horace Walpole; or that 'Of the two ways of disliking poetry one is to dislike it and the other is to like Pope,' sprang from Oscar Wilde; or that 'To be good is noble, to show others how to be good is nobler and no trouble,' bubbled from Mark Twain? 'Sir' (the word betrays it), 'your levellers wish to level down as far as themselves, but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves.' Who liked to quote Burton's motto, 'Not honors, but honor'? — You are right: Gordon. And, finally, 'Orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is your doxy'? Wrong! Not Doctor Johnson, but Bishop Warburton said that.

How to take other persons' classifications suggests a sort of by-play of this theme. Not many of us have the ability to edge out as did Mark Twain when asked if a certain woman were cultivated. 'Cultivated? I do not know whether she is cultivated or uncultivated, but [brightening] she is the sort of woman who keeps a parrot!' An undergraduate, hard-pressed, often rises to the occasion, as a former Master of Balliol discovered. 'Mr. Wickens, I never stand at my window, but I see you passing.' — 'Indeed, Master, I never pass but I see you standing at the window!' A mulatto who used to wash my hair spoke of moving into a part of town sacred to her compatriots. When asked if she would not lose her

former customers, she replied, 'Yes, miss, but I get heaps o' work a-ironing out niggers' hair.' I had ignored that subdivision of kid-curlers and shoe-string wrappers.

Ever since the world began it has been dividing Time into two classes. The evening and the morning made the first day. Early-risers and sleepy-heads use the same clock, but with contradictory results. The fifth Duke of Devonshire, who used to leave Brookes's regularly at a very late hour, in passing by a cobbler's stall always wished the cobbler good-night — to which the cobbler, just taking down his shutters, always riposted with a good-morning. 'What time is it?' asked the gurgulous Queen Anne of Doctor Arbuthnot. 'Whatever it may please Your Majesty,' was that courtier's reply. I like that. My time versus anybody's else time. Henry James early investigated life's time-piece and drew up his private schedule. He found, 'One way of taking life was to go in for everything and everyone, which kept you abundantly employed; and the other was to be quite as occupied with just the sense and image of it and on only a fifth of the actual immersion. Life was taken almost equally both ways; mere brute quality and number being so much less in one case than in the other. I had the intrinsic qualities.'

The poet Hafiz had them. When asked by the philosopher Zenda what he was good for, he replied, 'Of what good is a flower?' 'A flower is good to smell,' said the philosopher. 'And I am good to smell it!'

Such vagueness as that, embracing and enhancing material things like the very ether, nevertheless makes straight for its goal. Its practitioner can look at both sides of a thing with the joy of a connoisseur, but not indefinitely; he can always decide the debata-

ble point, and of that point evolve a whole again. Is it not in this balance of the thirst for truth and the delight in illusion; in this consciousness of unity between past and present; in this fitting together of the two parts

into which the human experimentalist has so neatly, so humorously, and so fantastically sliced his conception of life; in this synthesis following analysis, that the health of the individual and the public consists?

SUB SPECIE ÆTERNITATIS

BY HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR

SINCE the beginning of the war, thoughtful people — and I have in view primarily Americans as deeply interested neutrals — have grieved by day and in the waking hours of the night over the destruction of young and ardent life and of so much that was costly and beautiful. Will this unspeakable coil of death and ruin ever remove from our minds or be forgotten? Alas for the enormous play of hate, for the misdirection of ideals, for the world fallen in ethical pitfalls! Alas for the fatal patriotism of millions upon millions of beings so tragically mistaken! Alas for the failure to see life whole — all proportion lost in a state of *ira* which is *brevis furor*!

Our own lives are made to seem so small. How quickly would we offer them to stop the ruin! One is confused. Does the war necessitate an entire reconsideration of life? Before now, men have thought much; and we are still thinking. Are there no principles, slowly won from universal experience through age-long reflection, that will meet the storm?

Let us not be caught by bulk. The bigness of the war does not establish its significance. All subsequent history

has proved the lasting import of Marathon — a little battle — and of Salamis. Although we cannot accept as permanently valid the declarations and assurances of those whose minds are now strained by their belligerency, their children's children will recognize whatever may prove to be the true importance of this war. At present no one can foresee wherein that will lie. This war obviously dwarfs other wars in the number of fighters, and in the altogether modern prodigiousness of the economic and social, as well as military, organization, which makes possible the fighting of such numbers; also in the new marvels of physical science applied likewise to the ends of slaughter. Possibly one great result may lie in the very demonstration of this universal organization, economic, military, scientific, and in the pregnant suggestion as to how the same hereafter may be turned to some human good. Moreover, for the time, the war has increased the world's energy by drawing out an unrealized total of devotion and self-sacrifice, which thus may be proved and made ready for employment in some clearer enlargement and ennoblement of life.

Therein lies the test. Is this war (seemingly a huge stupidity) adding to the fundamentals of life, as eminent individuals have done: scientific inventors who have facilitated physical comfort and convenience, or the far greater men who have increased the spiritual wealth of mankind? Is this world-war to have as deep an effect as Buddha, as Plato, as Jesus? One does not measure the significance of men by tons or acres, nor that of events by the noise of the concussion. The fine thought may have more lasting import than the death of ten thousand men in battle.

As for ourselves, thoughtful people who do not cease to grieve while doing what we may to relieve some infinitesimal part of the sufferings of those to whom our hearts are knit, perhaps we are entitled to some private peace of mind, which is not to be gained by turning our thoughts from the stupendous calamity. We are swung between unappeasable grief and the vague hopes which we are forced to visualize, so as not to despair. Consolation lies in the apparent fact that our grief has to do largely with temporal conditions, while our hopes seek to establish themselves in eternal validities. For any stable calm, the great calamity must be viewed unflinchingly. One must also look around, above, and beneath it. We must frame the conflict in larger universals, which shall span its struggling contraries and even render audible the transcendent harmony issuing from these warring opposites.

One needs faith for this final intellectual peace of contemplation; faith in the laws of life working through the tumult; faith not to worry lest the outcome shall not be just. Let no one think that he could arrange the outcome more wisely than it will adjust itself. If life is not always obviously just in its awards, it is wise beyond the imaginings of men. For it regards and

makes account of the infinite web of forces which escape us; it utilizes them all, and through this measureless inter-related means, moves on along its all-considering progress.

Justice is but a part. Long ago Plato taught those who would learn, that the unjust man does not benefit by his injustice, but will be injured by it as by disease; will be made worse, he himself. Here still is truth. But if the mind will span the present crisis, broader, more universal thoughts are called for, in which justice shall join with its apparently evil opposite, and the two move on in some high harmony.

Consider God, or the Sum of Power making for the coherence of the Universe, and incidentally for the checkered progress marking the record of the world we live in. The life-giving, renewing, plastic Power, or the omnipotent God, if God it be, is the God or Power of that which apparently is baneful, as well as of that which is more apparently benign: God or Power of the earthquake and the typhus-germ, and of all red-fanged nature. He or It is God or Power of the grasping, destroying, bloody ways of men, as well as of their beneficent purposes. History, both in the large and in the small, as well as we can read it, shows might triumphant, outwardly if not inwardly; lustful, grasping, destructive, *arriving* might — the might which arrives. Again and again the industry and freedom of small innocent groups have been crushed by superior force. Power in action is apt to destroy. Much of mankind's apparent progress has come independently of moral purpose, has arisen from selfish strife, and even from the triumph of the unjust cause, as it would seem.

The merely moral is not the only good! Righteousness is not the only virtue! Love is not all, justice is not all, charity, patience, humility, these

are not all. It may be that in some future consummation — in the Kingdom of Heaven if one will — there is place for the fruits of wickedness, so be it that they were begotten of power. Indeed, he who has lived out his three-score years has discovered in his own progressing selfhood, that life's whole does not lie in gladness or in sorrow only, or in duty only, or in reaching or renouncing the heart's desire, or in accomplishing the beheld achievement of the mind; but perhaps in all of these, and in much besides that seemed unrelated to any good, but rather connected with palpable lapses.

Out of apparent evil, as well as out of good, life constantly advances. The horror of this world-war need not affect our faith in the purposes of God working good out of apparent evil; or, if one will, our faith in the triumphant vitality of nature and of man. There is no reason why we should not still hold fast to God, or to the eternal life-giving and restoring Power, being assured that not merely physical renewal, but some spiritual regeneration shall emerge from this cataclysm. Specifically we may still believe that the elements of culture which are not dead, but living, will renew themselves. Enough has occurred already to raise such hope to a conviction, that the suffering, fighting lands shall be benefited and renewed, each according to its need. Perhaps, in them, war will purge patriotism of its grosser parts. The danger is rather for prosperous neutral countries, lest they gain nothing where they have made no sacrifice. Yet the war may purge some

of their citizens of small selfishness, and help a few to the knowledge which is understanding, which is sympathy, which is love: *chi più conosce più ama*.

Besides the calm which comes through thought, peace may drop on the heart unexpectedly, as if straight from God's mercy. Many months ago, the fall of Antwerp was to me as the death of Bathsheba's child. I rose and returned to peace and work, after that great grief. The Greeks recognized a like peace flowing from the tragic catharsis.

Thus in two ways, which often seem to join, the way of thought and the sudden lift of feeling, one gains peace. 'For we know that to them who love God, all things work together for good.' Well for those who may know and feel this! For them, hate cannot triumph, nor the power of love be thwarted. But all of us can pass out beyond anxiety, through consideration of the everlasting stars and the eternal ways of the Universe which holds us all. The tragedy of our own generation may be seen set in the cycle of universal law, cause and effect, unending, infinite. What shall shatter the refuge of such consideration?

And as for concrete intruding disquietudes and sorrows, — I do not refer to closer personal anguish, — why not cry as Joinville to his knights beset by Moslem: 'Let us whoop after this *canaille*, and sometime we shall be glad, telling of it in our ladies' chambers'? Or say with Æneas speaking in the storm to his companions, 'Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit'?

SIR ROGER CASEMENT AND SINN FEIN

SOME PERSONAL NOTES

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

I MET Roger Casement first in a beautiful old house — the relics of a mediæval convent — beside a chalk stream in Buckinghamshire. I had myself just returned from long journeys in Central Africa, and was trying to expose the abominations of the slave traffic in the Portuguese provinces of Angola and the Cocoa islands of San Thomé and Príncipe. Casement, who had been British Consul in those regions and on the Congo for seven years, had also only lately come back (1905) and was the first man in England to recognize my report, not merely as unexaggerated, but as understating the horror of the truth. It may be that that prejudiced me in his favor when, after that first meeting, I described him as one of the finest men and noblest characters I had ever known. But it was a common verdict. I have heard many English people say exactly the same. Not only was he strikingly handsome — with tall, upright figure, black hair and beard, clear blue eyes, and fine features, showing, as Mr. Robert Lynd has said, the stamp of nobility in his very face and step — but few could resist his charm of manner, his perfect politeness, and a nature obviously so sympathetic, generous and sincere.

What led such a man into ways that have brought him to trial for his life on the charge of high treason? He was sent as consul to various cities in

South America; he was chosen by the Foreign Office to investigate the atrocious trade in rubber and murder on the Putumayo; his report (Miscellaneous, No. 8, 1912) was perhaps the finest Bluebook ever written by a consul. He was knighted as reward, and was glad of a title which gave official recognition to his work. He received a pension abundantly due to him for long and precarious labors in unhealthy parts of the world, which had seriously injured his constitution. Everything that secure position, friendship, and society can offer was open to him. Apart from the envy of colleagues, and the malignant animosity lurking in all official minds towards any one who disturbs routine by exposing abuses, he was universally admired and beloved. It would have been easy for him to settle down at fifty into a pleasing existence of social intercourse, literary production (for he was a poet), and benevolent utility. But there was something in his nature which gave him no rest. Unhappily for his peace, he was capable of indignation, and to every Irishman the cause for indignation stands near.

In a letter to me about something I had written against the Turks while I was with the Bulgarian Army as war correspondent in 1912, he said, —

‘You are probably right about the Turks, but I am right about the English! I wish all “Empires” and all

damnable conspiracies against the poorer classes of mankind — generally speaking, “the Irish” — could be brought to book as Turkey has been. But that does not lead me to denounce the Turk himself, and as between the London press and its loathsome backing of the winner, I stood for the Turk. Besides, he was down! I knew he was beaten before it began, and when the whoops and howls of this unseemly throng of scribblers broke loose upon his defeated agonies I joined him — and in that camp, the camp of the fallen, I stick.’

In the camp of the fallen he always was. It was part of his Irish and generous nature to be there, and for that camp no Irishman need look abroad. Always a strong Irish patriot, he became more and more engrossed in the history — the ancient and modern history — of Ireland’s wrongs, especially after he was released from official responsibilities. He studied that appalling history continually, brooding over it until, acting upon an oversensitive and quixotic mind, it began to obsess him, as people say. I call it an appalling history because no chapter in Russian or Prussian or savage history has been more hideous than England’s treatment of Ireland from the first invasion up to about 1880. It is a history no Englishman can read without the deepest shame. It stirs a profound indignation even in so fine an English patriot as Mr. G. K. Chesterton, always ready to think everything for the best so long as there is plenty of beer and Christianity to go round.¹ No one of Irish stock ever forgets it. To an Englishman, for instance, the word Limerick usually suggests lace or facetious rhymes; to an Irishman, Limerick is always ‘the City of the Violated Treaty,’ — a treaty more than two

centuries old, — a treaty of which not one Englishman in ten thousand has ever heard. An Act of Oblivion would be the surest settlement of the Irish question, but it cannot be enforced. England cannot subjugate the Recording Angel.

Brooding over immemorial wrongs, Casement not merely ceased to regard himself as a British subject (that, I think, he had never done), but came to regard the British government as his country’s permanent and irreconcilable enemy. For a time he was fairly hopeful about Home Rule. Even at Sir Edward Carson’s signing of the ‘Covenant,’ when I was with him in Belfast, he remained hopeful, for he believed that what he called ‘Carson’s circus’ would dissolve in laughter. But when he saw the Ulster volunteers openly organized, drilled, and armed to oppose the government; when gun-running was successfully practiced by the Ulster ‘loyalist’ rebels and nothing said; when British officers and regiments openly threatened mutiny if ordered to Ulster, his last hopes of securing his country’s freedom ‘by constitutional means’ appear to have been extinguished. To meet the Ulster rebels he helped to arm and organize the ‘National Volunteers,’ a large section of whom afterwards became the ‘Irish Volunteers.’ With the ‘Citizen Army’ raised by James Connolly early in 1914, in consequence of the Larkin strike of transport workers, I think he had no immediate connection beyond sympathy.

When first he conceived the fatal notion of seeking German aid, I am not sure. He may have followed the example of Wolfe Tone, who called in French assistance when France was our enemy; or perhaps he took the hint from ‘Welcome to the Kaiser’ inscribed on Orangemen’s arches, or from a speech of Captain Craig, the

¹ See the Irish chapter in his high-spirited but inaccurate little book, *The Crimes of England*.

Ulster leader and close friend of Sir Edward Carson, declaring that 'Germany and the German Emperor would be preferred to the rule of John Redmond, Patrick Ford, and the Molly Maguires.' When I was in Ulster during the most dangerous period of volunteer drilling and the simmering Ulster rebellion (early in 1914), I noticed the presence of at least three German correspondents. One of them, a pleasant enough man, named Schweriner (I think a Jew, of the *Vossische Zeitung*), accompanied me from Belfast to Dublin, and was very solicitous in seeking information about the whole country.

At the time I wondered why German papers should be at the expense of sending correspondents for the threat of an Ulster rising. I now understand how the expense was covered, and my wonder has entered upon other conjectures. Whatever happened, it seems probable that a German agent would find in Casement a quixotic victim ready to fall into the Teutonic trap. Incredible as it must appear to an Englishman, Casement may have believed in Germany as a deliverer. In any case, by German aid he might strike a blow at Ireland's historic and perpetual oppressor — the oppressor whose ancient crimes 'obsessed' him. If he could but have passed an Act of Oblivion binding on his own indignant spirit! But cruel rage possessed him, and the error — the fatal error — was committed.

I have dwelt upon Roger Casement because the unhappy development of his career illustrates the whole movement of revolt. Like him, the 'rebels' might some years ago have settled down into a pleasing existence of social intercourse, literary production (many of them were poets), and benevolent utility. When first I knew the Sinn Feiners, such seemed their enviable des-

tiny. In spite of subtle divisions and cross-divisions — in spite of mutual and eloquent denunciations arising from imperceptible differences — intellectual society in Dublin was unusually pleasant. A productive school of literature had arisen, hampered, it is true, by the mutual admiration and the personal animosity that prevail in narrow circles; hampered also by attempted 'revivals,' always dangerous in any art, and by the patriotic zeal of extremists who denied the honor of 'Irish poets' to such distinguished poets as William Yeats and George Russell ('A.E.') because they did not write in Irish, being unacquainted with that language. Nevertheless, in prose, and lyrics, and drama, all three, the Irish school has been the most remarkable movement of a generation's literature in the English tongue; and very likely much of the poetry in Irish is remarkable, too, though one distrusts poetry except in a language imbibed at babyhood and habitually used in thought.

On the side of benevolent utility one found the agricultural and coöperative movement inaugurated by Sir Horace Plunkett, organized by George Russell, that true poet and artist, and developed throughout Ireland with extraordinary success, in spite of official discouragement on the one side, and idealist contempt for practical reforms on the other. Many other useful, and often delightful, schemes were being already developed under the Irish County Councils, or were designed for the moment when the Parliamentarians should have secured Home Rule at last. One must add a revival of Irish industries in homespun cloth and other materials, Irish decoration in brooches, head-ornaments, wedding-rings, and interlaced designs, Irish folk-songs and music to the native pipes and harp, Irish costume, including the kilt, and

Irish games such as hurling — a fine admixture of hockey, football, and battle. Though touched by every revival's danger of affectation and self-consciousness — as when nice people stick up a maypole in Southwark and teach our stagnant slums to sing 'Blow away the morning dew!' — these occupations and interests were attractive and inspired by the most genuine patriotism.

Along these peaceful lines — the lines of the Gaelic League, the 'Irish Homestead,' Irish literature and drama, Irish arts, and the Parliamentary development of Home Rule — Irish patriotism might have proceeded without violence but for certain external events and a certain quality deeply rooted in the Irish nature. The external events were such as I noticed in the instance of Sir Roger Casement — such events as the open preparation of Ulster for armed rebellion; the violent suppression of the transport workers' strike; the firing upon a Dublin crowd by British troops after the Nationalist gun-running at Howth and about ten days before the beginning of the war; the suspension of the Home Rule Act; the inclusion of Sir Edward Carson and Sir F. E. Smith (leaders of designed lawlessness in Ulster) in the Coalition Government as Law Officers of the Crown, and the appointment of Mr. J. H. Campbell (another prominent leader of the Ulster 'rebels') as Attorney-General for Ireland. It must not, however, be supposed that the immunity or reward of the Ulster leaders aroused indignation and nothing more among the Nationalist Irish. They took the Ulster methods rather for their example and encouragement. Many a Nationalist has expressed to me in the same breath a scornful hatred towards Sir Edward Carson, and a patriotic pride in his defiance of the English government. For Carson was,

after all, an Irishman, and so were they all — except 'F.E.,' who, as 'galloping Freddy,' became an object of amusement rather than detestation or pride.

It is difficult for foreigners like us to appreciate the bond which holds the most incensed Irish opposites together.

On Covenant Day (September 28, 1912), for instance, I was watching Sir Edward Carson sign that melodramatic and sinister document in Belfast City Hall, while close beside me stood Mr. Garvin, the brilliant Unionist editor of the *Observer* and, at that time, of the *Pall Mall Gazette* — an Irishman whose eyes and mind are always going full gallop — galloping hell-for-leather in any direction, with far greater rapidity than 'Freddy' ever galloped. All the time during that solemn ceremony, while Carson was bowing over the fateful document as at an altar of religion, Mr. Garvin, in subdued tones, kept assuring me of his profound affection for Charles Stuart Parnell. He loved Carson and he loved Parnell. He had been the first to stand publicly at Parnell's side after his 'fall.' He had served him to the last and he revered his memory. It was all perfectly true and sincere, but a little difficult for a foreigner to understand when he was listening to quill pens scratching the signatures of Ulster Covenanters on the parchment, and knew that in England Mr. Garvin supplied the Unionist Party with brains.

When first it was proposed to exclude Ulster from Home Rule, Parnell laid down the precept that 'Ireland cannot afford to lose a single Irishman.' The Irish have also a saying that 'The worst Irishman is better than the best of England.' We should remember those sayings, however accurately we realize the difference of race and temperament, religion and imagination, between Ulstermen and the 'mere Irish' (as our fathers called them), and

however regretfully we recognize an Israelitish hatred on Ulster's side, and the secretive hatred natural to an oppressed and despised people on the other.

But undoubtedly the chief external cause of the growing discontent which culminated in the rising was the suspension of the Home Rule Act. If any outward and visible sign of Home Rule had been given; if any change had been effected in the 'Castle' gang; or if the beautiful old Parliament House in Dublin (now the Bank of Ireland) had been prepared for a reëstablished Parliament, all might have been well. But even though Home Rule was 'placed on the Statute Book,' nothing happened. People began to suspect one another in the long series of Ireland's hopes deferred. Mr. Redmond, with all his political capacity as a leader, seemed incapable of striking the emotional moment. Of all conspicuous Irishmen, he, almost alone, had failed in imaginative appeal. Under his direction, the Home Rule ideal had become a rather dull, commonplace, and jog-trot affair, much entangled in the forms and manœuvres of a distant Parliament among hostile or indifferent strangers. Mr. Redmond had every quality but inspiration and imaginative appeal — every quality except those to which the Irish nature most eagerly responds.

And here we reach that inward and spiritual characteristic which, to the finest Irish natures, is always the prevalent motive, and which gave these external events their main importance. We are confronted by a devoted and impassioned love of country, raised almost to 'obsession' through an indelible memory brooding over Ireland's wrongs. That is what Mr. Birrell meant when he said in evidence before the Commission that Sinn Fein was a perpetual background in Ireland. In

the Parliamentary Party's appeal, issued after the rising, the members pointed with justice to the immense advance in material prosperity and political power already won by constitutional means since the time of Isaac Butt and Parnell's early days. They had a right to do so. Material prosperity is an excellent thing. No Irishman denies it, and Mr. Bernard Shaw has told us that the Irish are essentially a practical race. But for a large number of them, material prosperity is never enough. More readily even than most people, they will go to their graves for a rag, a word, a symbol, a disembodied shade. Inexorable memory, which no kindly oblivion puts to rest, has created for them that disembodied shade which sometimes appears as the 'Little Old Woman,' sometimes as the 'Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World.' Writing of Clarence Mangan's 'Dark Rosaleen' a few years ago, I said, —

'She is no Imperial State, standing in white-columned security over the seas which her fleets command' — (a reference to the Athens of Pericles, beloved with equal passion) — 'but a shy and fugitive spirit; her beauty remains unseen by all except her worshipers. To strangers' eyes she looks a mournful and profitless thing. Full of sad memories, reviled and held up to derision, bound, tortured, and spat upon, dragged out to make sport with her wit, starved and driven through the earth, half strangled and in turn cajoled to supply a pleasing strain of breed in the nurseries of her tormentors, even to her lovers she takes the disguise of the Little Old Woman, the Kathleen na Houlihan who sits uncomfortable beside the world's highway, or crouches muttering over the peat fires of her hearth, while under those torn rags and under the disguise of that wrinkled skin is hidden the form of the

Dark Rose whose heart is the consecrated shrine of joy and sorrow, —

'All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!'

Such is the passionate ideal which stands in Mr. Birrell's words as a perpetual background in Ireland. It is an ideal so beautiful in its sorrow and so deeply associated with memories of ancient struggles and pitiless suppressions, with poverty, evictions and famine, that even freedom and prosperity would not obliterate its sadness or its power. Many, in fact, have looked back with regret to times of greater suffering, and, being habituated to indignation, would feel lost without a present cause for it. This was the passionate ideal that inspired Sinn Fein on its intellectual and poetic side — always an important side among a peculiarly intelligent and imaginative people.

The actual expression, Sinn Fein, 'Ourselves Alone,' was, I believe, first suggested by Arthur Griffiths, the dogged, practical and rather reactionary writer who edited the Sinn Fein paper till it was suppressed. But the design of creating a passive independence by the same means as the Indian 'Swadeshi' movement — by following the old advice 'to burn everything English except the coals and the people,' and by reviving Ireland's old reputation in arts, literature, and industries — attracted both poetic and practical natures; for it promised success and was touched by devotion to the imaginative ideal.

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When the violent outbreak came, it did not include all members of the Sinn Fein Society, nor did all its leaders belong to the 'Intelligentsia' — still less did the rank and file. Among the highly educated leaders we may count Mr. P. H. Pearse (executed), the headmaster of a kind of model boys' school on a large estate a few miles south of Dublin, and a supporter of the Irish Republican Brotherhood rather than of Sinn Fein; Pearse's brother William, a painter (executed); young Thomas MacDonagh, poet, dramatist, and excellent critic (executed); Joseph Plunkett, a writer (executed), and his two brothers, John and George (imprisoned for ten years); and Professor John MacNeill, a fine Gaelic scholar and nominal Commandant of the Irish Volunteers after the split, when Mr. Redmond insisted on keeping the National Volunteers largely under his own control. At the last moment, John MacNeill (imprisoned for life) seems to have tried to check the rising: he was not actively involved himself, but he had presided at a Convention of the Irish Volunteers at which the following declaration of policy was adopted: —

(1) To maintain the right and duty of the Irish nation to provide for its own defense by means of a permanent armed and trained Volunteer Force.

(2) To unite the people of Ireland on the basis of Irish nationality and of common national interests; to maintain the integrity of the nation and to resist any measures tending to bring about or perpetuate disunion or the partition of the country.

(3) To resist any attempts to force the men of Ireland into military service until a national government was empowered by the Irish people themselves to deal with it.

(4) To secure the abolition of the system of governing Ireland from Dub-

lin Castle and the establishment of a national government in its place.

These leaders were more or less representative of intellectual Sinn Fein, but perhaps for the driving force in the outbreak we should rather look to working-class reformers such as James Connolly (wounded and executed), a very attractive and remarkable man, the brain of the long transport-workers strike, — capable, cheerful, honorable; a natural leader, on whose platform before the war one was always glad to stand. As belonging to the workers, one must also mention John MacDermott (executed), a tram-conductor, propagandist of Sinn Fein politics; and Thomas Clarke (executed), tobacconist and news-agent, a Fenian and dynamiter of ancient days, associated with MacDermott in running *Irish Freedom*, the first paper suppressed under the Defense of the Realm Act.

Perhaps as a kind of intermediary between the 'Intellectuals' and the workers, one may place 'The Countess' (sentenced to death but reprieved to lifelong imprisonment). Some years ago, she and her sister, Eva Gore-Booth (the well-known writer, pacifist and Suffragist), were the two honored beauties of Sligo. Constance married Count Markievicz, a good-tempered Russian artist, now serving in the Russian Hussars. During the Larkin strike, I found her flinging herself body and soul into the cause of the workers, dealing out rations to their families at Liberty Hall, organizing, exhorting, serving, training her formidable Boy Scouts with a generosity and violent enthusiasm far from pacific. Let English poets mander about the falsehood of extremes: to her only extremes were worth a hang.

I hardly know where to place John McBride (executed), who as 'Major' commanded the 'Irish Brigade' against us in the Boer War, and so became the

subject of many Irish ballads, such as that containing the verse beginning:

'O Mother of the bleeding breast!
O Mother of the tears!'

Unlike the usual Sinn Feiner, he was something of the old-fashioned stage Irishman, a swashbuckler, drunken, dissipated, devoid of character. But he died bravely, and when the woman to whom he had once been married (a famous woman of singular beauty and influence) heard the news, she said to her son, 'Your father treated us badly, but now we must remember him only as one who died for Ireland.'

For us English, that is the worst of it. We execute a worthless rebel, and for Ireland a heroic saint emerges from the felon's grave.

My dear friend, Frank Sheehy Skeffington, was neither worthless nor an active rebel. So far as violence went, he was no rebel, for he was the most violent pacifist I have known. About three weeks before the rising, he had written to the English papers, warning us of the danger if the Castle's supposed policy of invitation was carried out. A man of great knowledge and unusual charm, a fearless champion of all noble causes, such as Irish freedom, Woman Suffrage, and International Peace, he went up and down Dublin in the thick of the fighting, posting up a placard, a copy of which I possess. It calls upon the citizens to organize themselves into a police force to stop the looting. He is said also to have dragged a wounded English officer under heavy fire into a place of safety. That is only a report at present, and the inquiry into his death has not begun as I write. But Mr. Asquith and the general commanding have admitted that he was taken into Portobello Barracks and shot without any form of trial; nor was his widow given notice of his death. Of all our recent

errors in Ireland, this was one of the worst. As Mr. Healy said in the House of Commons, while grass grows and water runs, it will not be forgotten. Again we have supplied a ghastly food for that insatiable Irish memory. Two others (men of worthless character, I believe, but still human beings) were shot with Skeffington, also without even a court-martial's form of trial.

It is now evident that the movement was not homogeneous. I doubt if it should even be called Sinn Fein, for many of the best Sinn Feiners were not in it. The rebels were a mixed lot of Adullamites, though all were inspired by love of Ireland, memory of her wrongs, and hatred of British or 'Shoneen' dominance. Many of the more ignorant certainly trusted to German assistance, just as in the days of the Shan Van Vocht they used to sing, 'Oh, the French are on the sea!'

But for the executions, the Irish people as a whole would have taken the rising as a gallant but crazy affair, a possible danger to Home Rule, but nothing more. The executions made all the difference. It is strange: some policemen and many soldiers were killed in the rising; many peaceful citizens were killed by both sides (usually, no doubt, by accident), and a large part of Dublin (though, unfortunately, not the worst part) was destroyed by fire and shell. Yet consideration for all this death and misery was obliterated by the executions. As suppressions of rebellion go, they were not many, — only fifteen, — but, as Mr. Garvin complained, they were carried out by driblets; they continued long after the violent danger was over, and for every man shot the ancient rage was rekindled in thousands of hearts. All their errors, all their offenses were forgotten, but the memory of those who 'died for Ireland' will be cherished at every fire-side. In every cottage, the pictures of

'The Fifteen' will be framed upon the walls; and if our Law Courts add Roger Casement as a sixteenth, he will stand in the centre. Instead of being regarded as a well-intentioned but crack-brained set of people, they will be enshrined under that Necromancy or Magic of the Dead which is both the treasure and the plague of their country.

During the cruel suppression which followed the Indian Mutiny, Disraeli wrote, 'Of all the awful circumstances of this terrible affair, the most awful is the spirit of vengeance which is preached — as if we were to take our enemies for our model. . . . I protest against meeting atrocities by atrocities.'

We have taken our German enemies as our model in conscription, in imprisonment without trial or charge, in the censorship, and the suspension of many hard-won liberties. Let us heed Disraeli's warning and not take them as our model in cruelty as well. I have long urged that captured or surrendered rebels should be treated as beligerent prisoners are treated by the law of nations. Had this been done, the main feeling of Ireland would have supported the government for the first time in history, and it would have condemned the outbreak almost universally as futile and disastrous. Now we have added another page to that Doomsday Book from which no tears can wash out a word.

There is the future; there is the next step. We English must remember that in this war we have publicly declared ourselves to be fighting for the freedom and protection of small nationalities. By the principle of nationality we stand or fall.

In the famous interview published by the *Chicago Daily News* in the middle of last May, Sir Edward Grey said many of the honest and honorable

things that we expect of him, but none wiser than the following: —

‘To all this we say to Germany, “Recognize the principle urged by lovers of freedom everywhere; give to the nationalities of Europe a real freedom, not the so-called freedom doled out to subject peoples by Prussian tyranny. . . . It belongs to the rudiments of political science, it is abundantly taught by history, that you cannot enslave a people and make a good job of it; that you cannot kill a people’s soul by foreign despotism and brutality. We aspire to embark upon no such course of folly and futility towards another nation.”’

Sir Edward Grey was at the moment speaking about our supposed threats of grinding Germany to the dust, and other follies dear to the truculent minds of Fleet Street. But the wisdom of those words applies equally to Ireland. To Irish nationality we must give a real freedom — not the so-called freedom doled out to subject peoples by Prussian tyranny. History has abundantly taught us that you cannot enslave the Irish people and make a good job of it, nor can you kill the Irish people’s soul by foreign despotism and brutality. The books of that Recording Angel whom we cannot subjugate show a long and dark account

against us. Only within the last fifty years have we even attempted to wipe out some items in that appalling debt. If we would see an Act of Oblivion in Ireland (and it is the only healing measure), we must on our side concede an Act of Amnesty. The moment — the emotional moment at which alone in a country like Ireland great spiritual miracles are possible — is passing as I write. By the time this is published, the moment will have gone. Either England’s unimaginative self-satisfaction, combined with the Hebraic pedantry of Ulster Scots, will have resuscitated a proud and rebellious defiance for two more generations of Irish life; or the love of justice and freedom which lies hidden somewhere at the base of the average English heart will have taken a forward step towards the only conceivable peace.

George Meredith once told me that our treatment of Ireland reminded him of a man who rather likes a running sore upon his leg kept open because it gives an interest to life. Let us now obliterate the foul parallel. For many decades to come, our life is likely to supply plenty of enthralling and perilous interests, without our cultivation of a running sore which always threatens to corrupt the heart’s blood of Ireland and of our own people as well.

THE VINEYARD OF RED WINE

BY HENRY SHEAHAN

A FEW miles below Verdun, on a narrow strip of meadow-land between the river and the northern bluffs, stood an eighteenth-century château and the half dozen houses of its dependents. The hurrying river had flooded the low fields and then retreated, turning the meadows and pasturages to bright green, puddly marshes, malodorous with swampy exhalations. Beyond the swirls and currents of the river and its vanishing islands of pale green pebbles, rose the brown, deserted hills of the Hauts de Meuse. The top of one height had been pinched into the rectangle of a fortress; little forests ran along the sky-line of the heights, and a narrow road, slanting across a spur of the valley, climbed and disappeared.

The château itself was a huge, three-story box of gray-white stone with a slate roof, a little turret *en poivrière* at each corner, and a graceless classic doorway in the principal façade. A wide double gate, with a coronet in a tarnished gold medallion set in the iron arch-piece, gave entrance to this place through a kind of courtyard formed by the rear of the château and the walls of two low wings devoted to the stables and the servants' quarters. Within, a high clump of dark-green myrtle, ringed with muddy, rut-scarred turf, marked the theoretical limits of a driveway. Along the right-hand wall stood the rifles of the wounded, and in a corner, a great snarled pile of bayonets, belts, cartridge-boxes, gas-mask satchels, greasy tin boxes of anti-lice ointment, and dented helmets. A bright

winter sunlight fell on walls dank from the river mists, and heightened the austerity of the landscape. Beyond a bend in the river lay the smoke of the battle of Douaumont; shells broke, pinpoints of light, in the upper fringes of the haze.

The château had been a hospital since the beginning of the war. A heavy smell of ether and iodoform lay about it, mixed with the smell of the war. For the war has an unmistakable odor of its own — a compounded odor of humanity, wet cloth, horses, leather, mud, smoke, and chemicals; a smell that clings to everything military, fills the troop trains and encampments, and saturates one's own clothing. This effluvia of an army, mixed with the sharper reek of anaesthetics, was the atmosphere of the hospital. The great rush of wounded had begun. Every few minutes the ambulances stopped down a miry byway, and turned in the gates; tired, putty-faced hospital attendants took out the stretchers and the *nouveaux clients*; mussy bundles of blue rags and bloody blankets turned into human beings; an overworked, nervous *médecin chef* shouted contradictory orders at the *brancardiers*, and passed into real crises of hysterical rage.

'Avancez!' he would scream at the bewildered chauffeurs of the ambulances; and an instant later, 'Reculez! Reculez!'

The wounded in the stretchers, strewn along the edges of the driveway, raised patient, tired eyes at his snarling.

Another doctor, a little bearded man wearing a white apron and the red velvet *képi* of an army physician, questioned each batch of new arrivals. Deep lines of fatigue had traced themselves under his kindly eyes; his thin face had a dreadful color. Some of the wounded had turned their eyes from the sun; others, too weak to move, lay stonily blinking. Almost expressionless, silent, they resigned themselves to the attendants as if these men were the deaf ministers of some inexorable power.

The surgeon went from stretcher to stretcher looking at the diagnosis cards attached at the *poste de secours*, stopping occasionally to ask the fatal question, 'As-tu craché du sang?' (Have you spit blood?) A thin oldish man with a face full of hollows like that of an old horse, answered 'Oui,' faintly. Close by, an artilleryman, whose cannon had burst, looked with calm brown eyes out of a cooked and bluish face. Another, with a soldier's tunic thrown capewise over his naked torso, trembled in his thin blanket, and from the edges of a cotton and lint-pad dressing hastily stuffed upon a shoulder wound, an occasional drop of blood slid down his lean chest.

A little to one side, the cooks of the hospital, in their greasy aprons, watched the performance with a certain calm interest. In a few minutes the wounded were sorted and sent to the various wards. I was ordered to take three men who had been successfully operated on to the barracks for convalescents several miles away.

A highway and an unused railroad, both under heavy fire from German guns on the Hauts de Meuse, passed behind the château and along the foot of the bluffs. There were a hundred shell holes in the marshes between the road and the river, black-lipped craters in the sedgy green; there were ugly

punches in the brown earth of the bluffs, and deep scoops in the surface of the road. The telephone wires, cut by shell fragments, fell in stiff, draping lines to the ground. Every once in a while a shell would fall into the river, causing a silvery-gray geyser to hang for an instant above the green eddies of the Meuse. A certain village along this highway was the focal point of the firing. Many of the houses had been blown to pieces, and fragments of red tile, bits of shiny glass, and lumps of masonry were strewn all over the deserted street.

As I hurried along, two shells came over, one sliding into the river with a 'Hip!' and the other landing in a house about two hundred yards away. A vast cloud of grayish black smoke befogged the cottage, and a section of splintered timber came buzzing through the air and fell into a puddle. From the house next to the one struck, a black cat came slinking, paused for an indecisive second in the middle of the street, and ran back again. Through the canvas partition of the ambulance, I heard the voices of my convalescents. 'No more *marmites*!' I cried to them as I swung down a road out of shell reach. I little knew what was waiting for us beyond the next village.

A regiment of Zouaves going up to the line was resting at the cross-road, and the regimental wagons, drawn up in waiting line, blocked the narrow road completely. At the angle between the two highways, under the four trees planted by pious custom of the Meuse, stood a cross of thick planks. From each arm of the cross, on wine-soaked straps, dangled, like a bunch of grapes, a cluster of dark blue canteens; rifles were stacked round its base, and under the trees stood half a dozen clipped-headed, bull-necked Zouaves. A rather rough-looking adjutant, with a bullet head disfigured by a frightful scar at

the corner of his mouth, rode up and down the line to see if all was well. Little groups were handing round a half loaf of army bread, and washing it down with gulps of wine.

'Hello, sport!' they cried at me; and the favorite 'All right,' and 'Tommy!'

The air was heavy with the musty smell of street mud that never dries during winter time, mixed with the odor of the tired horses, who stood, scarcely moving, backed away from their harnesses against the mire-griped wagons. Suddenly the order to go on again was given; the carters snapped their whips, the horses pulled, the noisy, lumbering, creaky line moved on, and the men fell in behind, in any order.

I started my car again and looked for an opening through the *mêlée*.

Beyond the cross, the road narrowed and flanked one of the southeastern forts of the city. A meadow, which sloped gently upward from the road to the abrupt hillside of the fortress, had been used as a place of encampment and had been trodden into a surface of thick cheesy mire. Here and there were the ashes of fires. There were hundreds of such places round the moorland villages between Verdun and Bar-le-Duc. The fort looked squarely down on Verdun, and over its grassy height came the drumming of the battle, and the frequent crash of big shells falling into the city.

In a corner lay the anatomical relics of some horses killed by an air-bomb the day before. And even as I noted them, I heard the muffled 'Pom! Pom! Pom!' of anti-aircraft guns. My back was to the river and I could not see what was going on.

'What is it?' I said to a Zouave who was plodding along beside the ambulance.

'*Des Boches* — crossing the river.'

The regiment plodded on as before.

Now and then a soldier would stop and look up at the aeroplanes.

'He's coming!' I heard a voice exclaim.

Suddenly, the adjutant whom I had seen before came galloping down the line, shouting, 'Arrêtez! Arrêtez! Pas de mouvement!'

A current of tension ran down the troop with as much reality as a current of water runs down hill. I wondered whether the Boche had seen us.

'Is he approaching?' I asked.

'Yes.'

Ahead of me was a one-horse wagon, and ahead of that a wagon with two horses carrying the medical supplies. The driver of the latter, an oldish, thick-set, wine-faced fellow, got down an instant from his wagon, looked at the Boche, and resumed his seat. A few seconds later, there sounded the terrifying scream of an air-bomb, a roar, and I found myself in a bitter swirl of smoke. The shell had fallen right between the horses of the two-horse wagon, blowing the animals to pieces, splintering the wagon, and killing the driver. Something sailed swiftly over my head, and landed just behind the ambulance. It was a chunk of the skull of one of the horses. The horse attached to the wagon ahead of me went into a frenzy of fear and backed his wagon into my ambulance, smashing the right lamp. In the twinkling of an eye, the soldiers dispersed. Some ran into the fields. Others crouched in the wayside ditch. A cart upset. Another bomb dropped screaming in a field and burst; a cloud of smoke rolled away down the meadow.

When the excitement had subsided, it was found that a soldier had been wounded. The bodies of the horses were rolled over into the ditch, the wreck of the wagon was dragged to the miry field, and the regiment went on. In a very short time I got to the hospital and delivered my convalescents.

My way home ran through the town of S——, an ugly, overgrown village of the Verdunois, given up to the activities of the staff directing the battle. The headquarters building was the hôtel de ville, a large eighteenth-century edifice, in an acre of trampled mud a little distance from the street. Before the building flowed the great highway from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun; relays of motor lorries went by, and gendarmes, organized into a kind of traffic squad, stood every hundred feet or so. The atmosphere of S—— at the height of the battle was one of calm organization; it would not have been hard to believe that the motor lorries and unemotional men were at the service of some great master-work of engineering. There was something of the holiday in the attitude of the inhabitants of the place; they watched the motor show exactly as they might have watched a circus parade.

'Les voilà,' said somebody.

A little bemedaled group appeared on the steps of the hôtel de ville. Dominating it was Joffre. Above middle height, silver-haired, elderly, he has a certain paternal look which his eye belies; Joffre's eye is the hard eye of a commander-in-chief, the military eye, the eye of an Old Testament father if you will. De Castelnau was speaking, making no gestures—an old man with an ashen skin, deep-set eye and great hooked nose, a long cape concealed the thick, age-settled body. Poincaré stood listening, with a look at once worried and brave, the ghost of a sad smile lingering on a sensitive mouth. Last of all came Pétain, the protégé of de Castelnau, who commanded at Verdun—a tall, square-built man, not un-English in his appearance, with grizzled hair and the sober face of a thinker. But his mouth and jaw are those of a man of action, and the look in his gray eyes is always changing.

Now it is speculative and analytic, now steely and cold.

In the shelter of a doorway stood a group of territorials, getting their first real news of the battle from a Paris newspaper. I heard 'Nous avons reculé—huit kilomètres—le général Pétain,—' A motor lorry drowned out the rest.

That night we were given orders to be ready to evacuate the château in case the Boches advanced. The drivers slept in the ambulances, rising at intervals through the night to warm their engines. The buzz of the motors sounded through the tall pines of the château park, drowning out the rumbling of the bombardment and the monotonous roaring of the flood. Now and then a trench light, rising like a spectral star over the lines on the Hauts de Meuse, would shine reflected in the river. At intervals attendants carried down the swampy paths to the chapel the bodies of soldiers who had died during the night. The cannon flashing was terrific. Just before dawn, half a dozen batteries of 'seventy-fives' came in a swift trot down the shelled road; the men leaned over on their steaming horses, the harnesses rattled and jingled, and the cavalcade swept on, outlined a splendid instant against the mortar flashes and the streaks of day.

On my morning trip a soldier with bandaged arm was put beside me on the front seat. He was about forty years old; a wiry black beard gave a certain fullness to his thin face, and his hands were pudgy and short of finger. When he removed his helmet, I saw that he was bald. A bad cold caused him to speak in a curious whispering tone, giving to everything he said the character of a grotesque confidence.

'What do you do *en civil*?' he asked.

I told him.

'I am a pastry-cook,' he went on; 'my specialty is St. Denis apple tarts.'

A 'marmite' intended for the road landed in the river as he spoke.

'Have you ever had one? They are very good when made with fresh cream.' He sighed.

'How did you get wounded?' said I.

'Éclat d'obus,' he replied, as if that were the whole story. After a pause he added, 'Douaumont — yesterday.'

I thought of the shells I had seen bursting over the fort.

'Do you put salt in chocolate?' he asked professionally.

'Not as a rule,' I replied.

'It improves it,' he pursued, as if he were revealing a confidential dogma. 'The Boche bread is bad, very bad, much worse than a year ago. Full of crumbles and lumps. *Dégoutant!*'

The ambulance rolled up to the evacuation station, and my pastry-cook alighted.

'When the war is over, come to my shop,' he whispered benevolently, 'and you shall have some *tartes aux pommes à la mode de St. Denis* with my wife and me.'

'With fresh cream?' I asked.

'Of course,' he replied seriously.

I accepted gratefully, and the good old soul gave me his address.

In the afternoon a sergeant rode with me. He was somewhere between twenty-eight and thirty, thick-set of body, with black hair and the tanned and ruddy complexion of outdoor folk. The high collar of a dark blue sweater rose over his great coat and circled a muscular throat; his gray socks were pulled country-wise outside of the legs of his blue trousers. He had an honest, pleasant face; there was a certain simple, wholesome quality about the man. In the piping times of peace, he was a *cultivateur* in the Valois, working his own little farm; he was married and had two little boys. At Douaumont, a fragment of a shell had torn open his left hand.

'The Boches are not going to get through up there?'

'Not now. As long as we hold the heights, Verdun is safe.' His simple French, innocent of argot, had a good country twang. 'But oh, the people killed! Comme il y a des gens tués!' He pronounced the final *s* of the word *gens* in the manner of the Valois.

'Ça s'accroche aux arbres,' he continued. The vagueness of the *ça* had a dreadful quality in it that made you see trees and mangled bodies. 'We had to hold the crest of Douaumont under a terrible fire, and clear the craters on the slope when the Germans tried to fortify them. Our "seventy-fives" dropped shells into the big craters as I would drop stones into a pond. *Pauvres gens!*'

The phrase had an earth-wide sympathy in it, a feeling that the translation 'poor folks' does not render. He had taken part in a strange incident. There had been a terrible *corps-à-corps* in one of the craters which had culminated in a victory for the French; but the lieutenant of his company had left a kinsman behind with the dead and wounded. Two nights later, the officer and the sergeant crawled down the dreadful slope to the crater where the combat had taken place, in the hope of finding the wounded man. They could hear faint cries and moans from the crater before they got to it. The light of a pocket flash-lamp showed them a mass of dead and wounded on the floor of the crater — 'un tas de mourants et de cadavres,' as he expressed it.

After a short search, they found the man for whom they were looking; he was still alive but unconscious. They were dragging him out when a German, hideously wounded, begged them to kill him.

'Moi, j'ai plus jambes,' he repeated in French; 'pitié, tuez moi.'

He managed to make the lieutenant

see that if he went away and left them, they would all die in the agonies of thirst and open wounds. A little flickering life still lingered in a few; there were vague *râles* in the darkness. A *rafale* of shells fell on the slope; the violet glares outlined the mouth of the crater.

'Ferme tes yeux' (shut your eyes), said the lieutenant to the German. The Frenchmen scrambled over the edge of the crater with their unconscious burden, and then, from a little distance, threw hand-grenades into the pit till all the moaning died away.

Two weeks later, when the back of the attack had been broken and the organization of the defense had developed into a trusted routine, I went again to Verdun. The snow was falling heavily, covering the piles of débris and sifting into the black skeletons of the burned houses. Untrodden in the narrow streets lay the white snow. Above the Meuse, above the ugly burned areas in the old town on the slope, rose the shell-spattered walls of the citadel and the cathedral towers of the still, tragic town. The drumming of the bombardment had died away. The river was again in flood. In a deserted wine-shop on a side street well protected from shells by a wall of sand-bags, was a post of territorials.

To the tragedy of Verdun, these men were the chorus; there was something Sophoclean in this group of older men alone in the silence and ruin of the

beleaguered city. A stove filled with wood from the wrecked houses gave out a comfortable heat, and in an alleyway, under cover, stood a two-wheeled hose cart, and an old-fashioned see-saw fire pump. There were old clerks and bookkeepers among the soldier firemen — retired gendarmes who had volunteered, a country schoolmaster, and a shrewd peasant from the Lyonnais. Watch was kept from the heights of the citadel, and the outbreak of fire in any part of the city was telephoned to the shop. On that day only a few explosive shells had fallen.

'Do you want to see something odd, *mon vieux?*' said one of the *pompiers* to me; and he led me through a labyrinth of cellars to a cold deserted house. The snow had blown through the shell-splintered window panes. In the dining-room stood a table, the cloth was laid and the silver spread; but a green feathery fungus had grown in a dish of food and broken straws of dust floated on the wine in the glasses. The territorial took my arm, his eyes showing the pleasure of my responding curiosity, and whispered, —

'There were officers quartered here who were called very suddenly. I saw the servant of one of them yesterday; they have all been killed.'

Outside there was not a flash from the batteries on the moor. The snow continued to fall, and darkness, coming on the swift wings of the storm, fell like a mantle over the desolation of the city.

'IT'S A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE AIR CORPS'

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

I

IT had been all of nine years since I first met Horne at an *estancia* house-party in the heart of the Argentine Pampas, and fully seven since I last saw him at a banquet given at the Buenos Aires Jockey Club in his honor, a day or two after he had led his four to victory in the finals of the River Plate polo championships. Yet, in spite of the pallor of a face I had always remembered as bronzed, and a slight hitch in his once swinging gait, I recognized him instantly — it was the keen, piercing glance, I think, and the sudden flash of white teeth in the quick smile — when he hailed me from a passing taxi and came hobbling back along the broad pavement of Whitehall to meet me.

'What does this mean?' I asked, indicating his jaunty Flying Corps uniform, after we had shaken hands. 'I thought it was the army you were in before you resigned to become an opulent *estanciero* and "man-about-the-Pampas."'

'It was the army I came back to,' he replied, 'and I was with my old regiment at Neuve Chapelle when a fragment of hand-grenade effected a semi-solution of the continuity of one Achilles tendon and put a period on my further usefulness in that branch of the service. The "air" was still open to me, however, and, as I had already dabbled in flying, — I was the first man to pilot an aeroplane across the Plate estuary, — I got a commission almost

immediately, and so lost very little time.'

'But your "lily-white" face and hands,' I pressed. 'I never heard that the air had a bleaching effect on the complexion.'

'Oh — that —' (Horne looked absently at a blue-veined hand and shuffled uneasily), 'that must have come from my spell of "C.H." — confined in hospital. Got knocked up a bit again. Flying over Belgium. Got shot down and hit the edge of Holland a trifle too hard when I volplaned over the boundary. Telescoped a few vertebræ, that's all. Now, be a good chap and stop asking questions and jump in with me and come along to the Club.'

Horne waited for me while I picked up a few promised figures at the 'Lloyd-Georgery,' as he facetiously called the new Ministry of Munitions in Whitehall Gardens, and then took me up to one of the Service clubs in Piccadilly. There, without giving me further chance to 'get him up into the air,' he launched at once into news and reminiscence of the Plate and the Pampas. When I left him at six, we had talked for close on two hours without more than the most casual reference to events of the war.

'A keen patriot, like all the rest of these young Britons who have flocked home from overseas to fight for their country,' I reflected as I sauntered down through Green Park; 'but certainly not keen on his work.' I even speculated as to whether or not Horne might be in some sort of trouble in the

service. Nothing else seemed to account for the man's reticence regarding everything connected with his special activities.

A few days later Horne called me up to ask me to dine with him that evening at a famous old restaurant in the Strand.

"S——'s" is a bit more "merry and bright" than this old tomb of a Club," he said, "and a few of the Flying Corps chaps who are in the habit of rendezvousing there while in London on leave you'll find well worth knowing."

The gathering was even more informal than I had anticipated. One of the long tables, it appeared, was set aside for 'R.F.C.' officers and their friends, and these dropped in by twos and threes, as suited their convenience, all the way from seven to ten o'clock.

There were half a dozen men at the table when Horne and I entered, and all of these — they had stalls for a new 'révue' — presently took their leave. One of the group was a South African, one a New Zealander, and two Australians. The latter we found bent over the racing page of the *Sydney Bulletin*, while the New Zealander was evidently trying to persuade the Africander that a dairy herd near Wellington offered better prospects than a general farm in Rhodesia. One of the Australians, whose family was interested in an importing house, lingered behind a moment to ask me if I thought the war was going to force up the price of American agricultural machinery in foreign markets. None of them said a word about flying, and Horne volunteered no more than that they were all 'good men — that little chap from New Zealand really "topping."'

Horne, with the flesh-pots of Argentina in his mind, ordered solidly and lengthily, and three or four more officers had 'wolfed' hasty meals of roast beef and whiskey-and-soda before our

Chateaubriand (which represents the nearest Anglo-French equivalent to the *carne asado* of the Pampas) had been done to its proper turn over the coals. These, like the others, rattled on about the music-halls, the homeland, the 'rotten London weather' — anything and everything, in fact, save the war in general and the war in the air in particular.

One, it is true, — he had come from France only that afternoon, — in accounting for a bandaged hand, did mention something about getting a finger jammed under the belt of his machine-gun; but it seemed to occur to no one to inquire what he had been shooting at, or whether or not he had hit it, or any of a dozen or so other things concerning which I, for one, was at once consumed with interest.

By nine all of those with theatre or other engagements had come and gone, and the eight or ten still seated at the table were leisurely diners with the evening on their hands. Yet not even among these unhurried ones was there evident any inclination to talk of their work. On the contrary, I fancied I discerned an inclination to avoid, to 'side-step' it. When they were reminiscent, it was the friends and events of their old life — 'trekking,' 'caravanning,' 'hiking,' 'mushing'; Arctic midnights and tropic dawns; strange odds and ends of adventure by land and sea — that they called up. And when they spoke of the present, it was in connection with little happenings incident to their leaves — with the comparative merits of 'kit' shops, Turkish Baths, 'révue' favorites, the pros and cons of drink restriction, and the extortionate charges of dentists.

Yet every man of them appeared true to what I have since come to recognize as a rapidly developing type — the 'Flying Type.' The army aviator of to-day is picked for his quickness of

mind and body, and the first thing that strikes you about him is a sort of feline, wound-up-spring alertness. Then you note his reticence, the cool reserve of a man whose lot it is to express himself in deeds rather than words. And lastly there is the quiet seriousness, verging almost on sadness, of the man who must hold himself ready to look Death between the eyes at any moment, and yet keep his mind detached for other things.

It was the youngest, and therefore the least 'formed,' officer of the lot — a lad who had left his cacao plantation in Trinidad to come home and fight — who was responsible for the only 'shop' discussion of the evening. Noting that he was eating but little, and constantly passing his hand over his temples, some one asked him banteringly if he was 'homesick or only love-sick.'

'Neither,' he answered, relaxing his set lips in a forced smile. 'Had a bit of an accident yesterday, and have had a deuce of a headache ever since. Can't for the life of me make out whether it comes from going up too high or coming down too quick. I went up higher and came down faster than ever before in my experience. Landed all right, but ever since I've felt as though I were being blown up by a tire-pump that was driving air into every capillary and nerve-tip. My head feels as though some one was opening up a jack-screw inside of it. Suppose I should have gone to the hospital and found out what was wrong, but I did n't want to spoil my leave. Maybe some of you chaps can tell me why I feel as though I had to keep holding my head together to stop its flying to pieces,' he concluded, pressing the heels of his hands to his temples to offset the seeming pressure from within.

Every one stopped talking and leaned forward with interest, and for an instant I thought the curtain was going

to drop and reveal something of the experiences, if not the minds, of those khaki-clad sphinxes of the air. Horne's coldly professional diagnosis dashed the hope. 'Altitude,' he pronounced laconically. 'Got over twelve thousand, did n't you? Over thirteen thousand? That accounts for it. And you went up wide-open, trying to take "pride of place" away from a Fokker, I suppose? Of course. And when you got there you began to feel like a deep-sea fish looks when you bring him up out of the kelp-beds and his own air-bladders blow him up? A man can go up fifteen thousand feet by rail or on foot without more than a shortness of breath and occasional nose-bleed. But not every man — and not even every seasoned flyer — can stand jumping up to twelve thousand feet in the half hour that some of the new machines can negotiate that height in. The difficulty's almost entirely physical, and it all depends upon how a man is made whether or not his flesh and blood will accommodate themselves to the suddenly reduced pressure of the atmosphere. There's no growing used to it. If it "gets" you once, it's pretty sure to do it again. At the best you may only have a bad headache and a sort of "boiled-owl" feeling for a week. At the worst you faint, lose control of your machine, and are listed among the casualties of "cause unknown." Did *you* lose control, by any chance?'

'I think not,' was the reply. 'It was a second German machine — one that I had n't seen — that brought me down. It came nose-diving down out of a cloud, shaking its tail, and giving me a regular shower-bath of bullets — the usual Fokker trick. I'm almost positive I can remember all the way down. Fact is, with my machine in the shape that it was after its peppering, any "lapse" on my part would have started it somersaulting at once. No.

Rotten as I felt, I'm sure I kept "connected up" mentally all the way down.'

Horne shook his head dubiously. 'You may be able to stick it,' he said; 'but before you try any more big-game shooting among the high places, best have a few practice flights in the upper empyrean. The sooner a man learns his altitude limit the better. There's plenty of useful work below twelve thousand feet for the man who begins to "blow-up" — mentally or physically — above that height.'

Conversation became general again even before Horne had finished speaking, for to most of them there was nothing new in what he was saying. None but the man on the left of the young West Indian ventured an inquiry as to the details of what had happened, and it was only by straining my ears that I was able to catch the drift of the low-voiced, almost monosyllabic exchange.

'Get your petrol tank?'

'No, for a wonder. Got about everything else, though. Propeller all chewed up; wings a pair of sieves. Bumped the bumps all the way down. Ground was about the softest thing I hit.'

'Any one get the Hun?'

'None of us. Got himself, though. He came breezing out of a tuft of cirrocumuli all of fifteen thousand feet up, and seemed to be going wild; sort of running amuck. Seemed to be trying to ram me when he nose-dived, and the reason he bored me so full of holes was that he did n't sheer off to give me a berth. Missed me by a hair, and almost upset me with his wind. But he never recovered from his dive. Just seemed to lose control and started going end over end. Fell almost into some of our trenches. I landed five miles away from the wreck of him with nothing shot up but my machine and my nerves.'

'Any one get the first machine — the one you went up after?'

'No. It had the heels of all of us.

The Hun's "Archies"¹ brought down one of our machines that tried to follow it.'

'Shop' interest waned at this juncture, and the conversation upon which I had been eavesdropping veered off *via* headache-remedies and a pretty Scotch nurse at a hospital in France to the comparative merits of the 'Empire' and 'Alhambra' choruses; and I was able to turn both ears to Horne, who had been holding forth learnedly for some minutes on the points of the Andean pony-thoroughbred cross as a polo mount.

II

Our fellow diners drifted away as they had come — singly, and in twos and threes — and by ten o'clock Horne and I were alone in the deserted lounge with our cigars and coffee. He was expecting to be called up at ten-thirty, he said, and as the time approached I could not help noticing that he became distraught and nervous, palpably anxious. The call came promptly, and it was with a look of ill-concealed apprehension on his face that he rose to follow the summoning flunkey to the telephone booth. A minute later he returned walking on air. Twice or thrice he tried to take up the dropped thread of Argentine reminiscence, finally giving it up as a bad job.

'I can't help telling you that I've just had some very good news,' he exclaimed, with beaming face. 'For six weeks now I have been haunted by a fear that that last jarring up I got was going to put me out of the game for good. Yesterday I had the doctors go over me, and now, after being kept all day on tenter-hooks, comes word that, so far as flying is concerned, I'm going to be as right as rain. Nothing whatever likely to occur to prevent my go-

¹ Soldiers' slang for anti-aircraft guns. — THE EDITORS.

ing back in a fortnight. I think I must be just about the happiest man in London to-night. I —'

He checked himself with a deprecatory gesture. 'Really, you'll have to pardon my outburst, old chap; but I was n't half sure that I was n't in line for invaliding out. Besides, I've been fairly itching to be "up" all day. There's been witchery in the air ever since sunrise. I've never known more perfect flying weather. Which reminds me, by the way, that the Zepps are expected in this vicinity to-night. They were on the "East Coast" last night, you know. It's just a little too clear for their purposes; but the air itself is perfect — *perfect*. There have n't been more than one or two other such days for flying as this one since the war began. You can't understand it till you've been in the air yourself. It was in the blood of all those chaps at dinner this evening. They talked about everything on earth except flying; and were thinking about nothing else but that. Did n't you notice that they were as restive as the lions in the Zoo an hour before feeding time?'

Throwing aside all reserve, Horne began to speak of his work — his love of it, the fascination of it, the great and increasingly important part it was playing in the war. This was precisely what, hoping against hope, I had been trying to draw him out on all the evening; and so, lighting a fresh cigar, I sank back contentedly in my arm-chair to play the part of the appreciative auditor. Scarcely was I well settled, however, when Horne abruptly ceased speaking and leaned forward with his head cocked in an attitude of attentive listening.

'Did you hear that?' he whispered; 'and that, and that?'

'Nothing but the chatter of the first dribble of the supper crowd,' I answered. 'What is it?'

'Bombs,' was the reply; 'three or four of them. And, I think, gun-fire. The Zepps must be nearer London than they have been at any time since last October. Let's get down to the Embankment. We can see from there, if anywhere. They never wander far from the "river road."'

The Strand, packed with the crowds from the emptying theatres, was plainly oblivious and unalarmed, and I promptly taxed Horne with letting either the wine or the 'perfect air conditions' go to his head. He said nothing, but, all the way down the black little canyon of a street along which we threaded our way, appeared to be listening intently. Not until we were about to emerge into the brighter blankness of the Embankment did he speak again.

'There have been no more bombs,' he said, 'but I think the guns are going right along. If the sound is too faint for your "unattuned" ear, perhaps the fact that you hear no shunting of trains or whistling at Charing Cross or Waterloo (you know of the new order which halts all trains during air-raids) will convince you that the Zepps are about. Or if not that, then come along here and have some ocular evidence. What do you say to that?' And Horne pointed off down past the looming mass of Saint Paul's to where the stationary beam of a single searchlight laid low along the eastern horizon.

'I see the searchlight plainly enough,' I said, 'but where's the Zepp?'

'Take my glass,' said Horne, handing me a small pair of semi-collapsible binoculars which was evidently a constant companion. 'Now focus on that point of brighter glow, with a shadow behind it, halfway down the shaft — right there, straight over the back of the right-hand lion at the foot of the Obelisk.'

I did as directed, fairly to gasp with

astonishment as a tiny blur, so indistinct as to go unnoticed by the passers-by on the Embankment, sharpened to a long, yellow-ribbed pencil, with pin-points of light — fireflies escorting a glow-worm — flashing out and disappearing above and below and round about it.

'The first Zepp to get over London in six months,' I ejaculated excitedly. 'How long will she take to get here? Had n't we better get away from the river and under cover? But no,' I went on, peering through the glass again; 'I don't think she's coming this way. Seems to be standing still. Probably hovering over W——, the old objective.'

'London! W——!' laughed Horne. 'Do you realize that *you* did n't hear any bombs, and that none of these people have any idea that there's a raiding Zeppelin, with shells bursting about it, squarely in their range of vision? That fellow's all of twenty-five miles away, and as for its "hovering," you may rest assured that when you see a Zepp with incendiary shells bursting *above* it, it is either badly hit or else doing seventy miles an hour toward the home hangars. As a matter of fact, I've been expecting to see this fellow begin to drop at any moment. He's evidently run into better guns and gunners than he counted on. Ah! No hope!' (Horne snatched his glass and turned it quickly on the now agitated searchlight beam.) 'He's gone. Even the light's lost him.'

Horne turned around disgustedly, led the way to a bench by the curb, pushed along a somnolent 'match dame' to make room for him, and wearily sat down.

'He's slippery game — the Zepp,' he observed presently, after watching the futile flounderings of the questing searchlight. 'I did n't tell you, did I, that it was through trying to get a

Zepp that I came that last cropper of mine over Belgium?'

'You know perfectly well you did n't,' I replied, folding a corner of the old matchseller's straggling cloak back over her knees and sitting down in the space vacated. 'Go to it.'

'I was starting on a reconnaissance over a corner of Belgium just as the Zepp was returning from a raid over France. I got above him, and just after I dropped my first bomb the "Archies" opened up on me from the ground and put me out at just about the first shot. Jolly nervy work, with my machine only a couple of hundred feet above the Zepp. A little too nervy, perhaps, for I've never been quite certain in my own mind whether it was my bomb or one from the German guns which sent the Zepp — not wrecked but pretty badly messed up — down into a sugar-beet field. I headed —'

'Just a moment,' I interrupted, anticipating the end of the tale at the end of Horne's next breath. 'You're dumping over your story just the way a Zeppelin under fire dumps over its bombs. Now please back up and tell it properly. The night is young, the raiders are now headed out to sea, and the lady and I are here to follow you to the end.'

III

Horne laughed uneasily, fumbled through his pockets in a vain search for matches, filched a box from the tilted tray of our nodding companion, — leaving a sixpence in its place, — lit his pipe, puffed pensively for a minute or two; and even after all that preparation made his beginning apologetic.

'I don't know that I've ever told the yarn from the beginning,' he said, 'and I'm dead sure I've never said much about the end. If I chatter a bit tonight, you'll please check it up against

the good news I had a while ago — and the air. A man could pretty nearly walk on the air as it has been to-day, and a machine would slide through it like tearing silk. Funny thing, but it was in the dawn following almost just such a night as this that I went off on the flight I have spoken of.

'There are three main factors in flying,' — Horne spoke more freely again as he digressed upon generalities, — 'the man, the machine and the atmosphere. Theoretically, man and machine are supposed to be sent out in perfect order, ready to take the air as they find it. There *are* days, of course, when you are "off," your machine "cranky," and the air all "heights" and "hollows," and at such times there is pretty sure to be a "stormy passage," if nothing worse. Usually, however, it's a fairly fit man and machine against indifferent air. But once or twice a year there comes a period, like the last eighteen hours, when the air is almost absolutely "homogeneous," and then, with his engine running "sweet," the man has spells of fancying himself an "air god" in fact as well as in name, and acts accordingly, — invariably either to his own or his enemy's sorrow.

'It was like that on the morning I am telling you about — man, machine and air all in harmony — yes, and with the usual result. I would have remembered this flight for several reasons, even if the Zepp had n't come along; for one, because of our ride down the wake of a "42" shell; for another, on account of the terrific shelling they gave, or tried to give us, as we passed over the German lines.

'The meeting with the shell was merely one of those freak experiences that might happen to any one, or, just as well, never happen at all. It was during the time I am speaking of that the Germans were amusing themselves by a long-distance bombardment of

N—— with their biggest guns, and we — (I had an observation officer along, a chap named K——, whom you may have heard of as a long-distance runner) — simply chanced to meander into the path of one shell somewhere about the last quarter of its trajectory. Watching from a distance, you can always see one of these brutes go hurtling along, but this one we only heard, — and felt, — and it was like two express trains, going in opposite directions, passing at full speed. There was a strange soft sort of a buzz, growing into a rushing roar inside of two or three seconds, a blow from a solid wall of air that was like colliding with the side of a house, and then, for two or three minutes, a series of bumps like going over a corduroy road in a springless cart.

'I don't know whether we interfered very much with the course of that shell, but the shell pretty nearly brought *our* flight to an end then and there. Only the fact that we met the first big rush of air head-on saved us. I would n't have had one chance in a thousand of "correcting" if it had caught us sideways — and even as it was, the machine, in spite of its seventy-miles-an-hour headway, was stood up on its rudder like a rearing horse. After that first "collision," our fluttering flight down the wake of the "42" was only "queer," but withal a different sensation from anything I had ever experienced.

'I have no idea how close we passed to each other. My impression of the moment was that the distance was inside of fifty yards, though it was doubtless really much greater. We were not, of course, going in exactly opposite directions, for the shell must have been coming down at a considerably greater angle than that at which we were going up. Yet the "aerial surf" stirred up by the passage of the Hun's little messenger of good-will in that smooth

stretch of atmosphere was heavy and persistent enough to keep my machine wallowing for over a mile.

'The air was going by us in a swift, steady river as we neared the German lines, and I never recall having been able to climb so quickly and easily. Lucky it was, too, for the enemy — probably in anticipation of a pursuit of their returning raiders — had their whole trench "hinterland" planted with anti-aircraft guns, both stationary and movable. There was one little strip that blossomed out like a poppy garden as they opened up on us, and for a minute or so the smoke from the spreading shell-bursts formed a good-sized little cloud of its own. But they never had any real chance of getting us. My good little engine, singing like the wind in the telephone wires, had enabled me to get up over fourteen thousand feet without turning a hair, and at that height you're a lot safer from shells in an aeroplane than from taxis in crossing the Strand. K—— was feeling the altitude a bit, I think; I saw him wiping blood from his nose and pressing his hands to his ears, but he gave no signs of real distress. As for myself, beyond a little swelling of the fingers and a drumming at the temples, I was quite as usual.

'We passed over the main "boquets" of the "Archies" without even feeling the kick of the shells bursting beneath us; but in dropping down to ten thousand feet a few miles beyond, we encountered an unexpected "plant" of them, and the shrapnel bullets were flying all about us for a minute or two. A score of neat little holes winked out in the wings, and one friendly bit of a bullet — spent, but still hot from its sharp flight — dropped gently into my lap and slightly singed the fold of my coat in which it found lodgment. Then we left that mare's nest behind and the going grew smoother once more.

'It was only a few minutes later, and before any beginning had been made on the work we had come for, that K—— picked up a Zepp through his glass and began reporting its progress to me over the telephone. At first it was flying very high, doubtless to keep above gun-fire in crossing our lines. Once over, however, it came down rapidly, probably, as K—— suggested, with the purpose of luring the pursuing aeroplanes into easy range of the German "Archies." If that was the plan, it was eminently successful; for K—— presently reported one of our "chasers" falling in flames, another planing for our own lines, and two or three others turning back. I could see the marauder myself by this time, and noted that it appeared to be heading off about twenty-five degrees to the west of me, and flying already at a level considerably lower than the twelve thousand feet I had run up to in getting away from the last spasm of gun-fire.

'It was this commanding height, together with the fact that my engine was running as sweetly as when it started, that determined me to take a hand in the game at this juncture. Still keeping well up, I promptly headed across to cut off the returning prodigal. For a minute or two the Zepp either didn't recognize me as "enemy," or else ignored me entirely. But presently a sharp speeding up of its engines was apparent, and for a moment I thought that it was going to challenge me for a climbing contest, generally a Zepp's first resort. But a few seconds later it had altered its course through nearly half a quadrant and headed off at top speed, at the same time beginning to descend at what I figured was about an angle of ten per cent, or five hundred feet to the mile. The ruse — to draw me down over some concealed line of "Archies" in that direction — was

plain as day; but I had three thousand feet of altitude to the good, power to burn, and, moreover, was bitten deep for the moment with that "air-god" bug I have spoken of. It seemed as natural that I should chase Zepps as that a fox-terrier should chase chickens. Without further thought, I accepted the challenge and launched off in pursuit of the speeding "sausage."

'It really never occurred to me to discuss the thing with K——, but, like the trump he was, he never showed by word or sign that tilting at airships had not been included in our orders. He, also, twigged the game at once.

"Guns probably in that thick clump of trees by the little pond," his faraway voice said over the telephone. "Best catch him as far this side there as you can. One of his engines missing badly, and he's not going very fast."

'With a quarter of an hour instead of a couple of minutes to work in, I would have preferred to keep along on a comparatively high level, and only descend, to drop my bombs, at an angle that would have kept me pretty well out of the range of the Zepp's guns. But K——'s warning was too sound to be disregarded and, in this case, the quickest way was also the only way. As it was, it was really almost a nose-dive, and I did the first half of it with the throttle wide open. So fast did we come up with the Zepp that it seemed almost as if a giant, had taken the big gas-bag in his hand and thrown it at us.

'The patter of machine-gun bullets sounded only for a second or two — it was n't unlike walking over a lawn-sprinkler — and, so far as I could see, did no harm. Then, cold as ice for the work in hand, I shot straight down along the yellow spine of the airship, letting go a couple of bombs before my terrific speed carried me beyond my mark.

'Now a perfect torrent of shrapnel burst out around me — the smoke-tufts made the still distant clump of trees look like a cotton field — and almost at the same instant there was a strong rush of air from below. The machine teetered giddily on one wing-tip for a moment, and I just managed to right it in time to free a hand to grab the tail of K——'s coat as he, apparently unconscious, started to lurch over the side. I don't seem to have any very clear recollection of being able to get him back into his seat at all.

'I did n't have a chance for another good look at the Zepp; I only know that it descended rapidly, although apparently not entirely out of control. My machine, badly shot up as it was, still seemed to have a good deal of "kick" left, though the reek of petrol in the air was n't an encouraging indication that its "vitality" would continue. The impetus of my descent quickly carried me out of range of that spiteful but isolated little battery of "Archies" — luckily, too, in just the direction I wanted to go.

'Just before I flew over the Zepp — it was while the machine-gun bullets were still pattering, I have since recalled — K—— 'phoned me the compass bearing of the nearest point of the Dutch boundary, and said something about it being our only chance if things went wrong. (That they had already "gone wrong" with him he gave no hint.) Strangely, the figures had stuck in my head, and it was in that direction I sheered as soon as the machine was on an even keel again. It was not far, thank heaven, and, partly planing, partly under the power of that brave little half-fed engine, I somehow managed to keep up long enough to clear the top wire of the boundary fence and pile up in a heap in the hospitable silt of good old Holland.'

A dozen questions tumbled after each other off the tip of my eager tongue, and the old 'match dame,' who had snored peacefully all through Horne's even narration, stirred and muttered petulantly at the unwonted disturbance. But Horne, rising and working his stiff joints, essayed to answer all in a single breath.

'I don't know how much harm was done to the Zepp, or whether it was I or the Hun's own "Archies" that did it. K—— died in a Dutch hospital, without regaining full consciousness, two days later. (It was a bullet from one of the Zepp's machine-guns that did for him.) I can't tell you how I managed to get out of Holland; and' — as a low whistle sounded from Charing Cross and a hooded eye peeped cautiously out of the black shed — 'the trains are running again; so we may take it that the little visitor we were watching is now out over the North Sea and on its way home to bed. I think it's high time that we followed its good example on the latter score. Good-night and sweet dreams, mother.' And he took my arm and began piloting me back to the Strand to waylay a taxi.

Horne has been back at work for a month now, and, so far as I have heard,

with no recurrence of ill luck. Last week I met another friend from Argentina — a doctor, returned to 'do his bit' with the Red Cross. 'Horne has made a brilliant success of his flying,' he said; 'did he tell you anything of his exploits?'

'Only a little about a brush with a Zeppelin,' I replied, 'and scant details of that.'

'That's all he has ever told any one. Yet the Dutch patrol swear that he came down in Holland with the tail of his half-dead observation officer's coat in his teeth (only thing that kept the chap from falling out); and there is also every reason to believe that it was his bombs that brought that Zepp down, and badly knocked up, too. Either one of them would bring him anything from the Military Cross to the V.C. if he would tell even the plain, unvarnished tale of it. But the quixotic idiot made his report so confoundedly noncommittal that there was simply nothing for his commander to go by. Was hardly enough to merit mention in dispatches the way it stood, much less to award a decoration on. Queer thing, but they say they've had the same sort of trouble with a number of the flying chaps. Seems to be a sort of cult with them. Can't say it's a wholly bad one, either.'

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

BY H. SIDEBOTHAM

THERE has been freedom of the seas in peace-time for nearly three hundred years. Early in the seventeenth century Grotius wrote his *Mare Liberum*, the 'Free Sea,' against the pretensions of the Portuguese to close the Eastern seas to the traffic of other nations. His theme was that there could be no territorial sovereignty of the sea as there was of the land; the argument was Byron's apostrophe, —

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore, —

set out in legal form and phrasing. Elizabeth's sea captains had used other means to combat the very similar pretensions of the Spanish in the Western seas; but when Grotius wrote, the dominant spirit in England's foreign policy was trade jealousy of the Dutch. Accordingly, John Selden was put up to answer Grotius, which he did in his *Mare Clausum*, the 'Closed Sea,' asserting British territorial sovereignty, not only over the Narrows of the North Sea and the Channel, but over the whole of the waters from Norway to Finisterre. For a long time Great Britain claimed that ceremonial honors should be paid to her flag in these waters; but the view of Grotius prevailed, and it is now undisputed law that there can be no ownership or sovereignty of the sea. The doctrine of the three-mile limit is all that remains of Selden's learned argument and of the pretensions of the Spanish and Portuguese.

But the freedom that is now in question is freedom in war-time. If there

were ownership of the seas, the owner would do his best to keep the operations of war away from his property, and if that owner were a neutral, belligerents would have no more right to carry on war over his sea than on land subject to territorial sovereignty. As it is, however, war always sets up a conflict between two easements over the sea — between the freedom of the belligerent to carry on his war and the freedom of the neutral to carry on his trade. Thus, freedom of the sea, like the freedom of the individual, necessarily implies some limitation of itself as a necessary condition of its own realization. In morals, philosophers will sometimes define freedom as a voluntary submission to rules of conduct recognized as good, and in this sense St. Paul, for example, speaks of the liberty to which Christians are called. In politics again, one man's freedom, unless it is regulated by the sense of duty to his fellow citizens, is only another man's bondage. Similarly, we do not get far in our examination of this freedom of the seas before discovering that no meaning whatever is to be attached to the phrase except in the terms of submission to a law recognized as fair and for the general good. It follows, further, that the law of which freedom is the acceptance is not a fixed and stationary conception, but one that is constantly developing. It changes with changing political ideas, and even with the progress of mechanical invention. But each change should mark an advancement to rules that are for the greater good of the world, an

elimination of some purely selfish interest, and the substitution in its place of something that makes for justice between all.

The object of this article is to turn over the ideal of the law at sea (which is freedom) as it presents itself to Englishmen of liberal mind. It is not easy, in moments of great anxiety and even danger like these, to keep a sure hold of the ideals of humanity and to cast the mind forward to the time when there will be some chance of advancing them; but the attempt must be made. For war would be even greater unreason than it is, unless we keep steadily in mind the processes of construction that must follow the destruction. And in analyzing the conception of freedom at sea, Englishmen are encouraged by the thought that in a wise and liberal solution of its problems lies the best hope of establishing the friendship of Great Britain and the United States on an unshakable foundation.

I

'The Government of the United States and the Imperial Government,' wrote President Wilson in his third note to Germany on the sinking of the *Lusitania*, 'contending for the same object, long stood together in urging the very principles on which the Government of the United States now insists. They are both contending for the freedom of the seas.'

The allusion in this remarkable passage seems to be to Franklin's treaty, concluded in 1785 between the United States and Prussia, which provided that in any war between the two countries, the property of Prussian subjects and United States citizens should be exempt from capture at sea. Evidently President Wilson regards this exemption of private property from capture as an essential to the law of freedom,

which he wishes to have established at sea, and Germany has naturally made the most of this old treaty and of the long dispute between England and the United States over the law of the sea. Englishmen who are wise never forget that the last war with the United States arose out of certain incidents of what Americans regarded as the British maritime tyranny. There is even a close resemblance between the arguments of Count Bernstorff in this war and some passages in the decrees of Napoleon establishing the so-called Continental system against Great Britain.

'This decree' (so run the closing words in the preamble of Napoleon's Berlin Decree, issued after the battle of Jena in 1806) 'shall be considered as the fundamental law of the Empire, until England has acknowledged that the rights of war are the same on land as on sea; that it [war] cannot be extended to any private property whatever; nor to persons who are not military; and until the right of blockade be restrained to fortified places, actually invested by competent forces.'

In all her negotiations with the United States, Germany has constantly striven to put herself in the position thus defined by Napoleon, hoping at first, no doubt, actually to embroil the United States with Britain and to have a second war of 1812 on the centenary of the conclusion of the first, or, failing that, at any rate to obtain the assistance of the United States in loosening the tightness of the British blockade. Wise Englishmen do not forget these and other historical parallels between the struggle to-day against Germany and that against Napoleon more than a century ago.

But interesting as the points of resemblance are, the points of difference are still more important. It is true that the maritime policy of Prussia in the

eighteenth century was in close accord with that of the United States, whereas that of England was at a constant variance which culminated in the War of 1812. The reasons, however, were economic rather than in the strict sense political. It must be remembered that in the eighteenth century all nations which had colonies regarded them as commercial appanages. 'Commercial monopoly,' says Montesquieu, 'is the leading principle of colonial intercourse.' By decisions of the British prize courts in the Seven Years' War, it was laid down that a trade forbidden to foreigners in peace could not, at the convenience of a belligerent, be extended to neutral foreigners in war. That is to say, France at war could not allow the United States to conduct a trade with her colonies which she refused to her in peace-time.

This rule, the so-called Rule of 1756, was rational enough as between the various states of Europe, all of which regarded colonies as close commercial monopolies, but was inequitable as applied to the United States, which had no colonies, and, moreover, living apart from Europe as she did, regarded such restrictions on commercial development as an infringement of those American ideals which afterwards came to be embodied in the Monroe Doctrine. Prussia, too, had no colonies, and it was because the Rule prevented her from obtaining in war the commercial advantage that she would otherwise have had as a neutral that she was found pleading alongside of the United States for the principle that the flag covered the cargo. But this association was purely casual, and its point against England depended on fiscal views of colonial commerce which England long ago discarded. The Franklin treaty, therefore, implied no real community of ideals between the United States and Germany, but was a merely

temporary connection due to views on the nature of the relations between the mother country and the colonies, of which the British Empire is a living contradiction splendidly embodied.

The main cause of the War of 1812 was England's exercise of the right of search in order to impress seamen serving on American vessels, who by English law were still British subjects; and there is no Englishman who does not regret that war, and regard it as a disfiguring misprint on the page of history. While it is true that the war could never have arisen but for Great Britain's refusal to accept the doctrine that the flag covered the cargo, the cause that produced it has long ceased to be operative. If there ever was any fund of sympathy between Germany and the United States due to the fact that Prussia, as a member of the Armed Neutrality, had urged views of the rights of neutrals of which the United States approved, and for which she may perhaps be said to have fought in the War of 1812, it was dissolved in 1856 when England signed the Declaration of Paris. For that Declaration took both from the principles of the Armed Neutrality and from British practice the parts that were most favorable to neutrals. From the one it took the principle that the flag covered the cargo, and from the other the principle that neutral property was exempt from capture even under a belligerent flag.

If England had ever abused her power at sea to oppress neutrals, this Declaration was a complete renunciation of her past errors, and gave her the just right to boast that henceforth her naval power was to be regarded as the champion of neutral right in war-time. It was the greatest surrender of belligerent power ever voluntarily made by a nation. It is true that she did not go as far as the United States would have wished and abandon the right of cap-

ture of private property other than contraband at sea; but that was not, after all, a neutral grievance, for neutral ships are not liable to capture except for breach of blockade or contraband regulations. To neutrals the surrender of Great Britain was absolutely complete. Nor was the Declaration signed under mere temporary impulse. Its rules were embodied permanently in British naval policy, and by the Declaration of London, more than fifty years later, were boldly — perhaps rashly — extended, and still in the same direction, namely, to secure for neutrals a greater freedom on the seas.

Nor was this all. Soon after the Declaration of Paris was signed, a movement began in England for extending to noncombatants among the belligerents immunity from the operations of war, and for exempting all belligerent as well as neutral private property at sea (except contraband) from capture. The movement divided opinion very curiously in England. It was supported and opposed from both political parties. In favor were the men of the Manchester school; against, the philosophic Radicals; among Conservatives again the bureaucratic type tended to oppose and the individualistic to favor the reform. The lawyers, on the whole, supported the reform: Lord Loreburn, ex-Lord Chancellor, and the last two Attorneys-General, Sir John Simon and Sir F. E. Smith, have both argued very forcibly for it. Further, Sir Edward Grey, in his instructions to the British delegates at the last Hague Conference, made it quite clear that if Continental Powers would consent to a reduction of their armaments on land England on her part would forgo the right of capture at sea.

It is not too much to say, therefore, that just before the war there were great hopes that England might take the lead in establishing the freedom of

the seas both in peace and in war. Had Germany on her element of the land shown the same openness of mind as England on the sea, the causes of the plague that is now ravaging Europe might have been removed. Even as it was, the contrast between England's treatment of neutral rights at sea and Germany's treatment of them on land was sufficiently startling. Germany began the war by invading Belgium, of whose neutrality she was a guarantor. England at the beginning of the war accepted the regulations of the Declaration of London, although, as that Declaration had been rejected by Parliament, it was not legally binding upon her, and although she knew that it must gravely hamper her in a war with Germany. There is no conceivable motive for this forbearance except her respect for the rights of neutrals. The government, which has been attacked at home for this forbearance by men heated with the struggle against Germany, has some claim to the consideration of neutrals; and it may be doubted whether it has had its full due from them. The just standards of judgment in international affairs are not absolute, but take into account all the attendant circumstances and conditions. England may not have given as much as all neutrals desired by the Declarations of Paris and London. But whatever she gave — and it was a great deal — she gave out of what she regarded, rightly or wrongly, as her most valuable and remunerative capital investment. For the average Englishman is ultra-conservative in everything that relates to sea and sea-power, and any abatement that he consents to make of it is evidence of a goodwill many times the intrinsic value of the concession. By the beginning of the war, therefore, England felt that she had not only wiped out the past which had led to her old quarrel with the United States, but

had accumulated a fund of goodwill on which she could draw in a struggle with Germany which, so far as she was concerned, she had been taught to think must be decided mainly by the exercise of sea-power.

One amendment she did make in the provisions of the Declaration of London at the very outset of the war. Whereas under the Declaration of London, the doctrine of continuous voyage, under which a belligerent could seize goods consigned to a neutral port if there was evidence that their ultimate destination was the enemy, had been restricted to absolute contraband, at the outset of the war England announced that she meant to apply it to conditional contraband also. The necessity for this change was very regrettable, but inexorable. Its effect was that all imports of articles not on the free list into neutral countries were liable to retention and search, and, if it should be found that they were intended for the use of the enemy's armed forces, to confiscation. Obviously that meant a great extension of the interference with neutral shipping. But what was the alternative? Under the original rules no commercial blockade of Germany was possible, for she would always have been able to import everything that she wanted (except absolute contraband) through the neutral countries of Holland, Denmark, and Sweden.

The changes which England made in the Declaration of London were no more than were necessary to redress what would otherwise have been to her the great disadvantage, so far as her supplies were concerned, of being an island and not a Continental state. The changes in the conditions of war that had taken place since the struggle with Napoleon had all been to the disadvantage of island sea-power. Before railways were made, to blockade the ports of a Continental country was to cut off its

supplies. Not so now, with every country in Europe connected with every other by railway; and it was manifestly inequitable that Germany, which had invaded one neutral country for her military advantage, should use the rights of other neutral countries like Holland and Denmark to shelter her from England's sea-power. Further, as Sir Edward Grey pointed out in one of his dispatches, the Continental system of conscription made the distinction between supplies destined for civilian and for belligerent use unreal, and even the best will could hardly carry it out in practice without great risk of unfairness to the sea-power.

Even with these changes in the Declaration of London, the conditions were greatly in favor of Germany. She could import in neutral ships into her own ports all the articles on the free list, which included some materials like cotton which were of great value for war purposes. Sheltered behind neutral countries, she was free from blockade. But she was not content with this amazing good fortune. From the very beginning of the war she attempted to establish a paper blockade of British ports by mines, and at the end of October, 1914, a great liner, the *Olympic*, crowded with Americans, narrowly escaped being sunk off the north coast of Ireland. The position, therefore, was this: when it was to her military advantage Germany was to violate neutral rights, as she did by the invasion of Belgium; when it was to the advantage of her defense from blockade, Germany was to have the shelter of neutral rights; and, again, when it was to her naval advantage, she was to be free to establish a paper blockade of British ports, using the neutral flag for the purpose of escaping observation, and to drown neutrals on ships that ran on the mines she had surreptitiously laid. This was freedom of the seas with a vengeance—

freedom for Germany but for no one else. No nation, least of all Great Britain, to whom sea-power was as the breath of her nostrils, could acquiesce; and at the beginning of November the North Sea was declared a closed military area, except for a narrow passage in the Strait of Dover.

II

This was admittedly a reversion to the *Mare Clausum*, but one that Grotius himself might have defended; for there seemed no other way of protecting neutral life and trade. The only solid argument ever advanced for the doctrine of territorial sovereignty at sea was that, if a nation used her sea-power to keep the sea free from pirates, she thereby acquired certain rights in those waters. On the same principle Great Britain, now engaged in preventing a blockade by mines which threatened not only her own belligerent interests but neutral life and commerce alike, might claim to be at any rate in the position of custodian trustee of the sea-area of the war, and to have the right, not, of course, of prohibiting access, but of laying down rules on which that right of access might be enjoyed with comparative safety.

Another analogy is to be found in the claims put forward by the United States in the Behring Sea controversy. In effect, the United States then asserted the right to treat a vast area of the Pacific off Alaska as territorial waters, and the Arbitration Court, while rejecting their claim of sovereignty, acknowledged that the United States were morally entitled to an agreement with all other nations interested that should put an end to the danger of the extermination of the seals. One of the clauses of such agreement provided for a close time for sealing. On the same principle the partial closing of the

North Sea by the British, though technically a breach of the freedom of the seas, was defensible as a necessary measure for preserving that freedom.

The German answer was the submarine blockade, which in its least unfavorable aspect was a gross violation of the provision of the Declaration of Paris that blockades, to be binding, must be 'effective,' — that is to say, 'maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coasts of the enemy' (which the German submarines never were), — and in its worst aspect was an invasion of American rights at sea no less heinous as regards the State and no less cruel in its blind choice of innocent victims than the German invasion of Belgium. There is no need here to elaborate the case against the submarine blockade, which has been put by President Wilson with all the moderation of strength. The sole contentious point is whether Great Britain, in the Orders in Council of March, took the wisest measures to protect her own and neutral rights. The governing fact of the situation was that Germany, who was thus attacking neutral rights in order to injure Great Britain, was sheltering behind neutral rights in order to escape injury from her sea-power. Which set of neutral rights was the more valuable — the rights behind which Germany was sheltering, including the right to make profit by trading with Germany, or the right which Germany was attacking by her submarine campaign?

The British policy, stripped of its technicalities, was this: In order to defend her own and neutral rights she in effect asked neutrals to forgo their right of profitable trade with Germany, a right which they would not have had if Germany, like England, had been an island, because in that case she would have been completely blockaded, and which they owed solely to the fact that

Germany had land frontiers with neutral powers which could not be blockaded; a right moreover which Germany proposed to use solely for her own advantage, and so far from making any return for this use was prepared to violate without scruple, as her submarine campaign showed.

Holland had no difficulty in making her choice. The United States hesitated. It may be that the dead hand of the War of 1812 was still on the policy of the country, and that the government, having at some critical moments of her history come to regard Great Britain as the arch-opponent of freedom on the seas, failed to recognize the real nature of the change that had come over the British attitude towards neutral rights at sea. The influence of tradition — perhaps because it is weak in the social and business life of American citizens — often surprises Europe by its strength in certain departments of government. It may be that unofficial opinion in England, by its somewhat unimaginative handling of the exceedingly delicate problems of domestic policy which the war had made for America, and by well-meant but clumsy efforts to persuade her to take the side of the Allies in the war, had actually hindered the recognition of the essential community of interest between the United States and the Allies. It may be, again, that the agitation which had sprung up in England against what was regarded as the excessive mildness of the government's blockade policy prevented our official diplomacy from making certain concessions to the American point of view that might have led to closer coöperation between the two governments; or, again, that the form of the British government's answer to the German submarine blockade showed too little appreciation of the forms of law and of the difficulties in which neutrals were placed. Certain it is, how-

ever, that the American government seemed to English people for a time to be unduly sensitive about British infringement of neutral rights and unduly considerate of the much graver violations of which Germany had been guilty.

In one of President Wilson's Lusitania notes there was a passage already quoted which gave great pain to English Liberals. He said that the United States and Germany had long stood together in their advocacy of the freedom of the seas, and invited the Imperial government to coöperate with the United States now for the same ideal — a passage which seemed to English people, bruised as they were in the terrible conflict, unnecessarily to rub into sore places the lessons of the War of 1812. But, whatever be the inner diplomatic history of this time, the American government last autumn gave Germany a chance such as few nations have ever had and rejected. She had only to keep the promises made by Count Bernstorff last September and refrain from torpedoing liners without notice (surely a cheap price for such a prize), in order to secure, not merely the continued neutrality of America, but a public certificate that she and not England was the friend of the freedom of the seas. The promises were broken, and the sinking of the *Sussex* and a number of outrages on neutrals were her answer, which amounted to a definite rejection of America's extremely generous offers.

Never has so low a value been put on the friendship of a great nation. Nor could it be said that the government misrepresented the people of Germany in this matter. When Von Tirpitz resigned, the people of Germany feared that it might portend, not further concessions to the United States, but the keeping of the promises already made, and at once there was a combination

of parties in the Reichstag to insist that Germany should maintain the attacks with undiminished rigor. That was an advertisement to the world that Germany was insincere in her profession of attachment to the principle of the freedom of the seas. As well might she claim that she was championing the cause of neutrals when she invaded Belgium and burnt Louvain, as that she was working for the freedom of the seas in drowning American citizens and sinking Dutch and Norwegian ships. Whatever doubt there may have been before, from April of this year it became clear that in so far as the maintenance of the freedom of the seas was a cardinal object of America's policy, the best chance of furthering this ideal lay with England and her Allies.

III

The ideal of the freedom of the sea as it presents itself to advanced American thought includes two reforms. The first is the abolition of the capture of private property at sea; the second the abolition of commercial blockade. The first is one of the traditional objects of the United States' policy, and their representatives have never missed an opportunity of urging it at every international conference at which the laws of naval war have been discussed; and latterly the attitude of official England has not been one of uncompromising opposition. Sir Edward Grey, in his instructions to the British delegates at the Second Hague Conference, said that if Continental powers would agree to restrict their armaments on land, England might agree to forgo the right of capture at sea. The assumption was that the right of capture was a valuable weapon to the strongest naval power, which it could not safely surrender so long as Continental powers kept up their enormous land forces. It

was, he said, our only offensive weapon. Mr. Arthur Balfour, in an otherwise admirable recent statement on the freedom of the seas, made the same assumption. In estimating the strength of the obstacles to a complete agreement between British and American policy at sea, this assumption will need to be examined in the light of the experience gained in this war.

Again, the second element in the ideal of freedom at sea is the abolition of commercial blockade. How far this reform is part of the official policy of the American government is uncertain; its own practice in the Civil War was rigorous enough. Yet there would seem to be no alternative to the practice of the British government in this war but the complete abolition of commercial blockade. The right of blockade is worse than valueless to an island power if it can be enforced against itself and cannot be enforced against a Continental enemy with neutral frontiers. Unless, therefore, neutral countries voluntarily consent to stop through traffic to the enemy, as Holland has done in this war, they must logically press for the abolition of commercial blockade.

To recognize the right of blockade and at the same time to refuse the co-operation which alone can make it practicable against a Continental country is in effect though not in intention to favor the Continental power at the expense of the island. If, therefore, the freedom of the seas precludes such interference with neutral commerce as Holland has consented to in this war (and President Wilson has seemed to argue that it should), it necessarily involves the abolition of commercial blockade. We are getting very near to Napoleon's policy expressed in the preamble to the Berlin Decree, that war should not be extended to any private property whatever, or to persons who are not military; and that blockade

should be restricted to fortified places actually invested by competent forces.

It is too early yet to generalize on the lessons of the war, but it may be doubted whether the general assumption when the war began, that the right of capture is an advantage to the power that is strongest at sea, would now be accepted. Except by submarine, Britain's sea-power has not been seriously challenged. But the losses of her mercantile marine have been much greater than the enemy's. No doubt the loss to Germany of the earnings of her fleet by its being laid up idle in her own or neutral ports has not been negligible; but, except in so far as it has been drawn upon to meet current expenses, there has been no such destruction of her shipping capital as has taken place in England. It might be difficult to conceive a war in which the enemy's merchant ships, though his battle fleets were defeated or shut up in harbor, still kept the seas and went about carrying goods and earning dividends; but, paradoxical as that state of things might be, the paradox of a great naval power losing millions of tons of merchant shipping while its fleets maintain an unchallenged supremacy is greater still. The plain fact which will be generally recognized in England after the war, and is admitted by many now, is that the right of capture must inevitably hurt most of all the nation which has the greater shipping and which, owing to its island position and its inability to support itself, must keep its ships at sea or perish.

And has the right of commercial blockade been of much real value to Great Britain? This, too, is open to grave doubt. A commercial blockade would bring England to her knees in a very short time. But Germany could hold out for a long time, even though nothing at all reached her through her own ports or through the ports of adja-

cent neutral countries. And the same is true of nearly every other country in Europe. Indeed, if the struggle is to be prolonged, the cessation of foreign trade may be a positive advantage to a nation with great internal resources that make her temporarily more or less independent of foreign trade. A country which has the lives of all its male subjects of military age at its disposal has no difficulty in inducing them to take paper money; and if there are no foreign exchanges to be considered, paper is as good as gold as a means of purely internal exchange — so long, of course, as the credit of the government holds. In this war Great Britain has actually had to inflict on herself some of the evils of a partial blockade of the imports of certain articles, mainly because she was short of shipping tonnage, but also, no doubt, for financial reasons. A blockade, by abolishing the importation of articles of luxury, may thus ease the financial strain of such a war as this, and it is certainly arguable that, if Germany had had a foreign trade to keep up, her financial position would be less favorable for the continued prosecution of the war. In any case it is doubtful whether, if the idea of cargo-carrying submarines is practicable, a commercial blockade can ever be enforced in any future war.

Sir Edward Grey has agreed that after the war the ideal of the freedom of the seas may very properly become a subject for definition and discussion. 'After the war,' he said, because a reversal of British policy during its progress is out of the question. Great Britain has made a sincere effort — at some risk, as she thought, to her own interests — to carry on the war in accordance with law and with due regard to the rights of neutrals. If she has been driven from her early position, it is through the necessity of establishing approximately equal conditions in the

war at sea between herself and Germany, and of defending rights which were not merely belligerent but in neutral interest too. A reversal of her policy during the war would be regarded by British people as a concession to a series of crimes which demand punishment. But though the punitive measures that have been taken cannot be arrested during the war, or at any rate until the just rights that have been outraged have been vindicated, it may well be that the war will clarify the ideas officially held about this ideal of the freedom of the sea and pave the way for a complete identity of views between the American and British governments on this question.

Mr. Balfour in his recent statement seemed to take a different view; but, as his argument showed, he is most anxious for a complete understanding between Great Britain and the United States, and this ideal of freedom on the seas supplies too broad and substantial a basis of agreement for it to be neglected.

The submarine, though it has been guilty of the worst outrages on the ideal, may for that very reason be the means of assisting its acceptance if its crimes lead to a complete understanding between the British and American governments. There is no reason why this understanding, if the materials for it already exist, should be postponed to the end of the war. Rather let it be reached now and used to strengthen the common defense. The ideal of the freedom of the seas is too fine to be left to the risk of perversion by the power which has shown repeatedly that it is prepared to violate the rights of neutrals. The United States and Great Britain are the two powers marked out by their character and history to join in securing the ideal for the advantage of the world. These two powers, great as their differences may have been

and perhaps still are, have this bond in common, that they have both a reverence for the idea of law, alike in domestic and in international politics, such as possesses no other nations. Their history, with the tragic story of the last war between them and their hopes of a firm friendship in the future, points in the same direction. What better centenary celebration of the Peace of Ghent could there be than the knowledge that these two powers had at length reached a complete agreement on all the questions of policy at sea which had divided them in the past?

The external form that this agreement should take and the means that should be employed for giving it effect raise so many difficult questions of internal American politics that it is not seemly for a foreigner — even a British foreigner — to express very decided views. It is a principle of American foreign policy to abstain from entangling European alliances — a principle which is the obverse of the Monroe Doctrine itself. America, too, both on moral grounds and also because she has always a larger proportion of her population still in process of assimilation to her national character than any other nation, is profoundly attached to peace, and this horrible war can have done nothing to weaken that attachment. But the United States have never had any objection to association with European powers for a specific and limited end; nor would such an association with the Allies for the defense of the freedom of the seas necessarily, or even probably, result in war.

The association — the word alliance is deliberately rejected for the vaguer term — might take shape in two measures. The first would be an announcement that the United States and Great Britain and her allies had come to an agreement for joint action for the protection of neutral lives and shipping

against the German submarine operations. That would be America's consideration to the Allies. Secondly, Great Britain and America, with or without France and Russia, might meet and draft a code of law, to come into force at the end of the war, which should give formal expression to the agreed principles of the freedom of the seas. That would be the Allies' consideration to America.

These principles are in need of closer definition, but they would include the abolition of the right of capture, the abolition of commercial blockade, and the prohibition of the use of mines

outside territorial waters, or even in the enemy's territorial waters without notice to neutrals. The second reform would probably need as its corollary a new and more stringent list of contraband, and the third an extension of the limit of territorial waters, which was fixed at three miles because that was the extreme range of guns, but which ought now, on the same principle, to be twelve miles or more. This new code would not take effect until after the end of the war; and although the changes may be somewhat in advance of public opinion now, it is fairly certain that they will not be then.

GENERAL SMUTS'S CAMPAIGN IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA

BY CYRIL CAMPBELL

It is somewhat of a reflection on the late Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy that the two chief campaigns in the sub-continent of Africa have taken place owing to the existence of two German colonies, which were acquired largely through his indecisive, vacillating attitude — an attitude which caused Bismarck to remark that had he done as much mischief to Germany as Gladstone had to England, he would never dare look his countrymen in the face again. The sins of the fathers are visited on the next generation, which is also handicapped by having to pay for the political blunders of its predecessors. And, just as the price of the Liberal Government's too pacific demeanor after Majuba was a costly three years'

war, so the Union in 1916 has had to purify two great districts, which, under happier circumstances, would never have become the foci of Teutonic aggression.

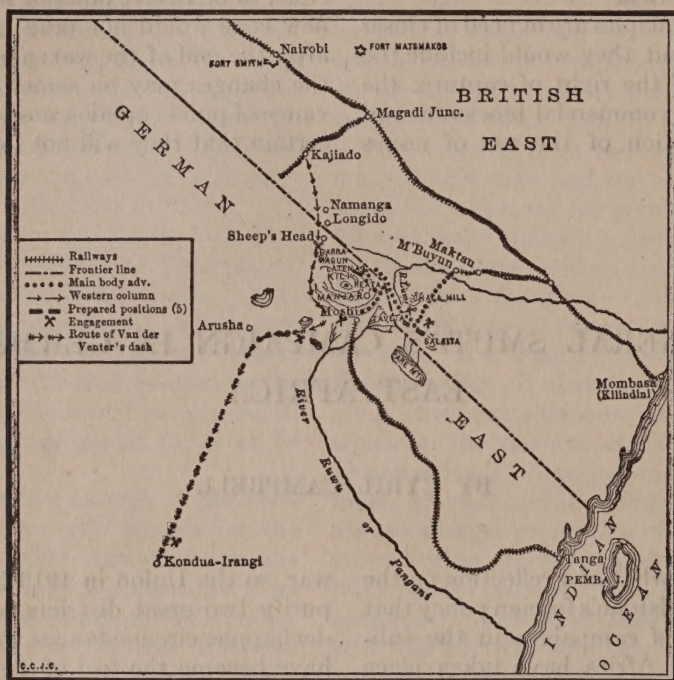
The history of operations in East Africa during 1914 and 1915 affords little but a meagre record of sporadic raids, isolated bush fights, and attacks on blockhouses, the result on the whole being in favor of the Germans, who, at the beginning of this year, still occupied a small section of British territory. As regards naval warfare, they had less cause for self-congratulation, as their surprise of the Pegasus in Zanzibar had been completely offset by the bombardment of Dar-es-Salam and the bottling up and destruction of the

Königsberg in the Rufiji River. It was plain, however, that the Germans would not be left for long in enjoyment of their partial success; and the conclusion of the campaign in Southwest Africa left the Union free to assist the mother-country in another theatre.

The Imperial government first invited the enrollment of an overseas contingent: and it was only when this

ed Johannesburg to confer with Smuts, who had already offered his services, he fell seriously ill, and was unable to take up his command.

In selecting a substitute, the Imperial government was happily inspired, for Smuts was at once offered the appointment, with the rank of full general in the British Army. This further mark of confidence in the Dutch was hailed



MAP OF OPERATIONS NEAR KILIMANJARO
FROM A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR

had been dispatched to Europe that attention was concentrated on German East Africa. A detachment of home troops under General Smith-Dorrien was sent out; and those South Africans who, for various reasons, had been unable to volunteer for Europe, were delighted at the prospect of serving under one of the heroes of Mons. But this was not to be. On landing at Capetown, Smith-Dorrien's health became impaired, and by the time he had reach-

enthusiastically throughout the country: and it was confidently hoped that he would accomplish his arduous task as brilliantly as his colleague, Botha, had done in Germany's sister colony.

The physical character of the country to be attacked (to say nothing of its evil reputation as the haunt of the tsetse fly, that dread enemy of horses and cattle) had persuaded the military authorities in the beginning to employ only infantry; but at the eleventh hour

it was felt that the innate genius of the South African for mounted tactics should at least be given a trial, and the first batch of troops had hardly been landed at Kilindini (the port of Mombasa) when a mounted brigade was raised and taken up in

[*A small portion of this article has been destroyed by the Field Censor.*]

At Mombasa they were then sent up by rail to the branch terminus, where they detrained and opened operations.

Anything more different from the campaign in which most of the South African troops had taken part a few months previously, than the one on which they were now embarked, could not be imagined. Instead of the arid sandy tracts of German Southwest Africa, they found a country covered with thick bush, while on the southern horizon Kilimanjaro, within a few degrees of the equator, raised its snow-capped peak nearly twenty thousand feet above sea-level.

The first march was to M'buyuni, where a light railway was already in process of construction from Maktau, to be continued up to the German frontier. The advance guard waited for the arrival of the other arms, and a reconnaissance in force was directed against Salaita Hill, which revealed the enemy in great strength upon the eastern slopes of Kilimanjaro. The terrain was very difficult, and the men deployed against the German position received a severe grueling from 'pom-poms' and mountain guns, which were admirably placed and difficult to locate. Shortly after this General Smuts arrived in person, and at once decided to employ the traditional tactics of South Africa, used in the first instance by T'Chaka, the Lion of the Zulus, who based his idea on the horns of a bull and enveloped his enemy by a double outflanking

movement before driving home the *impis* stationed in his centre. Acting on this principle, Smuts directed the mounted brigade, based north of Kilimanjaro, to sweep along the western foothills of the mountain, and concentrated his forces for a thrust at Moshi, the terminus of the Tanga-Kilimanjaro railway.

This enveloping movement achieved its object, for, as the Germans felt the pressure on their centre, they were obliged to fall back lest they should be cut off from their base; but they stubbornly contested every foot of the thrust on Moshi. The fighting took place over a terrain unique even in this world-war, for the scene of the action was chiefly in the shadows and amid the tangled undergrowth of the primeval forests which clothe the slopes of Kilimanjaro; and, as the advance progressed, the forests revealed great masses of the enemy. Apart from the exigencies of the military situation, it was desirable to convince the Askaris (German native soldiers) that white troops were more than their match even in bush warfare. Consequently, when they pulled out and bolted, the South Africans went after them with butt and bayonet in a workmanlike manner,—a procedure which proved particularly effective.

The second position taken up by the Germans in their retirement was as formidable as nature could produce. Lying behind the Lumi, they were protected in front by seven miles of dense bush; on the right by the Pare Mountains and the swamps of the Ruwu, and on the left by the dangerous broken spurs of Kilimanjaro. By a very arduous night march through the bush, the South African troops secured the passage of the Lumi, and a dash made by some mounted men resulted in the occupation of Chala Hill and other positions dominating Taveta and Salaita.

As the enemy were found to hold their line in great strength, the infantry brigades, on March 11, were ordered to attack the precipitous bush-clad hills of Reata and Latema, which formed the main position. The ground at this point was covered with a thick thorny scrub, which rendered an advance difficult and afforded little shelter from the rain of projectiles poured forth from guns of all calibres, from the tiny 'pom-pom' to naval guns salvaged from the Königsberg. What endless toil and labor their transport and emplacement must have cost the Germans and their native auxiliaries, the swamps and forests alone can tell!

The progress of the attackers was slow and painful, but at last they managed to get within one hundred and fifty yards of the German trenches. Their main objective was a green *kopje*, surmounted by a fort, at each corner of which were stationed flagposts flaunting alternately the German banner and the green flag of the Mohammedans — a striking illustration of Lutheran Germany's benevolent fathering of Islam. The first and second lines of trenches were rushed, but this proved of small advantage to the South Africans, who found themselves enfiladed by maxims, while snipers, cunningly hidden in giant baobabs and ant-heaps specially hollowed out for the purpose, took their toll of lives. These had to be silenced before a further advance could be made. But late in the evening the British secured a position and dug themselves in, until reinforcements could be hurried up in the morning, and their advantage pressed home.

Three times during the night the enemy made counter-attacks, their native troops fighting like demons — a fact which was less surprising when later investigation of water-bottles found on corpses showed they had been filled with raw spirit. At dawn the Ger-

mans were finally driven out, to retire sullenly on Moshi, consolidating their position on the interior lines and railroad. Their defeat was severe; the hills were found covered with their dead. On all ordinary occasions their dead and wounded had been carried with them, and traces of blood were the only proof of casualties; but now they were left behind. Three maxims and a gun were also abandoned.

Meanwhile the western column, comprising the mounted brigade, the mechanical transport, and some artillery, were sweeping round the foothills. A base camp had been formed at Kajiado, about forty-five miles south of Nairobi, on the branch line from Magadi Junction, and from there on March 9 the mechanical transport started on its way. The cars had all traveled down to their base by road through the Masai district — the paradise of the big-game hunter. Wildebeeste, buffalo, zebras, giraffes, kongoni, Thompson gazelles, rietbuck, and stembuck were to be seen in thousands. At first, roads were practically non-existent; the modern motor-car, however, is not to be stopped by the ordinary difficulties of veldt travel, though a series of very bad *sluits* necessitated the rescue of some cars stalled through carburetor and magneto trouble. The third stage, from X — to Y —, led through great forests and black swamps of evil reputation, to cross which a corduroy road of logs was constructed from the abundant timber of the neighborhood.

The scenery was magnificent, with its imposing vistas of heavily wooded hills and valleys, somewhat reminiscent of Switzerland, while lording it over all rose the stately crest of Kilimanjaro, which, in the vernacular, means 'the mountain of falling water' — a tribute to its abundant rain. At Namanga the General Staff, who had left Kajiado three days before the be-

ginning of the general advance, were caught up with, and the next stage was Longido, where an advance base had been established. Several regiments were stationed here, including some Indian troops, and preparations were at once made for the coming operations.

The advance guard was composed of cavalry, a sprinkling of infantry, and a mountain battery. It was the boast of this latter that it could bring a gun into action within 45 seconds, and find its range by the third shot. The men are recruited from a particular district of India; the regiment is very proud of its record and jealously represents the enlistment of outsiders, entrance to the ranks being an hereditary privilege. After this advance guard came the General Staff and the main body guarding the principal convoy. The rear guard, composed mainly of colored troops, was preceded by a second convoy, the ammunition supply, and the motor-car section attached to the artillery, the duty of which was to keep the guns provided with shells.

The enemy had not neglected to place outposts on several commanding positions, and before the next halt at Sheep's Head the cavalry got in touch with some Askaris and drove them from their hill. Next day the column proceeded on its way, the Staff and advance guard getting well ahead, leaving a portion of the convoy in front of the artillery, while the main convoy of commissariat and stores fell behind. In the afternoon, just after the guns had surmounted a steep hill at Garraragua, the enemy made a surprise attack on the main convoy, and the artillery wheeled out to march parallel with the advancing column on the side from which danger was apparent. The convoys were ordered to take up positions well to the right, so that the motor-cars might have sufficient scope to supply

the guns with ammunition. A brisk artillery fire then broke out, the men finding range quickly; but it was difficult to estimate the damage, as the enemy seemed to be scattered in small detachments among the numerous *kopjes*.

Sunset brought a lull, but up to that time the firing had been incessant, despite the fact that the Germans tried to cause confusion by sounding British army calls, chiefly 'Cease firing' and 'Retire.' The officers, however, trumped these tricks by ordering the 'Fire' to be blown on the bugles. When dusk fell, the commander decided to disengage, but the movement was not carried out without disorder. The ammunition column on a neighboring hill was now under double fire, and it was realized that a return along the road to Sheep's Head was necessary. Unfortunately, there were not many men to guard the convoys; the motor-cars turned off into the veldt, becoming separated from the column in the dim moonlight, and later they got bogged and could not move. Some Indians on mules luckily found them in time to report the approach of some Germans with fixed bayonets; after strenuous exertions, on the part of men and mules, all but three were rescued, and two of these were hidden in the long *tambouki* grass. An anxious night was passed, smoking and even whispering being forbidden; next morning, however, the convoys were reinforced, and on reaching Garraragua once again, the position was found to be evacuated.

A splendid road now helped the column across thirty miles of desert, so that the cars got within eleven miles of Moshi with no further trouble save at the rivers, through which they were towed by oxen. The country was well irrigated at this part, and a government farm, through which they passed, afforded a welcome profusion of grain and vegetables. The boundary stake

had been removed en route amid loud cheering. Kilimanjaro had presented a series of wonderful aspects, as the advance progressed. The towering peak is covered with perpetual snow, while glaciers can be traced above the forests. Seen against an azure sky, it is an unforgettable sight. At evening it seems like a marvelous jewel in a setting of delicate emerald, while by moonlight its outline is softened to a fairylike effect.

The actual advance into Moshi was preceded by a heavy bombardment of five hours, but no resistance was offered when the troops entered, as the place had been evacuated. Once, however, the invaders were fairly established in the town, the Germans, who had taken up new positions on hills commanding the station, opened up with their artillery early in the morning. Another engagement ensued, which secured Moshi, though not without heavy losses. The enemy were now in a somewhat precarious situation; their line of retreat toward Tanga was no longer safe, since at any moment they might be headed off by the mounted brigade occupying Moshi. But any doubt as to the course of action which they ought to pursue was settled by Smuts's next move. Detaching a force to his left rear along the Tanga railway to prevent the Germans breaking back on to British soil, he concentrated his main body, which had been employed in the thrust, in Moshi, and dispatched Van der Venter, the hero of the lightning cavalry raid across the deserts of German Southwest Africa, to make a dash dead west on Arusha, a junction commanding the caravan roads to Moshi, Dar-es-Salam, and Nairobi. The Germans had now split up into small bands making for their main rail artery from Tanganyika to the coast, and one scattered unit, taking advantage of a prepared position, tried to bar Van der Venter's way.

After a brief engagement they broke, leaving one of the guns of the ill-fated Königsberg in British hands, and Van der Venter occupied Arusha without further hindrance. In this way Smuts's tactics had proved completely successful, and one cannot do better than quote the concluding passage of his own dispatch:—

‘During these operations the enemy has been severely defeated and has been flung south of the Ruwu River. We have cleared him finally out of British territory, and we are now in occupation of the healthiest and most valuable settled parts of German East Africa, comprising the Kilimanjaro and Meru areas.’

But Smuts is not the kind of man to sit idle while the enemy may be reforming, so, as soon as he was apprized of the occupation of Arusha, he ordered Van der Venter to penetrate into the heart of the enemy's country. His subordinate carried out his command with marked success, and pushed straight on to Kondua Irangi, an important station only about a hundred miles off Dar-es-Salam and ominously near the Tanganyika railway. After a sharp engagement Van der Venter occupied the place, while his daring was also rewarded by the seizure of an important supply column, with rifles, ammunition, wagons, and cattle.

It would be idle to prophesy what course of action the Germans are likely to adopt under these circumstances, but it is not impractical optimism to assert that they can do little but carry on a guerrilla warfare in the faint hope of prolonging the inevitable end. There was some ground for the supposition that they intended at the worst to retire inland along the Tanganyika railway, but whether they will do so with Van der Venter hovering on their flank is doubtful. Meanwhile the cordon is being drawn closer and closer. To west

and southwest they are barred by the chain drawn through Rhodesia to the Belgian Congo, while the entry of Portugal into the war has not only closed the one remaining frontier, but has put an end to the surreptitious smuggling of supplies landed at Beira in *soi-disant* neutral bottoms. Moreover, the prospects of a guerrilla warfare can scarcely be said to be inviting, since the Germans would be pitted against men who are past masters of that game; and the Prussian school of war, with its doctrine of iron discipline and suppression of all initiative, is the last training likely to turn out soldiers who can maintain dashing operations and unconventional tactics.

Within a few weeks General Smuts has completely altered the whole aspect of this minor campaign, and the whole secret of his success is mobility. A study of the two African colonial campaigns affords a striking similarity, despite the difference of the physical characteristics of the two countries. In a previous article¹ on the Southwestern expedition I described the laborious preparations made by the Germans to defend Aus; yet the position was later evacuated without a blow. This was effected by Van der Venter striking right across from Upington and threatening the German lines of communication. Consequently the Aus garrison, confronted with the danger of being entirely cut off, had no alternative but to retire. Similarly, in this campaign mo-

bility has neutralized all the elaborately prepared defensive positions of the enemy, which became untenable owing to the menace on flank and rear. It was a maxim of Stonewall Jackson's that mobility and secrecy were the two essentials of successful strategy, and he acted up to his words by attacking his enemy where he was least expected. Aërial reconnaissance has robbed the modern general of much of his chances of secrecy, but Smuts has shown that speed and mobility, properly applied, can still play a most important part in modern war. The success of his operations was facilitated by the accuracy of the information obtained by his Intelligence Department and air scouts; and in all his movements he gave evidence that peace and politics have not blunted the skill which he displayed a decade and a half ago, when he led a cavalry raid through the Cape Province, until his burghers rode their horses down to the beaches of the Atlantic.

A final word as to the composition of the victorious army. Not since the days of the Roman Empire has a force of such diverse peoples, creeds, and castes been gathered together under one standard; but whereas Saxon and Gaul, Scythian and Iberian, Dacian and Numidian, followed the eagles through compulsion or in hope of loot, the various types under Smuts—Englishman and Dutchman, Canadian, Australian, South African, Indian, and Haussa—are fighting for liberty. And history teaches us that in the long run the defender of liberty wins the day.

¹ 'Campaigning under Botha.' *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1915.

RUSSIA'S STATE OF MIND

BY T. LOTHROP STODDARD

DESPITE Russia's recent successes in Volhynia and the Bukowina, the magnitude of her military problem should not be disregarded. Beside her present gains the expulsion of the Teutonic armies from Poland, Lithuania and Courland, to say nothing of invasions of Eastern Germany, would entail sacrifices taxing to the uttermost even her enormous latent strength. If her recuperated powers prove insufficient for the task, the autumn will disclose the disheartening prospect of a continuing stalemate, with the Teutons still firmly planted on Russian soil.

Again, it must not be forgotten that, during the greater part of the war, Germany's best efforts have been directed, not against Russia, but toward the West. It is, however, quite conceivable that the very success of Russia's present offensive may radically alter this state of things. Ever since the beginning of the war a powerful section of German thought, headed by Paul Rohrbach and other influential publicists, has maintained that Russia, not England, was Germany's arch-enemy. The prodigious recuperative power implied in Russia's ability to undertake her present offensive after last summer's shattering defeats may impel Germany to concentrate all her energies against the Eastern foe even at the cost of a sustained defensive in the West. In that case the ensuing months would witness a terrific Teutonic 'drive' launched at Russia's very heart. Of course, this drive might fail. But, on the other hand, it might not fail. Before the

blast of Teutonic massed artillery the present Russian lines might wither like those on the Dunajec and Vistula a year ago, and through the ragged gaps the seething Teutonic tide pour still deeper into the Empire.

In either of these disheartening contingencies, what would the real Russia do? I say 'the real Russia,' because it is not at all conterminous with the political entity entitled the Russian Empire. The Empire is a huge land-block stretching from Posen to the Pacific and peopled by 170 million souls. The real Russia is the 70 millions of the 'Great Russian' race, centred in the plains of Moscow, but throwing out sprays and tentacles of flesh and blood to almost every part of the vast Muscovite dominions. This is the cement of Empire. This is Russia's heart. This is 'Holy Russia,' whose fanatic faith and dogged pertinacity has swelled a petty principedom on the banks of the Moskva into an imperium covering one seventh of the entire land-surface of the globe. How would this Russia meet the test? Would it make its peace with the Teutonic victor? Or would it, acting on the recent boast of a Russian 'Nationalist' leader, 'fight to the Urals — and beyond'?

That will probably depend in great measure upon the reply to another question: How does Russia regard the German? Does it consider a compromise-peace possible, or does it see in the present war a supreme struggle which must be fought out at all hazards to the death?

The answer to this query is not an easy one. The salient characteristics of Russian life and thought are their extreme complexity, their glaring antitheses. Even if we exclude from our purview all consideration of the non-Russian elements, the stream of genuine Russian opinion is vexed by many cross-currents tending in radically divergent directions. Certain Russian circles have never approved of the war with the Teutonic Powers and are ready now for peace. Other elements, while to-day in favor of continuing the war, would accept a not too unfavorable peace if a crisis such as we have foreshadowed should come to pass. Still other elements see in the German the arch-enemy with whom no compromise is possible. Let us analyze these several elements and appraise their respective strength. We shall then be able to form some idea of how Russia would act in an hour of peril.

Strange though it may appear in view of the colossal struggle now raging between the two Empires, there are several strong currents of Russian opinion which are distinctly Germanophile. The Court, much of the nobility, bureaucracy and army, and most of Russian 'big business' have disapproved the war from the start and are working for a reconciliation with Germany at the earliest possible moment. Taken together, these Germanophile forces form a very powerful combination.

The Court alone is a factor of great importance. Half a century ago its attitude might well have been decisive; and though the rapid growth of nationalist feeling in Russia has undermined its old preponderance, its power is still great, especially with the present Tsar, a rather weak man much swayed by personal influences. Nearly all those closest to Nicholas II are pro-Germans. His wife, a Hessian princess, makes no secret of her strong sympathies for

her countrymen, and his mother, the Dowager Empress Marie, is of much the same mind. The 'tone' of Russian Court life is given by the proud and masterful Baltic Province German nobility, a notable example of this class being the leading Court functionary, Baron Fredericks, Minister of the Household and aide-de-camp to the Emperor. This highly influential personage has never made any secret of his pro-Germanism. Another tower of strength in the pro-German cause is the aged Countess Ignatieva. This remarkable old lady has long held the leading salon at the Russian Court, and her power has been greatly enhanced of late by the progress of her famous protégé, the mystic monk Rasputin. A sort of twentieth-century Cagliostro, Rasputin has gained enormous influence over many high personages, notably over the Empress. All in all, it is safe to say that Nicholas II lives in a pronouncedly Germanophile atmosphere — a fact which, in certain contingencies, might be of capital importance.

As to the Russian bureaucracy, army, and diplomatic service, we should remember that they were all artificial creations of Peter the Great — Western importations so against the old Russian spirit that for a long time they could be worked and manned only by Western Europeans. And, since most of these Westerners were Germans, Teutonic traditions and personnel have remained persistently in evidence. A glance at the Russian civil and army lists will show the striking proportion of German names. It is true that the genuine Russian nobility has long since become reconciled to Westernism and now fills the bulk of Russian official posts, but these newcomers have done little to change the professional tone since they themselves have become converts to the traditional spirit of the service.

Right here we should carefully avoid the error so persistently fostered by the Anglo-French press to the effect that the pro-Germanism so prominent in Russian official life is the fruit of mere ancestral prejudice or vulgar treason. To accept this dictum would be to miss the whole point of the situation. If the pro-Germanism of Russian officialdom were restricted to 'hyphenates' and Judases, it would signify merely a narrow cabal of traitors doomed to be swept away by the first breath of national feeling. As a matter of fact, however, the overwhelming majority of these Germanophile officials are loyal Russians, zealous for their country's welfare and resolved to do their duty. At the same time, they consider their present duty an unfortunate necessity because they regard the war as a grave error. They believe that the whole trend of Russian policy these last few years, with its aggressive attitude in the near East and its undisguised hostility to Austria and Germany, has been a great mistake. In these men's eyes both the domestic and foreign policy of Russia requires a friendly understanding with the Teutonic Empires to the West. Internally, such an understanding with her conservative neighbors would be Russia's best safeguard against a radical revolution which might plunge the backward, polyglot Empire into hopeless chaos and disintegration. Externally, Austro-German friendship would permit Russia to concentrate her energies on what these men believe to be the Empire's true field of action — Asia. The outcome of the Russo-Japanese War has merely confirmed them in their belief, for Russia can patently no longer play two rôles at the same time, but must free her hands in the West if she is to make head against the awakening East.

Such is the school of thought typified by statesmen like Baron Rosen and the

late Count Witte, and by soldiers like the present Russian commander-in-chief General Kuropatkin, who, only a year before the outbreak of the present war, was openly championing the abandonment of Balkan entanglements and a reconcentration in the Far East. Whatever one may or may not think of the soundness of their arguments, it is perfectly clear that one is here dealing, not with a mere traitorous cabal, but with a sober, well-pondered political philosophy reposing on patriotic considerations.

The best proof of the inherent strength of this school of thought is the fact that its adherents are by no means confined to official circles, but are found throughout the conservative upper and middle classes and are actually predominant in the financial and industrial worlds. The bloody memories of 1905 make the spectre of a 'Red' revolution a perpetual nightmare to Russian conservatives. As to Russian 'big business,' the leading financiers and the great industrial magnates are hearty supporters of the 'Asiatic school' of foreign policy. Russia's industries are recent growths, created by Count Witte's protective system and dependent upon high tariff walls for continued existence. Furthermore, the Russian home market is still too backward to absorb even their present output. In order to ensure its present prosperity and future development, therefore, Russian industry feels that it must secure fresh protected markets and believes that such markets are to be gained only by acquiring new protectorates or 'spheres of influence' in Asia. Once such Asiatic fields are safely inside the Muscovite tariff wall Russian industrial magnates see priceless markets for their output, while Russian finance sees limitless profits in government contracts and concessions for the development of vast untouched natural

resources. It is easy to realize the anger of Russian 'big business' before the spectacle of national energies lavished on a Western war which an understanding with Germany would have conserved for the conquest of the fabulous East.

Of course, all these feelings are to-day held down by the war-party personified by the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch and the 'Panslavists' of the 'Western school.' But, though momentarily silenced, the dissidents are by no means convinced, and if fresh disasters should swing public opinion against Nationalist policy, the partisans of Asiatic expansion and a correlative German entente might play a decisive rôle. What their rôle would be is patent from recent utterances of their leaders. A good example is the speech made by M. Maklahoff (Minister of the Interior at the beginning of the war) before the congress of the 'Right' (Conservative Party) at Nijni Novgorod in December, 1915. M. Maklahoff boldly declared amid loud applause, 'I am quite at a loss to understand why Russia ever went to war with Germany. Both states depend upon each other, and their historical development shows that they must live in close friendly relations.'

All this proves that there are powerful elements in Russia which are opposed to the Empire's present policy and which would work strongly for a reversal of that policy if it should be further discredited by fresh military disasters. At the same time, Russian public opinion is so complex that there is most emphatically another side to the question. And this 'other side' is decidedly anti-German — part of it so fanatically anti-German that it seems willing to fight to the death rather than compromise with the Teutonic 'arch-enemy.' How the relative strengths of the two thought-currents compare is

the important problem for the immediate future.

Anglo-French publicists are prone to descant upon the 'two Russias': 'Reactionary Russia' and 'Liberal Russia' — the one pro-German, the other pro-Ally. Unluckily, this does not go deep enough. The truth is that there are three Russias: Old Russia, Actual Russia, and Revolutionary Russia. It is of Actual Russia that we have just been speaking. Political heirs of Peter the Great, believers in the general principles underlying the present order of things, the champions of Actual Russia desire to see their country develop along the lines laid down by Peter and his immediate successors — a strong government, Westernizing its subjects and using this Westernism as the instrument of Asiatic expansion. For the reasons above sketched, this Russia must be either Germanophile or at least desirous of a frank understanding with Germany.

But the other two Russias are anti-German, albeit for very different reasons. Revolutionary Russia need not detain us long. We are well acquainted with its aspirations, which involve the overthrow of the existing régime and its replacement by an order of things similar to that prevailing in the most liberal nations of the West, albeit the demands of the extreme revolutionary wings would imply a state of affairs little short of anarchy. Naturally, all Russian radical circles hail the present alliance with England and France as the harbinger of their own triumph. They are anti-German for two reasons: (1) because the German element in Russia is the staunchest supporter of the present dispensation; (2) because an *entente* with the conservative Teutonic Empires would be the strongest bulwark against a violent revolution.

Revolutionary Russia naturally bulks large in our eyes. And yet we

should not overestimate its strength. The abortive movement of 1905 dealt it a blow from which it has never recovered. Its stronghold is, of course, the 'Intelligentsia' or educated radicals. But in 1905 this Intelligentsia displayed a doctrinaire ignorance of Russian national consciousness, a factious incapacity for constructive leadership, and a sinister indulgence toward the forces of anarchy and disruption, which disgusted moderates of all classes and horrified the intensely pious, patriotic peasantry. Since 1905 the Revolutionists have ceased to be the dynamic, driving force in Russian public life. That rôle has more and more passed to the apostles of 'Old Russia'; to the hot-gospelers of Russian 'Nationalism.'

Every one knows how Peter the Great literally dragged Russia out of her Asiatic-Byzantine chrysalis by the hair of her head and set her protesting feet in the path toward Western civilization. But what is not generally known is the fact that this forced conversion has never been completed. The Russian upper classes, it is true, were soon Westernized after a fashion, but they thereby merely dug a gulf between themselves and the vast peasant mass which clung with fanatical obstinacy to Old Russian ideals, thereby preserving 'untouched against the future' those stores of crude national feeling' about which a Liberal thinker like Paul Miliukov expresses such frank apprehension. Thus Old Russia lived on, submerged but indomitable.

And Old Russia's two leading ideas have always been a fanatical hatred of the West and an equally fanatical faith in the supreme excellence of 'Holy Russia,' the 'Third Rome,' whose sacred destiny it is to convert and absorb the whole earth. This did not matter much in practical politics until the breath of the European 'Romanticist' movement reached Russia about the

middle of the nineteenth century. One of this movement's salient features was a chauvinistic nationalism. Accordingly, when the upper-class Russians took up this latest Western innovation, they became suddenly impressed with that older indigenous nationalism of which they had previously been ashamed. The paradoxical consequence was that a large section of Russian educated thought abjured its rather superficial Westernism and fervently embraced the old gospel with its hatred of the West and its boundless dreams of politico-religious dominion. The result has been modern Russian 'Nationalism' — a peculiarly fanatical type of theocratic imperialism. Of course it has run an extensive thought-gamut, from Katkov and Aksakov down through Danilevski to Leontiev and Suvorin. But, after all, its basic concept has remained the same: 'Holy Mother Russia' is divinely predestined to free and unite the whole Slav race, seat herself at Constantinople ('New Rome'), and ultimately purge and absorb the 'rotten West.' This cardinal article of faith, common to 'Slavophiles,' 'Panslavists,' and 'Neo-Panslavists' alike, is best summed up in Pobiedonostsev's famous dictum — 'Russia is not a State: it is a World.'

It is only since the abortive Revolution of 1905, however, that Russian Nationalism has fairly come to power. The discrediting of Radicalism left the field open for the Nationalists, and they clinched their victory by one of the cleverest moves in modern history — the Stolypin Land Act of 1907. This measure replaced the communal land-tenure of the Mir by individual peasant proprietorship. The law's political results were incredibly more important than appears on its prosaic economic face. At one and the same stroke the peasant élite was made revolution-proof and a tremendous weapon was

placed in the hands of Russian imperialism. The old Mirs had been painfully over-populated. The Stolypin Land Act took care to make the new holdings large enough to support their owners. The result was a huge surplus of landless peasants possessed by a consuming 'earth-hunger.' The Nationalists' game was now easy. They had a limitless supply of eager colonists with which to 'Russify' any desired non-Muscovite areas within the Empire, and they could also fire the peasant masses for war at any moment through self-interest as well as fanaticism by promising foreign land as the spoils of victorious foreign campaigns. This is the domestic sheet-anchor on which 'Neo-Panslavist' diplomacy has relied of late years in case its 'forward' policy in the Balkans and among the Austrian Slavs should culminate in war.

The Nationalists' task was rendered still easier by the fact that peasant fanaticism was focused toward the exact quarter against which their foreign policy was trending. Old Russia has, as we have seen, always hated the West, but a general concept like this was too metaphysical to stir the average peasant mind to positive action. The matter had to be narrowed down to some concrete issue. Fortunately for the Nationalists, that was just what had happened. The Russian peasant has long since fashioned for himself an incarnation of the West. This incarnation is the 'Niemetz' — the German. The Russian mujik's intense hatred of the German is thus explained. It is symbolic as well as personal.

The reason for this anti-Germanism is writ plain athwart Russia's history. Before Peter the Great began his forcible conversion of Old Russia into a Western state, the Russian people, scattered far and wide over the immense area of the Empire, enjoyed a typical barbarian freedom. The gov-

ernment was, it is true, cruel and arbitrary, but it stood at such an immense distance from the average individual that he rarely felt it, and since it was thoroughly Muscovite in spirit it never interfered with those ideas and customs which the half-Oriental Russian held dearer than life. But Peter now brought in the typical bureaucratic eighteenth-century state and proceeded to force it down his subjects' throats. Every canon of Old Russian life was deliberately outraged — and outraged by foreigners at that, since Peter necessarily had to use foreigners as the sole efficient instruments of this Westernizing will.

Now, as it happened, most of these foreigners were Germans, especially after Peter's conquest of the Baltic Provinces. The Baltic Province nobility gave Peter just the tool he had been looking for. A proud, masterful race descended from the German crusading Knights of the Sword, the Baltic Province nobles prided themselves on being 'Kulturträger' — 'bearers of civilization.' Accorded generous terms in their own land, they willingly recognized the Tsar as their feudal overlord, and with mediæval loyalty set themselves to do their suzerain's bidding. Peter ordered them to civilize his barbarous subjects; accordingly, if hard heads and heavy hands could do the work, civilized they should be.

This has always been the attitude of the Germans in Russia. The practical results of their activities have been far-reaching. When we remember the purblind conservatism of Old Russia it is difficult to see how the country could have reached its present stage of Westernization in any other way. But the instruments of this progress earned thereby a growing legacy of hate. A minority of the Russian people, it is true (the so-called 'Raskolniki' or 'Old Believers'), put the blame where it belonged, called Peter Antichrist, and

endured every form of martyrdom rather than bow to the new dispensation. The bulk of the Russian people, however, continued to revere the Tsar and vented their spleen upon his foreign agents. The antagonism between the two races was constantly envenomed by profound incompatibility of temperament. Few sharper psychological contrasts can be found than that between the typical Muscovite and the typical German. The result has been that the two types have never fused. However long the German may be settled in Russia, he continues to feel himself a point of light in a night of barbarism. The irreconcilability of the two race-psychologies is best shown by the 'converted' Germans. In all such cases the convert leaps clean over into the Russian camp — and the race-gulf remains as unbridged as before. Thus the generations passed: the Germans continuing their Westernizing labors, the popular hatred of the Westernizers sinking ever deeper into the Russian soul.

Until recent times, however, all this had little practical effect. The popular hatred of the 'Niemetz,' like the popular nationalism, still glowed fiercely, but both glowed beneath thick ashes, and did not show. The Court was German, the Tsars' wives were German, the Baltic Province nobles gave the tone to bureaucracy and army, and the upper classes were zealous converts of the West. Then came the Nationalist reaction of the mid-nineteenth century. The 'Slavophiles' blew away the ashes and discovered the soul of Old Russia, still aflame. They warmed themselves at its ardent fires, and their hearts inevitably kindled to its burning hatred for the Teutonic 'culture-bearers' of the 'rotten West.' A wave of anti-German feeling passed over Russia, soon intensified by the course of world-politics.

However deeply the Germans in Rus-

sia may have been disliked, no ill-will had as yet been felt against their Teutonic home-land. Indeed, there could be no rational cause for such ill-feeling so long as Germany remained a mere geographical expression. The Slavophiles' traditional foes were the Turk and the Habsburg at Vienna: the Turk, who barred 'Holy Russia' from her rightful seat in 'New Rome'; the Habsburg, who detained the Western Slavs beneath his sceptre and kept Russia from the Slav brothers of the Balkan. But no sooner had Germany become a nation than she allied herself with the Habsburg, and presently befriended the Turk. The 'Niemetz' thus stood forth as Panslavism's arch-enemy. Not until the German was broken could there be the faintest hope of realizing Old Russia's grandiose dreams. Henceforth, 'the road to Constantinople and Vienna ran through Berlin.'

The Russo-German break might have come much earlier than it did but for the change of Russian policy which occurred toward the close of the nineteenth century. Tsar Alexander III had been a Slavophile and a frank hater of Germans. But his successor, the present Tsar Nicholas II, was attracted by the arguments of the 'Asiatic School,' and turned his attention to the Far East. This of course implied an understanding with Germany and Austria, and a passive attitude in the Balkans. But the Far Eastern policy was discredited by the Russo-Japanese War, and when the 'Intelligentsia' was equally discredited by the 1905 Revolution, Panslav Nationalism came fully into its own. The result was what might have been expected — a drastic 'forward' policy in the Balkans and the Near East, thinly veiled incitements to the discontented Austrian Slavs, and a wave of anti-German feeling within Russia itself more bitter than anything ever witnessed before. The anti-German vio-

lence of the Russian press during the last few years has been truly extraordinary, and the anti-German measures of the Russian government have been drastic in the extreme. On the very eve of the present war plans had been perfected for the rooting-out of the Baltic Province nobility, the citadel of Russian Germanism, by the expropriation of their estates under the Stolypin Land Act, and the subsequent Russianizing of the provinces by a wholesale colonization of Muscovite peasants.

Since the beginning of the war the Nationalist régime has taken every possible measure for the extirpation of Germanism throughout the Empire. Even the old German agricultural colonies planted by Catharine II in Southern Russia one hundred and fifty years ago have been broken up and the inhabitants shipped away by the hundred thousand to Siberia. In the cities the popular fury has vented itself in anti-German 'pogroms' as violent as those formerly waged against the Jews. In fact, the Jews have also been terrible sufferers because of their suspected German affiliations. Toward Germany itself the Nationalists have displayed the same implacable hostility as toward the Germans within the Russian Empire. The Nationalist press has called for a war to the knife until both Germany and Austria shall have been utterly smashed into disjointed fragments incapable of future resist-

ance to the march of Russia's destiny. A leading publicist like Menshikoff, the brilliant leader-writer of the *Novoye Vremya*, actually demands the annexation of all Prussia's eastern provinces, the extirpation of their German populations, and their resettlement by Russian mujiks.

Such is the complex mind of Russia to-day. There are, as we have seen, powerful forces working for reconciliation and renewed friendship with Germany. There are other forces, such as the Liberals and Revolutionists, which, while hostile to the German government, are not fundamentally hostile to the German people. Yet the driving forces behind the present régime, the Nationalist war-party which still guides Russian policy, hates Germanism on principle and continues to call for a battle to the death. Russia's military reverses have been great and her human losses have been almost unthinkable — certainly five, possibly six millions. But the dogged fanaticism of the Russian masses has been stirred to its depths by the 'holy war' against the 'infidel' Turk and the 'accursed' German. The Russian people continues to pay the government's huge blood-drafts on sight without question. How long this would continue in face of fresh military disasters and growing internal opposition remains to be seen. Certain it is, however, that to-day Russian Nationalism is still in the saddle, with no signs of a speedy fall.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AN UNPAID DEBT

IF one could but find them again — those flitting benefactors who unconsciously did us a good turn and, before we could manage a proper 'thank you,' were lost in the crowd! A kindly direction given in the course of travel; a beautiful face that flashed like sunshine over some drab hour; the notes of a song that touched the heart more deeply than the singer knew. We have all encountered many such unwitting Good Samaritans, but the first one recorded in my memory is the man who saved the puppy.

The puppy, led home on a leash by my enthusiastic young father, had appeared in our midst the night before. He did not stand on ceremony, but with leaps and licks and staccato yaps immediately broke down all barriers, and in no time my father, the puppy and I were all in a democratic tangle on the floor. My father was the first to regain his normal poise, and, drawing me to him, told me impressively that the puppy was no ordinary dog, but 'very valuable'; that he was 'a pedigreed pointer,' and that he would make a splendid hunter when 'broken to the gun'; and finally that on no account must he be let out of the front gate. I said I understood, and went to bed pondering on the strange and pleasing sound of 'pedigreed pointer,' and wondering if it would hurt the puppy to be 'broken to the gun.'

In the morning I woke before the household, and, as the young day appeared enticing, I clambered out of bed and scrambled into the toilsome habiliments of civilization with what dexter-

ity my six years permitted, and went out into the misty mysterious morning. There was no sound save the song of birds and my own footsteps crunching on the gravel walk, as I went toward the gate. Only recently had I received permission to go beyond its limits, and consequently the gate drew me irresistibly. The trance of the adventurer was upon me! I raised the creaking latch with exalted soul and thoughts soaring above the trivialities of life. I was on the point of breathing in the first sweet breath of freedom when, with the suddenness of a falling star, something swift and sleek and palpitating whisked by me. I made a frantic grab, but eels drenched in oil would have been less elusive. The dog — the 'very valuable' dog — was at large!

Had I not been warned against this very catastrophe? And now behold, a ramping, frisking, leering beast who mocked my every effort to reach his collar by making evasive circles around me, or by galloping off at a tangent. I tried commanding. I stamped my little foot and called him 'You dog!' in harsh and horrid tones. At which he stood stock-still some distance off and grinned, his pink tongue drooping derisively out of the corner of his mouth. I approached with caution, hope mounting skyward in my heart, but the hope was vain. Whisk! and he was off. Changing my tactics, I essayed cajolery. 'Nice puppy,' I pleaded. He halted and looked round, tail and ears alert. I made a step forward, and he retreated.

My faith both in him and in myself gave way. My spirit was broken. I could no longer do anything but attend to the sobs which began to chase each

other from the tips of my toes up to my throat. It would soon be breakfast time, and my hour of reckoning was nigh.

It was at this black moment that the man appeared. He came swinging along at a brisk pace, towering gigantic above me. I had never spoken to a stranger before, but this was a crisis demanding heroism. With a mighty gulp I swallowed the most imminent sob and gathered courage.

'Mister,' I accosted. But he did not hear — his ear was so far above me. Desperate, I felt that I must do or die. I ran after him.

'*Mister*,' I repeated, and I am sure my voice must have been between a wail and a shout this time. He stopped and looked down from his altitude. '*Could* you,' I began, realizing the magnitude of my request, '*could* you make that dog go back in the yard? He is very valuable,' I added.

The man was evidently in a hurry, for he did not pause for speech. He took three splendid strides toward the puppy (who was now sniffing a tree, the personification of innocence), and with the utmost ease he collared that 'valuable dog,' nonchalantly dumped him inside the gate, and closed it firmly.

Here was a miracle-worker, a superman, a god! With the deftness of a prestidigitator the impossible had been accomplished. In a twinkling the thing was done. By just the turn of the hand he had saved the day for me. And he was gone before I could voice my gratitude; gone, with never a thank you — gone clean out of my life!

I sat down on the stone carriage-step in front of the house to collect myself. The puppy looked at me through the bars of the gate, his jaws stretched in a friendly smile, his tail wagging amicably. He seemed to bear me no malice, but at that moment I had only hatred in my heart for him. I was hunting

through the ramifications of my hasty toilette for a handkerchief to wipe away the trace of my recent tears, when my father opened the front door and whistled. The puppy reversed and bounded to his master. My father stooped and fondled him; then, looking beyond the fateful gate, he called out a good-morning to me and added, 'You were a good girl not to let the puppy out. Come in to breakfast now.'

I rose, feeling my first pang of hypocrisy, but above everything my whole soul welled up in gratitude to the man — that noble, omnipotent Mister!

And across the years of half a lifetime I still am wishing that I could thank him.

AN IDEAL EDITORSHIP

I WAS the officer in charge of fresh (i.e. frozen) meat, serving both the British and the French armies. My customers took about a hundred tons a day, and as I had to account for every hind of beef or carcass of mutton that left our cold-storage dépôt, the job had its responsibilities. One day in March an orderly presented me with an official message. 'Report at once to the Brigadier-General at Army Headquarters,' it said. So on went my best uniform and over the side went I. I have omitted to mention that my cold-storage dépôt was the S.S. *Pecuare*, well-known in the banana trade and duly fitted with a freezing apparatus covering four roomy hatches.

Ashore I found the brigadier.

'You understand newspaper work,' he began: 'I want you to edit the *Balkan News*.'

I saluted — and here I am, quite the most conspicuous editor in Salonica.

Before we go any further, I had better explain the sheet I was ordered to take over. In November, 1915, when the British first landed, a local firm of

printers and newspaper owners decided to speculate in a daily paper for 'Tommy.' There was no opposition; the whole of the Salonica Expeditionary Force would be at their mercy. They hired the one English-speaking person available, purchased a copious supply of paste, subscribed to half-a-dozen British newspapers and butted in. For news they went to Army Headquarters and were given the daily sheet that comes by wireless; also they had the use of the news-service of two local papers. The *Balkan News* as we first knew it was therefore a thing of scissors and paste, varied by a sprinkling of indifferently edited or translated telegrams. To add to the comedy, the person in charge was a hot pro-German, possibly an agent, though hardly in a position to do much harm. Our General Staff had decided to put an end to this anomalous situation, and with the full concurrence of the proprietors — hot Ententistes — had cast about for an officer familiar with newspaper work. Apparently I was the most conspicuous of such fauna.

I took over the *News* a month ago, and since that date the scissors and paste have vanished, our circulation is bounded only by the capacity of the machine, and I have to turn away the advertisers. In brief, I am holding what can only be described as an ideal editorship.

The first ideal feature of my present 'divarshon' is that none of us works for money. I edit for fun, my assistant-editor (another officer) does likewise, and so does Rifleman Gulliver, who sub-edits. Each of us receives our out-of-pocket expenses, and there it ends. We are excused all other duties. Our contributors are in the same happy plight, excepting the duties. Our contributors, however, are our readers. All the editor has to do is to wade

through about thirty manuscripts every morning, pick out the best ones, and send them to the printer. I have a three-page sheet to fill, a bare six or seven thousand words, and a third of this space is devoted to news. This last item comes to Army Headquarters by wireless from the fleet and gives us little trouble.

Another ideal feature is the absence of competition, so while I cater for everybody I need pander to no one. The ordinary editor often refuses a poem or an essay because it is 'above the heads' of his readers. I have no such concern. A youthful Keats, Chatterton, or Meredith would find instant appreciation in the *Balkan News*. Probably I would choke off a Chesterton or an Oscar Wilde as too given to fireworks, and the yellow journalist with a sensational and overloaded story would promptly get shown the door. I edit for the average healthy individual; and for an editor so constituted Thomas Atkins and his officers are the ideal contributors. And only once have I attempted a scoop. It happened this way.

There was an air-raid at 5.30 one morning. I stood on the roof of my hotel and watched it till all the glass went and my perch shook like a jelly. So the rest of the show had to be observed from the quay. An air-raid is really rather exciting if one has plenty of company, if one is wide awake and in good physical condition, and if one has not the bad luck to get hit. The thing lasted a good half-hour and then, still in pajamas and overcoat, I went to the office and stopped the press. We were the only morning paper in Salonica that had an account of the raid. Otherwise I have not yielded to 'the commercial spirit of the age,' and I'm afraid that this sole occasion was regarded rather more as sporting than as commercial.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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JOFFRE

A PORTRAIT IN MINIATURE

I WAS fortunate enough to be in Paris with a letter in my pocket written by a person in authority, addressed to General Joffre. After forwarding it through the proper military channels, I learned that the General would be glad to see me and my friend M. L—— at nine o'clock the next morning, Sunday, at his headquarters at ——. We motored out, making an early start from Paris, and were taken from the hotel at —— to a simple brick cottage where the General of all the Allied armies lives.

We were ushered into his study, a small, simple room. The General rose and greeted us cordially. He is a short thickset man, quite fat and heavy, with a square face, the head and moustache almost white, with just enough color left to show that his hair was a light yellowish red originally. He has a kind, light-blue eye. He is deliberate in his actions and exceedingly quiet and grave. He was dressed in an old-style uniform that looked as though it had seen much service — the red trousers with the black braid at the side, tan shoes and leggings, and an old-style black jacket without any decorations or insignia of office.

He sat opposite us at a small table where he had been working, and discussed with us various phases of the war for an hour and three quarters. Apparently he was much interested in

getting from me my impressions of Germany and the Germans, after which he talked at some length about certain characteristics of Germany's war policy. He said, —

'We have kept a very accurate record in two parallel columns of our losses and of the German reports of those same losses. To illustrate the point — the other day we lost at Soissons, as the result of an unimportant engagement, some sixteen or eighteen men and one or two guns, and north of Soissons a few prisoners were taken and a few metres of trench. The Germans in their official *communiqué* reported this in the minutest detail and with great precision, their official published record agreeing exactly with ours, as it always does on minor details and engagements. But on that same day they reported 1000 prisoners taken near Verdun. What actually happened at Verdun was, that we threw out, as a sort of observation post, a salient forming an angle in advance of the main line, consisting of 600 men and a few guns, with the order that this salient should retire to the main line as soon as it was hard pressed. The men soon were hard pressed and did retire, losing twenty-six men and three guns. The German report of this was, that they had beaten back the French line

at this point and taken 1000 prisoners. The result of these exaggerations since the beginning of the war shows a grand total of men taken and killed amounting to more than the number of men that France has equipped. I liken this sort of thing to a panorama where there are a few sticks, stones, dried leaves and bits of grass in the foreground which are real, but the main scene, which is calculated to deceive, is unreal, a pure fake.

'This has been Germany's policy since the beginning, and some day the German people will realize how they have been fooled. They will not care much so long as Germany remains on the offensive and is more or less continuously successful in keeping up the pressure; but some time that must stop. Germany deliberately plans an offensive such as is going on now, and votes for that offensive 500,000 men. We cannot vote man-power away in that ruthless fashion. We count the cost in human lives and human suffering, and Germany does not, and we believe that Germany is wrong. It may take months to prove it, and we must be patient; but we shall go on and we ought to win.

'It is strangely interesting to see the results as they now begin to show themselves of Germany's hatred of those countries which she has forged into a league against her. We must never forget what Germany has taught us all. When she began the war, France was given over to things unworthy of her. She seemed to have forgotten her aspiration and her destiny. See her now, purified and made new. She has saved her own soul. Then England, whom Germany hates most of all. She had grown light-minded, unstable, a prey to civil discord. Now she is unified and made whole. Her young men will begin life anew, and the nation will take on the vigor and enthusiasm of youth.

Think of Italy, after fifty years, fulfilling the visions of Mazzini and Cavour! And Russia — Russia to settle whose account Germany began this enormous war — will profit more from it than all the other countries of Europe combined. Not only has the Russian nation been reborn, but her material greatness will be vastly enhanced. No; whatever we may think of Germany, we must never forget all we have learned from her.'

M. L — told the General of what he had contributed to France. He recited briefly the tragic story of the death of his only son. The General shook his head and looked sad and grave. Then L — told him of his lecturing at Harvard in June, 1915, and of a young Breton who came up to him after the lecture and shook hands with him; then handed him a letter which he said he had just received from his mother. The letter read, 'My dear son: You will be grieved to learn that your two brothers have been killed. Their country needed them and they gave everything they had to save her. Your country needs you, and while I am not going even to suggest to you that you return to fight for France, if you do not return at once, never come.'

The General, anticipating what was coming, was with difficulty controlling his feelings. But at the end of the story the tears were rolling down his face. He bowed his head and rubbed his eyes, then, pulling himself together, stood up, put one arm on L — 's shoulder and one arm on mine, and said, 'That is France; do you wonder that we count the lives?'

He talked on ten or fifteen minutes after that, and I felt like hugging him, he was so big and human. As I sat there watching him, he seemed a sort of superman. He was not French; he had a face that was a sort of composite photograph of the best German

generals I had seen, but with a kind expression about the mouth and a gentle eye. He had no gestures, and spoke slowly, quietly, and deliberately, unlike the French.

I asked my companion if he could be French. 'No,' said L——, 'he is a pure Visigoth, and I like to think of him as having all the courage and wonderful fighting qualities of the Visigoth, tempered and made gentle by the environment of southern France—the best of Germany and the best of France combined in one great lead-

er, and France is supremely lucky to have that leader. Galliéni is another Visigoth.' The two men were in Abyssinia together. They are both old campaigners and big men.'

The General said as we parted that he was homesick for his vineyards. He must long to get back to them, to the simple, free life, far removed from the burdens of this hideous struggle. They ought to make General Joffre king of France, but I do not believe he would want that honor, for he longs for the pruning-hook and the plough.

A LITERARY CLINIC

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

THE other day, on going by my friend Bagster's church, I saw a new sign over the vestry:—

'Bibliopathic Institute. Book Treatment by Competent Specialists. Dr. Bagster meets patients by appointment. Free Clinic 2-4 P.M. Out-patients looked after in their homes by members of the Social Service Department. Young People's Lend-a-Thought Club every Sunday evening at 7.30. Tired Business Men in classes. Tired Business Men's tired wives given individual treatment. Tired mothers who are reading for health may leave their children in the Day Nursery.'

It had been several years since I had seen Bagster. At that time he had been recuperating after excessive and too widely diffused efforts for the public good. Indeed, the variety of his efforts for the public good had been too much for him. Nothing human was foreign

to Bagster. All sorts of ideas flocked from the ends of the earth and claimed citizenship in his mind. No matter how foreign the idea might be, it was never interned as an alien enemy. The result was, he had suffered from the excessive immigration of ideas that were not easily assimilated by the native stock. I have sometimes thought that it might have been better if he had not allowed these aliens a controlling influence till they had taken out their first naturalization papers. But that was not Bagster's way.

Dropping into what once was known as the vestry of the church, but which is now the office of the Institute, I found a row of patients sitting with an air of expectant resignation. A business-like young woman attempted to put my name on an appointment card. I mumbled an excuse to the effect that I was a friend of the doctor and wished to

remain so, and therefore would not call during office-hours.

The next day I was fortunate enough to find Bagster in one of his rare periods of leisure and to hear from his own lips an account of his new enterprise.

'You know,' he said, 'I was unfortunate enough to be out of health several years ago, at the time the ministers began to go into Psychotherapy. I liked the idea and would have gone into it too, but I had to let my mind lie fallow for a while. It seemed too bad not to have a clinic. We ought all to be healthier than we are, and if we could get the right thoughts and hold on to them, we should get rid of a good many ills. Even the M.D.'s admit that. I read up on the subject and started into practice as soon as I got back. For a while, everything went well. When a patient came I would suggest to him a thought which he should hold for the benefit of his soul and body.'

'What was the difficulty with the treatment?'

'The fact is,' said Bagster, 'I ran out of thoughts. It's all very well to say, "Hold a thought." But what if there is n't anything you can get a grip on? You know the law of the association of ideas. That's where the trouble lies. An idea will appear to be perfectly reliable, and you think you know just where to find it. But it falls in with idle associates and plays truant. When you want it, it is n't there. And there are a lot of solid thoughts that have been knocking about in the minds of everybody till their edges are worn off. You can't hold them. A thought to be held must be interesting. When I read that in the Psychology, I was staggered.'

'To be interesting, a thought must pass through the mind of an interesting person. In the process something happens to it. It is no longer an inorganic substance, but it is in such form that

it can easily be assimilated by other minds. It is these humanized and individualized thoughts that can be profitably held.

'Then it struck me that this is what literature means. Here we have a stock of thoughts in such a variety of forms that they can be used, not only for food, but for medicine.'

'During the last year I have been working up a system of Biblio-therapeutics. I don't pay much attention to the purely literary or historical classifications. I don't care whether a book is ancient or modern, whether it is English or German, whether it is in prose or verse, whether it is a history or a collection of essays, whether it is romantic or realistic. I only ask, "What is its therapeutic value?"'

He went on didactically, as if he were addressing a class.

'A book may be a stimulant or a sedative or an irritant or a soporific. The point is that it must do something to you, and you ought to know what it is. A book may be of the nature of a soothing syrup or it may be of the nature of a mustard plaster.'

'Literary critics make a great to-do about the multiplication of worthless or hurtful books. They make lists of good, bad, and indifferent. But despite this outcry, there is nothing so harmless as printed matter when it is left to itself. A man's thoughts never occupy so little space or waste so little of his neighbor's time as when neatly printed and pressed between the covers of a book. There they lie without power of motion. What if a book *is* dull? It can't follow you about. It can't button-hole you and say, "One word more." When you shut up a book, it stays shut.'

'The true function of a literary critic is not to pass judgment on the book, but to diagnose the condition of the person who has read it. What was his

state of mind before reading and after reading? Was he better or worse for his experience?

'If a book is dull, that is a matter between itself and its maker, but if it makes me duller than I should otherwise have been, I have a grievance. To pass judgment on the books on a library shelf without regard to their effects is like passing judgment on the contents of a drug store from the standpoint of mineralogy, without regard to physiology; on the glass jars which are mineralogically excellent — but are they good to eat?

'The sensible man does not jump at conclusions, but asks expert advice. But many persons, when they take up a highly recommended book, feel in conscience bound to go through to the bitter end, whether it is good for them or not.

'From my point of view, a book is a literary prescription put up for the benefit of some one who needs it. It may be simple or compounded of many ingredients. The ideas may unite in true chemical union or they may be insoluble in one another and form an emulsion.

'The essays of Emerson form an emulsion: The sentences are tiny globules of wisdom which do not actually coalesce, but remain suspended in one another. They should be shaken before using.

'Maeterlinck contains volatile elements which easily escape the careless reader. Chesterton's essays contain a great deal of solid common sense, but always in the form of an effervescent mixture. By mixing what we think with what we think we think, this effervescence invariably results.

'Dante, we are told, belonged to the Guild of the Apothecaries. It was an excellent training for a literary man. Some writers, like Swift, always present truth in an acid form. Others pre-

fer to add an edulcorant or sweetener.

'Of this Edulcorating School was Thomas Fuller, who tells how he compounded his History. "I did not attempt my history to the palate of the government so as to sweeten it with any falsehood, but I made it palatable, so as not to give any wilful disgust to those in present power, and procure danger to myself by using over-tart or bitter expressions better forborne than inserted — without any prejudice to truth."

'A book being a literary prescription, it should be carefully put up. Thus I learned, when I looked up the subject, that a proper prescription should always contain: —

'(1) A basis, or chief ingredient, intended to cure.

'(2) An adjuvant, to assist the action and make it cure more quickly.

'(3) A corrective, to prevent or lessen any undesirable effect.

'(4) A vehicle, or excipient, to make it suitable for administration and pleasant to the patient.

'I do not propose to go into literary pharmacy more than to say that there are sufficient tests of what is called literary style. In regard to a book, I ask, Does it have any basis or chief ingredient? Does the author furnish any corrective for his own exaggerations? Above all, is the remedy presented in a pleasant vehicle or excipient, so that it will go down easily?

'I have said,' continued Bagster, 'that certain books are stimulants. They do not so much furnish us with thoughts as set us to thinking. They awaken faculties which we had allowed to be dormant. After reading them we actually feel differently and frequently we act differently. The book is a spiritual event.

'Books that are true stimulants are not produced every year. They are not made to order, but are the products of

original minds under the stress of peculiar circumstances. Each generation produces some writer who exerts a powerfully stimulating influence on his contemporaries, stirring emotion and leading to action. The book does something.

'So Carlyle stimulated his generation to work, and Ruskin stimulated it to social service and to the appreciation of Art. Tolstoi stimulated the will to self-sacrifice, and Nietzsche has overstimulated the will to power. Rousseau furnished the stimulant to his generation, both to a political and educational revolution. In the sixteenth century, Lord Burleigh said of John Knox, "His voice is able in an hour to put more life in us than six hundred trumpets blaring in our ears."

'When the stimulants are fresh, there is no difficulty in getting them into use. Indeed, the difficulty is in enforcing moderation. The book with a new emotional appeal is taken up by the intelligent young people, who form the volunteer poison squad. If the poison squad survives, the book gets into general circulation among the more elderly readers whose motto is "Safety first."

'It is to be noticed that the full stimulating effect of most books is lessened after they have been kept long in stock. When to-day you uncork Rousseau, nothing pops. Calvin's *Institutes* had a most powerfully stimulating effect upon the more radical young people of his day. It is now between three and four centuries since that work was exposed to the air, and it has lost its original effervescence.

'We must also take into effect the well-known principle of immunization. When a writer sets forth in a book certain powerful ideas, they may produce very little disturbance because everybody has had them before. There was a time when the poetry of Byron was

considered to be very heady. Young men went wild over it. It stimulated them to all sorts of unusual actions. It modified their collars and their way of wearing the hair. Young men may still, as a necessary part of their college education, read *The Corsair*, but this required reading does not impel them toward a career of picturesque and heartbroken piracy. Pessimism has its fashions, and to-day is realistic rather than romantic and sentimental.

'It is hard to get a blameless youth to enjoy the spiritual exaltation that comes from a sense of romantic guilt and a vast unquenchable revenge for the unfathomable injuries that came from the fact that he was born with a superior mind. But that was what our great-grandfathers felt when Byronism was in its early bloom. It was a feeling at once cosmical and egotistical. When we look at the placid, respectable portraits of our ancestors of the early nineteenth century, we can get no idea of the way in which they inwardly raged and exulted as they read.

'The mind that broods on guilty woes
Is like a scorpion girt with fire
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around the captive close
Till inly searched with thousand throes.
And maddening in her ire
One sole and sad relief she knows,
The sting she nourished for her foes.

"That means me," says the promising young reader, as he inwardly rages because he is girt in by a commonplace community that stupidly refuses to acknowledge itself as his foe — in fact, does n't know that he's there. What he wants is a foe on whom he can vent his poetic ire. When he can't find one, he falls into a mood of delicious self-pity.

'The vacant bosom's wilderness
Might thank the pain that made it less;
We loathe what none are left to share,
Even bliss.

.

The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void,
 The leafless desert of the mind,
 The waste of feeling unemployed.

'There you have it. In each generation the pathetic consciousness of youth is of the waste of feeling unemployed. Byron appealed to the spiritually unemployed. But as an employment agent he was not so successful. The only employment that he suggested was a general vindictiveness. The heart once thus left desolate must fly at last from ease to hate. It almost seems that the remedy was worse than the disease. But our great-grandfathers, before they had troubles of their own, got a great deal of stimulation from Byron.

'Bibliotherapy is such a new science that it is no wonder that there are many erroneous opinions as to the actual effect which any particular book may have. There is always room for the imagination in such matters. There has been a great change in the theory of stimulants. Here is a little book published in Saco, Maine, in 1829. It is *Stewart's Healing Art*, by Rev. W. Stewart, D.D., of Bloomfield, Somerset, Maine. Dr. Stewart, when he turned from theology to medicine, lost none of his zeal. He was a great believer in what he believed to be stimulants. In regard to the treatment of nightmare, he says, "It arises from a tarry condition of the blood. Half an ounce of my stimulating bitters, half an ounce of powders put in a quart of good rum, will cure the patient."

'I fear that among Dr. Stewart's parishioners nightmare was a recurrent disease.

'Physiologists have recently exploded the notion that alcohol is a stimulant. They now tell us that it is a depressant. The man who has imbibed freely feels brilliant, but he is n't. He is more dull than usual, but he does n't

know it. His critical faculty has been depressed, so that he has nothing to measure himself by. He has lost control of his mental machinery, and he is not strong enough to put on the brake.

'Here is a stock of literary depressants which have been manufactured in large quantities. Here is a writer who turns out a thriller every six months. Every book has the same plot, the same characters, the same conclusion. The characters appear under different aliases. Their residences are different, but one might compile a directory of these unnoted names of fiction.

'Here is a book that conveys the impression that it is perfectly shocking. The author speaks of his work with bated breath. It is so strong. He wonders why it is allowed. And yet it contains nothing which the adult person did n't know before he was born. As for his newly discovered substitutes for ethics, they were the moral platitudes of the cave-dwellers.

'The habitual reader who imbibes these beverages thinks that he is exhilarated. What he needs is a true stimulant, something that will stimulate his torpid faculty. There are other books which are often confused with true stimulants but which are really quite different both in their composition and effects—they are the counter-irritants.

'A counter-irritant is a substance employed to produce an irritation in one part of the body in order to counteract a morbid condition in another part. Counter-irritants are superficial in their application, but sometimes remarkably efficacious. In medical practice, the commonest counter-irritants are mustard, croton-oil, turpentine, and Spanish flies. In recent bibliotherapeutic practice the commonest counter-irritant is Bernard Shaw. Irritating books are easy to write if one

has learned the art, and the market is greatly overstocked. Still, there are cases in which literature that produces a state of exasperation is beneficial.

'Here is a case in my practice. — A. X. Middle-aged. Intelligence middling. Circumstances comfortable. Opinions partially ossified, but giving him no inconvenience. Early in life was in the habit of imbibing new ideas, but now finds they don't agree with him, and for some years has been a total abstainer. Happily married — at least for himself. Is fully appreciative of his own virtues and has at times a sense of moral repletion. Is averse to any attempt at social betterment that may interfere with his own comfort.

'He did n't come to me of his own accord — he was sent. He assured me that nothing was the matter with him and that he never felt better in his life.

'“That is what I understood,” I said. “It is that which alarmed your friends. If you will coöperate with us, we will try to make you so uncomfortable that in your effort to escape from our treatment you may exercise faculties that may make you a useful member of society.

'“You must read more novels. Not pleasant stories that make you forget yourself. They must be searching, drastic, stinging, relentless novels, without any alleviation of humor or any sympathy with human weakness, designed to make you miserable. They will show you up.

'“I will give you a list with all the ingredients plainly indicated according to the provision of the pure food and drug law. Each one will make you feel bad in a new spot. When you are ashamed of all your sins, I will rub in a few caustic comments of Bernard Shaw to make you ashamed of all your virtues. By that time you will be in such a state of healthy exasperation as you have not known for years.”'

'How did it come out?' I asked.

'That time I lost my patient,' said Bagster. 'It is curious about irritants, so much depends on the person. To some skins glycerine is very irritating. And there are some minds that are irritated by what is called gentle irony.

'Here is one of the most irritating things ever written,' he said, picking up Daniel Defoe's *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. 'To read *Robinson Crusoe* one would n't suppose that its author could drive his contemporaries almost frantic. There was nothing sharp about Defoe's style. He did not stab his opponents with a rapier-like wit. His style was always circumstantial. His manner was adhesive. Seriously and earnestly, as one who was working for good, he sought out the most sensitive spot and then with a few kind words he applied his blistering adhesive plaster. No wonder Defoe had to stand on a pillory.'

'I suppose,' I said, 'you would class all satires as counter-irritants.'

'No,' said Bagster. 'Pure satire is not irritating. It belongs, not to medicine, but to surgery. When the operation is done skillfully, there is little shock. The patient is often unaware that anything has happened, like the saint in the old martyrology who, after he had been decapitated, walked off absent-mindedly with his head under his arm.'

Bagster opened the door of a case labeled Antipyretics. It contained what at first seemed an incongruous collection of books, among which I noticed *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, Sir Thomas Browne's *Urne-Buriall*, Trollope's novels, the Revised Statutes of Illinois, the poems of Ossian, Gray's *Elegy*, a history of Babylon, *Sir Charles Grandison*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and Thomas Benton's *Thirty Years in the United States Senate*.

'I don't pretend that this collection

has any scientific value. My method has been purely empirical. There are remedies that I have tried on individual patients. An antipyretic is something which depresses the temperature; it is useful in allaying fevers. I should not put these books in the same class except for therapeutic purposes. They have a tendency to cool us off. You know Emerson tells how, when he was coming out of a heated political meeting, Nature would put her hands on his head and say, "My little man, why so hot?" And there are books that do the same for us.

'It takes a person of a philosophic mind to respond to the antipyretic influence of Marcus Aurelius. One of my patients confessed that in attempting to reach those philosophic heights he "felt considerable het up."

'In cases where the conscience has been overstimulated by incessant modern demands, I find Trollope a sovereign remedy. After unsuccessful attempts to live up to my own ideals, as well as to those of my neighbors, I drop down into the Cathedral Close, Barchester, and renew my acquaintance with Bishop Prouty and his excellent lady and the Dean and Chapter, including the minor canons. Everything is so morally secure. These persons have their ideals, and they are so easily lived up to. It is comforting now and then to come into a society where every one is doing his duty as he sees it, and nobody sees any duty which it would be troublesome for him to do.

'Here is a somewhat different case. A. J. came to me complaining of great depression of spirits. On inquiry, I found he was a book-reviewer on a daily paper. I suspected that he was suffering from an occupational disease. Said that nobody loved him, he was a literary hangman whose duty it was to hang, draw, and quarter the books that were brought to him for execution.

Nobody loves a hangman. Yet he was naturally of an affectionate disposition. I found that he was a man of fastidious taste, and a split infinitive caused him acute pain. Our social worker called at the house and found that, besides the agony caused by reading so many poor books, he had financial anxiety. The boss had said that if he continued to be so savage in his criticisms, he would lose his job. He has a wife and three children.

'I talked to him soothingly about the general state of literature. It was too much to expect that a faultless masterpiece should be produced every week. It is hard enough to get people to read masterpieces, as it is. If they were produced in greater quantities it might be fatal to the reading habit.

' "You set your standard too high at the beginning. You are like a taxicab driver who sets the hands of the dial at the seventy-five-cent mark before he starts his machine. This discourages the passenger. If it costs so much to stand still, he thinks it would be better to get out and walk. Start the day with some book that can be easily improved upon."

'I gave him a copy of the Congressional Record. "Every day before you sit down to your new books, read a chapter of this voluminous work."

'Yesterday he told me he had read a hundred pages. "By the way," he said, "I have noticed a marked improvement in our young writers whose books come to my desk. Their style seems so clear and their expressions are so concise."

'After spending a certain time every day in reading the works of our lawmakers he had learned many lessons of literary tolerance. He used to be annoyed because every one was n't as critical as he was. Now he is inclined to treat criticism as a special interest.

'He read with approval a revelation

concerning the Apocrypha given in 1833 to one of the Latter-day Saints. "Thus said the Lord unto you concerning the Apocrypha. There are many things contained in it that are true, and there are many things contained in it that are not true. Whoso readeth it let him understand it. Whoso is enlightened shall obtain benefit. Whoso is not enlightened cannot be benefited. Therefore it is not needful that the Apocrypha should be translated."

"There is a great deal of sense in that. Those who are enlightened enough to read the Apocrypha will be benefited. Those who cannot be benefited will not read it. Perhaps it's just as well.

"I have a patient, an aspiring politician, who almost went to pieces through his excessive devotion to his own interests in the last campaign. As he had identified his interests with those of his country, when he lost the election he felt that the country was ruined. He could, he told me, have stood his personal disappointment, but the sudden collapse of public righteousness was too much for him. Marcus Aurelius, Epicuretus and Sir Thomas Browne's *Urne-Buriall* had no effect in allaying his feverish symptoms. I had him recite Gray's *Elegy* for three successive mornings. But the clinical chart showed that his temperature continued above normal.

"Quite by accident, I recalled the volumes of Senator Benton. As a child I had often looked at them with awe in my grandfather's library. They were my symbol of Eternity. Thirty years in the United States Senate seemed such a long time.

"I recommended the volumes to my patient. Yesterday he informed me that he felt differently about the election. He talked quite rationally and with a certain detachment that was encouraging. He had been thinking, he said, that perhaps thirty years after

nobody would remember who gained this election. A great many things, he said, happen in this country in the course of thirty years that are not so important as they seem at the time. Indeed, the antipyretic action of Benton's book was so great that I feared that he might be cooled down too much, so that, as a corrective, I administered a tincture of Roosevelt.

"I have a patient who had been a stock-broker and had retired, hoping to enjoy his leisure. But the breaking up of his accustomed habits of thought was a serious matter. His one intellectual exercise had been following the market, and when there was no market for him to follow, he said he was all broken up.

"He came to me for advice, and after detailing his symptoms asked if I could n't give him a bracer; perhaps I could recommend a rattling good detective story. I notice that a large number of my patients want to furnish both the diagnosis and the treatment, expecting me only to furnish a favorable prognosis. I am told by medical friends that they have the same experience.

"I sat down with my patient and talked with him about occupational diseases. I do not hold with some that a steady occupation is a disease. It only makes one liable to certain maladies. It upsets the original balance of Nature. You know Shakespeare says, "Goodness, growing to a plurisy, dies in his own too much." Too-muchness in one direction leads to not-enoughness in another.

" "You have had an overdevelopment of certain virtues. You must restore the balance. For years your mind has been on the jump. It is like a kitten that will follow a mouse or a string as long as it is moving rapidly. You have been obsessed with the idea of price, and when you can't learn the price of anything you think that it has

ceased to exist. It is as if you had spent all your life in a one-price clothing store where every garment had a tag indicating its exact value in dollars and cents. You are suddenly ushered into a drawing-room where you see a great many coats and trousers moving about without any tags. You go away feeling that the clothing business has gone to pieces. You need to learn that some things exist that are not for sale. Now I propose a thorough emotional reëducation. Your mind has been interested only in rapidly moving objects to which you, at each moment, ascribe a specific value. I want to turn your mind to the vague, the misty, the imponderable. Each day you are to take exercises in nebulosity. You are to float away into a realm where being and not being, doing and not doing, knowing and not knowing amount to very much the same thing."

"My patient rebelled. He said his wife had taken him once to a lecture on the Vedanta philosophy, and he felt that his constitution could n't stand that treatment.

"I understand," I said, "Orientalism does not agree with some constitutions. I will try something that appeals to ancestral feelings."

"I then arranged a set of daily exercises. It was based on the principle of a well-known teacher of longevity, who advises that we masticate our food diligently till it disappears through involuntary swallowing. I directed the patient to fix his mind on the price of his favorite stock, at the same time reading aloud a chapter of Ossian. He was to keep this up till the thought of the stock disappeared through involuntary inattention.

"The cure is slow, but is progressing. I began by giving the patient as a thought to hold, the price of a hundred shares in New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. He was to hold the

thought as he paced his room, inhaling deeply and reading, —

"A tale of the days of old, the deeds of the days of other years.

"From the wood-skirted fields of Lego ascend the gray-bosomed mists. Wide over Lora's stream is poured the vapor dark and deep. The spirit of all the winds strides from blast to blast, in the stormy night. A sound comes from the desert. It is Conar, King of Innis-fail. His ghost sat on a gray ridge of smoke."

"That is a queer thing for him to sit on," said my patient.

"I was greatly encouraged by this remark. He had got his mind off the stock. The cure was working. "Keep your eye on the ghost," I said. "There he is — with bending eyes and dark winding locks of mist."

"After half an hour of rhythmic chanting, I found that his anxieties about the stock market had evaporated in an Ossianic mist, leaving his mind quite cool and composed. Yesterday when I made a professional call, I found him reciting the praise of Tel. & Tel.

"Dreams descended on Larthon, he saw seven spirits of his fathers. Son of Alpin, strike the string. Is there aught of joy in the harp? Pour it on the soul of Ossian. Green thorn of the hill of ghosts, that shakest thy head to nightly winds! Dost thou touch the shadowy harp robed with morning mists, when the rustling sun comes forth from his green-headed waves?"

"He said he did n't have the slightest idea what it all meant, but he felt better for reciting it. He saw that he had been starved for this sort of thing. There was something misty and moist about the words. He liked the feel of them. If I had n't prescribed Ossian, he might have taken to Futurism. Shadowy harps, and green-headed waves, and ghosts sitting on a gray ridge of smoke were just the thoughts

he needed. They made the business world seem so much less uncertain.

'After that, I had a little talk about mental hygiene. "What you said about the moist feeling of the words is very true. In these days of artificial heating and artificial lighting, we keep our minds too dry. We ought to have a spiritual hygrometer and consult it. While our consciousness may be all right, our sub-consciousness suffers from the lack of humidity in our mental atmosphere. You know that our ancestors were people of the mists."'

Bagster expounded the theory of literary antitoxins. 'Each age has,' he said, 'its peculiar malady. There is one point on which everybody is abnormal. There is a general obsession which affects all classes. For a time, everybody thinks and feels in a certain way — and everybody is wrong. The general obsession may be witchcraft, or religious persecution, or war, or the notion that we can get something for nothing. Whatever the notion is, everybody has it.

'Ordinary minds succumb to the epidemic. Unusually strong minds overcome the toxic elements of the time and recover. In their resistance they produce more antitoxin than they need for themselves. This can be used for the benefit of others.

'Thackeray could not have written the *Book of Snobs* if snobbery had not been a malady of his time which it required a special effort on his part to overcome.

'Plutarch's *Lives* is a powerful antitoxin for the evils of imperialism. But Plutarch lived when the Roman Empire was at its height. Plutarch's men were not the men he saw around him. They stood for the stern republican virtues which were most opposed to the tendencies of his age. One great use of the antitoxins is in the treatment of various forms of bigotry.'

Bagster showed me a cabinet over which he had inscribed the prayer of Father Taylor, 'O Lord, save us from bigotry and bad rum. Thou knowest which is worse.'

He had shelves labeled Catholic Bigotry, Protestant Bigotry, Conservative Bigotry, Progressive Bigotry and the like. 'When I first began to treat cases of this kind I tried to introduce the patient to some excellent person of the opposing party or sect, thinking thus to counteract the unfavorable impression that had been formed. But I soon found that this treatment was based on a mistake and only aggravated the symptoms. A bigot is defined as one who is illiberally attached to an opinion, system, or organization. His trouble is, not that he is attached to an opinion, but only that he is illiberally attached. My aim, therefore, is to make him liberally attached. To that end I try to make him acquainted with the actual thoughts of the best men of his own party and to show him that his inherited opinions are much more reasonable than he had supposed. After I have got my patient to recognize the best in his own party, I then introduce him to the same kind of person in another party. At least that is my plan.'

'As a matter of fact,' I asked, 'do you have many patients who come to be cured of their intolerance?'

'No,' said Bagster, 'people seldom come to a physician unless their disease causes them pain. Now, intolerance causes no pain to the intolerant person. It is the other fellow who suffers.'

'And I suppose it is the other fellow who complains?'

'Yes, generally,' said Bagster. 'The fact is that most persons prefer the toxins in their system to the antitoxins. Before you can do much for them, you must overcome their prejudices.'

'But in this case the prejudice is the disease.'

'Yes, and the getting them to see it is the treatment.'

Just at this moment Bagster was called away by a patient who had taken an overdose of war literature. I was sorry, because I wished to discuss with him books which are at the same time stimulants and sedatives. They put new life into us and then set the life pulse strong but slow.

Emerson says, —

That book is good
Which puts me in a working mood.
Unless to thought is added will
Apollo is an imbecile.

The book which puts us in a working mood is one which we are never able to read through. We start to read it and it puts us in a mood to do something else. We cannot sit poring over the printed page when our work seems suddenly so interesting and well worth while. So we go about our work with a new zest.

This seems very ungrateful; but when our working mood has exhausted itself, we return to our energizing volume with that kind of gratitude which has been defined as 'the lively expectation of favors to come.'

WAR AND HUMAN PROGRESS

BY JAMES BRYCE

I

THOSE who have studied the general principles that guide human conduct and the working out of these principles as recorded in history have noted two main streams of tendency. One of these tendencies shows itself in the power of Reason and of those higher and gentler altruistic emotions which the development of Reason as the guide of life tends to evoke and foster. The other tendency is associated with the less rational elements in man — with passion and the self-regarding impulses which naturally attain their ends by physical violence.

Thus two schools of philosophical thinkers or historians have been formed. One lays stress on the power of the former set of tendencies. It finds in them the chief sources of human pro-

gress in the past, and expects from them its further progress in the future. It regards man as capable of a continual advance through the increasing influence of reason and sympathy. It dwells on the ideas of Justice and Right as the chief factors in the amelioration of society, and therefore regards good-will and peace as the goal of human endeavor in the sphere both of national and of international life. Its faith in human nature — that is to say, in the possibility of improving human nature — makes it hopeful for the ordinary man, who may, in its view, be brought by education, and under a régime of beneficence, to a higher level than he has yet anywhere attained.

The other school is less sanguine. It insists on the power of selfishness and of passion, holding these to be elements in human action which can never be

greatly refined or restrained, either by reason or by sympathy. Social order — so it holds — can be secured only by Force, and Right itself is created only by Force. It is past force that has made what men call Right and Law and Government; it is Force and Force alone that sustains the social structure. The average man needs discipline; and the best thing he can do is to submit to the strong man — strength, of course, consisting not only in physical capacity, but in a superiority of will and intellect also. This school, which used to defend slavery as useful and, indeed, necessary, — the older among us can remember a time when that ancient, time-honored institution was still so defended, — prefers the rule of the superior One or Few, monarchy or oligarchy, to the rule of the Many. Quite consistently, it has usually regarded war as a necessary and valuable form of discipline, because war is the final embodiment and test of physical force.

This opposition can be traced a long way back. It is already visible in the days of Plato, who combats the teaching of some of the Sophists that Justice is merely the advantage of the strong. From his time onward great philosophical schools followed his lead. The poets, from Hesiod onward, gave an ideal expression to the love of peace in their pictures of a Golden Age before the use of copper and iron had been discovered. Virgil describes the primeval *Saturnia Regna*, the time before war trumpets were blown or the anvil sounded under the strokes of the sword-smith's hammer, —

*Needum etiam audierant inflari classica, needum
Impositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.*

This was the happy time of man, to which the Roman poet who acclaimed the restoration of peace by Augustus looked back, desiring a rest from the unending strife of the ancient world. Just after Virgil's day, Christianity

proclaimed peace as its message to all mankind. Twelve hundred years later, in an age full of strife, Dante, the most imaginative mind of the Middle Ages, hoped for peace from the universal sway of a pious and disinterested Emperor; and, nearly six hundred years after him, in the days of Frederick the Great of Prussia, Immanuel Kant, the greatest metaphysician of the modern world, produced his plan for the establishment of an everlasting peace.

These hopes and teachings of poets and philosophers, though they had little power in the world of fact (for few rulers or statesmen, even of those who rendered lip-service to pacific principles, ever tried to apply them to practice), continued to prevail in the world of theory, and seemed, especially after the final extinction of slavery fifty years ago and the spread of democracy from America to Europe, to be passing into the category of generally accepted truths.

Latterly, however, there has come a noteworthy reaction. A school of thinkers has arisen which, not content with maintaining war to be a necessary factor in the relations between states, as being the only ultimately available method of settling their disputes, declares it to be a method in itself wholesome and socially valuable. To these thinkers it is not an inevitable evil, but a positive good — a thing not merely to be expected and excused, but to be desired for the benefits it confers on mankind. This school challenges the assumptions of the lovers of peace and denounces their projects of disarmament and arbitration as pernicious. War, it seems, is a medicine which human society needs, and which must be administered at frequent intervals; for it is the only tonic capable of bracing up the character of a nation.

Such doctrines are a natural result of the system of thought which exalts

the functions and proclaims the supremacy of the State. The State stands by Power. The State is Power. Its power rests upon force. By force it keeps order and executes the law within its limits. Outside its limits there is no law, but only force. Neither is there any morality. The State is a law unto itself, and owes no duty to other states. Self-preservation is the principle of its being. Its Might is Right, the only possible Right. War, or the threat of war, is the sole means by which the State can make its will prevail against other states; and where its interest requires war, to war it must resort, reckless of the so-called rights of others.

This modern doctrine, or rather this modernized and developed form of an old doctrine, bases itself on two main arguments. One is drawn from the realm of animated nature, the other from history. Both lines of argument are meant to show that all progress is achieved by strife. Among animals and plants, it is Natural Selection and the Struggle for Life that have evolved the higher forms from the lower, destroying the weaker species, and replacing them by the stronger. Among men, it is the same process of unending conflict that has enabled the higher races and the more civilized States to overcome the lower and less advanced, either extinguishing them altogether, or absorbing them and imposing upon such of them as remain, the more perfect type of the conquerors.

The theory I am describing has, in these latest years, acquired for us a more than theoretical interest. It has passed out of the world of thought into the world of action, becoming a potent factor in the relations of states. It has been used to justify, not merely war itself, but methods of warfare till recently unheard of — methods which, though defended as promoting human progress, threaten to carry us back into the

ages of barbarism. It deserves to be carefully examined, so that we may see upon what foundations it rests. I propose to consider briefly the two lines of argument just referred to, which may be called the biological and the historical.

II

Never yet was a doctrine adopted for one set of reasons which its advocates could not somehow contrive to support by other reasons. In the Middle Ages men generally resorted to the Bible, never failing to find a text which they could so interpret as to justify their views or their acts. Pope Gregory the Seventh, perhaps the most striking figure of the eleventh century, proved to the men of his time that his own spiritual power was superior to the secular power by citing that passage in the Book of Genesis which says that the sun was created to rule the day and the moon to rule the night. The reader may not see the connection, but his contemporaries did. The sun was the Poppedom and the moon was the Empire. In our own time — I am old enough to remember the fact, and the reader will find it referred to in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (which I hope is still read, for its appearance was a great event in history) — the apologists of Negro slavery justified that 'peculiar institution' by quoting the passage in Genesis where Noah prophesies that Ham, or rather Canaan the son of Ham, shall serve his elder brother Shem. In the then current biblical ethnography, Ham was the progenitor of the black races of Africa, and the fact that even that ethnography did not make Shem the progenitor of the Anglo-American race was passed over. This argument had no great currency outside the slave states. But another book besides the Bible was open, and to that also an appeal was made: the Book of Nature.

It was frequently alleged by the defenders of slavery in Europe as well as in America, that the Negro was not really a man, but one of the higher apes, and certain points from his bone-structure were adduced to prove this thesis.

Less use is made of Scripture now for political purposes than in the days of Gregory the Seventh or even in those of Jefferson Davis. But attempts to press science into the service of politics are not unknown in our generation, so we must not be surprised that a nation which is nothing if not scientific should have sought and found in what is called the Darwinian doctrine of Natural Selection a proof of their view that the elimination of the weak by the strong is a principle of universal potency, the method by which progress is attained in the social and political no less than in the natural sphere.

Their argument has been stated thus: the geological record shows that more highly developed forms have been through countless ages evolved from forms simpler and more rudimentary. Cryptogamous plants — lichens, mosses, ferns — come first, and out of these the phanerogamous were developed. Animal life began with zoöphytes and molluscs; serpents and birds followed; then came the mammalia, these culminating in Man. Some species disappeared and were replaced in the perpetual struggle for existence by others that had proved themselves stronger. Every species fights to maintain itself against the others; there is not room enough for all; the weak disappear, the stronger prevail. So the earlier forms of man himself have succumbed to others superior in strength; and among these latter some races have shown a greater capacity, physical and mental, and have either displaced the weaker, or exterminated them, or conquered them, sometimes enslaving them, sometimes absorbing them. When the con-

quered survive, they receive the impress of the conqueror and are conformed to his more perfect type. Thus the white man has prevailed against the colored man. Thus the Teuton is prevailing against the Slav and the Celt, and is indeed fitted by his higher gift for intellectually creative, as well as practical organization to be the Lord of the World, as the lion is lord of the forest and the eagle lord of the air.

As progress in the animal creation is effected by a strife in which the animal organisms possessing most force prevail and endure, so progress in the political world comes through conflicts in which the strongest social organisms, that is, the states best equipped for war, prove themselves able to overcome the weaker. Without war this victory of the best cannot come about. Hence, war is a main cause of progress.

Lest this summary should misrepresent the view I am endeavoring to state, — and it is not easy to state it correctly, for there lurks in it some mental confusion, — I will cite a few passages from one of its exponents, who puts it in a crudely brief form convenient for quotation. Others have probably stated it better, but all that need be done here is to show how some, at least, of those who hold it have expressed themselves.

‘Wherever we look in Nature we find that war is a fundamental law of development. This great verity, which has been recognized in past ages, has been convincingly demonstrated in modern times by Charles Darwin. He proved that Nature is ruled by an unceasing struggle for existence, by the right of the stronger, and that this struggle in its apparent cruelty brings about a selection eliminating the weak and the unwholesome.’

‘The natural law to which all the laws of nature can be reduced is the law of struggle.’

'From the first beginning of life, war has been the basis of all healthy development. Struggle is not merely the destructive, but the life-giving principle. The law of the stronger holds good everywhere. Those forms survive which are able to secure for themselves the most favorable conditions of life. The weaker succumb.'

Now, let us examine this so-called argument from the biological world and see whether or how far it supports the thesis that the law of progress through strife is a universal law, applicable to human communities as well as to animals and plants.

Several objections present themselves. First, this theory is an attempt to apply what are called natural laws to a sphere unlike that of external nature. The facts we study in the external world are wholly different from those we study in human society. There are in that society certain generally observable sequences of phenomena which we popularly call laws of social development: that is, individual men and communities of men show certain recurrent tendencies which may be compared with the recurrent sequences in the behavior of inanimate substances and in the animated creation. But the human or social sequences have not that uniformity, that generality, that capacity for being counted or measured, and thereby expressed in precise and unvarying terms, which belong to things in the world of external nature. Oxygen and sulphur always and everywhere behave (so far as we know) in exactly the same way when the conditions are exactly the same. Every oak tree and every apple tree, however different the individuals of the species may be in size, grow in the same way, and the laws of their growth can be so stated as to be applicable to all members of the species. But we cannot do more than conjecture, with more or less con-

fidence, but never with certainty of prediction, how any given man or any given community of men will behave under any given set of conditions.

The human body no doubt consists of tissues, and the tissues of cells. But each individual in the species *Homo Sapiens Europæus* has, when considered as a human being, something peculiar to himself which is not and cannot be completely known or measured. His action is due to so many complex and hidden causes, and is therefore so incalculable by any scientific apparatus; he is played, upon by so many forces whose presence and strength no qualitative or quantitative analysis can determine, that both his thoughts and his conduct are practically unpredictable. That which we call a general scientific law is therefore totally different from what it is in the world of external nature. Considerations drawn from that world are therefore, when applied to man, not arguments but, at best, mere analogies, sometimes suggestive as indicating lines of inquiry, but never approaching the character of exact science.

Secondly, that which is called the Darwinian principle of Natural Selection is a matter still in controversy among scientific men. A distinguished zoölogist, for instance, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, whose little book entitled *Evolution and the War* may be commended as full of interest and instruction, pronounces the principle to be only a highly probable hypothesis regarding the process by which the evolution of species has taken place, but still no more, as yet, than a hypothesis. The methods by which natural selection takes place are uncertain. Higher and more complex forms do certainly come out of lower and simpler forms; and the adaptability to environment would seem to be an extremely important factor in their development. More than that — so one gathers from

the biologists — one is not entitled to assert.

Thirdly, the Struggle for Life in the Darwinian sense is not so much a combat between species as a combat between individuals of the same species, which, like the seeds of plants, dispute the same bit of soil, or, like the carnivorous animals, feed on the same creatures and find there is not enough to go round. In the animal world we find nothing really like the wars of human tribes or states. Tigers or other bellicose animals do not fight either with other tigers or with such other feline tribes as leopards. Individuals may fight in those occasional cases where the possession of the same female is disputed by two males; but groups do not fight each other. Tigers kill antelopes for food; they have no impulse to dominate or to extirpate, but only to support their own life. If zoölogy furnishes any analogy to the contests of nations, it is to be found, not in the clash of Teutonic and Slavonic armies, but where there is an appropriation, by individuals possessing superior industry and skill, of the means of livelihood and opportunities for amassing wealth which trade and civilized finance offer to all alike who will address themselves to the task. Here is not war, but a competition for means of livelihood.

Fourthly, the supersession of one species by another is certainly not effected, in the external world, by fighting, but apparently by the adaptation to its environment of the species which ultimately survives. Where an oceanic island like Hawaii is overrun by new species of plants whose seeds, or seedlings, are brought from another country, what happens is that some of the new species thus introduced find in the isle an environment of soil and climate which suits them so well that they multiply and crowd out, by their natural

growth in the soil, the weaker of the native species established there, till at last a mixed flora results, representing both the old natives and other species from elsewhere. In 1883, when I saw it, Hawaii had thrice been thus overrun. You may see a somewhat similar process where the turf has been cut off a piece of land, leaving it bare for seeds to settle on. Various species appear, some perhaps hardly known before in the neighborhood; but after some years a few will be found in possession. Here we have a phenomenon to which there are parallels in the rapid growth of some trees in certain sections and the displacement of others. But there is nothing like this in human war. And on the other hand there is in the animal world no parallel to the fundamental fact that in human warfare it is not the weaker but the stronger part of the population that is drawn away to perish on the battle-field.

Fifthly, we must note in this connection two other important factors in the extension and decline of species. One of them is liability to disease. The other is fecundity. Here an analogy between plants and animals, on the one hand, and the races or sub-races of mankind, may no doubt be traced. But there is here no conflict: the causes which make some species more susceptible to maladies than others, or make some more prolific than others, exist everywhere in animated nature. But they exist in the species, or race, being due to something in its peculiar constitution. They have nothing to do with conflict between one species, or one race, and another species or race. That these physical factors have more to do with the numerical strength of a species than has its capacity for fighting, when we compare the diffusion of some predatory with many non-predatory species, is so clear that it is not worth while to adduce instances. It may be noted,

however, that in some of the most advanced races of man the birth-rate is so much lower than in the backward races as to threaten the ultimate supremacy of the former.

These considerations, which I have been obliged to state only in outline, seem sufficient to show how hollow is the argument which recommends war as the general law of the universe and a main cause of progress in the human as well as the natural world. It is not an argument at all, but an analogy, and an imperfect one at that. Let me add that the view which regards war as a useful factor in human development had no support from Darwin himself. So far from considering war a cause of progress, he wrote, in the *Origin of Species*, 'In every country in which a large standing army is kept up, the finest young men are taken by conscription or enlisted. They are thus exposed to early death during war, are often tempted into vice, and are prevented from marrying during the prime of life. On the other hand, the shorter and feebler men, with poor constitutions, are left at home, and consequently have a much better chance of marrying.'

III

So much for the first set of grounds on which the war theorists rely. Let us turn to the second, that is to say, the argument from history. It is alleged that the record of all that man has done and suffered is largely a record of constant strife—a fact undeniably true—and that thereby the races and nations and states which are now able to do most for the further advance of mankind have prevailed. They have prevailed by war; war therefore has been the means, and the necessary means, of that predominance which has enabled them to civilize the best parts of the globe.

Before beginning this part of the in-

quiry, let us see what progress means. It is a term which covers several quite different things.

There is Material progress, by which I understand an increase in wealth, that is, in the commodities useful to man, which give him health, strength, and longer life, and make his life easier, providing more comfort and more leisure, and thus enabling him to be more physically efficient, and to escape from that pressure of want which hampers the development of his whole nature.

There is Intellectual progress—an increase in knowledge, a greater abundance of ideas, the training to think and think correctly, the growth in capacity for dealing with practical problems, the cultivation of the power to enjoy the exercise of thought and the pleasures of letters and art.

There is Moral progress—a thing harder to define, but which includes the development of those emotions and habits which make for happiness—contentment and tranquillity of mind; the absence of the more purely animal and therefore degrading vices (such as intemperance and sensuality in all its other forms); the control of the violent passions; good-will and kindness toward others—all the things which fall within the philosophical conception of a life guided by right reason. People have different ideas of what constitutes happiness and virtue, but these things are at any rate included in every such conception.

A further preliminary question arises. Is human progress to be estimated in respect to the point to which it raises the few who have high mental gifts and the opportunity of obtaining an education fitting them for intellectual enjoyment and intellectual vocations, or is it to be measured by the amount of its extension to and diffusion through each nation, meaning the nation as a whole—the average men as well as

the superior spirits? You may sacrifice either the many to the few, — as was done by slavery, — or the few to the many, or the advance may be general and proportionate in all classes.

Again, when we think of progress, are we to think of the world as a whole, or only of the stronger and more capable races and states? If the stronger rise upon the prostrate bodies of the weaker, is this clear gain to the world, because the stronger will ultimately do more for the world, or is the loss and suffering of the weaker to be brought into the account? I do not attempt to discuss these questions; it is enough to note them as fit to be remembered; for perhaps all three kinds of progress ought to be differently judged if a few leading nations only are to be regarded, or if we are to think of all mankind.

Now let us address ourselves to history. Does history show that progress has come more through and by war or through and by peace? It would be tedious to pursue an examination of the question down through the annals of mankind from the days when authentic records begin; but we may take a few of those salient instances to which the advocates of the war doctrine and those of the peace doctrine would appeal as sustaining their respective theses. Let us divide these instances into four classes, as follows:

(1) Instances cited to show that War promotes Progress.

(2) Instances cited to show that Peace has failed to promote Progress.

(3) Instances cited to show that War has failed to promote Progress.

(4) Instances cited to show that Peace promotes Progress.

I begin with the cases in which war is alleged to have been the cause of progress.

It is undeniable that war has often been accompanied by an advance in civilization. If we were to look for pro-

gress only in times of peace there would have been little progress to discover, for mankind has lived in a state of practically permanent warfare. The Egyptian and Assyrian monarchs were always fighting. The author of the Book of Kings speaks of spring as the time when kings go forth to war, much as we should speak of autumn as the time when men go forth to shoot deer. Πόλεμος φύσει υπάρχει πρὸς ἀπάσας τὰς πόλεις,¹ said Plato. The fact has been hardly less true since his day, though latterly men have become accustomed to think of peace as the normal, war as the abnormal or exceptional, relation of states to one another. In the ancient world, as late as the days of Roman conquest, a state of peace was the rare exception among civilized states as well as barbarous tribes. But Carthage, like her Phœnician mother-city, went on building up a mighty commerce till Rome smote her down, and the Hellenic people, in its many warring cities, went on producing noble poems and profound philosophical speculations, and rearing majestic temples and adorning them with incomparable works of sculpture, in the intervals of their fighting with their neighbors of the same and other races. The case of the Greeks proves that War and Progress are compatible. Whoever visits Sicily and the coasts of the Ægean cannot but be struck by the thought that it was in the midst of warfare that the majestic buildings of these regions were erected at enormous cost.

The case of Rome is still more often dwelt upon. Her material greatness was due to the conquests which made her mistress of the world. She also achieved intellectual greatness in her poets and orators and jurists, and by her literature and her laws contributed immensely to the progress of man-

¹ War is the natural relation of states to one another.

kind. How far are these achievements to be credited to that long course of conquest?

The Temple of Janus had stood open as a sign of war for two hundred years, when it was closed by Augustus in B.C. 29 to indicate the general peace he had established. The spirit of the Roman people was sustained at a high level by military triumphs, as discipline and the capacity for organization and united national action were also engendered and sustained. But it is to be noted that, although the Romans had shown great political intelligence in creating and working their curiously complex constitution, their literary production attained no high level until Hellenic influences had worked upon it. To these influences, more than to any material causes, its excellence is due. Nor did the creative epoch last long. War continued; but production declined both in letters and in art after the days of the great warrior Trajan, though there was more fighting than ever. The waning strength of the Empire, as well as the economic decay of Italy, has been justly attributed in large measure to the exhaustion by warfare of the old Italian stock.

In the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when civilization had greatly advanced in southern and western Europe, the phenomena of ancient Greece were repeated. Incessant wars between the cities of Italy did not prevent the growth of a brilliant literature and an even more brilliant art. It is, however, to be noted that, while the fighting was universal, the literature was confined to comparatively few centres, and there were places like the Neapolitan South, in which high artistic talent was rare. There is nothing in Italian history to show any causal connection between intellectual activity and the practice of war. The same may be said of France.

The best work in literature and art was done in a time of comparative tranquillity under Louis XIV, not in the more troubled days of the Hundred Years' War with England and of the religious wars of the sixteenth century.

The capital instance of the association of war with the growth and greatness of a state is found in Prussia. One may say that her history is the source of the whole thesis and the basis of the whole argument. It is a case of what, in the days when I learned logic at the University of Oxford, we used to call the induction from a single instance. Prussia, then a small state, began her upward march under the warlike and successful prince whom her people call the Great Elector. Her next long step to greatness was taken by Frederick II, again by favor of successful warfare, though doubtless also by means of a highly organized, and, for those days, very efficient administration. Voltaire said of Frederick's Prussia that its trade was war. Another war added to her territory in 1814-15. Three successful wars — those of 1864, 1866, and 1870-71 — made her the nucleus of a united German nation and the leading military power of the Old World.

Ever since those victories her industrial production, her commerce, and her wealth, have rapidly increased, while at the same time scientific research has been prosecuted with the greatest vigor and on a scale unprecedentedly large. These things were no doubt achieved during a peace of forty-three years. But it was what one may call a belligerent peace, full of thoughts of war and preparations for war. There is no denying that the national spirit has been carried to a high point of pride, energy, and self-confidence, which have stimulated effort in all directions and secured extraordinary efficiency in civil as well as in military administration. Here, then, is an instance in which a

state has grown by war and a people has been energized by war.

But before drawing any conclusions from this solitary instance three questions must be asked:—

Will the present conflict be attended by such a success as to lead the Prussian people to approve the policy which this war spirit has inspired?

Even supposing that the nation is not defeated and humbled in the struggle, may not its material prosperity be thrown back and its internal tranquillity impaired?

May not the national character turn out to have suffered a declension which it will take long to cure?

Results cannot be judged at the moment. What people was ever prouder of its world-dominion than the Romans at the time of Augustus? Yet the seeds of decline were already sown. Within two generations, men like Tacitus had begun to note the signs of a slowly approaching dissolution, and within two centuries the dissolution was at hand. To this it may be added that the advance of any single state by violent methods may involve greater harm to the world than the benefits which that state expects to gain, or than those which it proposes to confer upon its neighbors by imposing its civilization upon them.

I pass to another set of cases, those in which it is argued that the absence of war has meant the absence of progress. Such cases are rare, because so few countries have enjoyed, or had the chance of suffering from, periods of long peace. Two, however, may be referred to. One is supplied by the Spanish dominions in America from the middle of the sixteenth till the beginning of the nineteenth century, when they threw off the yoke of the mother-country. These vast countries, stretching from California to Patagonia, lay lapped in a peace disturbed only by the occasional

raids of Dutch or British sea-rovers, and by skirmishes, rarely severe, with native Indian tribes. The Spanish colonies certainly did stagnate, and made no sensible advance either materially or intellectually. Was peace the cause of their stagnation? It may be easily explained by the facts that they were ruled by a government at once autocratic and incapable, and that they lived so far from the European world of ideas as to be hardly affected by its vivifying influences. Such causes were amply sufficient to arrest progress.

The other case, often cited, is that of China. She is supposed to have become flaccid, feeble, immovably conservative, because her people, long unaccustomed to war, have contracted a pacific temper. In this statement there is some exaggeration, for there has always been a good deal of fighting on the outskirts of the Chinese Empire; and in the Tao Ping insurrection forty years ago millions of men are said to have been killed. It must also be remembered that in Art, at least,—one of the activities in which the Chinese hold a leading place,—there have been frequent changes and some brilliant revivals during the centuries of peace. China reached in comparatively early times a civilization very remarkable on its moral and intellectual as well as on its material side. That her subsequent progress was slow, sometimes hardly discernible, is mainly attributable to her complete isolation, with no nation near her from which she had anything to learn, because the tribes to the south-west and west—tribes constantly occupied in war—were far inferior to her. Lucky has it been for the rest of the world that her three hundred and fifty millions, belonging to a race both physically strong and capable of discipline, have been of a pacific temper, valuing trade and industry, artistic creation and skill in literary composi-

tion, as objects worthier of man than martial prowess.

Whoever travels among the Chinese sees that, peaceful as they are, they are anything but a decadent or exhausted race. Nor is it idle to remark that the Japanese, a really military people, had during many centuries made no more progress than their Chinese teachers, and for the same reason: that they had remained, down to our own time, cut off, by their own wish, from all the stimulating influences which the white races were exerting upon one another.

Next, let us take the cases which show that there have been in many countries long periods of incessant war with no corresponding progress in the things that make civilization. I will not speak of semi-barbarous tribes, among the more advanced of which may be placed the Albanians and the Pathans and the Turkomans, while among the more backward were the North American Indians and the Zulus. But one may cite the case of the civilized regions of Asia under the successors of Alexander, when civilized peoples, distracted by incessant strife, did little for the progress of arts or letters or government, from the death of the great conqueror till they were united under the dominion of Rome and received from her a time of comparative tranquillity.

The Thirty Years' War is an example of long-continued fighting which, far from bringing progress in its train, inflicted injuries on Germany from which she did not recover for nearly two centuries. In recent times, there has been more fighting in South and Central America, since the wars of independence, than in any other civilized countries. Yet can any one say that anything has been gained by the unending civil wars and revolutions, or those scarcely less frequent wars between the several republics, like that

terrible one thirty years ago in which Peru was overcome by Chile? Or look at Mexico. Except during the years when the stern dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz kept order and equipped the country with roads and railways, her people have made no perceptible advance, and stand hardly higher to-day than when they were left to work out their own salvation a hundred years ago. Social and economic conditions have doubtless been against her. All that need be remembered is that warfare has not bettered those conditions, or improved the national character.

Last of all we come to cases in which periods of peace have been attended by an increase in national prosperity and by intellectual development. These periods have been few and generally short, for (as already observed) war has been everywhere the rule and peace the exception. Nevertheless, one may point to instances like that of the comparative order and repose which England enjoyed after the Wars of the Roses. There were some foreign wars under the Tudors; there were brilliant achievements and adventures on the seas. There were some few internal revolts under Elizabeth. But the great bulk of the nation was left free for agriculture and trade and thought. It was the age that produced More and Bacon and Harvey, Sidney and Spenser and Shakespeare. Two similar instances are furnished by the rapid progress of Scotland after the Revolution of 1688-89 gave her internal peace, and the similar progress of Norway from 1814 till our own days. The annals of Switzerland since 1815 and those of Belgium since her creation in 1832 have shown that a peace maintained during two generations is compatible, not only with the rapid growth of industrial prosperity, but also with the preservation of a courageous and patriotic spirit, ready to face the dangers of war.

IV

If this hasty historical survey has, as I frankly admit, given us few positive and definite results, the reason is plain. Human progress is affected by so many conditions besides the presence or absence of fighting that it is impossible in any given case to pronounce that it has been chiefly due either to war or to peace. Two conclusions, however, we may claim to have reached, though they are rather negative than positive. One is that war does not necessarily arrest progress. Peoples may advance in thought, literature, and art while they are fighting. The other is that war cannot be shown to have been a cause of progress in anything except the wealth or power of a state which extends its dominions by conquest or draws tribute from the vanquished.

In those cases, however, where the victorious state has gained materially, there are two other things to be considered. One is the possible loss to the victorious state of the good-will of other nations who may reprobate its methods or fear its aggressive tendencies. Another is the political injury it may suffer by sacrificing, as usually happens with military states, its domestic freedom to its achievements in war, or the moral injury which the predominance of warlike ideals is apt to bring to national character. And if we extend our view to take in the general gain or loss to world-progress, the benefits reaped by the victorious state may be more than counterbalanced by the harm inflicted on the vanquished. When the Macedonian kings destroyed the freedom of Greece, did not mankind lose far more than Macedon gained?

The weakness of the argument which recommends and justifies war by the suggestion that it is by war that the foremost races and states have established their position may be very brief-

ly stated. War has been practically universal. All the races and states have fought, some better, some worse. The best fighters have not always succeeded, for they may have been fewer in number. There is no necessary connection between fighting quality and intellectual quality. True it is that some of the intellectually gifted peoples have also been warlike peoples. The Greeks were; so are the French and the Germans. But the Turks, who are good fighters, are good for nothing else; and the dull Spartans fought better on land, at least, than the bright Athenians. Where the gift for fighting goes with the gift for thought, the success achieved by the intellectual race in war is not a result but a symptom, an indication or evidence of an exceptional natural force. Those races and states that are now in the front rank of civilization have shown their capacity in many other fields besides that of war. All that can safely be said to be proved by history is that a race which cannot fight or will not fight when a proper occasion arises, as, for instance, when it has to vindicate its independence, is likely to go down, and be subjected or absorbed. Yet the fact that a state is subjected or absorbed does not prove its inferiority. There is no poetical justice in history. The highly gifted race may be small, like Israel, or too much divided to maintain itself, like the Hellenes of antiquity. From 1490 to 1560 Italy was the prey of foreign invaders; but she was doing more for human progress in art and letters than all the other European nations put together.

So far, then, our inquiry has shown two things. One is the worthlessness of the biological analogy — for it is only an analogy — between animated nature and human society, based upon what is called the Struggle for Life and the Survival of the Fittest. The other is

the weakness of the arguments drawn from history to prove war necessary to progress.

v

Let us now, in conclusion, try to approach the question in another way. Let us ask what are the consequences which seem naturally to flow from the devotion to war of a nation's gifts and powers, whether physical or intellectual. Reverting to the distinction already drawn between Material, Intellectual, and Moral progress, let us see what are the consequences to be expected in each of these spheres from that process of killing an enemy and capturing or destroying his property which we call war, and how far they will make for the general progress of mankind?

Materially regarded, war is destruction. It is the destruction of those who are killed, and the reduction of the physical working power of the combatants who survive, by maiming or disease. It is thus a diminution of the wealth-producing capacity of the combatant nations, whether they be victors or vanquished. It is also the destruction of articles of value, such as crops, railways, bridges and other buildings, and the contents of buildings, including works of art and libraries. It is an interruption of international trade as well as of production, and therefore a cutting-off, for the time being, of that other source of gain which consists in an exchange of commodities produced better or more cheaply in one country than they can be in another. It involves a further lessening of wealth by the withdrawal from their productive activities of a large number of workers, not only during the actual fighting, but during the time spent in being trained to fight. All these results mean waste of resources and the impoverishment of a nation, with a corresponding shock to its credit.

Against these losses there may be set, in the case of a conquering country, what it acquires by seizure of property, annexation of territory, levying of contributions and of indemnities, although these forcibly gotten gains do not always prosper. There may also be new openings to foreign trade, and victory may evoke an enterprising spirit which will push that trade with new vigor. But such possible indirect benefits are usually far outweighed by the direct loss.

Another loss is also to be considered in estimating the effects of war on a nation — not only the diminution of the population by death in battle, but also the reduced vigor and efficiency of the next generation. Those who are killed are presumably the strongest and healthiest men, for it is these who are the first to be drafted into the fighting forces; and it is the best regiments that suffer most, because they are selected for the most critical and perilous enterprises. Thus, that part of the nation which is best fitted to have a vigorous progeny perishes, and the births of children during, and long after, the war will be chiefly from a male parent-hood of a quality below that of the average as it stood before the war. The physique of the French people is said to have suffered palpably from the tremendous drain of the strongest men into the armies of the Revolution and of Napoleon.

In the sphere of intellectual life, the obvious effect of war is to turn the thoughts of a large part of the nation toward military and naval topics. Inventors busy themselves with those physical and chemical researches which promise results profitable for war. Such researches may incidentally lead to discoveries of value in other fields, just as the practice of military surgery in the field may advance surgical science in general. But the main effect

must be to distract from pure science, and from the applications of science to industry, minds that might have done better work for the world in those fields of activity. In general, the thoughts of a people that delights in war will be occupied with material considerations; and while the things of the body will be prized, the things of the mind will be disparaged, save in so far as they make for military success. A fighting caste will be formed, imposing its peculiar ideals on the people; the standards of value will become more and more practical, and the interest in pure truth and in thought and art for their own sake may decline.

These are conditions not favorable to progress in the higher forms of literary or scientific work. Against them is to be set that stimulus which a great war is held to give to the whole life of a people. When it rouses them to the maximum of effort, and gives them the strongest consciousness of national unity, it may also — so we hear it argued — invigorate them for intellectual creation. It would be rash to deny this possibility, but no one seems to have succeeded in tracing any causal relation between war and the production of great work in art and letters. They have often coincided, but each has often appeared without the other.

As respects the ethical side of life, soldiering and the preparation for soldiering produce a type of character marked by discipline and the habit of obedience. The Spartans were in the ancient world the example of a people who excelled in these qualities, uniting to them, however, an equally marked insensibility to the charms of poetry and art. They produced no literature, and seemed to value none except martial songs. Discipline is valuable, but it implies some loss of individuality; obedience is useful, but (except with the highly intelligent) it involves some

loss of initiative. If it increases physical courage, it may depress that moral courage which recognizes allegiance to Right rather than to the Might of the state. War gives opportunities for the display, by those serving in the field, of some exalted virtues, as courage, self-sacrifice, devotion to the common cause. So, likewise, does religious persecution. Tennyson, writing his *Maud* at the beginning of the Crimean War, seems to have expected these virtues to be evoked by that war, to pervade the whole people, and to effect a moral regeneration of Britain. Did that happen? And if it happened, did it endure? Did it happen in other countries where it was expected, as, for instance, in the United States after the Civil War? Is such regeneration a natural fruit of war?

The courage and the patriotism of those who fight are splendid, but we have to think of the nation as a whole, non-combatants as well as combatants. May not much depend on the causes which have brought about an appeal to arms and the motives which inspire the combatants? A war of oppression, stimulated by national pride and ambition, may have a different moral effect from one that is undertaken to repel a wanton attack, to defend an innocent neutral state, to save peaceful peoples from a danger to their liberties, and protect the whole world from a menace to the sacred principles of justice and humanity.

Believing the war we are now waging to be such a war, we cannot but hope that the unspeakable sufferings and sorrows it has brought to nearly every home in Britain may be largely compensated by a purifying of the heart, an increased spirit of self-sacrifice, and a raising of our national and personal ideals.

On a review of the whole matter, it will appear that war, since it is de-

struction, does not increase, but reduces, national wealth, and therefore cannot be a direct cause of material progress. As it exalts physical strength and the principle of Force as against the mind and the love of truth and the pleasures of thought and knowledge, war, except so far as the particular department of military science is concerned, cannot be deemed a cause of intellectual progress. As it depresses the individual and exalts the State, the thing we call Militarism places the conception of Might above that of Right, and creates a type of character in which the harsher, and what one may call the heathen, virtues are exalted above those which the Gospel has taught and through which the moral elevation of the world has been secured.

What, then, are the causes to which the progress of mankind is due? It is due partly, no doubt, if not to strife, to competition. But chiefly to thought, which, as we have seen, is more often hindered than helped by war. It is the races that know how to think, rather than the far more numerous races that excel in fighting rather than in thinking, that have led the world. Thought, in the form of invention and inquiry, has given us those improvements in the arts of life and in the knowledge of nature by which material progress and comfort have been obtained. Thought has produced literature, philosophy, art, and (when intensified by emotion) religion — all the things that make life worth living. Now, the thought of any people is most active when it is brought into contact with the thought of an-

other, because each is apt to lose its variety and freedom of play when it has worked too long upon familiar lines and flowed too long in the channels it has deepened. Hence, isolation retards progress, while intercourse quickens it.

The great creative epochs have been those in which one people of natural vigor received an intellectual impulse from the ideas of another, as happened when Greek culture began to penetrate Italy, and, thirteen centuries later, when the literature of the ancients began to work on the nations of the mediæval world.

Such contact, with the process of learning which follows from it, may happen in or through war, but it happens far oftener in peace; and it is in peace that men have the time and the taste to profit fully by it. A study of history will show that we may, with an easy conscience, dismiss the theory of Treitschke — that war is a health-giving tonic which Providence must be expected constantly to offer to the human race for its own good. Apart altogether from the hopes we entertain for the victory in this war of a cause which we believe to be just, we may desire in the interests of all mankind that its issue should discredit by defeat a theory which is noxious as well as baseless. The future progress of mankind is to be sought, not through the strifes and hatreds of the nations, but rather by their friendly coöperation in the healing and enlightening works of peace and in the growth of a spirit of friendship and mutual confidence which may remove the causes of war.

THE ACROPOLIS AND GOLGOTHA

BY 'ELIZABETH DUDLEY'

THE following letters contain a true record of a mind's journey.

ATHENS, May 1, 1914.

MY DEAR FRIEND: —

We drove in from Eleusis this afternoon, once more breathlessly watching the Acropolis offer its white and golden marbles to adornment by the setting sun. Our Greek winter is drawing to an end and this was our good-bye visit to the Mysteries. How clear and lucid the beauty of the place seemed to-day, from the brightness of the sea and the firm modeling of the mountains to the bloom of the placated earth! Demeter and Persephone were evidently together in safety, the mystery of the unseen forgotten in the palpable joy of life restored.

On our way back we stopped, of course, at the Convent of Daphne, to make ourselves tea in the sunlit courtyard, and to take one more look at the Byzantine mosaics. I confess that this time they seemed to me quaint bits of the wreckage of mediævalism cast up on the shore of Hellenism. If the mediæval part of Christianity is as inextricable as you say it is, then I will grant you that 'Christian thought' is an outworn system compared with the immortal mind of Greece. As we crossed the bridge over the Cephissus, the Parthenon, which is far more mutilated than the little convent, once more sent abroad from broken colonnades and crumbling pediments the impression that some perennial spirit and undying vitality had, indeed, as Plutarch once

suggested, mingled in its very composition. The Shrine of Wisdom seemed to take up and weld together all the mysticism and all the rationalism of the world.

Was it really ten years ago that I wrote to you after such another journey along the Sacred Way? And ten more still since I last saw you at the little station of Eleusis? You were going back to Patras to take ship for Italy, and we — and those others — had ended an afternoon spent among the ruins by speculating on

'those great nights of Demeter,
Mystical, holy.'

I remember how sure you were that the wilder ideas in the Mysteries, which allowed for the redeeming death of gods and over-stated immortality, were but vagrants in the ordered area of Greek reason and sanity. Somebody older and wiser than I began to appeal to Plato on behalf of Greek transcendentalism, but you retorted that he was only the most disorderly vagabond of them all. Then your train clattered into the toy station, and you held my hand for a moment and said with a kind smile, '*Au revoir, petite savante, ici-bas.*'

But we never have seen each other again and probably never shall. Only an odd accident, you know, led to the annual letters which have spun the leisurely web of intimacy between two travelers so disparate in age and in nationality. You said that the differences in our experience, speech and tradi-

tions were lost in our common pilgrimage to Greece. My youth reminded you of the youth of Hellas, your age embodied for me her store of wisdom.

It is your book which has set me on the trail of these old memories. For when we began our letters you said that, since we knew little of each other's objective lives, we should have to concern ourselves with inner impressions; and now your printed opinions open up the question how the years have treated us in this matter of subjective experience. For one thing, automatically they have made me your equal. When we met, you, at forty-five, had experienced middle age. At sixty-five you are but confirming its revelation. You have yet to come to the fresh experience of old age. So that now, when I am forty-five, I may for a time talk with you eye to eye.

Your twenty years, unless you have misled me, have held no transforming experiences. Joys have but grown more dear and familiar. Sorrows, of a shattering kind, have let you alone. Your work prospers, your fame is assured, your children have grown up to be well in body and mind. All your fruit is ripening in the tranquil sunshine. My years, on the other hand, sweeping me out of the twenties into the forties, have been packed with fresh happenings to heart and head and will. Disaster has been left out of the brew, but almost everything else I have tasted. Perhaps this difference between us — unless it is one of sex — explains why you, in the books you have written lately, deal with philosophies and religions as if they sprang, Athena-like, out of the intellect, while to me they seem the issue of a normal union: if they are begotten of thought they are brought forth in anguish by experience.

In this last book you are interested in Hellenism and Christianity as forms

— or attributes — of 'civilization.' I cannot forget that each of them means the way in which men and women have managed and are managing their diurnal round. You remember, don't you, the delightful story of Plato lecturing one day in the Academy on the Absolute Good and his audience drifting away from him — except one man who was Aristotle? I have often wondered about the different things the other men did that day after they had run away from the Idea! At any rate the complex was as 'Hellenic' as the conversation of the philosophers.

And when one turns to Christianity, — why, the very philosopher who first intellectualized a Way and a Life had himself been born anew of the intensely personal experience of sin and repentance. Do you know Frederic Myers's *Saint Paul*? — ah! there was a 'Greek scholar' who understood a Christian! —

So shall all speech of now and of to-morrow,

All he hath shown me or shall show me yet,
Spring from an infinite and tender sorrow,

Burst from a burning passion of regret.

You, reading history, would be willing to obliterate Christianity and restore Hellenism as a universal ideal. I would rather see them united in each separate life.

Before I explain what I mean by this I must beguile you by some agreement with you in your criticism of 'cardinal' Christian doctrines! You are right, I think, in objecting to the emphasis laid by the church upon a future life. But you seem to me unnecessarily disturbed by a theory. Christians, like the followers of many other faiths, do 'believe' in immortality. In fact, I suspect that only specifically intellectual people actually disbelieve in it — and, with all respect to yourself, I must add that the opinion of intellectualists on the destiny of the spirit fails to hold my attention! The authority of the spiritually

gifted — including both Socrates and St. Francis — is overwhelmingly on the side of the soul being immortal. But does that make any more difference in the life of the flesh to-day than in the time of Alcibiades? Mediæval Christians certainly went mad over heaven and hell; but who now neglects Demeter's green earth for apocalyptic visions? You are depressed by a shadow cast from the printed page. Stop reading and look about at your friends! They are not too startled by the white radiance of eternity to install the latest electric lights!

As to your horror over the Christian 'adoration of suffering,' that seems to me better founded in view of the historic and continued insistence upon the cross as a symbol. I agree with you. I can scarcely express the revulsion which I feel in picture galleries before the endless succession of crucifixions and tortured saints. Until we conquer disease or discard violence there will be physical suffering in the world. But it is a thing to fight against, not to worship. For man to have painted and carved as *beautiful* a racked body seems to me an insult to the God who made straight limbs and fair flesh, and a strange betrayal of the Galilean who wished to heal the suffering of others as long as he lived, and only accepted it for himself as an incidental necessity at the end. *He* had no mediæval disregard for the flesh. The agony in Gethsemane consisted in facing the obligation to offer up a body and a life which were very precious to him. The glory consisted in the sacrifice, not in the temporary torture to which it led. Love, not suffering, is the core of Christianity. A truer symbol than the defeated body on the cross would be the same body strong and beneficent among men.

Here the Periclean sculptor would have done better for us than the medi-

æval painter. But only here. Neither he nor any of his contemporaries could have understood Gethsemane. Their greatness consisted in their selection, out of the prodigal abundance which lies before man, of noble possessions. They were far superior to the Puritans in that they retained art with morals, and they were equally superior to the modern Romanticists in that they picked and chose only such beauty as they believed could be amalgamated with character. Their inferiority to the Christians lay in their failure to hold their treasures in trust for humanity.

And now I come back to my argument against you. We who boast of being the 'heirs of the ages' need not be as limited as you imply. The modern man or woman can combine the Greek ideal of self-development with the Christian ideal of self-dedication. In reality, I am not arguing, but asserting. I know that this union is possible by the only evidence which is admissible — the evidence of a life. I have known for many years one person who unites in a normal experience your grandiose abstractions of Christianity and Hellenism. This person is my mother. Do not take her sex as an obstacle. She is a better example than some famous man might be, because her character is not obscured by public achievement. She has none of the limitations of a profession or career, or of some unique strain of genius. What she is creates careers or feeds genius. She is the most complete human being I have ever known, and yet her wholeness is a presage of what we all might become. It is to a life like this that you ought to go when you take stock of the philosophies of the world!

My mother's external fortune, judged by Greek standards, is good — too good, of course, for a woman. She has received from fate much that would have satisfied a Greek man: the con-

sciousness of citizenship in a proud and prospering nation; health, long life, an active mind, and enough money to live tastefully; and, finally, satisfactory children (if I may be permitted to say this) and the approval of her fellow citizens. The Greek estimate of the importance of such approval springs, I suppose, from intense feeling for the communal life. No Greek man could be mentally less confined to the walls of a house than is my mother, and an Athenian voter could scarcely have served his *polis* more completely than she serves our little town. The only difference here between her and a Periclean citizen is that she is perplexed and shy rather than expectant and gratified when evidences of public approval are forced upon her.

In natural endowment, also, my mother is singularly Greek, because she possesses diverse qualities harmoniously welded into one whole. We are conscious of no contradictions in her, and yet she is both sane and imaginative, sensitive and practical, dominating and gentle.

Finally, in her conscious activities she is Greek. There is, for example, her moral insistence upon form and beauty. If you could live in her house for a day you would see Hellenism as a diurnal practice. Her taste is flawless; everything she touches turns to beauty and to a tranquillizing order and simplicity. She selects a vase or a baking dish with the æsthetic fastidiousness which beset the artists and artisans of Athens.

And, furthermore, she is Greek in her perennial enthusiasm for fresh knowledge. Her enjoyment of life seems to me intense because she is never tired of exploring the world through every kind of human achievement. She has the curiosity of the Hellenic mind. The Athenian men who were like her made it worth while for other men

to be scientists and philosophers and poets.

And yet my mother is a Christian. You see what I believe she has and is. Well, all of this she takes in her two hands and *offers* daily. Of course, she believes in immortality, but she never talks about the future life, and I have told you of her vigorous interest in this one. Of course, too, she has known many sorrows — who has not at seventy? — but she has consistently concealed pain and suffering instead of enthroning them. Her Christianity is compounded of Love. As it streams out from her it is the creative, regenerating passion for humanity which transcended the reasoned good-will of the pagan philosophers and transcends the materialistic serviceableness of the modern humanitarians. In the noblest pagan literature there is no emotion in the least resembling that which suffuses the New Testament. In this emotion my mother lives and moves and has her being.

I snap my fingers at Nietzscheism when I realize that she is the strongest personality in my little world. She dies daily for us, but we live her way! No superman could impose his will more effectively than this Christian in whom power and sacrifice are one. God is love. If all history tried to make me a skeptic my mother's nature would keep me a believer.

Whoso hath felt the spirit of the Highest

Cannot confound nor doubt him nor deny:
Yea with one voice, O world, tho' thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

I have spoken of my mother's health and energy. Just lately these have flagged a little, and I came away this time with some misgivings, and only for my husband's sake. But her letters have quite reassured me. Lately she wrote, 'I am daily thankful that nothing prevented you from spending this winter on the Acropolis. In thinking of

you I can't manage to dislodge you from the hill long enough to eat and sleep.'

She knows me! We have traveled all over the country this year, but always come back to Athens and the Attic plain as to the heart of Greece. We went to Egypt in midwinter and on our return hurried almost from the ship to the Parthenon. It had snowed lightly and the whitened summits of Pentelicon and Hymettus and Parnes lay in sharp relief under the brilliant sky. A Greek friend of mine, looking at these fleshless mountains, said proudly, 'It is not every one who dares show her bones.' Attica needs no softening mist, no glamorous moonlight, no romantic obscurity. Her beauty is born of light and her teaching is light. In Egypt man was mocked by the desert. Small wonder that the Christian saints hid themselves there to punish their poor bodies! Here man seeks the sun and stands erect in his dignity. Mediævalism, I grant you, must make way for this immortal humanism. The 'mystery of suffering' is an invention of distorted minds. Stripped of disguise, suffering is merely an evil to be done away with by Love. This, I take it, is the message of the Acropolis to the Christian.

We are leaving next week for a month in London, and then home. May Fortune multiply your royalties and Athena inspire another book!

Faithfully yours,

ELIZABETH DUDLEY.

P.S. The American mail is just in. A letter from a neighbor in my native town says that no one in my mother's house will disobey her order that I am not to be sent for, but that I am greatly needed. It is possible that she will not live until I can reach her. We shall sail for New York day after to-morrow. My world begins to crumble.

E. D.

PINELANDS, MAINE.

April 20, 1915.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

As I begin this letter there flashes into my mind the last sentence which I wrote to you a year ago from Greece—that my little world was crumbling. And since then how your own world has been shattered, and the universe almost set reeling in its course! I remember how I talked on in that letter about areas of experience, blocking you off into twenty-year periods! I thought then that only the years would carry us into new seas. But in twelve months you have been swept from the moorings of your middle life. France is again facing the enemy as she did in your boyhood, but now your sons are risking lives more precious than your own. Your wife and daughters are nursing the wounded and the stricken. You, 'too old to fight,'—and so in a flash set forward into old age,—are nevertheless finding your pen tipped with passion instead of with philosophy. One of your lyrics is being sung in the trenches. You are no longer an intellectualist, but a voice of France. And thousands upon thousands of other men and women are experiencing a similar metamorphosis. Who knows what new philosophies and religions will be born?

I have been wondering whether you would still call Plato an intruder and vagabond in Hellenism. Greek thought changed under the shock to Athenian civilization caused by the Peloponnesian War. By this abstraction do we mean anything else than that Plato and other men had brought home to them the transitoriness of prosperity, the helplessness of morals, learning, and art before a recrudescence of primitive violence, and the limitations of humanism? The material stage in those days was small—little states waged a little war—but in view of her spiritual import-

ance the suffering of Athens was a world-experience of the first magnitude. Possibly Plato seems to you now less a vagrant than a pilot.

For certainly our 'new religion,' if we bring one to birth, cannot be composed of truths wholly unknown before. Some of our new creative energy will go into stripping the veil from the face of that Reality which men at one time and another have beheld. I find it easy to believe this because through an intensive personal experience of my own I have been brought to perceive a truth which is two thousand years old. Last year I argued about Christianity, choosing this part, discarding that. This year I have knelt and touched the hem of the seamless robe. The experience would be too intimate and sacred to reveal were it not bound up with your own. Let me tell you about it. It is the only way in which I can talk with you about your sons who are facing death and suffering.

I wrote you that I was called home from Athens by my mother's illness. She died last month. During the intervening months revelation after revelation came to me. My mother had grown worse rapidly and at first I was shocked to my innermost heart by the change in her. All her strength seemed turned to weakness. Her rich and varied life had shrunk to the hushed quiet of a sick-room. Her tranquil face had become haggard. Her eager intellect had slipped away from her. There was nothing left of the beautiful Hellenism of her life. A Periclean Greek would now have seen in her only an illustration of the shadow lurking within the sunshine, the tragedy of bodily weakness and old age and death.

And since she no longer had riches to offer, what had become of her Christianity? The question could not frame itself, for I was caught and lifted out of my despair by the swift impres-

sion that about my frail mother there glowed a radiance which outshone the sunlight of her active years. The dayspring from on high had but put to flight the lesser stars. Every one who could see her was conscious of it. One of her nurses said to me, 'She is so different from the weak people I've seen before. I feel so *warm*, somehow, when I'm with her.'

A further revelation was that my mother was done with life and with us. She was exquisite in her treatment of us, managing in receiving still to be the giver. One day she said to me, unforgettably, 'You are making pain and sickness very beautiful.' But that inward eagerness of hers which had led me to believe that she had the Greek feeling for this world was now turned toward a new and vaster world. She had exhausted the experiences of this life — marriage and children, work and achievement, knowledge and beauty, joy and sorrow. In seeing this I saw too how far short they fall of the potentialities of an immortal soul. With her energy and imagination she had drained every drop out of them, but now she tossed them aside for some new wine.

The only time she ever spoke to me of the death which I was sure she knew was drawing close, she did it lightly, with that humor which was a part of her sanity. The doctors had just left her room after consulting about some new form of her sickness, and she turned to me with a smile and said, 'Don't repair me too often! I shall never get free if I don't get worse.' But she told a friend of her own age that nobody could imagine how eager she was to be gone. 'I can hardly wait,' she said, 'to find out about it all. The only thing that troubles me is that the others will be sorry.' I am not sorry. Since she wanted eternity without my grief, she shall have it.

In the last few months Nature did us one of her not uncommon services. Much of my mother's physical strength came back to her, as if at the end the body was determined to be a fit mate for the soul it had so long accompanied. She could move about once more in her little *polis*. During my last visit at home I was enchanted by a sweet and bubbling gayety which seemed to flow from some hidden spring of contentment. A week later she died swiftly, before I could reach her. All our friends talked to me of the light in her face during that week, and an old bedridden Irish servant, telling me of a visit from her, exclaimed, 'I kept thinking that she was just like a bride, dressed so beautifully and looking so happy.' The Christian figure of the soul and God! The old Celtic eyes had seen the truth. Of such substance was my mother's faith in a future life. It was, indeed, the *evidence of things unseen!* I perceived the fresh heart of Christianity in a belief so aged that it had built the pyramids centuries before it set up the temples at Eleusis. Never again shall I be found chattering while the great trumpet blasts for immortality echo down the ages.

But before my mother's death another veil had been lifted for me. Behind it I found the meaning of the cross. The experience will hardly bear words. It was very simple, the issue of intimate daily living, but it transformed one human mind as Bible and church, history and art had never done. On the day it happened to me I was open to no impressions from without. The weather was severe in our northern town whose normal beauty is not un-Greek in its austerity and lucidity. A stormy east wind drove dark clouds across the sky, and our firs and pine trees loomed black and forbidding. I turned from the window to the soft loveliness of my mother's room. There my heart

and mind were closed to all abstract thoughts and large emotions, for the nurse was away and I was absorbed in the details of thermometer and medicines. My whole being was centred in the hope that I might make my mother comfortable during those hours. With inexpressible tenderness I began to bathe her, doing for her in her frailty at the end of life, what she had so often done for me in mine at the beginning. Then it was that my eyes were opened. You know what a Greek would have seen in a body worn with age, emaciated by sickness, bearing many marks of suffering. But I beheld in it the central beauty of the world. If the noblest of the marble Aphrodites had stood in the room I should have recoiled from her in horror. I knew that my mother's sickness was due to her prodigal waste, for us, of her natural strength. Her flesh had been spent for us — *for me*. In a sudden supreme moment I was at one with the disciples, passionately loving the friend who had given his body to be broken for them; at one with the mad Christian iconoclasts, shattering heathen statues; at one with the mediæval artists, painting and carving the crucified Christ.

Later I came to see that only in that hour had I grasped the significance of my mother's life. At first I had thought of her suffering as subordinate to her love, an incident among her sacrifices. Now I know it to be a sacramental reality, preëxistent in all her earlier beneficence and at the end the earnest of her immortality.

Later still I realized what had happened. In an obscure individual hour had been reënacted an experience which once befell the world. The antique order was swept away by a tidal wave of emotion, and in its place was left a new life and thought and art. Mediævalism, which had offended me in history, issued from the feeling of men

and women as unknown as myself, married to the expression of thinkers, poets and artists. In understanding, at last, the feeling, I came to understand the way in which it was expressed.

When the Christian world, recovering its balance by means of the Renaissance, once more accepted the worth of antiquity, it refused to surrender the new treasure which it had gained in its temporary recoil from humanism. Popes on the throne retained the symbol which had comforted slaves in the Catacombs. The same cross survived the Reformation and persists, plastically and verbally, as the sign of modern Christianity. Until lately this paradox was as strange, in its way, as that of a Borgia posing as Vicar of the Crucified. Last year I saw all kinds of people trying to obliterate suffering: the intellectualists were denying its efficacy, the humanitarians its necessity, the Christian Scientists its reality. In our various modern forms of speech we were addressing prayers to Hygeia, enshrined on the Acropolis.

Then, with terrible suddenness, the roar of guns interrupted us.

Clouds and darkness
Closed upon Camelot.

Some one light in the encircling gloom we must have, if we are to work our way out into a renewal of civilization. Are we to discover it by still another paradox, in the very mystery of suffering which we have been denying? If one of your sons (which God forbid!) should be brought home mutilated, you would not choose to remember him in his young strength and beauty, because he would seem more beautiful to you stretched upon his cross. You would not rest in your agony, or in your fierce anger that such things are possible in the world. You would pass from these to the conviction that his suffering for France made his humanity divine. I do not pretend to understand the matter. I only know it to be true. Even the Greeks presaged it at Eleusis, but they forgot it as they turned homeward. For us it still lies beyond reason, but is beginning to be clearer than the axioms of reason. The mystery of suffering is more lucid than the fact of well-being.

My friend, may we not look upon this as the answer of Golgotha to the Acropolis?

Faithfully yours,
ELIZABETH DUDLEY.

MARYA

BY ELSBETH HASSE ANDRAE

I

At least when Marya was a little child she had some of the riches of childhood. For one thing, she had the blessed, care-free enjoyment of the affairs of her little peasant world. Then, too, there was a brief time when she had the enveloping, protecting love of the dear mother who died all too soon. After that she was no longer reckoned as a child, but as an industrial integer. She was a square-built little thing, made for grubbing; and she got it. The older sister married and took Marya to live with her. The care of a baby was in due time added to barnyard chores. And another baby and more babies. The little drudge suppressed her longing to join the other children in the village school, and worked with the cheerful faithfulness of one whose religion is work. One day the sister died in a frustrated attempt to yield still another baby to her country. But under her prompt successor Marya became more than ever a slavey, while every pitiful perquisite of other days was cut off.

A cousin in a distant city learned of the injustice and arranged to have Marya come to her. The plan was very fair, but this was German Poland; one day an officer came with an order that Marya must go to school—any school. The absent-minded old priest who conducted the heterogeneous class saw nothing of the appeal in his new pupil's face. She was left to glean what she could from his methodless proceedings.

The compulsory education limit was soon passed and Marya was put to work in the family of a civil official; but fortunately the mistress was quite human and the little maid learned a great deal about decent living.

Just at this time there came a great exodus toward America; Marya was caught in the wave. Saying good-bye without sorrow to such relatives and friends as she could claim, she became an impersonal fraction of the body which migrated to the land of dreams as one unit. In Chicago the group disintegrated, and Marya's identity was restored to her, together with all the attendant responsibilities of an identity.

Just here another thread may be added to this loosely woven narrative. It is a mere supposition, but a pleasing and reasonable one, that Marya's father, of whom she could tell nothing from hearsay or recollection, was of a superior class. Through the many sordid years of her life, persisting traits witnessed to this gentle heritage. She was singularly tactful and fearlessly honorable. Because of her nobility she was constantly being victimized by some of those among whom her lot was cast. She could endure and forgive, but she could not inflict a wrong.

Just a transplanted peasant. Illiterate, yes; but with a true peasant's store of soil-born wisdom, and, it must be confessed, with a true peasant's superstitions. The radiance of her vivid, dramatic religion suffused her days.

Now you have her, sketchily. As for looks, at the time of which you

will hear, she had a weather-beaten Slavic face, a solid, stocky, toil-worn figure. There were no loose ends, no sloppy lines. There really was no color worth mentioning; her hair was a smoothly brushed drab, not too thick, and grief had washed all but the faintest vestige of blue from her eyes. They must have been dark and sparkling once, if Vara's eyes at all resembled her mother's, as I have been told. But that is not chronological, at all. All the time that intervenes between Marya's first job and her present condition must be reviewed if you would bestow your full sympathy upon the Marya I would have you know.

II

Of all the people whom the 'want ads' and the employment-office agent proffered, Marya's sure instinct decided upon the German woman who had a small hotel in a decent section. Here she worked for two years, a valued servant with fair privileges. She learned rare kitchen secrets and had a good all-round training in household economy. After a time, her employer was obliged to give up the business, but at the first hint of a change, the woman's cousin, a factory foreman's wife, laid claim to the treasured Marya. It was while at this place that Cupid entered Marya's life. No, not the pudgy, rosy god of glancing darts, but a calculating Cupid with an eye to the main chance. The victim, — to use a conventionalism, — in reality the perpetrator of the sordid cherub's machinations, was one Ignatz Kcinjski.

Ignatz was a comical little pop-eyed kobold of a male, who had this gift — he could persuade the staidest, heaviest, grouchiest of onlookers into the dance, with the music of his concertina. To account for his repugnance for steady toil, let us say he had the artistic

temperament. Like many of the men of his class and of his race, he was an irresponsible vagabond who should never have entered the tedious bonds of wedlock. However, he did as they all do, in some joyous flush of recklessness, and he wisely persisted in having Marya for his wife. He had a couple of hundred dollars in the bank and Marya had a still larger sum in the Polish Trust Fund. They went to housekeeping in two small rooms back of a little grocery store which they managed to buy and quite pay for. They had a meagre supply of furniture, and the store was moderately stocked with wisely selected goods. Ignatz kept at his job in the factory; his earnings were velvet from which the indebtedness was to be paid.

Marya was no fool. She made the little shop pay for itself and for their living. It was a pleasant little shop, cleaner than most of its competitors, and it attracted an increasing trade. Somehow it developed a social side: customers lingered and visited, making the place a clearing-house for all items of interest in the Polish quarter. Marya's genuinely sympathetic concern in the troubles and the pleasures of any one and every one made her one of those large-hearted, capable women whose homes are inevitably social centres to which all roads lead.

As the years passed a family grew up, with always a roly-poly recruit as an unfailing assurance of continuity. Ignatz viewed the increasing ranks with a droll alarm. He worked as steadily as his temperamental proclivities permitted, but it became clear that the family schedule must be readjusted. The housing of the brood was a serious problem, and when there came a report of a factory suburb of fair advantages and good prospects, the tent was folded and the tribe migrated. It was here that Marya saw that she must

again enter the lists as a wage-earner, for Igi's erratic labors did not supply food for the robust appetites of the children.

Then Igi began to require whiskey in addition to beer, and then whiskey without beer, until he had cultivated a taste for straight alcohol. Fortunately there came a time when there were no more roly-poly recruits to reinforce the procession.

When the three older children, An-yela and Vara and Sigi, reached adolescence, the living quarters were again too cramped and there seemed no way to give the children the social life they craved unless they were allowed to visit their friends or the dance-halls or cheap show-houses. Marya kept her eyes and ears open as she went about her work in homes and shops. She learned about house-equipment, modern improvements, loans, mortgages, and interest. A driving ambition took possession of her to have 'tings nize like dem 'Mericans.' She craved beauty with all her soul. Her only conception of beauty was that found in house-furnishings. She hemstitched sugar-bags and flour-bags for sash-curtains; she made lace for the table-covers; and her house plants, which were raised from fragments of discarded bouquets, were her pride.

'By you it is so still,' she told the 'lady from the society.' 'You got w'ite table-clot', lots o' dishes, napkins. I can't have it so by me. De boarders hollers, and de kits hollers. De mans eats like animals. A w'ite clot' would be all spots in once. Dishes I can't get it. I got now plenty plates but not yet cups. I like — oh, I like it clean and purty.'

One day Sigi quit school and got a job in the works. Then three of the other children found steady vacation work on a truck farm a few miles out. Frequently, they carried home bulky

sacks filled with the farm's unmarketable surplus. Marya's peasant recollections revived. Not a stalk or a leaf was wasted. She canned, pickled, dried, and preserved these welcome gifts, and when winter came there were jars and crocks ready to yield their wholesome variety to the necessarily limited winter fare.

No matter what happened in mushroom time, Marya would let nothing interfere with her early morning excursions into the woods, where she seemed endowed with some sort of divination that led her to the choicest specimens. Rank, strange beauties shunned by other collectors were authoritatively placed by her in her basket, in calm defiance of the protests of her companions. The proper sort of willow wands were stripped and then strung with the trophies of the search. Placed on a rack in the kitchen, they were left to dry for winter use, or they would be salted in a crock.

Then there were the big waddling geese, and the young pig, and some chickens, all for winter meat.

Things went better for a few years, although Ignatz had, with the industrial advance of his children, grown less and less dependable; he was now considered a negligible factor.

'Next fall,' Marya dreamed, 'Next fall I fix the house.' And in the fall she would recognize the hopelessness of her longings and would think, 'Next spring I fix the house.'

III

Three years passed, and then, one spring, a way seemed to open.

The 'lady in the society' went with Marya to a loan and trust company. There followed almost endless details about the mortgage and payments. It was Marya's first venture in big business, but she grasped the essentials and

trusted to her friend for the ultimate correctness of the transaction.

The house was raised, and a cellar was made. Walks were laid; city water- and gas-pipes were connected for service in the house. A covered stairway and other comfortable improvements were added. Having taken the important step, Marya bent every energy to meeting the new demands. There was always the sustaining thought that the house was fixed at last.

'I got it decent fer once,' she jubilated. She found an inexhaustible tonic in the reflection that she was on the road to better things. She was a perceptible bit nearer 'dem 'Mexicans wit' der nize tings.'

She painted and varnished and cal-cimined. One of the women who employed her mentioned the contemplated purchase of a new dining-room rug. Her 'ladies' got into the way of talking things over with Marya.

'W'at you do wit' dis rug?' she asked.

'Oh, I'll roll it up and put it in the attic for the moths, I suppose,' answered the woman, whose husband's salary was commensurate with her caprices.

'Aw, dat's too bad de mots get it. Why missus don't sell it? Missus trow money round too easy.'

'That's what my husband says, Marya,' laughed the woman, indulgently accepting the Polack's reproof. 'But I might sell it if it was n't too much bother.'

Here came a sore temptation. All who have built or remodeled a home will understand the mental conflict that began to harass Marya. How to get the rug? It was beyond any conceivable limit of expenditure, but it would be a bargain. Still, a clean floor with a home-made mat was plenty good enough until other things justified the splendor of a real store rug. But what

an air of elegance the house would have on Sundays when the front room was opened! Desire and Thrift held the stage with tense rivalry.

Igi was growing worse. He had changed from a merely rollicking, irresponsible idler into a quarrelsome, indolent malcontent. He accused his children of every sort of sinfulness. He shamed his wife with ugly names in the presence of the family. He stormed and fumed — his broken voice cackling from morning until night. Once he jumped up from the kitchen table and screamed that Marya was trying to poison him. He threatened her and was about to strike her, when Sigi interposed and parried the blow.

'I'll show you, you little devil!' growled Sigi, and as he spoke, raised a capable fist.

'No, Sigi! Stop! You must never hit your pa. He is your pa, and no matter w'at he do you can't do hurts to him. I be shame till I die if we do wrongs on him. He's crazy, but we must not hurt him.'

Marya cried out in so solemn a voice that the children had a vague revelation of a spiritual law.

'Well, all right, then,' Sigi acquiesced. 'But I'll tell you right now, if it was n't for ma, you bet I would n't stay another hour under this roof.'

One evening, Anyela, in a white resentment against the blight over her youth, and furious with her mother's endurance, ran to the little neighborhood grocery and telephoned to the police for intervention. The policemen had learned from the neighbors of little Kcinjski's mad temper and also of the thrift and industry of the wife. In a very short time two of the force were knocking at the kitchen door, and a few minutes later the suddenly humorous little prisoner was being taken to the lock-up.

It was not until a long time after-

wards that Marya guessed the truth about the arrest.

Upon his release Kcinjski reappeared in his home with so glowing a description of the police station that Marya could not help laughing at the comedy of it.

'They treat me fine. Just not enough meat, but plenty eating anyhow. No beer or w'isky, but plenty black coffee. The bed was warm and soft. If the police had o' had time to bring out a deck and play me a game I would never o' wanted nothing better.'

For a brief spell the chastened man appeared to control himself, but then of a sudden he broke out into a more wearing violence than ever. There was one dreadful night when he flew in upon Marya while she was kneeling with the little ones, saying the rosary.

'Quit your bluffing!' he shouted, tearing the rosary from her hand. 'You ain't got a right to pray, you —'

Marya had been working harder than ever, these last months, in a breathless sort of fear that work might not be plentiful another season. To-day she had pounded rugs and moved furniture till late afternoon, only to find upon coming home that the geese had been allowed to wander off, that there was no wood for the supper fire, and that the neighbors' children were clattering up the house.

But it was not work or discouraging mishaps alone that had wearied her to the point of exhaustion. The mortgage and the interest reared a tower in her restless dreams. The tower would totter and wobble until she awoke in a sweat of anxiety. She was worn to the edge of collapse to-night. It was a terrible thing that her husband had done. Little moonfaced Kaja crawled on her knees to her mother. Kaiser had leaped to the bed, clutching the covering. Both were in a pitiful state of terror. The rosary broke in the desecrating

hand, and the beads fell to the floor with a rattle.

His wife's white face, her pale eyes, dark with fury, the huddling children, brought home to Igi the enormity of his offense. He stood stupidly, his fingers extended in the gesture with which he had scattered the beads.

With a scream which startled even herself, Marya leaped at the mean culprit, her fingers at his throat. But Kaiser hid his head in the bedding with a whimpering moan that was Marya's salvation. She relaxed her grip and sent the man out of the room with a violent push. Her fine mother-sense prevailed before the wondering eyes of the little ones. She calmed them with happier impressions, and when they were rosily asleep she crawled about hunting for the beads. Her heart was sore with something she had never felt before. She did not weep. It seemed as if the last tear had been drained long ago. But this new hurt had something wild in it; something strangely disquieting. The old habit of meek resignation now seemed like a garment that bound and repressed.

To the average persons with whom Marya came in contact, no change in her was apparent, but to the discerning she seemed to burn with a torchlike fever. She would flare up over an ordinary mishap, and subside again into a flickering glow of inner resentment.

IV

One day, Leza Kminski decided to marry off her sixteen-year-old daughter to a boarder whose bank account she coveted, and nothing would do but Igi must furnish the music for the celebration.

The Kminski rooms were cleared of such furniture as could be crowded into the one room unavailable for the festivities. In the front room there remained

a mountainous bed resplendent in a white embroidered cover and intricately crocheted lace. A deal table stood at the door for the serving of preliminary refreshments. There was a large wedding cake grotesquely ornamented with a sugar pagoda, beneath which stood a tiny bride and groom gazing vacuously at each other. The punch was served from a large, coarse white pitcher. There were eighteen glasses. Leza knew how to do things with style. The punch — made of tea, sugar, whiskey, and lard — was approved by successive newcomers. Igi was an important guest and made liberal demands upon the refreshments. The fairly capacious middle room was reserved for dancing. Igi and Stanley Crkoski, who fiddled, were stationed on a table in a corner. Later, a flute-player joined them, and the confining walls of blue calimine beat back the oddly accented clashes until it seemed as if the roof must crack to release the warring sounds.

'For what Leza bid de Guinea woman?' inquired several.

The 'Guinea woman' was a striking type in this dun assembly. She was large but finely proportioned in her exuberant Balkan way. She suggested abounding health and was decidedly magnetic. Her thick black hair curled crisply. Her even white teeth flashed between the carmine lips of her wholesome, kissable mouth. She wore a dress of yellow, sprinkled with sprays of red flowers.

The 'Guineas' had only recently moved into the neighborhood, but already gossip had it that Katie, the Guinea woman, was 'fooling' her husband. Be that as it may, she was assuredly fooling other men. Her handsome, Amazon physique and the swash-buckling, corsair abandon of her were truly captivating. Not only that, but she was sharp, and the witticisms ut-

tered with her deep-voiced brusqueness were convulsing. The women of Polack-town, after one inspection, concluded that it was well to combine against her.

This evening, Katie saw Marya for the first time. She had been hearing, everywhere, about Marya this and Marya that, as the history of the neighborhood was reviewed. Marya had cured Boly's sore eye; Marya had washed the new Czerwinski baby; Marya got to the childbed before the doctor could arrive; she had washed the sick-clothes of one who died. It was a case of too much Marya. Particularly so, when the women — influenced, so Katie thought, by Marya's sanctimonious influence — gradually turned a cold shoulder upon the newcomer.

The movement to squelch Katie had a surprising outcome. To-night, if one wished to exclude the charmer, one would first have to unfasten the clinging spouses.

Igi was not free until supper-time, but his eye had noted the enticing Bacchante. The din and the fumes of whiskey clouded his brain. Katie, angered by the sense of Marya's spiritual superiority, formed a sudden desire to revenge all snubs upon the submissive head of her fancied opponent. Igi grew aware that the significant glances from the quick gray eyes met his dreamy stare with increasing frequency. When half the company sat down to the feast of blood soup, underdone duck, wieners, dark bread, and beer, Leza insisted that Igi sit at the 'first table.'

'Sure, you come by de first setting. You pull de concertina like hell an' we got to have yet more fun to-night wit' de dancing.'

Igi did not loiter when he saw the opulent form of the dark charmer at the table. She was reserving an extra

chair with considerable adroitness, and sent him a look of invitation. They hit it off as congenial guests; she filled his glass with beer, and leaned warmly against him in reaching for the platter of duck. In her funny masculine way she joked with him, but the large hand that rested on his knee was not at all masculine in its thrill.

Igi felt himself sinking into a ravishing sweetness; it was inevitable that he should respond to the subtle caress of her vital nearness.

'God, Marya, de Guinea's eatin' your man,' Sofya muttered in the kitchen, where several women were supervising the supplies.

'It suits me, Sofya, if she swallows him.'

Sofya was Marya's sister-in-law and had inside knowledge of the family situation.

'She's got de mout' an' de guts to swallow a sardine like him,' Sofya commented, robustly.

Before the party dispersed at day-break, every one had seen the little musician's infatuation and the Guinea woman's game. Marya had left at midnight, calmly aware of her mate's defection; but his folly could no longer concern her. The Guinea woman would have been chagrined could she have known how pointless was her vengeance.

For days after, when Marya returned from work, she would be hailed by one or another of her neighbors who seemed to be at their gates by the merest chance as she passed. Invariably they let fall a word or two about Igi's visits to the Guinea's home.

'Let be, — all right. Don't tell de kits,' Marya would reply with a smile of genuine unconcern.

In a can on the topmost pantry shelf, in a dim corner, a heap of coins was growing. How she managed it was a miracle, but Marya had discovered some economies which had no appar-

ent effect upon the family welfare. Slowly the amount grew. She had long ago eliminated Igi from her calculations: he had no part in the dream house. The longing for the good-looking rug had become an obsession. She had learned the price for which it could be bought. Ten dollars was a discouraging sum to consider, but after the first small coin had clinked into the can the probability of the achievement gained momentum.

'Ma, can I have sugar-rolls just once for my lunch-box?' Sigi would beg.

'You eat bread. Sugar-rolls is for dem w'at got der houses paid,' Marya would answer sternly.

Little Merka longed for a sash for her confirmation dress.

'You don't get no sash. A belt of de goods is all you get it,' Marya forced herself to say harshly.

And so to all the other reasonable childish requests of her children she turned a deaf ear. She did not even attempt self-justification in her thoughts. She realized she was committed to endless subterfuge. Little by little the contents of the can grew in volume. It was exasperating, at times, to reflect that good money was regularly carried to Pete's saloon. However, that fact was relegated to the class of circumstances which must be borne as visitations of Fate. That Katie was consuming a considerable share of the whiskey and beer made not the slightest difference to Marya. On the contrary, so long as Igi's debt at the saloon did not increase, she could even feel that sharing the drinks with Katie was worth the price, in that it curtailed Igi's potions.

'Say, Marya, for why you go like a blind fool?' said vehement Leza. 'Where does de Guinea get de earrings all once?'

Anyela and Vara had heard things, too. They slept in one room, and when

they locked themselves into it, fearing their father's freakish temper, they would whisper about the gossip that is always afloat in factories. A large 'shop' in a small town is a hot-bed of gossip and slander.

'That he should buy her earrings yet, too!' exclaimed Anyela. 'And our ma wondering how she can save on buttons! It's a fright. But ma's too easy. She oughta fixed pa when he begun his funny business. She makes me tired, putting up with it all. She would n't leave me even take ten cents out of my envelope, and I am all out of hairpins.'

Anyela's commonplace hair was worn in one of the involved fashions in vogue with factory girls: quantities of hairpins were necessary for the right effect. To tie the hair in a braid was out of the question. It was to be expected that each-day should see a certain loss in the stock of pins, and Anyela was indeed nearly bankrupt. To one unacquainted with factory social codes it would be incredible that the way of doing up one's hair was of considerable importance.

But Marya was stonily impervious to her gentle daughter's wail.

When summer waned and the disciplined thoughts of the family manager flew ahead to winter planning, there came the exhilarating reflection that on snowy Sunday afternoons the front room would be magnificently cosy with the coveted rug in place. It was the only self-indulgence of Marya's life. It was a stupendous experience. In anticipation of the blissful realization she looked into the matter of curtains to match the rug. She had heard Mrs. Frawley say, 'Lace curtains are out of style.'

Marya's hunger for beauty in house-furnishings looked to be the oracular Mrs. Frawley's comprehensive knowledge for succor. In a favorable moment Mrs.

Frawley dropped the golden hint that artistic curtains could be made from good cheesecloth; a deep cream was refined; it could be secured by dipping the cheesecloth in cold coffee; blue or green stenciling made effective decoration. There was one large window in the front room. By dint of unbelievable pinching, the budget yielded the price of the material.

V

Igi's affair with the Guinea woman was now quite bold and open. It was a relief to have him away so much. There were quiet hours of sweet enjoyment with the children and their various urgencies. Sigi harped upon the merits of an Eagle motor-bike over those of the Flyer, with tentative explanations why it would be most desirable to own an Eagle—even a second-hander one like what Mat Dennison's got for sale. Anyela knew a girl who knew a store where the new kinds of coats could be bought cheaper than anywhere else. Kaiser, the little clown, sent them into shouts of laughter with his caricatures of people he encountered in his business of peddling papers.

When Anyela, in maidenly shame at the disgrace of her father, came to her mother one night alone and protested, with all the burning recollections of shop innuendoes to urge her on, Marya said, 'I know. Let be, Anyela. See how de kits makes funs w'en der pa is away. We arrest pa, but it's no good. We dassent have de shame to get him locked up some place from de court. Yes, he buys de black woman earrings and w'isky. Let be. She keeps him off us an' she gotta have some pay, not?'

Anyela could not answer, and went to bed perplexed by the sophistry, and Marya decided that she could safely fetch the hoard for an accounting.

With all her brood asleep there was a delicious sense of peace in the house. Marya removed her shoes, drew down the shades, tested the doors, made another thorough survey of the apartment. Then swiftly, greedily, she went to the pantry, and climbing to the broad counter-board, reached for the precious can.

The breath left her body in choking gasps.

She barely saved herself from a dangerous fall as she slid weakly to the chair below.

The can was empty. It had fallen from her shaking hand to the counter with a thin clank. She looked at it with the wild intensity of one deranged. All the mean repulses of young desires, all the visions, the sacrifices of months smote her heart. She shook the can as if doubting her senses. An instant of superstition descended upon her like a gray cloud; she had lied, and hands not mortal had punished her.

But no — no. Some thieving soul had discovered her secret. In a sudden indiscriminating fury she wanted that thief.

Despite a clutching premonition, she darted to Sigi's bed.

'Sigi!' she hissed, shaking the sleeping young giant. 'Sigi!'

A sudden sense of calamity penetrated Sigi's slumber. 'Why — why — ma!' he gasped, seeing his mother in the dim shadows. 'Is pa —?'

His blood froze with apprehension.

'Sigi, w're's my money? Did you steal my money?' Marya demanded in cutting tones.

'Your money, ma? You're dreaming, mamushka. You did n't have no money. You been tellin' me so all year. Oh, ma, wake up! Shut up, ma, you ain't awake.'

He held his mother's rigid body in his warm, strong grasp, trying to quiet her with awkward caresses.

'My can is empty — empty! *Who took my money?*' Marya's voice was unfamiliar.

The boy was terrified. He knocked on the wall excitedly. 'Anyela! Vara!' he called. 'Wake up! Oh, wake up, you damn stupids!'

There was a rustle, and then an excited rush, as his cries continued.

'Oh, Sigi, what's the matter? Did pa —?' called his sisters.

'You come here,' commanded their mother in husky, tremulous tones. 'Did you know anything I got money hiding?'

She turned a searching look on them as they came in holding up a lamp, in horror of what they might encounter.

'Money, ma?' they asked stupidly.

They read Sigi's horrible suspicion and the tears came to their eyes.

'Ma,' besought Anyela, 'don't act like that. Ma, you never had no money!'

'O God! O Mary!' groaned Marya, as she fell upon the bed.

Vara began to sob. Anyela set the lamp on a chair. With a resolute air worthy of her mother's daughter she went to the bed and stroked the poor bowed head.

'Shut up, Vara,' she commanded. 'The boys'll wake. Sigi, get ma a drink and then shut the door.'

It needed this business-like tone to call Marya to her senses. 'Anyela, Anyela,' she moaned. 'I got money in a can. I hide it in de pantry on top. For de rug. Dimes. Quarters. Pennies. Next week I got ten dollar. Who steal my money? To-night I look. De can is empty. My money is gone.'

'Ma, it's nobody in this house is the thief,' Sigi said.

His mother, returning to sanity, wondered how she could have doubted it.

'Somebody see me climb in de pantry. Somebody know I got money in de can. I poorty near die to save de money. Now my rug I have not.'

The automatic deduction shocked her into a recognition of the heartbreaking fact. Marya's body began to shudder with increasing agitation until she was shaken painfully with the new experience of succumbing to emotion. The dry, racking sobs were terrible.

'Should I get a doctor?' Sigi asked, in a whisper.

'Sh!' Anyela shook her head decidedly. Then in a moment she said in a matter-of-fact way, 'It's cold. Shake up the fire in the kitchen, Sigi. We'll go in there and talk about this money. Come on, ma. Hold on to me. You're freezing. Vara, get the gray shawl. Take the lamp and shut up.'

The worn little group entered the kitchen.

'Should I heat up some coffee, ma?' asked Anyela calmly.

'No, no. Help me find my money.'

Marya related, in the manner of a confession, the history of the hoard. She ended with bitter self-reproach that she should have denied her children their rightful little privileges throughout the period of her secret ambition.

'Well, ma,' said Anyela, relieved, 'we did n't die from the hard times. And you got a right to want a rug, I guess. You never had much. If you wanted the house nice it was for us, too, was n't it?'

'Say, ma!' Vara suddenly hushed her sobs. There was a startled conviction in her expression that made the others turn to her expectantly. At times, Vara displayed uncanny intuition. 'Ma,' she said, 'Lena Dudek told me in the shop to-day that the Guinea woman's just got a talkin' machine. Her man's been gone for weeks, too, out o' work. The girls laughed like they always do.'

'When did you put money in the can the last time, ma?' Sigi put the query with lawyer-like intent.

'O, Moder o' God!' cried Marya. The torch of her wrath flared. 'A tock machine!'

'Well, when, ma? When?' Sigi persisted.

Marya's eyes had grown peculiarly bright. 'Dis is a Friday. I put in fifteen cents a Tuesday. I worked a hour overtime by de fat lady. An' little Merka did n't get a penny for tendin' de geeses. Yes, a Tuesday w'en you was in bed.'

'Tuesday, eh? Where was pa after supper, Tuesday?'

'By Pete's saloon, he says,' answered Marya, wrung by shame of incriminating one whom it was her moral duty to shield, but still obsessed with desire for the rug.

'Yes, and it was a Tuesday Kucjakuski had one of his fits and Mamie come after you,' Sigi recollected.

'Sure,' Marya assented, regarding her son with nervous dread.

Sigi remembered having heard his father's silly whistling in the side yard. The whistling had stopped abruptly. 'You had light in the kitchen? The pantry window was open? The window curtain is tore?'

Marya nodded slowly as the shameful truth of his deductions grew clear.

'About nine and a half was in the can?'

Again Marya nodded.

'Well, I heard Patchy McGuire tell how his father sold their twenty-five dollar talking machine for ten dollars, Wednesday night, 'cause their Maggie had to go to the eye doctor and he could n't pay for the glasses so's she could go back to school. McGuire don't know pa.'

The chain was complete. Marya sat in an agony of outraged feelings. The torch of revolt flickered and flared as if fanned by a breath of Destiny. Her glittering eyes stared at the red slits of the stove.

Anyela had no words for the heavy situation. This final insult to the family was crushing.

There was a long silence. The clock ticked with that weird gallop of clocks in strained, oppressive moments. Vara yawned extravagantly; her healthy young body protested against the interruption of her sleep. Her spirit was less sensitive than Anyela's. She stretched her round arms and said, 'Ten-thirty.'

'Yes, yes. Go to bed all. Youse gotta go to work just de same.' Marya roused herself sufficiently to send them off, perturbed, reluctant.

At last the house was quiet again, but the brooding peace had gone. Instead, an electrical unrest seemed to emanate from the tense little figure by the kitchen stove. The cold hands were joined in a tight grip. The leathery face had taken on a grayish tone, except where a significant red had made little patches on the big cheekbones.

'Stealing my money, de dog, for dat cat. No rug here. Tock machine dere. — Fader o' my kits. — No presents I get. I never ask for notting. *Notting!* O, God, it's hard. I gif de twelf kits. I feed 'em. Den I pay for efrying. I work an' gif w'at I got. I save an' he steals; de dog!'

Marya was talking to herself in a husky murmur, as she sat bowed in her chair, her eyes on the red of the fire.

The heroic acquiescence of years fell away and the woman reverted to some long-ago state of barbarian individualism, when her native land had bred creatures of flame, when the code was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

The body has been known to respond to such reversions with grotesque readiness. Marya drew her shawl about her and rose—a primitive figure; stealthy revenge its motive. As she stole to the bedroom doors to hearken, her stock-

inged feet padded on the bare floor as if they knew of furtive work ahead. Turning out the light she drew from a difficult drawer a long carving-knife worn to slenderness.

VI

There was a light in the Guinea's house, but the shade was drawn. At the back of the house Marya padded up the cheap, narrow stairway. There were voices — Igi's and the woman's. Even now some spiritual flash might have shown her the enormity of her venture, had not Katie spoken with a possessive authority while Igi snickered foolishly.

Fearing the door might be locked, Marya knocked twice, very gently. There was a definite effect of surprise from within.

'Who's dere?' called Katie, sharply. 'Come; open!'

Marya's voice was not natural. She knocked again.

Katie strode heavily to the door and opened it with a jerk.

Marya was blinded by the sudden light. 'Igi,' she called, in a barely recognizable voice. 'I want for ask one t'ing from you.'

Igi remained invisible and silent.

'Come on! See what she wants,' Katie sang out.

There was the smile of a conquering fiend in her eyes.

'Well, what's your trouble?' rasped the little man.

'You listen. Did you buy her a tock machine?'

'None o' your business,' answered Igi, after one look at the mischievous gray eyes.

'W'at?' shrieked Marya, slipping her shawl from her shoulder.

'Aw, go wan,' commanded the Guinea woman, 'tell her. Be a liddle man. She can't hurt yuh. Come on,

here.' She was enjoying the situation keenly.

'He bought you de tock machine. You make fools wit' him, you big devil pig. You drink wit' him. Earrings you get from him. His kits' eatings you steal; you make him steal. He steals my savings for your humbugs.'

The coldly furious woman darted past the large figure at the door, toward the frightened little man.

'Here, you!' Katie growled, following. 'Don't youse make no rough-house here.' She pulled the wife back.

Marya tried to loosen her arm from the iron grip, and the long-bladed knife fell to the floor.

'Ah-ya!' exclaimed Katie. 'You means business, you old saint, eh? Pick up de knife, fool!' she ordered Igi.

Marya snarled like an infuriated animal at bay. Her eyes blazed. A light foam came to her lips. Igi was afraid to approach her. He stood cackling foolishly until the veins in his forehead stood out like cords. Katie tried to get the knife by a quick lurch, but her prisoner took advantage of the move, kicked it out of reach, and rushed toward her unnerved husband.

The Slavonian had guessed by now that she had to do with a crazy woman, and superstitious horror turned her boldness to uneasy fear. She managed to secure the knife and was backing toward the rear door, signaling to Igi to follow her, when Marya turned upon her and overtook her in the small hallway. The Guinea, terrified, raised the knife with a curse, but Marya forestalled the lunge with a surprisingly powerful shove. The large, heavy body was sent sliding and bumping down the steep, dark stairway. There was no outcry after the last bump.

Up in the entry Marya stood peering down, a look of pleased fascination in her strange eyes.

'You killed her!' Igi whispered.

'Ya-ah,' assented his wife. 'Don't you want to roll down wit' your devil pardner?'

VII

It was a raw night. The stars were blurred. Marya lurched in her walk as she made for the woods across the tracks. The cinders cut her feet. Deep in the woods was a pool that was nearly always dark. Clean, brown leaves lay upon its surface. It mirrored the sylvan enchantments of old oaks, slim birches, gnarly wild-cherry and wild-plum trees, and elusive dapples of light. Subconsciously Marya was drawn to this isolated spot. Her body was very tired. The classic perfection of the little dell, suggesting the caprices and the ardors of dryads and fauns, became the setting for a spiritual conflict of one of the uncouth of the earth.

The sky had cleared and there promised to be a light frost. Marya trod back and forth, lost in the overpowering tumult that robbed her of the ability to reflect. She seemed strangely detached from the vague, distant little world that had revolved about her — the house, the mortgage, the children, the geese, the garden, the ailing neighbors. Left in a vast universe, unclaimed, without the precious fetters of duty and ministration, she contended with unknown emotions that estranged her from herself.

A long time passed and at last physical exhaustion overcame her. She fell into a deep, heavy slumber in a burrow of dead leaves.

Duty, her inexorable master all her days, knocking at the door of her unconsciousness every morning at dawn, echoed sharply upon her senses as the night, with merciless swiftness, made way for still another day.

Marya awoke to a clear realization of her life's wretched snarl. She rose,

cramped in every muscle, from the cold, hard bed of her woe. She leaned over the brink of the faintly glinting pool and washed her face.

Sigi would oversleep if she delayed.

A leaf fluttered to the pool. It recalled the horrible possibility of the night. 'T'ank God!' she groaned, the warm tears falling upon her tough, pallid cheeks. Shaken by the ravages of the night's spiritual storm, she sank heavily into the stolid, deep submissiveness that is the salvation of her kind. Work called. Burdens awaited her, no matter what else was in store for her. 'Let be. I take w'at God send,' she breathed.

It was Mrs. Goddard's wash-day. Merka must go to the cobbler's before school for her shoes. Anyela would never remember to stop the baker wagon. 'De policemen will come. I will have to sit. Dey makes you sit twenty, tirty years or all lifetime for killing. She would o' cut me. Let 'em get me. I done my share work already. W'at comes I take. De kits gets eatings by de county; I pay plenty taxes already. It be's a good day for dry de close. She want her windows washed maybe. He stole my rugs money. De devil cat make him steal. Let be.' So her confused thoughts ran on.

Sigi, awakened by a premonition of trouble, had jumped from his bed. He dressed hurriedly. The alarm-clock had sounded, but there was no sign of his mother's usual activities. He knocked at her door. 'Ma!' he whispered. He rattled the knob. Then in a nervous fear he looked in. The bed had not been occupied. Something terrible must have happened while he had lain stupidly asleep. The rear door was unlocked; the big dog whimpered. Sigi flew to the street. At the gate he met his mother's ghostly wreck.

'Ma? Ma?' he choked.

'Sigi, it is finish wit' me. I kill de

Guinea woman. Let be. I fix your lunch now.'

'Ma. You kill her! Oh, they'll get you. Where did you? How, ma? Ma, where's pa?'

The boy shook violently.

'Go see. By de woman's house I leave him. She can't drink no more wit' him. Bring de tock machine.'

Sigi whipped round and vanished.

Marya, an automaton of habit, built the fire and called Anyela. Blessed homely tasks offset the deadening weight of catastrophe until her son returned.

'Ma,' he whispered, drawing his mother into the pantry. 'Pa's skipped. De Guinea woman's in bed. She's crippled. She says pa's a w'ite-livered rat, an' he says he was going to skip. She says you should keep your mouth shut. She ain't got nothing to tell nobody, she says.'

'I did n't kill her?' Marya reeled. Her tears fell heavily. 'But I done a black, bad sin just de same. I take a knife, wit' my craziness. I want kill her and I got de sin on my soul,' she moaned.

For some strange reason the crime seemed more crushing, now that she was released from the actual guilt. She found her mind growing unsteady in its command of the daily routine. Her physical exhaustion was complete, and before long a burning fever consumed her.

For many weeks she lay in the wonderful bed, each small part of which attested to her thrift and industry — the patched ticking, the goose-feather stuffing, the coarse lace, the gay quilt. But at last, one Sunday, she was able to be taken into the front room. There was a mysterious air of ceremony about the children as they drew about her before the closed door.

'Now,' said Sigi, and a scratching, buzzing sound was heard within the

room; then the muffled wail of a banshee, which broke into a stirring rhythm.

The door opened and a scene of splendor met the convalescent's eyes. The red rug lay on the floor — the red rug of her heart's desire. The curtains hung correctly at the window. A table and four chairs of a matching shininess and rigidity furnished the room.

Marya leaned on her son in breathless bewilderment. 'Who pay?' she asked.

'Well, it's all paid for, all right,' Sigi replied, 'and you'll find out about it soon enough.'

Marya's impatience blighted her children's expectation of her anticipated delight.

'Here, then,' said Anyela, showing her a much folded letter. 'I'll read it to you.'

It was a Polish letter from Marya's brother in St. Paul. Igi had arrived there, unable to account for himself or for his unannounced visit. He would answer no questions. He ate very little and coughed a great deal. And then he died, attended by a priest. The brother asked for advice.

'We wrote to him,' said Anyela, 'that you was sick. We told him to send the body here. We made a plain funeral in the church. Then come the insurings man and says he got pa's

insurings money ready. The lady was so sorry you got sick and she cried w'en Vara told her about the rug money. She sent the rug. She says you stood by her w'en her whole family was sick.'

'Yes — and de tock machine?'

'Well, ma, I know you'll be mad. The talking machine the Guinea woman give us. And earrings. She's a cripple. Her man got a job away and she went too. Her man heard the stories about her and pa.'

'Shut off de music!' Marya ordered. 'I go to bed. My back ain't strong like I t'ink.'

'Anyela,' she asked quietly that evening, 'Anyela, w'en I got de fever I don'd know nottings. But I t'ink me a bended woman comes by my bed an' tends me. For w'at I got dem tinkings?'

'Well,' Anyela began, 'you was awful sick. The doctor said you must have a nurse. We send the kids by Leza's. Sigi and Vara and me worked steady. We was a-scared about getting behind with the payments. There was n't any way to get a nurse right away. The Guinea woman asked the doctor could she be the nurse. He says she's all right. She was awful good to us, ma. She was bad crippled from the fall. She was so still and so w'ite, ma, and acted so shamed-like.'

'Let be,' said Marya with a deep sigh.

NEWARK BAY

BY H. G. DWIGHT

I HAVE stood on the bluffs of Scutari
and watched the morning mists smoke out of the Golden Horn —
full of fairy ships and iridescent sails,
like a harbor of the Happy Isles.

And I have watched the pinnacles of Seraglio Point
prick up black and slim and strange as the Arabian Nights
against a sanguine sky.

I have wandered among the lonely pillars of the Parthenon,
and wondered how those Greeks of long ago made them so simple and so noble,
and how even so many suns could turn them into amber,
and how the antique drama of the day
looked between them as if I had never seen it before,
ending above the Bay of Salamis —
Was it a triumph? Was it a tragedy? —
in an unearthly fume of gold and violet.

I have sat in the ruined theatre at Taormina,
where mask and buskin mime no more,
but where a scene is set immortal in the world
of the jewel-blue Ionian Sea,
and the far-off opal mountains of Calabria,
and the lovely line of the Sicilian coast,
with its lacy ruffle of foam,
and the Sicilian hills,
bare and dark and grave, yet secretly aflame with oleander,
and the white town sitting on its high shelf of rock in the sun,
and little Mola aloft on her crag like a castle in a fairy story,
and supreme over all, hanging between blue and blue in a shimmer of silver,
the enchanted cone of Ætna.

I have climbed the North Cape,
into an Arctic wind you could not stand against,
into an Arctic fog swirling like a madman's brain.

The wind tore terrifying chasms in the fog,
and through them dropped splinters of a lost midnight sun,
or through them, out of a void of thunder,
the spray of melted icebergs
spouted up chimneys of black rock.

It made me ashamed of the crowded shelter hut,
where tourists giggled into the spray of champagne
or scribbled picture postcards.

But I like Newark Bay.

You don't know where it is unless you are a Jersey commuter!

And no cliffs encircle it.

No famous cities lend it a little of their renown.

No beautiful buildings are reflected in it.

No typhoon ever tore it out of its bed.

Nor is the color of it very wonderful.

Never mind.

It has a wonderful way of catching color from the sun.

It has a wonderful way of rippling under the moon.

It has a wonderful way of darkling to infinity,

of somehow expressing what you feel when you rumble across it at mid-
night,

Tired and happy and unhappy and exalted after listening to violins.

And you should see the gold that twinkles around it in the dark,

that spatters it when the factories are alight.

I like the long lines of the chimneys, too,

and the smoke that flutters from them on the wind.

I like the barges that puff up and down from nowhere to nowhere,

on errands strange as any Indian patamar.

At night they give you such a friendly wink of a green eye!

I like the visions of hill-towns you catch from it on a clear day.

I like the black bridges that wade across it,
and the trains that slide so smoothly over them,
all day and all night, in a blur of black or gold —
and the sense of its loneliness,
and of so many million interwoven destinies that shuttle to and fro
and leave it lonely again.

I like those great beds of reeds that border it,
humble and green and alive to every whim of the air.

I like those little straggling wooden piers
and flat-bottomed boats at leash under a certain factory.

They always make me think of a certain palace on the Grand Canal,
a palace of delicate marbles carved long before factories or bridges came to
Newark Bay,

in which a princess lives.

But she would not be a princess,
nor would she live in that palace,
if it were not for that factory on Newark Bay.

How ingenious some people are!

And how many ways there are of achieving palaces on the Grand Canal!

And I can manufacture nothing more ingenious than verses,
and they will never achieve me a palace on the Grand Canal!

Never mind.

I like a certain corner in Newark Bay
where a little inlet runs out beside a bridge.

On the shore some signboards make a fantastic splash of color
as you flash past them on the train.

Through the water marches a file of piles,
with restless green reflections fastened to them.

And shore and water meet each other so intimately,
in such an undulating line!

I will stand up for that line, even after the coast of Sicily.

I wish I could etch the grace and the humor and the subtlety of that line.

And beyond it the bay opens under the sky,
wide and pale as a Venetian lagoon.

And far away, high and white and incredible as the other world,
glimmers a tower in New York.

SING SING: AN EVOLUTION

BY FRANK MARSHALL WHITE

I

TWICE within the first six months of the year 1916, the honor system, as conducted at Auburn and Sing Sing prisons in the State of New York under the Mutual Welfare League (an organization composed of the inmates themselves and introduced by Thomas Mott Osborne), proved its strength by a supreme test — the voluntary return of an escaped prisoner, actuated solely by conscientious motives, each man believing that he was coming back to increased punishment. And in each instance the prisoner was one whom the old school of penology, which believes in punishment by retribution, would have declared to be hopelessly incorrigible.

Peter Cullen, 30 years of age, who left Sing Sing on April 20 and returned some three weeks later, had been in duration two thirds of his life, following the prescribed course of the wayward boy of the New York slums, from the correctional institution in childhood through the House of Refuge and the Elmira Reformatory to a State prison, the five-year term he was serving for grand larceny being the second in the same institution. 'Tough Tony' Mareno, aged 32, who went away from Sing Sing on January 1 and came back two days afterward, had pursued a similar course, and at the time of his escape was working out an indeterminate sentence of from twelve and a half to sixteen and a half years for highway robbery, having served more than eight years of his

term in three prisons of the State. In the cases of both Cullen and Mareno, there is striking demonstration of Mr. Osborne's theory that the man without early moral training, who has been driven to crime by environment, is more likely to possess higher and nobler qualities than the prison inmate of education and breeding who has risked punishment for crime for the sake of living in ease and luxury. 'As between the bank-wrecker and the gunman, for stanchness and loyalty,' says Mr. Osborne, 'give me the gunman every time.'

What aggravated Cullen's offense in taking French leave of Sing Sing was the fact that he was the League's sergeant-at-arms, and as such had charge of the discipline of the organization. He was one of Warden Osborne's most ardent supporters, and he seemed to be no less faithful to Acting Warden Kirchwey. Until the time of his escape, he had been praised in nearly every issue of the *Bulletin*, the prison paper, for his effective upholding of the honor system. The prison officials have a suspicion that Cullen's escape may have been encouraged — for private reasons — by some of the other inmates of Sing Sing. A prisoner of the State of New York who earns commutation of sentence by good behavior is compelled, on being sentenced to a second term, to serve out the remainder of his unexpired sentence before beginning the other. The day of Cullen's departure was that of the real beginning of his second term of five years; he was not unnaturally

depressed by that circumstance, and it is believed that his fellow prisoners procured for him means of escape, under the temptation of which he forgot his oath of allegiance to the League. In any event, he took advantage of the privileges of his position as sergeant-at-arms to go out under cover of darkness and return to his old companions of the underworld in New York City.

And now the marvel happened. Among his friends of other days Cullen was depressed and gloomy. When they congratulated him on the pleasures of freedom regained, he gave no evidence of gratification. His thoughts were continually on the League he had betrayed, and his conscience allowed him no peace of mind. Unlike Mareno, who during his two days' absence from Sing Sing fell among former prisoners, — old members of the League who urged his return, — Cullen's associates knew of the honor system only by repute. More significant than anything else in the story of his evasion is the fact that they did not laugh when the escaped prisoner told them the reasons of his unrest, professional criminals though they were. On the contrary, when he talked of giving himself up, they encouraged the idea.

And so it was that on a Sunday evening in May, when Warden Osborne, who, during his temporary absence from Sing Sing, was living at a hotel in New York City, came through the corridor, he was accosted by a man he had never seen before. The stranger simply said to him, —

'Is this Warden Osborne? — Pete Cullen is outside in a taxi.'

At the curb before the hotel Cullen begged Mr. Osborne to get into the taxicab with him, and for half an hour the two drove about the streets while the escaped prisoner poured out his remorseful soul to his friend. Of course Mr. Osborne's sympathetic advice to

Cullen was to go back to prison and 'take his medicine,' which was exactly what he was prepared to do. When the taxicab returned to the hotel, a friend of Mr. Osborne's was waiting in his motor to take him to dinner. Mr. Osborne commandeered the motor and sent Cullen to Sing Sing in it, while he and his other friend went to dinner in a cab. A couple of hours later Warden Kirchwey shook hands with Cullen in the office of the prison, and he went down to the cells to begin his five-year term over again, with added punishment for his escape. So ended one of the most significant episodes in penal history.

II

The existence of conditions making possible the events outlined in the story of Cullen's escape and his return to prison would have been considered as absurd, when the first cell-doors of Sing Sing were opened nearly ninety years ago, as a prediction that in the twentieth century soldiers would fight battles in the air. The annals of Sing Sing are a record of unmitigated horror that began before the foundations were laid; for it was built by convicts from Auburn under the direction of Captain Elam Lynds, the former principal keeper — as the warden was then known — of the older prison. Captain Lynds, with one hundred convicts in irons and a force of armed guards, arrived from Auburn in May, 1825, and built a camp near the site of the proposed structure.

The captain was a type of the old brutalschool of penologists. He believed that the reformation of a criminal who had reached the age of 17 years was hopeless. To his mind, a prison was solely a place of punishment; and the whole duty of its officers was performed when they prevented the escape of their prisoners and taught them the lessons of order, obedience, and industry. His

own practice, which he enjoined upon his subordinates, was never to overlook the slightest infraction of the prison rules and to visit instant punishment upon all offenders with the cudgel or the whip.

No history of Sing Sing has yet been written, and probably the worst atrocities committed within the prison boundaries will never be recorded; but it may be said without fear of contradiction that not one of the stones in the sombre walls went into place unprofaned by the curses and tears of men driven under the lash to their toil. The construction of Sing Sing was begun in 1825, prisoners being confined in the cells as fast as they were constructed. Eight hundred cells were ready for occupancy in 1829, the prison's capacity being gradually increased to the present twelve hundred cells. Captain Lynds became principal keeper of the new prison, he and the other keepers with their cudgels knocking down and beating the prisoners at will. A convict who was clubbed into unconsciousness by a keeper was not necessarily immune from further punishment, for as much as a hundred blows with the 'cat' might be his portion afterward.

Sing Sing had been chosen as the site for a new prison because of the stone and marble quarries within the boundaries of the State property, and when the cell block was completed the prisoners were set to work in the quarries. Men and oxen were used indiscriminately in transporting the stone and marble blocks from the quarries to the wharves on the river, the practice being to drive from fifty to one hundred men on chains attached to the poles of the carts that carried the heavy blocks, ahead of a team of oxen, keepers applying the whip to human and bovine legs and backs alike at the difficult places in the roadway. Sometimes men alone were driven to the carts, and more than

once it happened that the legs of those nearest the front wheels were broken when a sharp turn under a heavy load jolted the cart-pole out of their hands.

The food was so scanty and so bad under Captain Lynds's administration that the prisoners often suffered the pangs of hunger continuously for weeks; and although outrageous punishment was meted out to those who filched bread, the men ran every risk to obtain a little additional nourishment to their scanty rations. In the winter prisoners sometimes paced their cells all night to keep from freezing. Unruly convicts were manacled in their cells for months at a time.

Captain Lynds was tyrannical and brutal with the subordinate officials of Sing Sing. He even attempted to dictate to the prison inspectors, and objected to their speaking with the prisoners on the ground that this tended to interfere with the discipline. Such was his reputation in the village of Sing Sing that he was threatened with personal violence should he venture into the streets.

It was not until 1843, thirteen years after the prison was first occupied, that steps were taken to temper man's inhumanity to man in Sing Sing. In July of that year the following rules for the conduct of the institution with regard to prisoners and keepers were promulgated by the State inspectors:—

1. That no person be permitted to strike a convict in any other manner than with a 'cat,' except when necessary for self-defense.

2. That no assistant keeper shall inflict more than ten blows with the cat, for any one offense.

3. That no convict shall be whipped more than once for the same offense, except by order of the Board.

4. That the principal keeper shall not inflict, or cause to be inflicted, more than 25 blows for one offense.

5. That no punishment shall be inflicted until at least twelve hours after the commission of the offense.

Captain Lynds, who was then principal keeper after having served in Auburn for a time, objected strenuously to this coddling of the criminal. He declared that the milk-and-water sentimentality of the inspectors was almost certain to result in a wholesale jail delivery, since it would be impossible to keep the prisoners under control when it became known among them that their keepers might not use their cudgels. He particularly reprehended the twelve-hour remission of punishment rule. How, he asked, could a prisoner be expected to obey a command, if there were not provision made for its immediate enforcement? The principal keeper was overruled, and the following year he was dismissed from his post.

Picture Captain Lynds with his cudgel, first of Sing Sing's keepers, at one end of the line, and at the other end Warden Osborne and Professor Kirchwey; and a measure of penological progress is afforded. Indeed, of all the wardens who have come and gone during the long years of the prison's existence, there are probably no greater contrasts in personality than between the ruffian of 1829 and the philanthropist and the educator of 1915 and 1916.

Very slowly did conditions improve in Sing Sing. There was progress, however, although most of the tales of this particular prison-house have been of inhumanity and cruelty, of murder and murderous assaults, of escapes and attempted escapes, of drunkenness and drug-addiction. In the women's prison, which was established in 1835, the use of the whip was abolished the following year; but it was not until 1847 that the practice of flogging male prisoners, 'except in cases of insurrection, riot and self-defense,' was abandoned. How-

ever, in a memorandum to the Governor of New York in 1870, the Prison Association of the State noted that, although the whip was no longer used after 1847, 'other and even more cruel methods of inflicting bodily pain were resorted to, and the domination of force was again triumphant.' It was not until 1869 that the law forbade the infliction of the punishments 'commonly known as the shower-bath, crucifix, or yoke and buck' in the prisons of the Empire State.

With the beginning of this century conditions were improved in many respects in the New York prisons. Industrial training had been introduced into Sing Sing, when the manufacture of clothing, shoes, furniture, and so forth, for use in State institutions superseded work in the quarries; but now scholastic training was begun, the students being required to attend school a part of every day in the year with the exception of Sundays. A well-fitting uniform was substituted for the prisoner's former striped suit, and the lockstep was replaced by the military step. The prisoners' hair was neatly trimmed with shears, instead of being cut close to the scalp with clippers. Dentists and oculists were brought into the prisons to care for the eyes and teeth of the inmates; crockery replaced the old tin cups and pans; an electric light in each cell superseded the old tallow candle. All forms of corporal punishment were abolished, and — theoretically, at least — infraction of rules in the New York prisons merely consigned the prisoner to solitary confinement until he reached a normal condition of mind and signified his willingness to conform to discipline.

Nevertheless, in 1913, George W. Blake, who was appointed a special commissioner to investigate the prisons of New York, reported: 'The worst features of the prison management can-

not be discussed in any public document, but the subject is of such vital importance to the State that no time should be lost in submitting it to the attention of men competent to present a method of bettering a condition that breeds disease of the mind and body and that should touch the heart of every man with human instincts.' The almost incredible charge was made in June of that year that Sing Sing officials had conspired with rogues outside the prison to starve the unhappy men in the cells, giving them rotten meat and vegetables in meagre quantities in place of wholesome and plenteous food provided by the State, and pocketing the difference in price. As Mr. Blake said, 'The average man's patience may withstand the thought of graft derived from bricks and stone in the dishonest construction of prison buildings; but when it is wrung from the bodies and minds of helpless and suffering human beings it turns him savage and makes him yearn for the blood of the politicians responsible for it.' (These are the same politicians, by the way, who tried to force Warden Osborne out of office.)

Sing Sing prison is physically a disgrace to civilization. The cells are about seven feet long, three feet and three inches wide, and six feet and six inches high, providing $147\frac{7}{8}$ cubic feet of air space, as against 400 cubic feet required in the municipal lodging houses of the City of New York; so that when two men were in a cell together, as frequently occurred, they had less than a quarter of the amount of air to breathe that science declares to be essential to health. There is absolutely no plumbing in the cell-house, no toilet provisions. In each cell was a bucket which served for all the prisoner's needs; and, as these buckets were emptied only once in twenty-four hours, the stench that emanated from them may be imagined. The small amount of drinking

water given to the prisoners was contained in a smaller bucket, which stood in the cell for hours at a time. As both the buckets were uncovered, the drinking water soon became contaminated. The inmates of Sing Sing were aroused every morning at 6.30, and by 7.30, their cells cleaned and their buckets emptied, were in the mess-hall, where a scanty breakfast awaited them. At eight o'clock they were in the various workshops. At noon dinner was served in the big mess-hall, and half an hour later the men were back in the shops. They worked until a quarter past three, when they were given a few minutes exercise, and sent to their cells carrying their suppers — a cup of tea and a piece of bread.

That was the week-day routine. Sunday, until the summer of 1913, was a day of torture. The men were allowed out of their cells for breakfast, and then they were permitted to attend divine service, provided they felt like thanking God that there was only one Sunday in the week. All the inmates of the prison were then — at eleven o'clock in the morning — back in their cells with their rations for the rest of the day, no dinner being provided for them on Sunday, since that would interfere with the keepers' day of rest. When Monday happened to be a holiday, the men were kept in their cells from four o'clock Saturday afternoon until 6.30 o'clock Tuesday morning — a total of more than sixty hours, with the exception of the time necessary to eat breakfast on Sunday and attend religious services, and the time for one meal on Monday. The same conditions existed when a holiday fell on Saturday or Sunday and was celebrated on Monday.

These terrible Sundays and holidays were responsible for the demand in Sing Sing for liquor and drugs, and the traffic in this contraband involved thousands of dollars annually. If it is

considered strange that this traffic was not restrained, let the fact be considered that some eighty or ninety small-salaried keepers were going in and out of the prison daily, many of whom were putting in the bank money made by the sale of drink and drugs to habit-ridden inmates, who would undergo torture rather than inform on the agents who brought them the wherewithal to deaden temporarily their sufferings. It was the coalition between disreputable keepers and the more depraved of the prisoners that was accountable for the crimes of violence that were of constant occurrence in Sing Sing. During one week in November, 1913, two inmates who were suspected, and *only* suspected, of being informers with regard to the drug traffic were murderously beaten in one of the prison corridors by other prisoners whose identity it was impossible to prove. Of course both of these assaults were witnessed by keepers, none of whom would admit having seen an overt act committed.

III

These same conditions existed in Sing Sing when, one year later, in December, 1914, Thomas Mott Osborne began to make penological history there. In two hours of his first Sunday as warden, Mr. Osborne did more to advance the cause of prison reform than had been accomplished before in all the years that man has been sequestering his lawless brother from society. Then, for the first time in prison history, the inmates of a big and overcrowded penal institution were assembled in the chapel, and the guards ordered from the room. And, wonderful to relate, the prisoners did not turn and rend the warden or themselves! Indeed, a more orderly group of men could not have been found that Sunday afternoon in any church in all Christendom.

(The men came in two divisions of about seven hundred each, the chapel not being large enough to seat them all at once.) And less than two years before, the warden of Sing Sing had felt it necessary to put a loaded pistol into his pocket when he went into the prison yard! Only a year and a half before, the prisoners in Sing Sing had mutinied and set fire to the shops. It may be remarked incidentally that — again for the first time in the history of Sing Sing — not one infraction of the prison rules was reported for the twenty-four hours ending on the Monday morning following the assemblage of the inmates in the chapel without their guards.

Warden Osborne had got together the prisoners of Sing Sing — who were already familiar with the principles of the Mutual Welfare League introduced by him in Auburn, of which they subsequently became members — to consider a revision of the prison rules, and he at once approved fifteen almost revolutionary changes suggested, at his request, by the men themselves. The most important of these changes was one whereby the prisoners asked that in cases of minor breaches of the rules, they be allowed to discipline themselves without initial intervention of warden or keepers. To this Mr. Osborne replied that he was fully in sympathy with the suggestion, and that he would carry the idea further and allow the prisoners to decide *all* breaches of discipline, with appeal, where the justice of a decision was disputed, to the warden's court — which is composed of the warden himself, the principal keeper, and the prison physician. The roar of delighted applause that greeted this announcement was an augury of the successful operation of the new order.

Other prison rules that had been in existence for years were swept away by

Warden Osborne with the observation that he could not understand why they had ever been made. These included restrictions on letter-writing, on the purchase of stamps, on the receiving of money for the purchase of luxuries like tobacco.

Another rule which Mr. Osborne declared should never have been promulgated, and which he promptly abolished, forbade the receipt by prisoners of shoes and sweaters from friends and relatives outside of the prison. The request that the men be allowed to see visitors on Sundays and holidays, which had not been permitted up to the advent of the new warden, was granted by Mr. Osborne with the comment that Sundays and holidays were the very days that the friends of the prisoners were best able to call upon them. Requests were granted that the men be allowed to keep their daily papers in their cells until they had finished reading them, instead of being compelled to give them up each evening, and that lights be allowed in cells and dormitories until 10 o'clock, instead of being put out at 9.30.

In its annual report, dated March 31, 1916, the State Prison Commission of New York summarizes the changed conditions in Sing Sing thus:—

'Under the wardenship of Thomas Mott Osborne, a greater measure of responsibility for conditions within the prison has been delegated to the inmates. Discipline in the institution has been left largely to the officers of the Mutual Welfare League. Prisoners march to and from the mess-hall and shops under their own officers, and the question of punishment for infraction of rules has been determined by a court composed of inmates, the accused having the right of appeal to a higher court, composed of the warden and other prison officials. Ball games, tennis matches and other athletic sports, a swim-

ming-pool, moving-picture shows, lectures, and other entertainments have been provided for the recreation of the prisoners.

'Two inmates have been permitted to marry, under the new régime, and one or more were allowed to leave the institution to attend the funerals of relatives.

'A wage rate as a standard for work done has been established, and a bank started with token money. A store has been stocked with provisions, wearing apparel, tobacco, etc., where the inmates are permitted to trade.'

IV

Mr. Osborne considers the most important result of his first year's work in Sing Sing to be the changed spiritual attitude of the men, which alters their whole relation to society upon their release.

'The failure of the previous prison systems has come fundamentally from attacking the problem from the wrong point of view,' he says. 'The first effort toward a prison system was the so-called Philadelphia system, which followed the abolition of capital punishment in Pennsylvania in 1794. This was the solitary system, each man in a separate cell, without work, with no books but the Bible, and never seeing any one save his jailer and occasionally the chaplain. This was upon the supposed theory that the cause of his being in prison was a mental one, and that the way for him to learn to think straight was to reflect upon his sins, when with the aid of the Bible his mind would regain a normal condition. When it was found that the Philadelphia system led to insanity and suicide, it was abandoned in the other states, although solitary confinement still persisted in Pennsylvania for many years.

'The next step in prison reform was

the so-called Auburn system, which approached the problem from the physical side. Men were shut in solitary cells at night, but there was congregate work by day, and absolute silence at all times. The idea underlying this system was that men should be forced to act right, when by force of inertia, after a sufficient length of time, they would reach a condition in which they could be trusted to go out into the world and act right there. Results have shown, however, that two thirds of the men in state prisons are recidivists. So far from learning righteousness by the attempt to close all doors to wrongdoing, men left prison under this system in a state of such wrath against society that they were determined to "get even" at all hazards. The new system, under which the authorities trust, not the individual prisoner, but the entire community of prisoners, allowing the community to handle the cases of discipline, produces a responsibility on the part of every sensible man.

'The privileges given are in return for the proper assumption of responsibility. No privilege is an end in itself, but only a means to an end, that end being the increase of this feeling of responsibility, thus producing the frame of mind in which a man may return to society and "go straight." Other evidence of improved conditions in Sing Sing is found in the fact that for more than four weeks the last year there was not a single case of discipline or punishment in the prison. As warden, I have found it necessary to inflict punishment on but three occasions. The drug and liquor traffic has been eliminated, with consequent improvement in the health of the inmates. The efforts of the authorities under the old system to prevent the sale and use of drugs and liquors in Sing Sing was in vain. It was not until the men themselves determined to stamp out the evil that the thing was done.

'There is great mental improvement among the inmates of the prison, ambition among them to learn and to help others to learn, stimulated by the night school numbering more than five hundred pupils, conducted entirely by prisoners. Sing Sing is becoming a place of education instead of a mere den of caged animals. Then there has been immense improvement in the physical well-being of the men, not only because of the cessation of the use of drugs and liquors, but by reason of the exercise the recreation hours afford — in summer swimming, baseball, handball, and bowling. The result is that the men are leaving prison not only much better in appearance, but with their muscles in better condition to begin work. These are some of the important results the new system has brought about.'

The changing of human liabilities into human assets being the chief end of the new penology, Mr. Osborne has accomplished in Sing Sing an invaluable service, even had it been effected at an expense to the State. In reality, he has brought about these results with economic gain to the State. The gross sales of the products of Sing Sing in the fiscal year of 1913-14 amounted to \$318,733.59, and in 1914-15 to \$354,327.89, showing an increase under the Osborne régime of \$35,594.30, or about 11 per cent. The value of the goods manufactured there in 1913-14 was \$282,093.83, while in 1914-15 it was \$342,816.39 — an increase under the Osborne régime of \$60,722.56, or about 21 per cent. The profit from Sing Sing industries in 1913-14 was \$40,833.69, and in 1914-15, \$82,084.21 — an increase under the Osborne régime of about 100 per cent. The percentage of profit on the production of 1913-14 was 14 per cent; under the Osborne régime in 1914-15 it was 24 per cent. The per-capita cost of officers' salaries at Sing Sing for the last fiscal year was far less

than at any other of the three State prisons. At Great Meadow, with an average daily population of 712, the per-capita cost of officers' salaries was \$94.14; at Clinton, with an average daily population of 1447, it was \$88.35, and at Auburn, with an average daily population of 1429, it was \$88.53. At Sing Sing, with an average daily population of 1616, the same per-capita cost was only \$80.65.

One of the most striking results of the operation of the machinery of the Mutual Welfare League in Sing Sing has been its beneficial result upon prison discipline. In previous years fights among prisoners and attacks by prisoners upon their keepers were of so frequent occurrence that no record of them was kept, save in the event that a wound was severe enough to be treated in the prison hospital. Measuring the prevalence of fighting by the number of wounds treated by the prison physicians, the discipline under Warden Osborne has been better by 64 per cent than during the two fiscal years previous to his administration, which in their turn were the best two years in this respect in the history of Sing Sing. During 1912-13, with an average of 1442 inmates, there were 383 wounds treated, and in 1913-14, with an average of 1466 inmates, 363 wounds—an average for the entire period of 1454 inmates and 373 wounds. During the fiscal year of 1914-15, under the Osborne régime, the number of inmates of Sing Sing averaged 1616, and to keep pace with the two previous years the number of wounds should have been 414. The actual number of wounds was 155! This comparison is scarcely fair to the Osborne administration either, for under the old system the men often concealed their injuries rather than be punished for fighting, which the surveillance of the Mutual Welfare League renders impossible under the new ré-

gime. Previous to the existence of the league many of the wounds received by prisoners were the results of assaults upon their keepers. During the Osborne régime there has been but one assault by a prisoner upon a keeper, and in this instance the keeper refused to make a complaint because he believed the prisoner to have been deranged.

The general betterment of conditions at Sing Sing under Mr. Osborne's rule, as indicated by the comparative number of men driven insane by prison environment during the last four years, is also remarkable. In 1912, with a prison population of 1488, it was necessary to transfer 32 prisoners who had become insane to the Dannemora State Hospital; in 1913, with a prison population of 1,442, 48 men were sent to Dannemora, and in 1914, with the prison population 1,466, the number of men removed to Dannemora was 27. Last year, with the biggest prison population in the history of Sing Sing, it was necessary to transfer only 19 men to the State Hospital. There have been but three escapes from Sing Sing under the Osborne régime, exclusive of that of Tony Mareno, who returned voluntarily, up to the present writing. There were four the year before. There were ten escapes in 1913, six in 1912, four again in 1911, 17 in 1910, and 19 in 1909. The degree of Warden Osborne's control over the men in his confidence is demonstrated by the fact that on the night of one of the escapes during his administration he sent 15 prisoners out into the darkness to search for the fugitive, all of whom returned to the prison of their own accord, six of them being away most of the next day.

One of the warden's most daring experiments tending to prove a sense of honor among the men of the prisons occurred in the spring of 1915. The delegates of the Welfare League had held an election in the prison court-room,

and the count was not finished until after one o'clock in the morning. The warden then invited the fifty-four delegates into his house, sent for his cook and butler, both also convicts, and served sandwiches and coffee. The warden's house, which has no bars on windows or doors, is outside the prison walls; there was no guard within a hundred feet of it. The New York Central railroad tracks are just under the windows on one side, and the public highway on the other. After their repast the fifty-six prisoners, whose sentences ranged from a few years to life, went quietly to their cells.

A comprehensive illustration of Warden Osborne's method in dealing with the men of the prisons was afforded during his second month at Sing Sing, when he practically dismissed the guards from the workshops: that is, he directed them merely to patrol through the buildings instead of standing over the workers. Mr. Osborne introduced the new system in the most unruly shop first. Gathering the two hundred and fifty workers in the knitting-shop about him, he said, —

'Boys, I understand that you are the worst-behaved bunch in the whole prison — and I'm going to put a stop to it!'

The men stared at him uneasily.

'I'm going to dismiss your guards,' the warden continued, 'and you'll have to choose your own delegates, from among yourselves, to preserve order.'

The men in the knitting-shops have been among the best-behaved and most industrious in the prison ever since.

To carry out all Mr. Osborne's ideas for prison reform, it will be necessary to demolish the present cell-block at Sing Sing, establish a receiving station on that site, and build a new prison on the farm-colony plan — a project to which the Governor of New York has

virtually committed himself. The Osborne idea is the division of the prisoners on this farm into three grades — the first grade to live in cottages outside the prison enclosure, the second to live in dormitories within the walls, and the third — the temporary incorrigibles — to be confined in cells. A man, on entering the prison, will be assigned to the second grade, and it will depend on himself whether he is elevated to the first or degraded to the third. Under Mr. Osborne's plan the first-grade prisoners will supervise the second grade, and the second grade the third, the second and third grades being composed of the delinquents of the first and second respectively. He believes that this supervision of one grade by another will be of invaluable service in teaching the men why the criminal is a menace to society. Mr. Osborne is working to bring about the payment of full wages to inmates of State prisons, allowing them to pay their own maintenance while in durance, the surplus going to the support of their families, or to be banked until their terms expire in the event that they have no dependents. He would establish a free library, a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a large hall for entertainments and social gatherings in the prison.

What bearing upon public morals, by the way, has a desire on the part of the powers of evil to serve the powers of good, as manifested in the declaration of the underworld denizen to the Mutual Welfare Leaguers in search of Tony Mareno, that 'there is not a crook in the whole United States who would not be glad of the chance to do a good turn for Thomas Mott Osborne'? The more one reflects upon the potentialities of such a condition, the more significant does it become.

DRIFT

BY R. K. HACK

I

No thinking man to-day needs arguments to persuade him that our civilization is insecure, and that the nations are drifting rudderless. As L. P. Jacks has said, the literature of 'Where the devil are we?' is enormous, and cumber our periodicals. It is, however, pretty obvious where we are; it seems to me high time to put the preliminary question, 'How the devil did we get here?' If we can arrive at some faint inkling of an explanation of our involuntary and desperate wanderings, we shall then at least have a better chance of guessing some way out of this catastrophic maze.

How came we here? It is plainly the business of the historians to answer that question. And behold, here they come flocking by the hundred, each with his learned monograph or ponderous tome, each with his contribution to a reasonable and scientific solution of the great problem, — 'Economic Causes of the War,' 'Political Causes,' treatises on Pan-Germanism, on the Kaiser as a religious mystic, and so on, — until we realize that the war was absolutely inevitable, that all intelligent men, including historians, had known for forty years that it was inevitable, and that we live, not perhaps in the best of all possible worlds, but at any rate in a world which could not conceivably have been different from what it is.

Now, this consciousness that we and our civilization are adrift remains, even

after we have read the historians, unimpaired; indeed, it amounts to a conviction. It is, so to speak, a residue; it is what is left over of doubt and of groping after everything has been made clear to us. The mere statement of the paradox shows that something is wrong. Can it be that the historians are, after all, inadequate? It will be hard, especially for historians, to admit any such unorthodox criticism. But what else can we say of guides who abandon us in the midst of the wilderness?

We have good reason to be out of patience with the historians. Have we not been told that *historia docet*? The only purpose of writing history is that it may serve as the continuing memory of mankind; that it may supplement the petty experiences of each individual until he contains within himself the soul of the race; that it may exalt the will and enable the wisdom of each generation to leave the world a little better than they found it. If, therefore, history teaches that progress is automatic, and that the present is the inevitable result of the past, history fails to serve its purpose. It certainly supplies no incentive to undertake the moulding of the future, nor any guidance in that task. What is just as serious, it has not supplied us with a genuine explanation of the past. In this connection, it is very easy for us to forget now what fools we were three years ago.

Let me quote a few words from an address made by Lord Bryce as President of the International Congress of

Historical Studies, on April 3, 1913. 'The world,' he said, 'is becoming *one* in an altogether new sense. . . . More than four centuries ago the discovery of America marked the first step in the process by which the European races have now gained dominion over nearly the whole earth. . . . As the earth has been narrowed through the new forces science has placed at our disposal . . . the movements of politics, of economics, and of thought, in each of its regions, become more closely interwoven. . . . World History is tending to become One History.'

And a little over a year later, it became plain that the altogether new sense in which the world was becoming one was an altogether unpleasant sense. Every phrase which Lord Bryce used seems to have been dictated to him by some sardonic devil: the new unity, the emphasis upon the dominion which we have gained over the whole earth but not, alas, over our own souls, and the new forces which science has placed at our disposal, in order that we may employ high explosives to destroy each other on land, in order that we may assassinate under the sea, and that we may defile the air with Zeppelins. The historians have indeed been blind leaders of the blind; let us not blame them overmuch, but let us not trust them at all.

If we cannot learn from the historians, we may perhaps learn from their mistakes. Chief among these is the dogma which I have called Automatic Progress. Automatic Progress is a 'racer' with a peculiar pedigree; he is by Optimism, out of Evolution. He also has the peculiar habit of attempting to win his races by stuffing himself with all the oats he could reach — a habit which proves to be somewhat of a handicap. Intoxicated by the heady wine of natural science, the historians of human affairs have attempted to

introduce the reign of law into their interpretations of human society and politics.

And yet the appalling truth, which is obvious now that we have been sobered by the war, is that the 'laws' of human nature are not comparable to the laws of science. There is no orderly evolution toward an end, there is no Automatic Progress; in the place of these figments of a sick imagination and of scientific vanity, we may and must recognize the truth which has been thrust upon us, the truth of Change. The one thing certain is that the world is always changing, and that it may change for the worse as well as for the better. We have no guarantee; and if we can only bring ourselves to admit humbly that we have none, I believe we shall be within measurable distance of discovering how we came to be where we are.

Suppose we search for an example. Do you know a man who acts as if he had a lien upon the future? Then you know that he does not pay attention to the art and business of living, and that he spends his existence, not in making things happen, but in having things happen to him. The world is for him a sort of perpetual Coney Island railway, whereon he sometimes glides along smoothly, and sometimes suffers a disastrous tumble. After which, if he is a good historian, he will pick himself up and proceed to demonstrate that the machinery made it inevitable that he should tumble.

Only, in the case of this war, there are millions who will remain where they fell.

Our faith in Automatic Progress is therefore partly responsible for our present situation. It was this faith that lulled to sleep the peoples of Great Britain and of France while Germany made ready. Germany, I hasten to say, did not believe in Automatic Progress;

but let us first attempt to analyze the faith of the other nations who did so believe. Why were we so blind before the event? It is not a complete answer to say that we were fools, or to damn our historians and politicians for having misled us. All our literature up to 1914 is crammed with expressions similar to that which I have quoted from Lord Bryce. They sound like the laughter of an infant just before the priest tosses him to Moloch. Here is another such utterance, from a very brilliant little book called *The Living Past*: 'Even as this is being written the growing unity shows itself effectively in overcoming the most dangerous crisis of recent times, the Balkan difficulty of 1913. It is by such wise and patient action that the Western "Concert" comes into being, and will increasingly assert itself — strong, far-seeing, and united for the common weal.'

Upon the truth of these utterances the guns are thundering their adequate commentary. The delusion was, however, universal — always excepting Germany; and the source of the delusion is, I believe, to be found in two ideas which have held the greater portion of the western world in their grip for more than a century. The first is our idea of the function of the state; the second is our idea of the function of science. So long as we adhere to these ideas, so long are we doomed to drift.

II

All political and social discussions are cluttered with a mass of abstractions. We talk of liberty and rights, of *laissez-faire* and of state interference, of democracy and capital and labor. It would, of course, be idiotic to attempt to banish abstractions; but there is no valid reason why we should employ them as blinders, and it is possible to describe our idea of the function of the

state in fairly simple terms, in terms of our action. We act as if the state were a corporation whose business it was to insure us against the interruption of our business. So long as our own private business prospers, we do not pay as much attention to the state as we do to the weather reports. When our private business does not prosper, we are vexed with the government. If a sufficient number of citizens are vexed, we overthrow the government — that is to say, we do nothing whatever to alter the government; we merely change the list of office-holders in the governmental corporation. We, as individuals, pay taxes to the corporation; the corporation in return for the taxes is supposed to guarantee our individual lives and our individual happiness. The transaction is commercial. And therefore in practice we regard it as proper to get something for nothing; and the business of making a 'profit' at the expense of the government becomes a part of every large industry conducted by the citizens of that government. Those who are at least fairly prosperous are inclined to 'dodge' their taxes. Consult your own conscience: do you not feel that you have done your whole duty by the government when you have voted and paid your taxes? How much time do you spend thinking about the government? Let us take a favorable case and suppose that you spend five or six hours a day in thinking, as distinguished from the performance of routine tasks: how great a proportion of that time do you devote to the problems of the government? One hour? Ten minutes? Perhaps.

Our political actions, therefore, as well as our whole political system, make manifest the unpleasant truth that the idea which controls our actions and upon which the system is built is the idea of the Social Contract, of government as an insurance corporation;

and the theory of the Social Contract was spawned by the brain of Thomas Hobbes, the great atheist, coward, and logician, about three hundred years ago. Hobbes's idea was that government is the club which all of us agree to put in the hands of one large strong man, in order that he may protect us against each other, and also against foreign aggression. His idea was based upon the utterly false notion that primitive society was invariably engaged in civil war, except in so far as government, which is to say the Social Contract, intervened. Profoundly false as the theory was, it was popularized by the genius of Locke and of Rousseau, and speedily became dominant. It is *par excellence* the breeder of revolutions. Of course, if the government is under contract with you to protect your life, liberty, and happiness, and nevertheless fails so to do, the contract is void; and it is your duty to install another government. Thus the theory engenders fatally the very civil warfare which Hobbes said government was designed to avert. We rebelled against Great Britain, with the noble battle-cry, derived from the Social Contract, 'No taxation without representation.'

Even when the theory did not cause bloodshed, it assisted in the creation of party warfare, which is civil war without bloodshed. For parties are nothing but corporations, organized and maintained in order that they may take over by legal process the government (the 'club'), and themselves enjoy the privilege and the profits of wielding that club. Hence we speak of the 'party in power.' Hence we drift. For we are actually all of us in the same boat, and yet the helmsman is expected to steer with one eye on the course plotted by the leaders of one half of the passengers, and the other eye on the leaders of the other half of the passengers, who,

as he is perfectly aware, are doing their best to wrench the wheel from his control. That is the process we call government! What, in the name of the Great Dead Governments, would anarchy be? It is no wonder that we drift. The only miracle is that we survive at all!

We began by inquiring why it is that modern nations are unhappily engaged in drifting, instead of directing their undoubtedly vast energies toward a better and happier future. We found that the historians are of little use in such an inquiry, because they confine themselves to the delightful task of saying at great length that every result has an adequate cause, and that we are where we are because we were where we were. As we look about us for some clue to the mystery, we find it in our own behavior. Each one of us devotes only an infinitesimal portion of his time to the study of our collective welfare. In obedience to the theory of the Social Contract and to the sublime principle of the division of labor, we have cast that responsibility upon the shoulders of the government, that is to say upon the professional politicians. If 'our' party happens to be in power, we try not to damn them; if the other party is in power, we damn them anyhow. When we inquire why it is that the citizens of a great living state can conduct themselves with somewhat less than the amount of intelligence which a vegetable expends in growing, we find that it is because our current governmental systems and practices and ideas are based upon, and have never outgrown, an idea called the Social Contract, an idea which was conceived in error and nourished in egregious folly. It is therefore only natural that a government founded upon such an idea should prove to be unsatisfactory in times of peace, and, in time of war, a disastrous failure.

Hence it is the duty of us all to do our best to uproot the erroneous idea that government is a function which concerns only experts, as well as the idea that government is something really external to each one of us. We play a part in government as truly when we neglect government as when we are so-called politicians. This then is one of the reasons why we drift, and why we still suppose that the government is a sort of insurance company.

III

There is, however, another reason. It is the prestige, the magical power which we have deluded ourselves into believing that science possesses. If you want to make a man neglect his business, all you have to do is to persuade him that some one else is doing his business for him as well as or better than he could do it himself. Is not the cheating trustee a well-known figure? The cheating trustee administers the fortune of an infant in such a way that the trustee gets the fortune and the infant gets nothing. The modern world has persuaded itself that all it has to do is to hand over its fortune to science. Science has accepted the trust; and just now science, with a 'neutral' stare, is presenting to us the results — the bombing aeroplane and the Zeppelin which is used to kill babies, the high explosive shells and the Krupp guns, the gasoline-pumps which the Germans employ to spray their enemies with, in order that they may efficiently burn them to death, the submarines, an interminable catalogue of hellish devices. And more than that, we have behind the firing-line the spectacle of a whole nation utilizing every atom of its scientific and industrial organization to destroy human life. It is wicked, it is insane, it is anything you like — and yet it is simply what we have permitted

ourselves to do. On second thought, the comparison of science to the cheating trustee is altogether too flattering — too flattering to us, I mean. No exterior agent has cheated us; it is we who have cheated ourselves.

Again we are confronted by the problem of our motives. Why is it that we have allowed science to run amuck, to be, not a savior but a destroyer? One of our motives is fine, unselfish, idealistic — the desire to make the world a better, cleaner, healthier place to live in; the other is the lust for gain, the greed which has exploited the earth by means of scientific industries. In the pursuit of gain, we have not only suffered ourselves to be enslaved by science, which is our tool, but we have done so because we had our attention so concentrated upon the material advantages which we could procure by the use of the tool, that we totally overlooked the disadvantages, both material and spiritual, which result from the misuse of the tool. We talk about our 'conquest of nature'; but we have been employing a two-edged sword, which cuts as deep into us, into our flesh, as it cuts into nature. The earth does not bleed when it is torn up by a scientific engineer; but we do, when we are torn up. The same scientific principles are involved in both cases; only the motive is different. We cannot control the principles of science, but we can control human action and human motives, *if we will*. We must put to ourselves the same question as before, when we were discussing government: why is it that we have been so stupid as to allow a mere tool to dominate us? It is not enough to say that our greed blinded us; it is not enough to say that we have modern scientific warfare because we wanted modern scientific factories. Greed accounts for much, but not for all of our folly. Our false idealization of science is responsible for the rest.

I cannot help formulating, at this point, a prayer. I wish that some great lawgiver would appear among us, and enforce with flaming eloquence this new commandment: *Let no man among you worship an abstraction.* For science is an abstraction, and the worship of science has killed and is killing its millions. It is worth while to investigate the genesis of this delusion; and if we can find out how the worship of science is born, we may be able to kill it before it kills us.

Suppose that a poor and ignorant farming community has settled upon a land of average fertility. They have no doctors, and every once in a while the accumulated filth in the midst of which they live causes them to suffer from a terrible epidemic, which they denominate a 'visitation of God.' Crops are uncertain; if they are good, the farmers cry, 'God is merciful'; if they are bad, the farmers cry, 'God is angry with us for our sins.' They cannot travel, for they have bad roads. The men work all day in the fields; and the women work all day about the house. They make their own clothes, for there are no factories. Their life is at best full of toil; of art there is little or none, unless it be the art of the church, which swallows most of their trifling gains. At worst, their life is one of blind terror and of dreadful suffering, of squalor and of cruelty. And they ascribe every event, whether good or evil, to the will of God.

Into the midst of such a community comes a group of quiet black-coated men, who with incredible rapidity alter and transform the life of these people from top to bottom. They know where to find metals and coal; they erect strange buildings full of strange things which make more cloth in a day than a toiling woman could in her whole life; they build roads and railways; they build sewers and hospitals. Shops spring up, men become rich in a year;

and all of a sudden 'God' ceases to send pestilence upon the community, no matter how much they sin. What process, I ask you, then goes on in the bewildered mind of this community? These quiet men, who worship a new deity called science, have transformed the world; they it is who have overruled the elder god who sent disease and squalor and universal poverty and crops good or bad according to his temper; and therefore the mind of the community draws the only conclusion possible to it — that the new deity is a greater god than the god of their fathers. And so the community enshrines science, prostrates itself before science and all its works, and most of all before the visible priests and acolytes of that great god. Who shall presume to teach this community that these scientists are mere men, that their science itself is in reality no god beyond good and evil, but is merely the entirely human achievement of entirely human intelligences, of which the only proper function is to serve as the tool of man?

True, a few warning voices are heard, a Ruskin, a Tolstói, a poet here and there. But they are 'sentimental,' they are 'impractical,' whatever those words mean in the vocabulary of hell. It may be worth noticing that the same epithets are now being applied to the Belgians by the Germans. And the result is that the voice of the prophets is drowned by the clamor of the factories and by the shouting of the men who build factories. Yet with the exception of those same sentimental and impractical prophets, no one in the world had brains enough to ask men what was being made in those factories, and for what purpose. If it were not for the bitterness of the tragedy involved, one could do nothing but laugh at a chemist who, though nominally sane, should spend his youth manufacturing quantities of a coarse poison, only to

celebrate his arrival at mature years by himself consuming all of the poison he had himself made. He might at least have killed rats with it. But if we should proclaim that he was guilty of a tragic and ridiculous folly, what shall we say of a nation, of a world, which is doing the same thing upon a cosmic scale?

The worship of science is a religious mania, and its fruits are like the fruits of a religious mania. The world is familiar with them. Torture, persecution, bloodshed, indiscriminate assassination, and the sins of the spirit which are far worse than mere murder: pride and intolerance, burning hatred of all those who refuse to do obeisance to the fanatic's deity, and that last corruption which, seizing upon the soul of the fanatic, makes him see all human truth as one mass of lies, and all lies as truth.

Let no man among you worship an abstraction. Science cannot save the world, for the plain reason that science is not divine. What has been the real history of the last century, the history which the historians have left unwritten? It has been the history of that community of ignorant farmers, and of the suicidal chemist, writ large. As if the world had swallowed hashish, so did its deep draughts of science make every limitation of human power to vanish before its astounded eyes. It was the age of the machine. The railway and the steamer annihilated distance. Darwin came, and we began to speak of Evolution instead of speaking of God; we discussed and believed in, not the Fall, but the Rise of man. The earth suddenly was revealed to be a storehouse of apparently inexhaustible wealth. Trade was no longer between town and town, but between continent and continent. The sky yielded its secrets. New inventions were poured out in floods, until we were so amazed that

we lost the power of wondering at anything.

And it was science which wrought all these miracles, SCIENCE! We had lost faith in almost everything else, to be sure; but had we not gained a new deity of incalculable might? It is no marvel that we transferred our worship to the new god science; and with our worship we coupled all those blind hopes which are the very life of humanity, all our aspirations toward a brighter future, our capacity for sacrifice and for devotion unto death.

Now and then a war fell upon us, but our trust in Automatic Progress had been so thoroughly inculcated by our scientists that we paid little heed. Millions of us were poor, and many even starved in the midst of abundance; but you and I salved our remnants of human feeling by writing a check for charity. Had not science taught us that everything which took place was inevitable? So we bowed our heads to the decree of science, called ourselves humanitarians, and did our best to put ourselves in a position where we could amply afford to bestow charity upon those who were destined to need charity. Science was to abolish war, and disease, and ignorance, and crime, and poverty, at some time in the future. 'Leave it to science,' we said; 'and in the mean time do all you can for your individual self.'

What was worse, most of us took our own advice. We left all the rest to scientific experts: government we turned over to the politicians, law to the lawyers, health to the doctors, science to the scientists, religion to a dwindling body of clergy, and morals to I don't know what. Literature and the other arts became a means of dissipation, a distraction for an idle hour or for an idle scientist. We raved about cubists and futurists and imagists. And we utterly neglected the common

weal, since we were so certain that divine science would shed upon us a collective blessing, just as manna was shed of old upon God's people.

IV

Then came the awakening. Germany, the one country in the world which was above all others fitted, by blood and nurture, by Prussian Kaiser and Prussian discipline and Prussian rapacity, to be the new vessel of the new deity, proclaimed the holy war in the name of science, and signalized her entrance into the militant service of that god by ravishing Belgium, by ravishing the women and children of Belgium and France, by ravishing everything save the soul of Belgium and France. Since the first days, each successive act of Germany has thundered a half-misunderstood warning in the ears of a world which had gone far — who knows how far? — upon the same road toward the same insane and hellish destination, — half-misunderstood, for the precise reason that we were, and still are, ourselves infected with the same maniacal worship of science which has, under a German Kaiser and a German God, utterly destroyed both the reason and the humanity of Germany. Little Belgium has won her immortality by those days and months of heroism. France, the most humane and the most loved of nations, had sometimes set foot on that hateful road, but she was the first when the war came to perceive her own error and to return to that difficult path over which alone humanity may climb. For England, the lesson has been harder, but she is learning it at great cost.

But the United States? Well, the nice, comfortable world in which we believed has been shattered, and we have been vainly striving to put it together again just as it was. The vast

majority of our people have been shocked by what Germany has done. But they have not understood why Germany has acted as she has; they have not explained the sources of her sins, and therefore they have explained away these sins by means of the common historical superficialities, or, failing in that, have simply and speedily forgotten the sins of Germany as fast as Germany committed them. Why, indeed, should we remember them? Do we not find it peculiarly easy to forget our own sins? And just in so far as we Americans, like the Germans, have sinned the sin of greed, just in so far as we too have bowed down before deified science, just in so far as we too have suffered the tools of man to dominate and enslave the spirit of man, so far are the sins of the Germans our own, so far we render ourselves their accomplices. And the extent to which this moral cancer has eaten into our souls is made manifest by our moral insensibility. Our traditions of liberty have been perishing, and in their place we have erected shrines to prosperity, by which we mean greed, and to efficiency, by which we mean science. But these gods are also the gods of the Germans, and therefore we Americans have had for the Germans that involuntary sympathy which proclaims us their fellow-worshippers. We should in all humility thank heaven that no Kaiser and no preëminent military caste have taken us over, as they took Germany over, and educated us through military discipline and through scientific discipline to coördinate all our passions and all our powers into the service of a god who is incarnate Germany, a trinity of greed and brutality and science.

This, therefore, is the danger which menaces the American people: not, as we have vainly imagined, the danger that we might be forced into the war, or that we might be attacked after the

war, but rather our secret idolatry of a god who is at least first cousin to the god of the Germans. We may well be grateful that he is not identically the same; if he were, we should be fighting with the Germans against the Allies, and against humanity. As it is, we are neutral. We cannot repeat too often the truth that there is nothing moral about neutrality. Neutrality means indifference. It does not mean even-handed justice; for justice takes an active part in the affairs of men, whereas we are decidedly not taking an active part. We are, indeed, making money, but that is for our private pocket. We feel dimly that something has happened to us when our ships are sunk by Germany and when our fellow citizens are killed by Germany; and even while some of us are proclaiming that we ought to 'do our bit' to bring the intolerable assassins to justice, others of us, though of pure American descent, are saying of our innocent dead, 'It serves them right! What business had they to be in a place where they could cause us trouble!'

The open public German propaganda which has been carried on among us is indeed damnable; but the real peril to American civilization is in our own hearts and minds, in the stealthy corruption of our power to perceive the truth and to know good from evil, in the mental and moral debauchery which is inevitable among men who worship greed and science.

It is not my purpose to propose that we should join the Allies. But I do propose that we should strive to make ourselves spiritually and intellectually fit to join the cause of humanity. And there is one very definite step that we can take in that direction. As worshippers make ablution before they enter a temple, so we must purge ourselves of falsehood and of the idolatry of science. If we fail to accomplish this, we

shall continue to drift until we are damned, until our names are written in the records of history as of those who thrust themselves out of the fellowship of nations. The cause of humanity is one in which we can enroll, whether we 'join the Allies' or not; and there is literally an infinite amount of work to be done, of the hardest kind of work. For we cannot alter men for the better by a mere fiat; we can only alter men for the better by altering their ideas. Despite Germany and all her science, the human spirit cannot be governed by injunction.

Science, as I have tried to show, is neither god nor devil; science, by itself, has power neither to save nor to destroy. But we are learning at horrible cost the lesson that men armed with science can destroy in a moment human life and happiness and beauty that science can never replace. We are learning that the Germans are the only great modern nation which does not drift, or rather which was not drifting before the war. All the world worshiped science, and that was bad enough. But the Germans were the only people who had gone so far mad as to worship exclusively German science. All the world worshiped prosperity. But the Germans were the only people who believed that all the prosperity should belong to Germany. All the world made treaties, but the Germans were the only people who believed that they were above treaties. The Germans were the only great modern nation which was ruled by an autocracy. This autocracy expended all its cunning and all its force in the effort to accomplish rather an easy miracle, in the effort to make a nation worship itself. The autocracy succeeded. It employed national education and national drill and the Franco-Prussian War; it wove into a compact whole all the idealism and the capacity for obedience and for self-sacrifice. The

nation was already drunk with science; and the autocracy drove it insane with patriotism. The miracle was done, and the Germans called themselves the Chosen People.

But the rest of the world did not know that the Germans were insane, and so it had not prepared an asylum for them. The rest of the world was partly mad itself, what with the worship of prosperity and of science. France recovered first, and Great Britain is struggling toward sanity. But we of the United States have with appallingly few exceptions continued in our ante-bellum frame of mind. We have not suffered, and our eyes have not been opened. We are still drifting; and our minds are still filled with the old illusions, the old belief in Automatic Progress which has caused us to drift. The first work we have to do is to eradicate these false ideas, and so to regain control of ourselves. Whether peace comes soon or not, this work must go on; else peace will be again, as was the peace of 1871-1914, but a pitiless truce before a still more terrible war. 'Leagues to Enforce Peace' and similar schemes are as toy pop-guns to a Krupp. We have to alter, not our laws and our treaties, but the very stuff of our mental life, to which our laws are as the froth on a spring of living water.

V

For one thing, the real function of government, like the true character of a man, is made manifest by crises. War is such a crisis; and we may plainly see, both in France and in England, that the 'pay your money and the government does the rest' theory of the Social Contract is wholly abandoned in time of war. The traces of that theory which are left, particularly in England, are not sources of strength and happiness to the nation, but of weakness and

of sorrow. The true function of government is to secure a better future for all its people, and the true relation between the government and its people is — to use an old-fashioned analogy — the same as the relation between the family council and the members of the family. The trouble with our present theory is that it does not work. Had France and England displayed before the war a tithe of that solidarity and devotion which is now making them glorious, would Germany have dared to declare war? Unless we can so alter our ideas as well as our political framework in the direction of solidarity and away from our present practice, we shall continue to have in peace but a mockery of real government, and in war, disaster.

For another task, we have science to subdue. That will be a great battle. To win it, we need enthusiasm and hard work and clear thinking. What shall be our plan of attack?

In the first place, you will observe that I have said that we must 'subdue' science; I have not said that we ought to annihilate science. To subjugate science, to bring it under the yoke of the human will, to guide it in the service of human justice and human truth — this is not to destroy science, but to prevent it from destroying us. So much for true science. But against false science we must indeed wage a war of extermination. How shall we know the difference between the true and the false? It is hard to distinguish between them, for they both are dressed out in the same language, and they both parade the same airs of ultimate and indefeasible authority. Yet this question can be answered — by another question. *How do we know the difference between a man and a machine?*

A man is alive, and a machine is not alive. This is the test by which we can distinguish between true and false sci-

ence. In so far as the world and all that is therein is mechanical, science and scientific method can attain truth; in so far as the world and all that is therein is alive, science and scientific method are invalid, false, foredoomed to eternal failure. Therefore those sciences are justified which deal by scientific method with material, physical, mechanical facts — such sciences for example as chemistry and physics. But how about the sciences which pretend to deal with living beings, and above all with man, who is preëminent among living beings? How about biology, psychology, sociology, philology, politics, economics, history, and their associated multitude of subsidiary sciences?

Let us be bold and tell the truth; they are valid only in so far as living beings are mechanisms, and no further. With regard to man, they are less valid than they are when they deal with any other living being, for man is the least mechanical of animals. And therefore the cataract of volumes and myriads of monographs which have during the last century flooded our universities and our schools, and which have been written upon the hypothesis that man can be entirely explained as a mechanism, are radically false. Therefore there is no science of history, no science of economics, no science of sociology or of psychology, which can either render adequate account of the human past or predict the human future. It is true that we men are partly mechanisms who must eat in order to live; it is true

that many of our actions are the product either of instinct or of self-interest. But it is equally true that men have voluntarily starved themselves to death, and it is equally true that even now millions of men are voluntarily devoting themselves to be killed, not out of self-interest, but out of their love for a future in which they themselves will never share.

How far astray we have been led by these false sciences, we do not realize. They have not succeeded in abolishing our souls, but they have incalculably perverted them. How extensive and disastrous is the perversion they cause, we have ample opportunity to see in the case of the Germans. Call to mind the fact that German science has for sixty years been the avowed model on which we Americans have based our instruction, that up to two years ago we openly worshiped German science, and that to-day there are thousands of our best-educated citizens who still believe, as the Germans believe, that science reigns supreme over humanity. This belief we can and we must overcome; and the ideas which are rooted in this belief we must trace out one by one and destroy as we should destroy so much poison.

Let us not suppose that this will be a merely negative task. Truth cannot grow in soil which is choked by lies; and we cannot fulfill our aspirations towards that better future which it is our dream to create, unless we make room for the truth.

GOODNESS AND RELIGION

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

Of all persons who hinder the progress of religious thought, possibly the most effective is the man who is broad-minded without being deep-minded. It takes an exceptionally gifted man, one of unusual intellectual powers and mentality rarely disciplined, to be 'broad' without spiritual deterioration. It has been well said that one's religion is like a river. When a river breaks over its well-established and ancient banks, unless it is a stream remarkably deep, it will quickly degenerate into an odorous and malarial swamp. Obviously, the best thing to do with ordinary rivers is to keep them within their ancient bounds. An extraordinarily religious soul may break over the banks and hew out new channels successfully. The ordinary man, breaking over the former restraints in an intense desire to be 'broad,' usually accomplishes nothing except his own spiritual stagnation and the annoyance of his neighbors.

For a spiritual genius like Phillips Brooks, to take only one example, one can have nothing but admiration; for in breaking over the bounds of conventional religion he did not abandon them. He appreciated their value and sought merely to broaden the old channel. But it is with a very different feeling that one observes the genial gentleman who enlivens an after-dinner smoke with the smiling and patronizing remark to the clergyman present, 'Well, I'm broad-minded enough to know that one church is as good as another.' Of course he is broad — swamp-broad, and covered with a rich intellectual

scum which prevents his knowing what arrant nonsense he is uttering. He knows that one cigar is not as good as another; that one bar is not the equal of every other bar; that Henry James and Robert Chambers are not equals as novelists; that Beethoven and Irving Berlin are not occupants of the same musical plane. He has very definite opinions as to the moral superiority of either Germany or England, and even of the comparative righteousness and usefulness of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt. And yet there he sits, pitying his poor clergyman for being a narrow-minded ass, and saying, 'One church, one religion, one philosophy is as good as another.'

But even this person is not quite so far away from the broadness of Brooks and Parker and, I may add, Cardinal Newman, as is the man of whom you hear that 'he is not connected in any way with religion, but he is a good husband, father, and citizen, and what more can one ask?' The sublime complacency of the man who tells you this about *himself* is beyond remark. The egoist who esteems himself infallible is as nothing to his cousin who deems himself impeccable. What we do fail to perceive, quite often, is that even when the speaker is talking of *some one else* he is displaying a bit of that careless thinking which is apt to characterize the man who is 'swampy-broad.' He has confounded morality with religion.

This mistake is so commonly made that it is worthy of some attention.

There is, to be sure, a relationship between being good and being religious, but it is not the relationship of identity. It is the relationship of producer and produced, of antecedent and consequent, of cause and effect. It would be foolish to say that a dynamo and an electric light are the same thing; that green apples is a term synonymous with indigestion; that an architect's plans are the same thing as a completed building; or that sex-attraction is but another name for the social institution called the family. In the same way it is an evidence of muddled thinking to maintain that being good is the same thing as being religious.

No matter what religion you take up, you will find that it is not, in essence, a system of ethics. It is, rather, an agency for strengthening people by means of contacts, real or fancied, with supernatural power, that they may have the courage and the power to fulfill a system of ethics. In other words, the essential thing about religion is its mysticism, the fruit of which is the nerving of men and women up to a system of morality. The purpose of religions, in their origins, will invariably be found to be the imparting to people of supernatural sanctions for, and supernatural power to fulfill, the ethical system deemed necessary by the culture of the worshipers. This, which is true of all religions, can be seen to be true of Christianity in particular if one will examine either the methods of its Founder or the expression which it took upon that Founder's removal from it of his material Presence.

It is a matter that has often been remarked by disparagers of Jesus of Nazareth that there is nothing new in his ethical teachings, no original contribution to ethical thought. The Golden Rule was not his invention. The principle of universal fraternity was a part of much of Jewish Messianism in

the century or two before He came. One can comb the ethical teachings of the Nazarene carefully and find not one whit of moral instruction that had not been uttered elsewhere before He came. He laid little stress upon moral instruction. The Sermon on the Mount is very largely a collection of ancient wise saws commented upon in such a way that the hearers might see their real significance. Indeed, He spoke truth when He said that his function was to fulfill, to round out to completion, the utterances of the Law and of the ancient prophets or preachers of his people.

And when He deals with erring individuals there is no attempt to instruct them in a new system of being good. The Magdalen is taught no new code of sex-morality. The unadorned command to 'Go and sin no more' implies that she already knew what she ought to have been. Apparently Levi and Zaccheus were not attracted from their 'grafting' habits by lectures on political science or the ethics of government. They felt somehow in Jesus a power sufficient to make them do what they already knew they ought to do. The centurion at the Cross exclaimed, 'This was the Son of God,' after hearing but seven brief cries, only the first of which had any connection with ethics, and that an indirect one. The thing about Jesus which attracted people was not especially the newness or beauty of his moral science. It was rather that men and women felt a power flowing from Him which they unhesitatingly deemed the power of God Himself — filling them with a force sufficient to make them deny the world, the flesh, and the selfish Devil, and aspire toward living up to a morality which they already perceived, but which theretofore they had deemed beyond their power of achievement.

That this is true is plain from the early history of Christianity, as it is

revealed in the Book of the Acts, the Epistles of St. Paul, and the writings of the early fathers. It is nearly always a matter of astonishment to the rare moderns who take to Bible reading, to find how little ethical instruction there is in the New Testament and how much there is about personal contact with the power of God as revealed in Jesus Christ the living. Very little time is taken writing to converts, or preaching to the heathen, about what they ought to do, while very much is written and preached about how God had visited the earth in Jesus Christ, who was not dead but alive, and had sent the Holy Spirit, the Strengtheners and Consoler, to breathe into people the ability to live up to what they knew it was proper for human beings to be.

As the Christian Church developed, it manifested from the beginning certain tendencies which many of our contemporaries deplore. What these critics do not see is that these tendencies were not perversions of Christ's method, but fulfillments of it. These tendencies were toward Dogmatic Creeds and toward Ritualistic and Sacramental worship. The early creeds, as they have been preserved to us, contain little or nothing of ethical teaching. They are designed to preserve for us certain fundamental facts about the coming, the life, the death, and the continued life of Jesus the Incarnate God, and of the possibility of continued communion with Him through surrender to the Holy Spirit which He sent, and which dwells in the Church of his followers. One sees in this a recognition that Christianity is not primarily a system of ethics but rather a means of attaining power for a system of ethics. Nor is the sacramental system a means of teaching morality. It is rather a means of gaining mystical contact with Jesus. Baptism is the rite of incorporation into Christ of the converted or the newly

born. Confirmation is the rite whereby Christians are to receive the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The Mass is the rite of personal communion with the Redeemer. To the development of these sacraments and the surrounding of them with elaborate ceremonial, mystically significant, the Church devoted a very great deal of attention, until all the people understood perfectly that the Christian religion was not nearly so much a morality as it was a coming into contact with Him of whom the evangelist St. John said that He came 'that they might have life and have it more abundantly.'

The history of the splitting of Christendom into two camps, known generally as Catholic and Protestant, is the story of increasing misunderstanding concerning the relationship of morals and religion. First of all, on the one side there was a growing failure to recognize that religion was designed as a sanction, a handmaid, an inspirer of morality, and a developing regard for it as an end in itself; and then, on the other side, there was by way of reaction a complete repudiation of the mystical essence of religion and a tendency to deny that morality needs sanctions, handmaids, and inspirers. The same two tendencies toward error are in the world to-day, but it seems likely to some observers — and therein lies the hope of a reunited Christendom — that eventually all Catholics will discover, as great numbers of them have, that religion is meaningless when made an end in itself; and that all Protestants will find, as great numbers of them are finding, that morality without mysticism, at least Christian morality without Christian mysticism, is so difficult as to be impossible. Religion, for such a reunited Christendom, will be a thing essentially mystical, a thing of ceremony, of ritual, a thing awe-compelling, a thing which breathes of God Incar-

nate Glorified, and yet a thing to be used of men primarily in the gaining of God's strength for the fulfilling of the highest ethics, for the bringing in upon the earth of the Kingdom where the Divine will shall be done as it is in Heaven.

It would be a most unusual soldier who would say from the trenches, 'I never replenish my cartridge belt, but that does not matter, of course, so long as I continue to shoot my rifle.' What a sense of astonishment we should feel if Mr. Jones said, after dinner, 'You

know Smith is not a man who eats. Fact is, he never takes a bite of food. But then, you see, that is of no importance because he works so well and so hard all the time.'

And yet no more logical is the position of the man who states that he has substituted morality for religion; who contends that for the performance of that hardest of tasks — being a human being — he has found in the power of his own weakness an adequate substitute for the sustaining power of the Presence of God.

BIRTHRIGHT

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

LORD RAMESES of Egypt sighed
Because a summer evening passed;
And little Ariadne cried
That summer fancy fell at last
To dust; and young Verona died
When beauty's hour was overcast.

Theirs was the bitterness we know
Because the clouds of hawthorn keep
So short a state, and kisses go
To tombs unfathomably deep,
While Rameses and Romeo
And little Ariadne sleep.

THE MIND OF WOMAN

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

I

THE question of the mental characteristics of women, while it still retains psychological interest and practical importance, has been much narrowed down in recent times. Of old there were always champions of the intellectual excellence of women (usually masculine champions), but they appeared to be maintaining a brilliant paradox. Most people, whether men or women, seem to have felt that women had little use for mind; it was their husbands' business to furnish that; their part was to seek knowledge, as they were taught to seek God, through men. The sphere of women was generally held to be — as it still is commonly held to be in Germany, though to-day no country is so actively engaged in disproving this statement — children, church, cooking. It had not apparently become clear that there is no sphere more important, and none in which the exercise of intellect is more supremely desirable. Popular theories received a rude blow from that great eighteenth-century movement of thought, culminating in the French Revolution, which taught that all human beings are born equal and that differences are due merely to environmental conditions, to social inequalities. Useful as this movement in practice was, the notion itself, though it still has its belated survivors among ourselves, was crude and simple-minded as a complete account of the matter. The more searching biological method of the nineteenth century arose, and led

to a reaction which at first fostered new superstitions on a pseudo-scientific basis; for it was widely asserted that women, even by the anatomical conformation of their brains, are intellectually inferior. Now that view also possesses only historical interest. It is almost undisputed that a species like our own, which has reached so high a degree of success, could have progressed only through the possession of a marked superiority in both sexes.

The question has thus lost something of the interest which it may have possessed when it was a kind of game of sex-rivalry; to-day, when we see a sex animus of this kind introduced into the question, we know at once that the discussion has been placed on an antiquated and unprofitable foundation. Yet the problem of the varying mental characteristics of men and women still possesses a very real interest; for we know that sexual differences are consistent with sexual equality, and we know, moreover, that psychic sexual differences are inevitable so long as there are physical sexual differences; for since body and mind are linked at every point, like minds in unlike bodies are unthinkable.

One of the most interesting and most discussed aspects of this question is the sexual distribution of genius. It is by no means a matter of primary practical importance, for genius is always a rare and incalculable element in human life. But it is so often dragged to the front in the consideration of the question before us, that it is necessary that we

should know how to deal with it as against those who have too summarily settled its significance, in the light of their own prejudices, whether on one side or the other.

Genius, as roughly distinguished from talent, — which simply means the ability to do better what others do well, — is the far rarer ability to do something which others have hitherto been unable to do. Such ability involves a radically abnormal temperament, for it means seeing the world from a different angle from other people and feeling it with a different sensibility. Such a person is necessarily solitary, a rebel at heart, and highly charged with an energy which manifests itself in play, or in work which has the characteristics, and the zest, of play. This energy is derived from a reservoir which, it is sometimes held, normally yields the energy of sex or the energy of war, and is in genius diverted into a new channel. Among people with much sexual energy or much fighting energy — as was notably the case among the Greeks — we should thus expect to find genius more than usually abundant.

Now, if — striving to put aside anything we may have heard regarding the sexual distribution of genius — we ask ourselves which sex in the human species is the more apt to be abnormal, solitary, rebellious, playful, with the greater reserves of sexual energy and fighting energy behind it, most people, it is probable, would find themselves in agreement. As a matter of fact, genius, as generally recognizable, is incomparably more often met with in men than in women. There is no doubt on this point. Among British persons of genius, placing the question on an objective basis, I found that only 5.3 per cent were women, while, in history generally, Professor Cattell finds it is 3.2 per cent. Dr. Cora Castle, in a more special and comprehensive study of

eminent women, found, a little to her dismay, that from the dawn of history to the present day only 868 women have 'accomplished anything that history has recorded as worth while.' Moreover, the eminence thus attained has by no means always been due to ability, but often to quite other qualities and even to the accident of position. By Dr. Castle's objective method, Mary Queen of Scots comes out as the most eminent woman of history; and while she was doubtless one who would have attracted attention in whatever social circle she had been born, she was not a woman of genius and very dubiously even a woman of talent.

There is no doubt about the fact; but when the question is thus placed upon a foundation much broader than that of genius in the narrow sense of the term, it is easy to see that, up to a certain point, the fact has no significance. Women have not so often been eminent as men for the very good reason that they have not so often had occasion to be eminent. Even as queens, though they have shone on the throne, women have had less occasion for eminence than men because they have not always been eligible as monarchs. In the learned professions, where talent so easily leads to success and fame, women have been more decisively shut out from eminence; for, save very occasionally, these have been absolutely closed to women until yesterday, and are to some extent closed still. That is a completely adequate reason why in the list of eminent women great lawyers, great preachers, great politicians, who so abound among eminent men, have no existence. For the display of talent, even for the exhibition of notoriety, opportunity is necessary, and such opportunity has not been accorded in the same measure to women as to men; in some countries and at some periods, indeed, it has not been accorded at all.

But it is another matter when, as in the past so often happened, 'lack of opportunity' was invoked to explain the deficiency of women of genius in the narrow and special sense. A little consideration would soon have shown the emptiness of that unintelligent parrot cry. Even the very fact that opportunity is so essential for the attainment of success in the ordinary social and competitive fields of accepted ability, might have suggested a doubt whether opportunity is of much value in the development of genius, which is necessarily novel and solitary, a revolt against the abilities of the ordinary social and competitive fields, and perhaps a lifelong object of hatred, contempt, or, at the best, indifference, to the community in which the unhappy genius-possessed victim lives. The world has never offered opportunities to genius in men, and it might even be said that, for the sake of a little charm or a touch of piquancy, it is readier to condone genius in women than in the other sex. As a matter of fact, however, women of genius have had just the same difficulties to overcome as men of genius, and they have overcome them exactly as men have overcome them, single-handed, and in the end triumphant. This has been so even on the stage, where one might imagine that a woman's path is easy. It is true that some great actresses, and also some great actors, have been born to the stage, being themselves the children of actors. But many actresses — a far larger proportion than have enjoyed the advantages of respectable middle-class birth — have sprung out of the gutter, slowly and painfully to attain success and fame.

One of the greatest of actresses, Mademoiselle Clairon, left an autobiography which supplies a highly instructive picture of the thorny path of genius in women. A seven-months child, weak and small, harshly brought up by

a superstitious and violent mother, in ignorance of all the refinements of life, and knowing nothing up to the age of eleven but how to read a prayer-book, she yet rebelled against the career of work-girl for which she was intended. It so happened that she was often shut up, alone and without occupation, in a room from which, by standing on a chair, she was able to look across the street into the room opposite, where, by a strange chance, lived a popular young soubrette actress; and here she could see the actress taking her dancing lessons. That vision decided Clairon's career, but she was still only at the beginning of a long series of difficulties which, with infinite patience and skill, she finally overcame.

How little all that we understand by opportunity — social equality, educational facilities, open professional careers — counts for in the development of genius in woman, is shown by the remarkable fact, brought out by Dr. Castle, that, in the most recent historical period, eminence has been attained by a proportionately smaller number of women than was the case in the eighteenth century. This is so as regards England, France, and Germany, as well as America; Italy is, in a small degree, an exception; but, on the other hand, Italy in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries was more prolific in eminent women than in either the eighteenth or the nineteenth. Even within the ordinary range of ability it would appear that opportunity, as tested by that college training which is usually held to mean so much for men, plays but a very small part. A few years ago, Amanda Northrop investigated the 977 successful women of America on the basis of *Who's Who in America* and found that only 15.5 per cent of them had received a college training. Moreover, the college played a decreasing part, and the percentage

of successful American women who had been college-bred was less for those born between 1860 and 1870 than for any preceding period.

The fact is that all that we conventionally term 'opportunity' is wasted on genius, worse than wasted, for in the midst of such opportunity genius runs the risk of being stifled. Genius is more likely to be at home in the gutter or in the desert, and it is out of such soils that the most exquisite genius has sometimes grown. During the Middle Ages, women in the cloister enjoyed just the same opportunities as men for the development of genius, but the one woman of literary genius who arose in the cloister during all those ages, Hroswitha, wrote plays which are in violent and startling contrast to the cloistered life. If genius is less often manifested in women than in men, the cause is not to be found in environment, but within; it is an intimate secret of structure and mechanism. We find genius more often in men, just as we find transposed viscera or twelve-toed feet more often in men; just as we also find that even the papillary ridges of the fingers show greater polymorphism and asymmetry in men than in women. For the cultivation of such anomalies all the opportunities of the world are offered in vain.

II

When we turn from genius to what we commonly regard as its opposite, that is to say to idiocy, — although it would really appear that genius and idiocy are more closely related than we usually imagine, — we seem to see a similar preponderance of the male. There is no question that in all institutions for the feeble-minded, idiocy in most of its varying forms and degrees is more prevalent in males. It is true that Miss Leta Hollingworth, on the ground of

her experience at the New York Clearing House for Defectives, argues that there is a fallacy in the results presented by institutions. There is not the same amount of social pressure on girls as on boys, she holds, so that the feeblest-minded girls are not so readily driven out of the world by the stress of mental competition. The undoubted fact that girls are more precocious than boys is also a protection to them from this point of view; a female of the mental age of six (as measured by the Binet scale), Miss Hollingworth states, survives in society about as well as a male of the mental age of ten or eleven. Even apart from this, it is much easier for the weakminded woman to obtain employment than for the weakminded man; in her own feminine environment her weakmindedness is much less likely to attract attention than that of the weakminded man in his environment. There may be something in this argument. It falls into line with the conclusion of Cyrus Mead in Indiana, that feeble-minded girls more nearly approximate to normal girls than feeble-minded boys to normal boys. And that conclusion again is but a special example of the wider law of which every student in the great field of sexual differentiation is forever finding confirmation: that the organic characteristics of man vary more widely, more extravagantly, than those of woman, who tends, as it were, to keep closer to her centre of gravity.

Even if we are disposed, with Miss Hollingworth, to regard the greater tendency of the male to idiocy as a mere fallacy, due to women being normally nearer to the threshold of idiocy than men, but able by their precocity and cleverness to disguise the fact, we should still have to recognize that we are in the presence of an exception to a general tendency. For most of the congenital abnormalities to which we may

most properly compare idiocy are recognized as more prevalent among males than among females. There is, in other words, a greater variational tendency of the male. A 'variation,' as it has always been understood by biologists, who were necessarily the first to be concerned with this phenomenon, is a congenital anomaly due to some early deviation of growth not traceably of the nature of disease. Color-blindness is a typical variation, and, as is so often the case with variations, it is much more frequent in males than in females. So it is also with left-handedness and albinism and congenital deaf-mutism, as well as with most of the various physical abnormalities.

This tendency was well recognized by Darwin, as by most biologists. Some years ago, however, investigators who were not biologists entered this field and confused the issues by applying statistical methods, which in themselves were undoubtedly sound and accurate, to data which had no connection with the innate variational tendency; so that, notwithstanding all the vaunted virtues of the methods, the results attained could only be unsound and inaccurate. Those methods were specially applied to differences in size, even in the size of adults, — for here was a seductive field for the mathematical statistician, — and conclusions were drawn as to the comparative 'variability' of the sexes on this basis. It should have been obvious that nothing could thus be learned concerning the comparative incidence of innate variations in males or females. At the best the inquiry would have to be restricted to the time of birth, and even then was liable to be affected by fallacies. This is now, no doubt, generally recognized, and most biologists to-day seem prepared to reaffirm the old doctrine of Darwin that variations are more apt to appear in males than in females.

III

This question of the comparative frequency in men and women of the two extremes of intellect and idiocy is of considerable interest, and so much weight has sometimes been placed upon it that it has been necessary to discuss it with some care. But its practical importance, it must be repeated, is small. The concerns of life are carried on within the ordinary range of intelligence, and sexual differences here, if there are any, produce much more effect than even the most striking differences at either of the two extreme ends. Such ordinary differences in intelligence can be studied either in the school among the young, or among adults in the various vocations which men and women follow together. Precise investigation, however, encounters many difficulties.

There is, for instance, the very fundamental difficulty, as regards adults, that while men and women are employed together in many occupations, it is by no means easy to find them doing exactly the same work together under exactly the same conditions. Nearly always some fairly obvious consideration, such as the undesirability of giving night-work to women, or the impossibility for them of work involving a heavy strain on the muscles, causes a sexual division of labor, and this is fatal to any precise investigation into sexual differences. I encountered this difficulty many years ago when I endeavored to ascertain the experience of the English Post Office, which employs so large a number of both men and women clerks. Although the work of the Post Office clerk, male and female, may seem to the public uniform, yet it was practically impossible to find men and women doing exactly the same work together under exactly the same conditions. It was thus impossible to secure any precise and unimpeachable

data revealing sexual differences in intelligence and ability. Nothing was forthcoming but opinions of officials, founded on experience, it is true, but necessarily of a merely general character; and these opinions on the whole fairly balanced each other.

That seems to be the result nearly always found in the long run in the occupations in which both men and women are employed. Real conflict of opinion occurs only when there is a question of introducing women into an occupation previously exercised by men. Conservative prejudice in such a case induces the belief that women are not fitted for this occupation, and after experiment there may be a reaction to the contrary belief that they are better fitted for it than men. This happened lately in England with regard to fruit-picking. The farmers held that women would not be able to do this work so well as men; but the shortage of men owing to the war made the employment of women necessary, and then the farmers enthusiastically declared that the women excelled the men. It will probably be found in the end that the aptitudes of the sexes for this, as for other occupations, are, taken all round, about equal. Such differences as practical experience reveals generally are not in intelligence, but are merely the results, in skill and aptitude, of fundamental sexual distinctions which are obvious and well recognized. Such are the much greater average muscular development and power of men; the liability of women under ordinary industrial and civilized conditions to suffer physical disturbance; the comparative lack of occupational interest in women, due to the fact that they usually look forward to marriage as their eventual career; and the inevitable reaction on conduct in life of the different nature of the primary sexual activities — the aggressive energy of the male and the maternal

protectiveness of the female, qualities which become transformed, in the ordinary course of life, into initiative activity in men and social and philanthropic activity in women. Such differences seem rarely to have any measurable practical influence on intelligence, except in so far as they produce fatigue; and even in aptitude and skill it has been found, at some time or some place, that women have been able to exercise efficiently every occupation, even the most strenuous, exercised by men. The only avocation of men which women have never exercised, save very rarely, and on the smallest scale, is the soldier's. We may perhaps conclude that fighting is not, in the complete sense, a human vocation.

It is at the same time quite true that attempts have been made, on a more or less scientific basis, to ascertain psychic sexual differences in adults. Perhaps the most notable attempt in recent years is that set forth by Professor Heymans, of the Dutch University of Groningen, in his very interesting book, *Die Psychologie der Frauen*. Professor Heymans is a trained scientific psychologist; he is unusually free from bias; and he belongs to a country where women have long enjoyed a considerable degree of equality with men. He employed the *enquête* method, and sent out detailed questionnaires to Dutch physicians concerning the families they were acquainted with. It is a disputed method, but on this occasion some of its disadvantages were avoided. The physicians were women as well as men, and their answers concerning individuals of each sex, given in percentages, may be compared and any sexual bias, if present, easily be revealed. Heymans concludes that the chief fundamental distinction between men and women is the greater emotionality — or, as I have termed it, affectability — of women. The figures given by the

women observers showed this even more clearly than those of the men.

Consequently all the mental, moral, and other characters, desirable or undesirable, which are correlated with emotionality, are especially found in women, and will continue so to be found so long as emotionality is more marked in women than in men. This need not necessarily be forever. Heymans regards it, indeed, as fundamental, and puts aside with contempt the notion of those who imagine that education or even racial experience can have created the characteristics of the sexes; it is much more likely, he declares, following Steinmetz, that sexual differences influenced culture than that culture created sexual differences. But fundamental differences can probably be modified by sexual selection; men mould the women of the future, and women mould the men of the future, by the ideals which affect their choice in marriage. Women are what they are because men have so far chosen them so, and men have likewise been created by women's choice. In so far as the sexual difference in emotionality is more fundamental than this, Heymans does not attempt to explain it. But it may not be beyond explanation. Though the congenital variational tendency may be more marked in men, the very different quality of variability is more marked in women. 'Souvent femme varie' is a physiological verity. Such variability is inevitable in an organism so largely concerned with reproduction, and may well constitute the physical side of emotionality. So that even the most admired qualities of feminine intelligence, in so far as they are correlated with emotionality, may have a deep physiological root.

IV

On the whole, we are not brought by either experience or science to any pre-

cise or detailed knowledge of these minute and subtle mental differences between men and women, which yet, we cannot fail to believe, inevitably exist. We turn more hopefully to the school and the college, where boys and girls are found working in the same way under the same conditions, and have been subjected during recent years to a vast amount of experimentation, especially in America and in Germany. Even here, however, we meet with misleading facts at the outset.

One such fact of fundamental importance is the greater precocity, physical and mental, of girls. This is marked even from infancy, and it seems now to be proved that girls walk and talk earlier than boys. The female—it is perhaps a general tendency in Nature—tends to attain complete development earlier than the male. One imagines to one's self that Nature, aware of the special stress which will be placed upon woman by reason of her preponderant part in reproduction, anxiously hastens woman's development in preparation for that stress. The result is that the girl tends to be a more capable and intelligent person than the boy of the same age. This is a fact which seems to be unknown to those legislators whose mania it is to make laws for the 'protection' of young women. It is also overlooked by those who consider that the comparison of data derived from the examination of school-children is finally decisive for sexual differences. The intellectual tasks of school life are not those of adult life in the world, and even if they were we could by no means be sure that sexual differences would remain the same as in early life. Men apparently often continue to progress after women have ceased to do so, and thus illustrate the old fable of the hare and the tortoise; in one small field, that of drill-work in arithmetic, this seems to have been clearly shown,

and the majority of investigators report a better rate of improvement in boys, even though girls may at the outset have been faster. Such investigations have led to the generalization that, while girls are more industrious than boys, the natural limits to which girls can raise themselves by industry are sooner reached than by boys.

It is generally agreed by investigators that boys are superior to girls in judgment and reasoning, in mathematics, and in analytical processes generally, for there is, as Heymans and others have concluded, a deep feminine dislike of analysis, probably connected with the emotionality of women. In most other respects schoolgirls seem to be either equal to schoolboys or superior to them.

The general result is that during school-life girls stand better than boys of the same age in most measures of general intelligence. The girls are decidedly better in the majority of tests of memory, which counts for so much in most branches of school-work, and it is also generally held that they are more impartially industrious. It must at the same time be pointed out that these qualities are by no means necessarily the highest qualifications for success on a wider stage of life. Memory, as Josiah Morse has found, is the chief aptitude in which colored children excel, while they are inferior to white children, as girls are inferior to boys, in judgment and reasoning.

Special aptitude, again, so important for future life, is not correlated — as Ivanoff found at Geneva, notably in regard to drawing — with general intelligence or impartial industry. Here, as ever, we find that advantages are balanced by disadvantages. The student in this field may best prepare himself for the inevitable conclusion by devoutly reading Emerson's essay on Compensation.

V

It is something even to be able to feel confidence in this conclusion which still remains so vague. Sexual differences in mind are deeply rooted, even though subtle and elusive, and in their distribution a balancing equivalence prevails. We are still only at the beginning of the inquiry, as all careful investigators insist. That is why so many of the statements reached seem to be contradictory. Frau Rosa Mayreder in her thoughtful *Survey of the Woman Problem* has brought forward some of these contradictions with gentle ridicule. It must be remembered, however, that a sex which presented no contradiction in its characteristics could scarcely present anything of vital worth; even a nation of any worth presents vital contradictions.

Moreover, seeming contradictions, when really well based, can often be reconciled in a higher unity, even when they are not due mainly to the varying influence of different temperaments or different environments. Some insist on the petty immoralities of women, as shown, for instance, in a predilection for smuggling, and others on their over-conscientiousness as shown by the frequent breakdown in health of work-girls when promoted to the post of manageress or forewoman. It is easy to accept such seemingly opposed conclusions without disputing the truth of either. So with the greater sympathy of women, and at the same time their greater cruelty; these are but two diverse aspects of the same emotionality.

Similarly, the narrow conclusions of the specialist are often misleading, even when just. Dr. Mathilde von Kemnitz, a Munich gynecologist, has lately come to the conclusion that the majority of the intellectual women of to-day are 'asthenically infantile,' adding that this cannot be assumed to be either a

cause or a result of their intellectual activity, and that we can draw no conclusions from it regarding the women of to-morrow or women in general. This is no doubt an admirably cautious reserve. But if she had possessed a wider outlook, Dr. Mathilde von Kemnitz might have reached a more illuminating conclusion. There is an element of the child in the man of genius; it is not therefore surprising that we should find it also in women of the

same temperament; when, moreover, we reflect that it is precisely in the infant that brain and nervous mass are relatively largest, it would be surprising if high intellect were not associated with a tendency to the presence of the infantile type. The facts of the specialist, however carefully wrought, taken separately, tell us nothing. Yet they are the precious fragments of mosaic by which alone we can form any large and harmonious picture of the universe.

LITTLE SELVES

BY MARY LERNER

MARGARET O'BRIEN, a great-aunt and seventy-five, knew she was near the end. She did not repine, for she had had a long, hard life and she was tired. The young priest who brought her communion had administered the last rites — holy oils on her eyelids (Lord, forgive her the sins of seeing!); holy oils on her lips (Lord, forgive her the sins of speaking!), on her ears, on her knotted hands, on her weary feet. Now she was ready, though she knew the approach of the dread presence would mean greater suffering. So she folded quiet hands beneath her heart, there where no child had ever lain, yet where now something grew and fattened on her strength. And she seemed given over to pleasant reverie.

Neighbors came in to see her, and she roused herself and received them graciously, with a personal touch for each. — 'And has your Julia gone to New York, Mrs. Carty? Nothing would do her but she must be going, I suppose.

'Twas the selfsame way with me, when I was coming out here from the old country. Full of money the streets were, I used to be thinking. Well, well; the hills far away are green.'

Or to Mrs. Devlin: 'Terence is at it again, I see by the look of you. Poor man! There's no holding him? Eh, woman dear! Thirst is the end of drinking and sorrow is the end of love.'

If her visitors stayed longer than a few minutes, however, her attention wandered; her replies became cryptic. She would murmur something about 'all the seven parishes,' or the Wicklow hills, or 'the fair cove of Cork tippy-toe into the ocean'; then fall into silence, smiling, eyes closed, yet with a singular look of attention. At such times, her callers would whisper: 'Glory b' t' God! she's so near it there's no fun in it,' and slip out soberly into the kitchen.

Her niece, Anna Lennan, mother of a fine brood of children, would stop

work for the space of a breath and enjoy a bit of conversation.

'Ain't she failing, though, the poor afflicted creature?' Mrs. Hanley cried one day. 'Her mind is going back on her already.'

'Are you of that opinion? I'm thinking she's mind enough yet, when she wants to attend; but mostly she's just drawn into herself, as busy as a bee about something, whatever it is that she's turning over in her head day-in, day-out. She sleeps scarce a wink for all she lies there so quiet, and, in the night, my man and I hear her talking to herself. "No, no," she'll say. "I've gone past. I must be getting back to the start." Or, another time, "This is it, now. If I could be stopping!"'

'And what do you think she is colloquing about?'

'There's no telling. Himself does be saying it's in an elevator she is, but that's because he puts in the day churning up and down in one of the same. What else can you expect? 'T is nothing but "Going up! going down!" with him all night as it is. Betune the two of them they have me fair destroyed with their traveling. "Are you lacking anything, Aunt Margaret?" I call out to her. "I am not," she answers, impatient-like. "Don't be ever fussing and too-ing, will you?"'

'Tch! tch!'

'And do you suppose the children are a comfort to her? Sorra bit. Just a look at them and she wants to be alone. "Take them away, let you," says she, shutting her eyes. "The others is realer."'

'And you think she's in her right mind all the same?'

'I do. 'Tis just something she likes to be thinking over, — something she's fair dotty about. Why, it's the same when Father Flint is here. Polite and riverintial at the first, then impatient, and, if the poor man does n't be taking

the hint, she just closes up shop and off again into her whimsies. You'd swear she was in fear of missing something.'

The visitor, being a young wife, had an explanation to hazard. 'If she was a widow woman, now, or married — Perhaps she had a liking for somebody once. Perhaps she might be trying to imagine them young days over again. Do you think could it be that?'

Anna shook her head. 'My mother used to say she was a born old maid. All *she* wanted was work and saving her bit of money, and to church every minute she could be sparing.'

'Still, you can't be telling. 'T is often that kind weeps sorest when 't is too late. My own old aunt used to cry, "If I could be twenty-five again, would n't I do different!"'

'Maybe, maybe, though I doubt could it be so.'

Nor was it so. The old woman, lying back so quietly among her pillows with closed eyes, yet with that look of singular intentness and concentration, was seeking no lover of her youth; though, indeed, she had had one once, and from time to time he did enter her reverie, try as she would to prevent him. At that point, she always made the singular comment, 'Gone past! I must be getting back to the beginning,' and, pressing back into her earliest consciousness, she would remount the flooding current of the years. Each time, she hoped to get further, — though remoter shapes were illusive, and, if approached too closely, vanished, — for, once embarked on her river of memories, the descent was relentlessly swift. How tantalizing that swiftness! However she yearned to linger, she was rushed along till, all too soon, she sailed into the common light of day. At that point, she always put about, and laboriously recommenced the ascent.

To-day, something her niece had said about Donnybrook Fair — for

Anna, too, was a child of the old sod — seemed to swell out with a fair wind the sails of her visionary bark. She closed her mind to all familiar shapes and strained back — way, way back, concentrating all her powers in an effort of will. For a bit she seemed to hover in populous space. This did not disturb her; she had experienced the same thing before. It simply meant she had mounted pretty well up to the fountain-head. The figures, when they did come, would be the ones she most desired.

At last, they began to take shape, tenuously at first, then of fuller body, each bringing its own setting, its own atmospheric suggestion — whether of dove-feathered Irish cloud and fresh greensward, of sudden downpour, or equally sudden clearing, with continual leafy drip, drip, drip, in the midst of brilliant sunshine.

For Margaret O'Brien, ardent summer sunlight seemed suddenly to pervade the cool, orderly little bed-chamber. Then, 'Here she is!' and a wee girl of four danced into view, wearing a dress of pink print, very tight at the top and very full at the bottom. She led the way to a tiny new house whence issued the cheery voice of hammers. Lumber and tools were lying round; from within came men's voices. The small girl stamped up the steps and looked in. Then she made for the narrow stair.

'Where's Margaret gone to?' said one of the men. 'The upper floor's not finished. It's falling through the young one will be.'

'Peggy!' called the older man. 'Come down here with you.'

There was a delighted squeal. The pink dress appeared at the head of the stairs. 'Oh, the funny little man, daddy! Such a funny little old man with a high hat! Come quick, let you, and see him.'

The two men ran to the stairs.

'Where is he?'

She turned back and pointed. Then her face fell. 'Gone! the little man is gone!'

Her father laughed and picked her up in his arms. 'How big was he, Peg? As big as yourself, I wonder?'

'No, no! Small.'

'As big as the baby?'

She considered a moment. 'Yes, just as big as that. But a man, da.'

'Well, why are n't you after catching him and holding him for ransom? 'Tis pots and pots o' gold they've hidden away, the little people, and will be paying a body what he asks to let them go.'

She pouted, on the verge of tears. 'I want him to come back.'

'I mistrust he won't be doing that, the leprechaun. Once you take your eye away, it's off with him for good and all.'

Margaret O'Brien hugged herself with delight. *That* was a new one; she had never got back that far before. Yet how well she remembered it all! She seemed to smell the woody pungency of the lumber, the limey odor of whitewash from the field-stone cellar.

The old woman's dream went on. Out of the inexhaustible storehouse of the past, she summoned, one by one, her much-loved memories. There was a pig-tailed Margaret in bonnet and shawl, trudging to school one wintry day. She had seen many wintry school-days, but this one stood out by reason of the tears she had shed by the way. She saw the long benches, the slates, the charts, the tall teacher at his desk. With a swelling of the throat, she saw the little girl sob out her declaration: 'I'm not for coming no more, Mr. Wilde.'

'What's that, Margaret? And why not? Have n't I been good to you?'

Tears choked the child. 'Oh, Mr. Wilde, it's just because you're so terrible good to me. They say you are

trying to make a Protestant out of me. So I'll not be coming no more.'

The tall man drew the little girl to his knee and reassured her. Margaret O'Brien could review that scene with tender delight now. She had not been forced to give up her beloved school. Mr. Wilde had explained to her that her brothers were merely teasing her because she was so quick and such a favorite.

A little Margaret knelt on the cold stone floor at church and stared at the pictured saints or heard the budding branches rustle in the orchard outside. Another Margaret, a little taller, begged for a new sheet of ballads every time her father went to the fair. — There were the long flimsy sheets, with closely printed verses. These you must adapt to familiar tunes. This Margaret, then, swept the hearth and stacked the turf and sang from her bench in the chimney-corner. Sometimes it was something about 'the little old red coat me father wore,' which was 'All buttons, buttons, buttons, buttons; all buttons down before'; or another beginning, 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair! He promised to buy me a knot of blue ribbon to tie up my bonny brown hair.'

Then there was a picture of the time the fairies actually bewitched the churn, and, labor as you might, no butter would form, not the least tiny speck. Margaret and her mother took the churn apart and examined every part of it. Nothing out of the way. 'Tis the fairies is in it,' her mother said. 'All Souls' Day a-Friday. Put out a saucer of cream the night for the little people, let you.' A well-grown girl in a blue cotton frock, the long braids of her black hair whipping about her in the windy evening, set out the cream on the stone flags before the low doorway, wasting no time in getting in again. The next day, how the butter 'came'!

Hardly started they were, when they could feel it forming. When Margaret washed the dasher, she 'kept an eye out' for the dark corners of the room, for the air seemed thronged and murmurous.

After this picture, came always the same tall girl still in the same blue frock, this time with a shawl on her head. She brought in potatoes from the sheltered heaps that wintered out in the open. From one pailful she picked out a little flat stone, rectangular and smoother and more evenly proportioned than any stone she had ever seen.

'What a funny stone!' she said to her mother.

Her mother left carding her wool to look. 'You may well say so. 'Tis one of the fairies' tables. Look close and you'll be turning up their little chairs as well.'

It was as her mother said. Margaret found four smaller stones of like appearance, which one might well imagine to be stools for tiny dolls.

'Shall I be giving them to little Bee for playthings?'

'You will not. You'll be putting them outside. In the morning, though you may be searching the countryside, no trace of them will you find, for the fairies will be taking them again.'

So Margaret stacked the fairy table and chairs outside. Next morning, she ran out half reluctantly, for she was afraid she would find them and that would spoil the story. But, no! they were gone. She never saw them again, though she searched in all imaginable places. Nor was that the last potato heap to yield these mysterious stones.

Margaret, growing from scene to scene, appeared again in a group of laughing boys and girls.

'What'll we play now?'

'Let's write the ivy test.'

'Here's leaves.'

Each wrote a name on a leaf and

dropped it into a jar of water. Next morning, Margaret, who had misgivings, stole down early and searched for her leaf. Yes, the die was cast! At the sight of its bruised surface, ready tears flooded her eyes. She had written the name of her little grandmother, and the condition of the leaf foretold death within the year. The other leaves were unmarred. She quickly destroyed the ill-omened bit of ivy and said nothing about it, though the children clamored. 'There's one leaf short. Whose is gone?' 'Mine is there!' 'Is it yours, John?' 'Is it yours, Esther?' But Margaret kept her counsel, and, within the year, the little grandmother was dead. Of course, she was old, though vigorous; yet Margaret would never play that game again. It was like gambling with fate.

And still the girls kept swinging past. Steadily, all too swiftly, Margaret shot up to a woman's stature; her skirts crept down, her braids ought to have been bobbed up behind. She let them hang, however, and still ran with the boys, questing the bogs, climbing the apple trees, storming the wind-swept hills. Her mother would point to her sister Mary, who, though younger, sat now by the fire with her 'spriggin' [embroidery] for 'the quality.' Mary could crochet, too, and had a fine range of 'shamrogue' patterns. So the mother would chide Margaret.

'What kind of a girl are you, at all, to be ever lepping and tearing like a redshanks [deer]? 'T is high time for you to be getting sensible and learning something. Whistles and scouting-guns is all you're good for, and there's no silver in them things as far as I can see.'

What fine whistles she contrived out of the pithy willow shoots in the spring! And the scouting-guns hollowed out of elder-stalks, which they charged with water from the brook by means of wadded sticks, working piston-wise! They

would hide behind a hedge and bespatter enemies and friends alike. Many's the time they got their ears warmed in consequence or went supperless to bed, pretending not to see the table spread with baked potatoes, — 'laughing potatoes,' they called them, because they were ever splitting their sides, — besides delicious butter-milk, freshly-laid eggs, oat-cakes and fresh butter. 'A child without supper is two to breakfast,' their mother would say, smiling, when she saw them 'tackle' their stirabout the next day.

How full of verve and life were all these figures! That glancing creature grow old? How could such things be! The sober pace of maturity even seemed out of her star. Yet here she was, growing up, for all her reluctance. An awkward gossoon leaned over the gate in the moonlight, though she was indoors, ready to hide. But nobody noticed her alarm.

'There's that long-legged McMurray lad again; scouting after Mary, I'll be bound,' said her mother, all unawares.

But it was not Mary that he came for, though she married him just the same, and came out to America with their children some years after her sister's lone pilgrimage.

The intrusion of Jerry McMurray signaled the grounding of her dream-bark on the shoals of reality. Who cared about the cut-and-dried life of a grown woman? Enchantment now lay behind her, and, if the intervals between periods of pain permitted, she again turned an expectant face toward the old childish visions. Sometimes she could make the trip twice over without being overtaken by suffering. But her intervals of comfort grew steadily shorter; frequently she was interrupted before she could get rightly launched on her delight. And always there seemed to be one vision more illusive than the rest which she particularly longed to recap-

ture. At last, chance words of Anna's put her on its trail in this wise.

When she was not, as her niece said, 'in her trance, wool-gathering,' Anna did her best to distract her, sending the children in to ask 'would she have a sup of tea now,' or a taste of wine jelly. One day, after the invalid had spent a bad night, she brought in her new long silk coat for her aunt's inspection, for the old woman had always been 'tasty' and 'dressy,' and had made many a fine gown in her day. The sharp old eyes lingered on the rich and truly striking braid ornament that secured the loose front of the garment.

'What's that plaster?' she demanded, disparagingly.

Anna, inclined to be wroth, retorted: 'I suppose you'd be preferring one o' them tight ganzy [sweater] things that fit the figger like a jersey, all buttoned down before.'

A sudden light flamed in the old face. 'I have it!' she cried. 'T is what I've been seeking this good while. 'T will come now — the red coat! I must be getting back to the beginning.'

With that, she was off, relaxing and composing herself, as if surrendering to the spell of a hypnotist.

To reach any desired picture in her gallery, she must start at the outset. Then they followed on, in due order — all that procession of little girls: pink clad, blue-print clad, bare-legged or brogan-shod; flirting their short skirts, plaiting their heavy braids. About half way along, a new figure asserted itself — a girl of nine or ten, who twisted this way and that before a blurred bit of mirror and frowned at the red coat that flapped about her heels, — bought oversize, you may be sure, so that she should n't grow out of it too soon. The sleeves swallowed her little brown hands, the shoulders and back were grotesquely sack-like, the front had a puss [pout] on it.

'T is the very fetch of Paddy the gander I am in it. I'll not be wearing it so.' She frowned with sudden intentness. 'Could I be fitting it a bit, I wonder, the way mother does cut down John's coats for Martin?'

With needle, scissors and thread, she crept up to her little chamber under the eaves. It was early in the forenoon when she set to work ripping. The morning passed, and the dinner hour.

'Peggy! Where's the girl gone to, I wonder?'

'To Aunt Theresa's, I'm thinking.'

'Well, it's glad I am she's out o' my sight, for my hands itched to be shaking her. Stand and twist herself inside out she did, fussing over the fit of the good coat I'm after buying her. The little fustherer!'

For the small tailoress under the roof, the afternoon sped on winged feet: pinning, basting, and stitching; trying on, ripping out again, and re-fitting. 'I'll be taking it in a wee bit more.' She had to crowd up to the window to catch the last of the daylight. At dusk, she swept her dark hair from her flushed cheeks and forced her sturdy body into the red coat. It was a 'fit,' believe you me! Modeled on the lines of the riding-habit of a full-figured lady she had seen hunting about the countryside, it buttoned up tight over her flat, boyish chest and bottled up her squarish little waist. About her narrow hips, it rippled out in a short 'frisk.' Beneath, her calico skirt, and bramble-scratched brown legs.

Warmed with triumph, she flew downstairs. Her mother and a neighbor were sitting in the glow of the peat fire. She tried to meet them with assurance, but, at sight of their amazed faces, misgiving clutched her. She pivoted before the mirror.

'Holy hour!' cried her mother. 'What sausage-skin is that you've got into?' Then, as comprehension grew:

'Glory b' t' God, Ellen! 'tis the remains of the fine new coat I'm after buying her, large enough to last her the next five years!'

'T was too large!' the child whimpered. 'A gander I looked in it!' Then, cajolingly, 'I'm but after taking it in a bit, ma. 'T will do grand now, and maybe I'll not be getting much fatter. Look at the fit of it, just!'

'Fit! God save the mark!' cried her mother.

'Is the child after making that jacket herself?' asked the neighbor.

'I am,' Margaret spoke up, defiantly. 'I cut it and shaped it and put it together. It has even a frisk to the tail.'

'Maggie,' said the neighbor to Margaret's mother. 'T is as good a piece o' work for a child of her years as ever I see. You ought not to be faulting her, she's done that well. And,' bursting into irrepressible laughter, 'it's herself will have to be wearing it, woman dear! All she needs now is a horse and a side-saddle to be an equestrienne!'

So the wanton destruction of the good red coat — in that house where good coats were sadly infrequent — ended with a laugh after all. How long she wore that tight jacket, and how grand she felt in it, let the other children laugh as they would!

What joy the old woman took in this incident! With its fullness of detail, it achieved a delicious suggestion of permanence, in contrast to the illusiveness of other isolated moments. Margaret O'Brien *saw* all these other figures, but she really *was* the child with the red coat. In the long years between, she had fashioned many fine dresses — gowned gay girls for their conquests and robed fair brides for the altar. Of all these, nothing now remained; but she could feel the good stuff of the red kersey under her little needle-scratched fingers, and see the glow of its rich color against her wind-kissed brown cheek.

'To the life!' she exclaimed aloud, exultantly. 'To the very life!'

'What life, Aunt Margaret?' asked Anna, with gentle solicitude. 'Is it afraid of the end you are, darling?'

'No, no, asthore. I've resigned myself long since, though 'twas bitter knowledge at the outset. Well, well, God is good and we can't live forever.'

Her eyes, opening to the two flaring patent gas-burners, winked as if she had dwelt long in a milder light. 'What's all this glare about?' she asked, playfully. 'I guess the chandler's wife is dead. Snuff out the whole of them staring candles, let you. 'T is daylight yet; just the time o' day I always did like the best.'

Anna obeyed and sat down beside the bed in the soft spring dusk. A little wind crept in under the floating white curtains, bringing with it the sweetness of new grass and pear-blossoms from the trim yard. It seemed an interval set apart from the hurrying hours of the busy day for rest and thought and confidences — an open moment. The old woman must have felt its invitation, for she turned her head and held out a shy hand to her niece.

'Anna, my girl, you imagine 't is the full o' the moon with me, I'm thinking. But, no, never woman was more in her right mind than I. Do you want I should be telling you what I've been hatching these many long days and nights? 'T will be a good laugh for you, I'll go bail.'

And, as best she could, she gave the trend of her imaginings. Anna did not laugh, however. Instead, with the ever-ready sympathy and comprehension of the Celt, she showed brimming eyes. 'Tis a thought I've often myself, let me tell you,' she admitted. 'Of all the little girls that were me, and now can be living no longer.'

'You've said it!' cried the old woman, delighted at her unexpected respon-

siveness. 'Only with me, 't is fair pit-yus. There's all those poor dear lasses there's nobody but me left to remember, and soon there'll not be even that. Sometimes they seem to be pleading just not to be forgotten, so I have to be keeping them alive in my head. I'm succeeding, too, and, if you'll believe me, 't is them little whips seem to be the real ones, and the live children here the shadders.' Her voice choked with sudden tears. 'They're all the children ever I had. My grief! that I'll have to be leaving them! They'll die now, for no man lives who can remember them any more.'

Anna's beauty, already fading with the cares of house and children, seemed to put on all its former fresh charm. She leaned forward with girlish eagerness. 'Auntie Margaret,' she breathed, with new tenderness, 'there's many a day left you yet. I'll be sitting here aside of you every evening at twilight just, and you can be showing me the lasses you have in mind. Many's the time my mother told me of the old place, and I can remember it well enough myself, though I was the youngest of the lot. So you can be filling it with all of our people, — Mary and Margaret, John, Martin and Esther, Uncle Sheamus and the rest. I'll see them just as clear as yourself, for I've a place in my head where pictures come as thick and sharp as stars on a frosty night, when I get thinking. Then, with me ever calling them up, they'll be dancing and stravaging about till doomsday.'

So the old woman had her heart's desire. She recreated her earlier selves

and passed them on, happy in the thought that she was saving them from oblivion. 'Do you mind that bold lass clouting her pet bull, now?' she would ask, with delight, speaking more and more as if of a third person. 'And that other hussy that's after making a ganzy out of her good coat? I'd admire to have the leathering of that one.'

Still the old woman lingered, a good month beyond her allotted time. As spring ripened, the days grew long. In the slow-fading twilights, the two women set their stage, gave cues for entrances and exits. Over the white counterpane danced the joyous figures, so radiant, so incredibly young, the whole cycle of a woman's girlhood. Grown familiar now, they came of their own accord, soothing her hours of pain with their laughing beauty, or, suddenly contemplative, assisting with seemly decorum at her devotional ecstasies.

'A saintly woman,' the young priest told Anna on one of the last days. 'She will make a holy end. Her meditations must be beautiful, for she has the true light of Heaven on her face. She looks as if she heard already the choiring of the angels.'

And Anna, respectfully agreeing, kept her counsel. He was a good and sympathetic man and a priest of God, but, American-born, he was, like her stolid, kindly husband, outside the magic circle of comprehension. 'He sees nothing, poor man,' she thought, indulgently. 'But he does mean well.' So she set her husband to 'mind' the young ones, and, easily doffing the sordid preoccupations of every day, slipped back into the enchanted ring.

TO ONE 'ASHAMED OF BEING AN AMERICAN'

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

You hang your head? Alas, then, for the land
That still must shift without your meed of pride!
Yet those there be who neither blush nor chide,
Yea, and high-hearted ones are they, who stand
Erect, elate, for all that mercy's hand
Pours forth unmeasuring where need has cried,
The while our state, by sneer and taunt defied,
From peace elects to take the stern command.

Beware, O friend misprising, lest too late
You shake your spirit free to bear its part
In all the mighty motions that await
The calm republic holding at its heart
The veriest good for all the sons of men —
Life, under law, for each free citizen!

'KULTUR' IN AMERICAN POLITICS

BY FRANK PERRY OLDS

I

'GERMANY serves the whole world as an example in cultural and intellectual matters. They may storm, shout and get into a passion; they cannot dispute the superiority due the Germans in all provinces of science and industry.'

The above quotation, from the New York *Staats-Zeitung* of July 7, is a clear

statement of the German-American attitude towards 'Kultur.' All the peculiarly German forces in this country agree whole-heartedly in the opinion there expressed. From the German point of view, the United States is woefully deficient in cultural matters, and two great institutions among those maintained by German-Americans have decided that the time has long

been ripe for a change — the National German-American Alliance, together with its state branches and its affiliated societies, aided and abetted by the German-language press.

The Alliance, while denying a political activity 'in the usual sense of the word,' openly admits that it has a 'cultural mission' to perform, boasts that it has 'always shown itself the best friend of Germanism and proved itself a support and herald of true Americanism.' This mission, as defined by the New York State Alliance on July 2, consists essentially in the following points: 'The promotion of the study of the German language and literature in our public schools; the encouragement of worthy immigrants to become citizens; the creation of liberal immigration laws; the abolition of those laws which unnecessarily limit our personal liberty; increased active participation of German-speaking citizens and organizations in public life, politically and otherwise, to the end that our civil-service legislation be improved and extended, that public corruption be grappled with and true patriotism cultivated by putting the welfare of the state over our personal interests; and, finally, the cultivation of everything in the German character and in German civilization which must be regarded as a desirable element in our national process of assimilation.'

The resolutions containing the principles just mentioned assert that the prevailing thought 'in this whole work is our serious desire for America's good.' The German-language press believes unanimously that 'no real American can doubt the purely American motives behind such a declaration.' The Alliance urges that 'the individual, whatever his party, be led by them in his political activity.'

The Alliance further admits that it has been trying to consolidate the Ger-

man vote. In correspondence from the press bureau which it maintains in Philadelphia, it says, —

'In unity is power, and the power of American citizens of German descent and their political significance is centred in the preservation of their unity, which is the goal of the German-American Alliance. Every attempt to break it up and destroy it amounts to treason to the cultural mission of the German race in the United States of America.'

Referring to this same consolidation of the German vote, the St. Paul *Volkszeitung* says that the President's foreign policy has accomplished 'the consolidation so often and so vainly attempted in the past.'

Such consolidation of the German vote, taken together with the admitted aims of the Alliance, can aim at but one thing: permanent legislation in favor of 'Kultur' and a pro-German policy in our international dealings.

The Chicago *Abendpost* admits this in its issue of June 8: —

'For many years back the German-Americans have been flattering themselves with the hope that the founding of the National German-American Alliance might become the point of departure for a healthy political activity. That was at least one reason for founding the National Alliance for a great number of Germans who took a greater interest than usual in the public affairs of the country. It is better to say right out, Yes, we favor a policy which will be advantageous to Germany; we are fighting everything which has for its goal Germany's detriment or which might result in hostility between Germany and the United States.'

Thus, 'Kultur' is to be impressed on the country and a pro-German attitude demanded 'in the best interests of the American people' and 'by every means at the command' of the

National Alliance and its constituent organizations.

The propaganda is directed against our predominating Anglo-Saxon culture; its mission, according to the Baltimore *Deutsche Correspondent*, is that 'of preventing the now incipient Anglicizing of the American people, of seeing that the race of men issuing from the melting-pot be no Anglo-Saxon, but a purely American race having its own history, its own politics, its own culture, its own philosophy of life, its own way of thinking and feeling.'

Up to now, this propaganda has made little headway. Unity of action was not to be had, and only unity of action could avail. Germans must unite as Germans to accomplish such a task as their leaders have set for them. They must also break loose from party ties. 'We urge everybody,' says Max Hottelet, an influential German of Milwaukee, speaking of the presidential contest, 'in this great electoral campaign to forget former party ties and to come out for our principles.' Urging Democrats to leave their party, Eduard Goldbeck, in a letter printed editorially in the Milwaukee *Germania-Herold*, says, 'As party members, German Democrats will regret this result, but they will comfort themselves with knowing that they have done their duty to America and TO GERMANY.'

Thus, the point of the Alliance's contention that it is not in 'party politics' loses its force. Of course it is not in 'party politics.' It is in politics to get what it can for 'Kultur' and for Germany, and it cares not a straw from which party its favors come.

Up to the outbreak of the European war, efforts toward uniting the German vote were unavailing. Party adherence and lack of unity persisted. Only when an extraordinary impulse arose did they join hands. This happened in 1890, in Wisconsin, during the

agitation of the Bennett law, which made a certain minimum of English instruction compulsory in all schools of the state. As Emil Court, secretary of a local political organization in Milwaukee, said a few weeks ago at its first meeting, —

'In the past we were once before brought together like this in Wisconsin — at the time when the Bennett law threatened us. It was then that the Lutherans and Catholics and all societies in Wisconsin of whatever description, all citizens in whose veins German blood flowed, stood together as a unit and killed the Bennett law. What we accomplished then, we can accomplish again.'

Similar enthusiasm has long been felt for the preservation and introduction of German instruction in the public schools, the spread of which is sought 'in the interests of the entire American nation.' A circular published in papers using the German language and emanating from New York even goes so far as to urge all Germans to speak German exclusively in the street-cars, stores, theatres, and all public buildings, to the end that German be forced upon the nation, at least as an auxiliary language. Americans would then soon learn German, the writers of the circular believe, in order to get German-American business.

In local elections, Germans were chosen as Germans, irrespective of party, as far back as 1908, at the behest of the German press and of the Alliance. The attitude of the Milwaukee *Germania-Herold* on this matter is typical: —

'In the interests of America, therefore, we shall have always to choose on principle among equally worthy candidates the candidate of German descent, and, indeed, on principle as long as the danger of America's Britannization is not definitely broken and caused to disappear.'

Now a new impulse has come to unite them—the European war. Their sympathy for Germany has aroused them, united them, and made them willing to forget party ties. This sympathy actuated Edmund von Mach, when, characterizing the war as a war against the principles of 'Kultur,' he called upon German-Americans to unite here in the interests of 'Kultur.'

'Then we too shall be invincible and able to contribute our part to the ultimate victory,' he said. 'When the fanfare of peace then blows at last, we shall have no cause to feel ashamed, and we shall be able to raise our heads proudly on high and rejoice, "Thank God, we, too, have been able to have a share in the patient suffering and to aid."'

What can this mean but a political activity toward the Germanization of America?

Connected with this sympathy for Germanism is an implacable hatred of everything Anglo-Saxon. Anglo-Saxonism is English and un-American. Germanism should be, must be, universal.

What is the danger of it all? Simply that in their hot enthusiasm, the Germans may win a partial success, especially in state and municipal elections. As the New York *Staats-Zeitung* aptly says, 'Every nation has something sacred, and that is its soul, its individual and independent entity, its peculiar ego. If it gives over this sacred thing to another, it has lost itself.' We shall be lost, if we betray our present, natural culture, even though we substitute 'Kultur.' We have the *Staats-Zeitung's* word for it. That is our danger—that we be robbed of our national soul.

There is, however, some amelioration in sight. Even among German newspapers, there is a healthy opposition to this propaganda, but the Alliance and its press are meeting it with intimidation. Referring to the state of

mind of Germans the Chicago *Abend-post* said a few months ago, 'they are very much afraid of being considered un-German'; but, it added, 'we should be the last to grant Italians and Russians in Germany the right to act in elections to the Reichstag as Italians and Russians.' As another example, mention may be made of a group of influential Philadelphia Turners, which, while censuring the National Turnerbund for failing to recognize the Kaiserhof Conference in Chicago, 'raises its voice in protest and warning.' It orders that 'the damage already done be nullified,' and asserts that the Turnerbund 'will not only have to give up its stand but also seek and find a closer feeling with the National Alliance.'

Such is the procedure against delinquents who refuse to obey their orders. Yet, the Alliance 'is not seeking to force its members to vote for any individual candidate.'¹

The ultimate 'cultural' objects of Pan-Germanism are far from realization, but these distant goals have been laid aside for the moment. They are useful in the attempt to capture minor offices of government, but for the Presidency they will not serve. The attitude of German-Americanism has come about through the mission of revenge alone. It is not based on 'Kultur,' unless undying hatred be an element of 'Kultur.' German leaders in the national contest do not get their inspiration from the future. They are little troubled about the actions of the new president. They look backward at the 'blunders' of the present administration. They behold our President's 'Anglo-Saxonism' and Roosevelt's 'defection' from the ranks of the Germans, and they

¹ Those desiring further information on German propaganda in this country will find a very complete discussion in the *Atlantic* for April. — THE EDITOR.

thirst for revenge on these two men. Roosevelt they hate as a traitor to the German cause; the President they hate as one who has never known 'Kultur,' who has always been an 'Anglo-maniac' and an agitator for this country's return to the English colonial system. 'Any Republican, except men of the Roosevelt-Lodge-Root clique, can certainly win against Wilson,' the Cleveland *Waechter und Anzeiger* declares. 'How thoroughly President Wilson has incurred their displeasure is shown by the remarkable circumstance that there is not one of the Democratic German-language papers, so far as we know, upon whose support he can depend,' says the *Germania-Herald*. The President's 'undiluted Anglo-Saxonism' must be made innocuous. The encouragement of 'Kultur' must wait.

II

The German press and the Alliance unite in claiming that they desire nothing more than 'strictest neutrality' in their presidential candidate. Neither President Wilson nor Mr. Roosevelt, in their opinion, has the slightest appreciation of the nature of such neutrality.

'The public is stuffed with lies and falsely told that German-Americans are wretched villains, miserable blackguards and faithless traitors,' says the *Excelsior*, a German Catholic weekly, 'because they will not subscribe to the pseudo-patriotism "for revenue only" imported from London and patented in Washington, and the pseudo-neutrality similarly imported and patented. The German-Americans, so the fabrication goes, demanded of Wilson a policy which would be advantageous to the Central Powers and prejudicial to the Allies. No, you members of the international association of lies, the German-Americans demand a policy which shall

treat the belligerent parties equally and demand and compel respect for our rights from one side with the same emphasis it does from the other.'

That this neutrality, in the opinion of Germans, is non-existent may be seen from the following excerpt from the *Waechter und Anzeiger's* typical Fourth of July editorial:—

'And from fear of imagined and fabricated German dangers for our dear Monroe Doctrine, America has again become a British vassal state on this Fourth of July, 1916. It is governed as pleases London, its trade is dependent on British permission on land and sea, it may pass no laws which England does not want, its citizens must no longer turn to their representatives in Congress with their desires, and Congress must no longer trouble itself with important affairs of the land. The British Ambassador in Washington, the British financial and munitions agent in New York, the metropolitan press in British possession, British spies in all branches of public life, and British prevarication which gives fine names to hateful things: that is the picture before which we stand. And two ex-Presidents approve this condition—out of fear of a danger which is fabricated for them.'

The Alliance and the German press actually *do* want nothing but 'neutrality,' as they understand the term, but their understanding is based entirely on their German feelings and not on such considerations as beseem American citizens. Neutrality should uphold our 'rights,' they say, and serve all violators thereof with an 'equal measure' of punishment. To this end, they consider essential the declaration of an embargo, a warning to Americans to keep off Allied merchant vessels, a reprimand to England because of her violation of Greece and her seizure of our mails, a protest against England's

violation of our commerce. To be neutral, the United States must protest to England on her blockade and agree with Germany's principles of her submarine warfare.

The attitude of Germans toward an embargo on arms is characteristic of their general attitude. They believe an embargo should be declared in the interests of humanity and as a means of shortening the war. As far back as December, 1914, the German-American Chamber of Commerce issued an appeal to Germans throughout the country, in which it demanded that all Germans exert their influence on Congress in favor of an embargo.

'The bill before Congress forbidding the export of all war materials must pass,' it commanded. 'And as soon as possible. To this end all American citizens of German descent must be mobilized immediately. Congress must feel the "furor Teutonicus" in all its strength. We must successfully and brilliantly measure our strength with the Anglo-American element. We must prove that German-Americanism in the United States is a power which must be reckoned with. Every German must write to his Congressman and request him categorically to vote for this bill.'

Germans deny that sympathy for Germany dictates this demand. They claim to be actuated only by the interests of America. 'It is said,' says the Cincinnati *Volksblatt*, 'that Germans sought with this demand to help their kin in the old country. Apart from the fact that this is untrue, only a war exporter and a pro-Britisher could see in it an opposition to American interests, for it is easily proved that arms exports are the cause of great damage to our own country.'

Yet the demand *does* favor Germany. All demands made by the German-Americans do. This can hardly be re-

garded as accidental. On the submarine question, Germans stand united for a proclamation of warning to American citizens to keep off merchant vessels of the Allies. They believe that the President's attitude on the submarine question is ill-characterized by the expression 'humanity.' They point out that the speediest slaughter is often the most humane, and urge that the President put no obstacles in the way of such 'humanity,' as practiced by Germany. While not favoring any action on our part against the violation of Belgium by Germany, they urge action against England because of her 'violation' of Greece. These demands, also, are favorable to Germany. Must that again be considered accidental? The whole fabric of German demands is woven with anti-British threads on a warp of pro-Germanism. Our attitude toward England is characterized as shamefully weak; England's mail seizures, her violations of our commerce, her generally 'outrageous' conduct call forth the most violent of denunciations of a President who has shown himself a 'traitor to America's best interests' by not erring in his neutrality on the German side.

Such is the German conception of neutrality. Such is the foundation on which they establish their criticisms of President Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt. Such is the platform on which they will criticize our next president, if the war still continues.

III

The greatest fear in the hearts of Germans directly preceding the Republican Convention was that they might have to choose between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt. It was to avoid that necessity, if possible, that the German-American Conference was called at the Kaiserhof in Chicago directly before

the Convention. 'The German-American Conference,' says the letter of censure to the National Turnerbund, 'offered us our only great opportunity to make clear to the parties our stand as American citizens and to spread before them our grievances and demands and the unadulterated truth before the nominations and before election — and to do this emphatically through men whom we had sent as delegates and irresistibly through the support of a united German-Americanism such as is to be found in the ideals incorporated in the National Alliance.'

Since Germans felt that Mr. Wilson would most certainly be renominated, the Kaiserhof Conference attempted to work only on Republican delegates. After Mr. Hughes's nomination, delegates to the conference openly boasted that they had been instrumental in Roosevelt's defeat and Hughes's consequent selection. It will be so if Hughes defeats Wilson.

The causes back of German dissatisfaction with Roosevelt are patent. His 'hyphen' speeches troubled them. German papers represented him to their readers as a 'traitor' to the German cause. The *Germania-Herald* said of him in April last year, 'Among all the bitter disappointments which we have had to experience since the outbreak of the war, it was perhaps the bitterest of all that we should see this man with whom, of all others, we felt so much united, on whose moral support we had confidently relied in these hard times, acting in concert with the Germanophobes.'

Why German-Americans should have expected Mr. Roosevelt to defend them is not very clear, but everything which he said disillusioned them — especially his attitude on Belgium's violation — and they developed for him a most violent hatred. Dr. Münsterberg, coming to Roosevelt's aid, was ridiculed as an

unknown theorist from whom nothing sane might be expected, and as a representative of 'Puritan' Harvard under orders from President Lowell!

Who can say that the results of the Kaiserhof meeting, as they see those results, have not encouraged Germans to an even bolder confidence in their power? Now, in addition to this complacent belief in their intellectual superiority, they are developing a bullying spirit of conceit in their political strength. They promise Mr. Hughes 'as many as 3,000,000 votes.' Time alone will make good or break that promise — time and Mr. Hughes.¹

Against the domestic policies of the President, Germans have no criticism to make. 'If the European war had not broken out during Woodrow Wilson's administration,' says the *Deutsche Correspondent*, 'it could only be said of President Wilson, "He served his country well."'

It cannot but seem strange to most intelligent men that Germans agree fairly well in commending *all* of Mr. Wilson's domestic policies and in condemning *all* his foreign policies.² Yet such is the case. 'In word and in deed, Woodrow Wilson has always shown a patience towards the cause of the Allies hardly compatible with the dignity of the country, while towards the Central Powers he shows himself the inexorable Shylock demanding his pound of flesh, even though he must have known that he was thereby crippling one party

¹ It would seem that such a number is much too large. Even the Alliance has not so great control of the Germans as that. It can depend at most on half its members and on a few thousand non-members among the readers of the German press. — THE AUTHOR.

² Even in the case of the merchant submarine Deutschland, Germans feel that they have ample cause for complaint. To their mind, our government insulted Germany by doubting, even for an instant, the status of the boat. This shows the German-American feeling for 'strict neutrality' at its height. — THE AUTHOR.

and giving advantage to the other. The one-sidedness of his actions right now again gives cause for serious accusations which he cannot get rid of in an off-hand manner.' Thus the St. Louis *Westliche Post*. Because of this one-sidedness, 'nothing which Democratic leaders can say or do will make German-Americans friends of Mr. Wilson again.' 'The great mass of German-Americans,' says *Amerika*, a German Catholic organ, 'are through with him and only circumstances now quite unforeseen could bring about a reconciliation. They cannot be talked down.'

The 'hyphen' plank in the Democratic platform and the President's speeches which preceded it arouse their wrath. 'If the German-American, yes, the entire non-British element of the population,' says the *Waechter und Anzeiger*, 'can forgive and forget what Wilson has done to it, or even pretends to forgive under the circumstances, then it deserves to be treated as it has been treated.' They want nothing to do with the candidate who 'tries to get the vote of the Know-Nothing element' by 'such dirty tactics.'

No word is considered too strong by German papers to bring home to their readers the 'traitorous' actions of the 'vice-regent of England' ruling 'with high hand' in 'the branch offices of the British government' in Washington. Wilson is pictured as a traitor to the interests of his country, a 'lackey in Britain's livery' who knows that he is doing wrong, but persists in 'kissing the hand of his Britannic Majesty' as the latter 'kicks him like a dog.' Our 'so-called government' is ridiculed, to the end that hate, relentless and burning, may be instilled in the hearts of their readers.¹

It is stated without qualification that the President wanted a war with

Germany and did his best to bring one about. It was Germany that frustrated his plans, 'humane' Germany who could not see America suffer as she has suffered. Mr. Wilson and his adherents, together with the pro-Allies, are typically characterized by the *Excelsior*:—

'They are only Anglo-Saxons working on Cecil Rhodes's testament, to the end that the proud, independent United States may again be brought under the yoke of Old England. And at their head—intentionally or not—stands Woodrow Wilson, who still calls himself President of the United States, but who really is nothing more than a British colonial director. By their fruits shall ye know them!' The *Excelsior* adds, 'If ever in the history of the Presidents of the United States an impeachment process was in place, it is in place now.'

The later phase of the President's Mexican policy is characterized as the boldest plan ever conceived by a presidential candidate. The President realized that defeat would be his portion, 'if nothing unusual happened.' 'But Wilson has power in his hands,' says the Philadelphia *Tageblatt*. 'He can bring about situations which will compel the people to leave him in office. Serious foreign developments alone could move the people "not to swap horses while crossing a stream." That is the long and short of the Mexican affair.'

The President is criticized for his attitude on the Lusitania tragedy. German papers agree in fixing the blame for the loss of American lives on England, who 'merely used American citizens as a safe-conduct for her ammunition' in the hope that serious difficulties with Germany might develop if these should be killed. Says the *Waechter und Anzeiger*, 'To speak of a crime on the part of Germany in the Lusitania case is the most foolish cant

¹ The expressions quoted are all taken from editorials in the German press. — THE EDITOR.

conceivable. Our munitions exports, America's wallowing in blood-money, America's self-deception — these are crimes also on the conscience of our own people.'

The President's action in the Sussex case continues to be discussed at intervals. The *Fatherland*, criticizing our government for believing its own evidence rather than Germany's original denial of blame, holds that 'to question the statement of the German government in this matter is to impeach one's own good faith.' Later, when that government formally admitted her guilt, The *Fatherland* remarked: 'The German Government has admitted that, according to first evidence presented, the Sussex was sunk by a German submarine. The *Fatherland* is by no means convinced that the evidence is authentic.'

By the German-American press, every hypothesis put forward by Germany is believed rather than the statements of the President, who is altogether too monarchical for the gentle exponents of Kaiserism in our land. 'Mr. Wilson should have been Czar,' says the *Waechter und Anzeiger*.

Such is the criticism, such the language that is being used to turn the German vote from Mr. Wilson. That the language has an American sound can hardly be maintained. Whether or not the criticism is justified is not the subject of this article.

IV

Evidence already presented shows that the German-Americans are demanding 'neutrality' of their candidate, and that they are convinced that President Wilson does not have their brand. They are just as little convinced that his antagonist will be amenable to their wishes, but they do not hate Mr. Hughes. The *Excelsior*

expresses approximately the correct idea:—

'Everybody knows that Hughes has in no way expressed his views on his position and that he has not even been asked to express them. German-Americans merely weigh his personality against Wilson's and will vote for Hughes, not because they hope for a pro-German stand from him, but because they believe that he is able to differentiate between right and wrong, while Wilson has shown that he cannot do this. People will, of course, not demand of German-Americans that they vote for Wilson. Wherefore, only Hughes is left.' If it should turn out that Mr. Hughes is 'neutral' in the 'Hexamerican'¹ sense, so much the better. If not, they will have their revenge, and 'Scarcely any one will deny that the war will be over before Hughes has any opportunity to define his American policies, so that for Germans it makes no difference what Hughes or Wilson will do.'

In spite of their natural coolness toward a man about whose intentions they know almost nothing, the German press and the Alliance express themselves in most cordial terms concerning Mr. Hughes. The New York *Herold* particularly extols in him qualities which will make him an ideal candidate for German voters. This paper was especially gratified by his nomination, since it had suggested his candidacy as far back as December, 1915. It feels a sort of proprietary interest in him by right of discovery.

All the German papers, excepting a few of small circulation and influence, agree that Mr. Hughes can be no worse than Mr. Wilson, although they have had some doubts since Mr. Roosevelt espoused the Republican cause. They propose 'to take a chance' on the dou-

¹ Dr. Hexamer is President of the German-American Alliance. — THE EDITOR.

ble probability of a speedy end of the war and Mr. Hughes's superior 'neutrality.' That is all the significance which can be attached to the general trend of Germans to the Republican camp — that and their all-consuming hate for the present occupant of the White House. But even hate is a fickle thing. Who knows what may yet develop?

Throughout all German-America the campaign goes merrily on, with slander for Wilson's share and flattery for Hughes's. Individuals or organizations which show a tendency to go over to the Democratic camp are loudly denounced as traitors to the cause, as renegades and turncoats; but the increasing number of such defections is noticeable to the close observer. As their grip on the German vote weakens, the Alliance and its faithful press grow bolder in their attacks on the man, who, whatever his shortcomings, is still our President.

Enjoying a fair degree of privacy because they are printed in a foreign language, German papers do not hesitate to use bad names, coarse slang and vile expressions in discussing the head of our 'so-called government.' Publicity is needed, but few newspapers appreciate the need or dare supply it. Boycotts have been suggested, but to the average newspaper a boycott means death.

The delegates to the Kaiserhof,¹ emboldened by their success in Chicago, hope for further conquests. The press, depending on its 'dear friends' and 'faithful bed-fellows,' the Irish-Amer-

icans, still feels sure of its 3,000,000 votes and of ultimate victory.

Does ultimate victory mean the practical support of all German contention against England? England's plans for a commercial boycott of Germany as construed throughout German-America are directed largely at the trade of the United States. In order that these plans be frustrated, 'diplomacy would dictate that the United States unite intimately with Germany; but Wilson is merely a Germanophobe, and cannot see the light. Even the *Chicago Abendpost*, a reactionary paper, feels that it is 'imperative under these circumstances for America to unite intimately with the Central Powers — industrially and politically.'

Where will it all end, if Germans, continuing a united force in American life, proceed in politics, federal and local? What would be the ultimate goal in their political efforts? I answer with a quotation from the *Waechter und Anzeiger*:—

'The result of parliamentary government, which is more or less synonymous with party government, as is shown by the results of any election, is the eternal shifting of inexperienced men, poorly informed men and those trained for other professions. What brings about this shifting of inexperienced men, we see right here in America in our presidents, who are also products of party government. It may, of course, be much better than an autocracy where the autocrat cannot see for the lack of a parliament which can speak out and let him see — better, that is, than the stability of erring blindness. But it is infinitely worse than a government system in which the officials are experts, whose office is their profession, who are publicly instructed by a representation of the people.'

¹ It may be well to state here that the National Alliance cannot in its own name act in political matters because of its charter, which was granted by a special act of Congress. The meeting at the Kaiserhof was therefore called by the Pennsylvania Central German-American Alliance, which is unhampered by a federal charter and is used by the Alliance in its political activities. — THE AUTHOR.

HAS THE WAR AFFECTED THE WEATHER?

BY ALEXANDER McADIE

It is a commonplace of conversation that for some months past the weather conditions have been abnormal, particularly in the matter of rainfall, in the battle-zones and elsewhere. Detailed data from regions close to the firing lines are not available; and we have only general statements of inclemency in so far as they affect military operations. But in districts not far away, — the British Isles, for instance, — the records of excessive raininess during the winter of 1914-15 and at subsequent times have not escaped comment; and others besides meteorologists are discussing the possibility of a connection between the heavy cannonading and the rainfall. The professional meteorologist is called upon to answer whether there is any rational explanation of what appears to be a marked departure from the usual sequence of weather conditions. Is it possible that the tremendous expenditure of ammunition — an expenditure which the layman may well regard as an experiment in concussion sufficiently vast to be decisive — has facilitated condensation and its later stage, precipitation? In concise terms, has the bombarding not only caused clouds but forced the clouds to send down rain?

It is conceivable that such could be the case; and stranger things have happened than the revelation through war of fresh progress in man's effort to comprehend and master the processes of Nature. And here, as is so often the case, Nature herself has suggested the relation, for we have all noticed that

after an exceptionally near and heavy clap of thunder, the raindrops fall with a rush, as if the very tumult had shaken the clouds and caused the downpour. Later we shall see how this well-known phenomenon is to be interpreted.

Three separate lines of inquiry suggest themselves as throwing light on the problem. First, the underlying principles of the formation and flotation of a drop of rain; second, the causes of excessive rainfall in certain places at certain times; and third, the direct relation, if any, which exists between the use of high explosives and showery or rainy weather. To most of us the raindrop is an ordinary, commonplace drop of clean water, or rather it seems to be clean. It is one of the most common phenomena of everyday life, and most of us never stop to think that its life-history could be eventful; in fact we are sure that there can be nothing unusual about a drop of water falling through the air. On the contrary there is much that is wonderful in the wanderings of the little visitor; and the structure of each minute globe is in its way as marvelous as the structure of the great nebula in Andromeda.

Probably no two raindrops are exactly alike. Photographs of snow-crystals make it plain that no two flakes even in the same storm have identical shapes and structures. Raindrops are formed under somewhat similar conditions of strain, with forces more energetic, but never quite permanently balanced. Drops change incessantly, even those that seem to be quiescent.

Many have made long journeys and undergone modification at every turn of the road; but large or small, each globule is a complex of ionic infinitesimals wrapped in a blanket of water-vapor. It is an elastic blanket, tiny beyond measure, and changes its size and sometimes its form, with every variation in pressure, temperature, and electrification. The process of wrapping the ions in the blanket of vapor still baffles science, although man has had recourse to certain small messengers, waves of light, wave-lengths little larger than a millionth of a millimetre, and sent these among the ions to do his bidding.

Generally speaking, a raindrop or any water-drop is an aggregation of hydrogen and oxygen atoms combining in the value of two to one. In a gram of hydrogen (that is, about fifteen grains), there are six million million million atoms. But still smaller than atoms are these carriers of electric charge called electrons, oscillating many million times per second and as constantly colliding with one another. An English physicist who has worked much along these lines, once said that unless we had a better test for a man than we have for an unelectrified atom we could never detect that the earth was inhabited.

But larger than the electrons are certain foreign bodies called nuclei or centres of condensation; and if ever man succeeds in making rain artificially it will be by increasing the number of nuclei. In fact, the vortex guns or smoke-ring firers used in the grape-growing regions of the West to dissipate hail have a certain scientific value in that they furnish nuclei at critical times. Notwithstanding the belief of the vineyard owners, however, the efficacy of these Steiger guns remains unproved. Without nuclei, condensation does not occur even when space is sat-

urated with vapor. And here a word of caution, and a bit of information that rain-makers in general do not know. While textbooks speak of the capacity of air for vapor, they overlook the fact that it is space rather than air which contains the vapor, for air and water vapor are two separate entities and must be considered as such.

The man who has most studied the behavior of the nuclei and who therefore comes nearest to being a genuine rain-maker, though he would be surprised to hear himself so designated, is John Aitken of Edinburgh. His well-known dust-counter is a very practical means of studying the formation of fog or the first step in rain-making. His experiments show that the size of the nuclei or inorganic centres varies considerably; and also the number present at different times. In one of his papers Aitken speaks of the number of nuclei in a puff of smoke from a lighted cigarette as 4,000,000,000,000 per cubic centimetre. Now each of these little particles may serve as a foundation for a raindrop. On a much larger scale, the factory chimney as it belches forth its clouds of smoke is furnishing material for the building of raindrops; and, provided enough vapor is present and certain temperature changes occur, there is no uncertainty about the result.

Aitken, Barus, Wilson, Thomson, Langevin, Pollock, and other physicists have taught us a great deal about the building of a drop of water. There is no difficulty in making rain *on a small scale*. The moisture on the outside of an ice-water pitcher on a warm day proves how easily water-vapor may be condensed and dew or rain made. Nature makes rain by cooling a given volume of vapor. While there is no change in the weight of the individual atoms, the comparatively gross nuclei do change in size and weight because of

physical changes, gravitational attraction, and probably electrical attraction and repulsion. These forces bring about cohesion, and a drop acquires sufficient weight to begin its downward movement against air resistance. The cooling of the vapor (and this is the effective agency) may be due to expansion, as when a stream of mixed air and vapor is carried up in a mighty cumulonimbus cloud or thunder-head; or the cooling may be due to radiation, or to contact and loss of heat by conduction, or, again, by mixing. This may throw interesting light on the many degrees of cloudiness, from the far-distant cirrus or feather to the towering cumulus, from the valley fog of dusk to the black-browed nimbus that precedes the cloudburst.

Sometimes Nature conducts a rain-making experiment in very dramatic fashion, as when a volcano blows its head off. Thus, when Mont Pelée, Krakatoa, Asama Yama, Katmai, and even little Lassen were in eruption, there were produced the heavy rolling clouds, the lightning, the wind-rush, and the downpour. And not only is there direct rain-making close to the volcano: indirectly and at a distance eruptions cause rain, since the gases and fine ash or dust are carried far and wide by the winds, and, serving as nuclei, they increase the rainfall in countries far removed from the scene of outbreak. Some one will say, do not these facts prove that the claims of 'rain-makers' regarding explosions and rains are correct? The answer is, not quite. The explosive output and the atmospheric disturbance in the two cases are not comparable. For example, during one of the recent eruptions of Asama Yama, pressure disturbances were recorded on all the barographs in Japan; but the daily noon gun fired close to the Observatory in Tokio never affects the instruments.

The idea that concussion alone produces rain, then, may be dismissed, as there is no removal or transportation of either water-vapor or nuclei by these compressional waves. And here we may explain the seeming relation of thunder-clap and rain-gush. There is probably marked electrical action facilitating the formation of big drops before, during, and after a flash of lightning. But the lightning, the beginning of the thunder, and the downward start of the raindrops, even if simultaneous, would appear to a person below as occurring one after the other, because of different speeds of propagation. We see the lightning as soon as it occurs because the velocity of light is 300,000 kilometres per second; we hear the thunder five or six seconds later, because the velocity of sound is only 0.33 kilometre per second, and we note the rain-gush still later because its velocity is, perhaps, only 0.03 kilometre. The rain may well have started before the flash occurred or the thunder began. It is also of interest to know that estimates have been made of the amount of energy represented in a thunder tone, if one may use this phrase for what is really a noise and not a tone. In nearly all loud thunder-claps there is one violent or shock wave, a sound wave that travels out in all directions from the path of discharge or core of incandescent air. Dr. Wilhelm Schmidt has shown us how the prolongation of the sound is largely a reflection, not so much from the clouds and sheets of falling rain, as from the 'interfaces' between atmospheric strata of different temperatures, largely by the action of wind. Thus the original sharp report becomes a prolonged roll. In a certain peal which he analyzed, the thunder lasted thirteen seconds.

A word or two is in order regarding the claims of those who insist that explosions, particularly gunfire, are ac-

accompanied by or cause rain. Edward Powers published a book in 1890 proving to his own satisfaction that the great battles of the Civil War were followed by heavy rain. A wider study of the facts does not bear out the statement. This volume, *War and the Weather*, led to an appropriation by Congress of the sum of \$10,000 for experiments in producing rain by the use of high explosives. The writer witnessed some of these experiments, made under favorable conditions. There was no evidence of a causal relation between the detonations of the dynamite and the showers. Again, in the course of a long residence in California he had occasion to follow closely the operations of certain much talked-of 'rain-makers.' Evidence of the production of rain directly or indirectly was lacking. An incident may be referred to here since it illustrates how popular opinion is formed and passes. During the course of a prolonged dry spell a meeting of prominent citizens of a certain town was held to consider the acceptance of an offer from a temporary resident to furnish enough explosives to produce rain. The visitor claimed that he had caused rain on his ranch in Texas by such means. While the meeting was in progress the long-deferred rain began falling, and interest in the question waned. If the meeting had been held a day or two earlier and the explosives been used, credit for making the rain would naturally have gone to the visitor; and it would have been a difficult matter to convince the citizens that the test was not a valid one. It would be a rash man who would

say that condensation and precipitation on a commercial scale are beyond human control; but certainly we still lack conclusive evidence that any of man's efforts have produced rain in measurable amount.

Finally, if the war is not the cause of the abnormal weather, what is? We do not know. The weather map tells only a part, and a very small part at that, of atmospheric motion; and it frequently misleads the forecaster. The writer speaks feelingly, for he has had the unique experience of forecasting the weather in Washington for all of the Eastern states, again at New Orleans for the Gulf section; and for many years at San Francisco for the Pacific and Inter-mountain states. Sometimes it has seemed to him that it was the valor of the forecaster rather than the value of the forecast which deserved commendation. But the time is coming when our information will be extended to all atmospheric levels available, and not limited to one, — that near the ground, — as at present. The newer meteorology, which may well be called *aerography* or the science of the structure of the air, will undoubtedly throw light on cloudiness and rain-formation. At present we can only correlate the excessive rains and certain temperature departures over wide areas with displacements of the major pressure areas, — 'hyperbars' and 'infrabars,' as they are termed. And we know, too, that excessive rains have occurred in previous years when there were no wars; and in all probability will occur again, regardless of the prevalence of gunfire.

THE SECOND YEAR

BY J. B. W. GARDINER

I

THE second anniversary of the declaration of the World War finds the Teutonic Powers, for the first time, on the defensive on all fronts. At the beginning of the war Germany immediately began delivering swift sledge-hammer blows at Belgium and France. The first anniversary found her resting quiet on the western front, but driving the Russian armies through Poland and Galicia at an almost inconceivable rate. But now the tables are turned, and as the third year of the war begins, the enemies of the Central Powers are directing, with ever-increasing power, a concentric offense at a number of different points on the outer ring of Teutonic trenches that is slowly forcing these lines back, and compelling the Teutonic Allies to draw in toward the centre. The situation thus created is new to Germany. She has not yet found herself in relation to it. Whether she will be able to overcome the fact that her old advantage of interior lines is rapidly being neutralized by the many-sided attacks she is now having to resist, remains to be seen.

In order to grasp more readily the position of the Central Powers with respect to the Entente it will be necessary to go back to the earliest stages of the conflict and briefly recapitulate.

A state of war in Europe had existed only a few months when it was realized by the Entente that the status thus created was destined to be long lived. It was also realized that modern war,

as it was introduced by Germany, demanded, as the price of success, intense organization of manufacturing industries, complete mobilization of finance, and recruitment of the maximum number of men. Of the nations at war, only the Central Powers had appreciated the necessity for these measures of preparedness before war was declared. In none of the Entente countries had any centralized organization of industries been attempted; in England, military service was voluntary and the volunteer force was small; financial panic, in the early days of the war, was averted only by the narrowest of margins. Germany had used up the first year in heroic efforts to obtain a quick, crushing victory, the Entente in putting their house in order and preparing for the second and even for the third year. The burying of strategy in the trench warfare that followed the battle of the Marne, coupled with the Russian activities in Poland and Galicia which demanded Germany's full attention, gave the Entente powers an opportunity which they were not slow in improving to the utmost.

The second year of the war, therefore, found the Entente poorer in territory, it is true, but richer in experience and in the practical needs of present-day military operations. Both France and England had their manufacturing resources well in hand and were producing within five per cent of their own munition requirements. American manufacturing had been enlisted, and through British finance and British sea

control shipments were beginning to be made to Russia. The British blockade was in full force and Germany was almost completely cut off from the outside world. Germany, then, accustomed to import many millions of dollars' worth of food-supplies, cotton, rubber, fats, and other raw materials from other countries, was suddenly forced to depend on her own interior resources while her opponents had the markets of the world at their backs.

There were at this time — (August 1, 1915) — four important theatres of military operations: the Belgian-British-French front, the Russian front in both Poland and Galicia, the Gallipoli Peninsula, and Trentino and Istria in Italy. Of these, only the Russian front was actively interesting. It is with Russia, then, that the military story of the Second Year of the war will begin.

August 1, 1915, found Russia in the midst of her great retreat. The Germans had previously broken the line of the Dunayets, and, before the Russians could repair the rift in the dam, had poured through, taking the Carpathian line in flank and rear and compelling its retirement. Through Galicia the Teuton drive continued, the Russians being driven from one defensive position to another, drawing back their forces on either side as a break was created in their line. At the beginning of the year the Russian line was a sharp salient, the apex of which was a few miles west of Warsaw, the right flank resting on the Baltic Sea at Windau, the left in the angle between Bessarabia and Rumania.

The immediate German objective was Warsaw, and, as a corollary to the fall of Warsaw, the line of the Vistula River. The Vistula is the most formidable military obstacle in any of the battle areas; broad, deep, with a rapid current at all seasons of the year, its high steep banks make it a defensive

screen of the highest value. It is crossed by railroads only at Warsaw; therefore whoever held Warsaw and controlled the railroad bridges over the river at that point had also control over the river. It is a generally accepted theory that, if the war is to be won by either belligerent, it must be won on the western front. Therefore all other operations, no matter on how grandiose a scale they may be conducted, must have victory in the West as their ultimate goal. This was the inspiration of the German scheme of action. No important Russian offensive west of the Vistula was possible while the Germans held the Warsaw bridge-head. This was one consideration. The other, as stated, was a corollary. Because of its natural defensive strength, the line of the Vistula could, if in German hands, be held by comparatively few men, thus freeing the bulk of the German army for operations on the western front.

The defense of Warsaw depended on the retention of two railroad lines both of which were paralleled by the sides of the Warsaw salient. These were the roads from Warsaw to Grodno and Vilna and to Kovel and Rovno. It was consequently against these necessary lines of communication that the German power was directed. On Wednesday, August 4, the Germans reached the second of these lines and cut it at Lublin and at Cholm. The next day the Russians retired across the Vistula bridges and the Germans entered the Polish capital. The following day Ivangorod was taken, thus placing all that section of the Vistula south of Warsaw in German hands. In both cases the Russian retirement was slow and methodical. As a result, all the large guns and all war material were removed safely to the rear. Novo-Georgievsk, west of Warsaw was, in the retirement, abandoned to stand a siege.

It was evidently the hope of the Russians that it would hold out for some time and thus prevent the Germans from using the river as an avenue of supply. A few days later, however, it capitulated and the Warsaw salient became a thing of the past.

I have dwelt thus at length on the Warsaw operations because, as will be presently demonstrated, upon the Germans' next move after the taking of Warsaw will rest either the ultimate success or the positive collapse of the German cause. No incident of the war was so portentous as the fall of the Polish capital. With Warsaw in German hands the gates to all of Poland and to much of western Russia beyond were thrown open to the German invader. But then was the time for Germany to pause and consider. By halting here with the strong defensive line of the Vistula on her front, Germany could have held the Russians in place, secured East Prussia from future invasion, and with perfect safety conserved her strength for future operations on the western front. But the German leaders looked backward to Napoleon for a comparative situation. They saw him also facing a powerful coalition. They saw him emerge victorious through smashing the coalition by defeating its component units separately and forcing each one into a separate peace. They saw him defeated only when a coalition maintained its integrity in spite of disaster. Writing in 1912, Friederich von Bernhardi, foreseeing the possibility of the present Entente, stated that Germany's only chance of ultimate victory lay in her ability to crush one antagonist, then turn on the other. This was a powerful argument (particularly in view of the then disorganized state of the Russian army) in favor of driving on and gaining a decision, not over a section of Russian territory, but over the Russian

army. Against such a decision was the fact that Russia had two continents behind her and unlimited territory into which to retreat, and that every step eastward would draw the German forces farther and farther from their home bases.

Germany could not withstand the temptation to continue the advance, and her forces poured through the open gates into western Poland. Simultaneously they drove forward in the centre and drew their flanks together like the jaws of a nut-cracker, pinching the Russians between. In the most rapid advance in history, Germany soon had reached the line of the railroad running generally north and south from Riga through Dvinsk, Vilna, Grodno, Brest-Litovsk and Cholm to Lemberg. From Dvinsk south this railroad was passed.

Again Germany was on the horns of a dilemma. Once the line of the Bug River is crossed, there are, in western Russia, only two railroad systems running north and south — the line mentioned and that from Vilna through Baronovitschi, Sarny, and Rovno. Again the choice was presented to Germany, to entrench and turn her attention to the West, or to continue her drive eastward in an effort to destroy the Russian army. Against the latter decision was the fact that to abandon this first line was to condemn the German army to an indefinite offensive; to brave the forces that had crushed Napoleon and the cold that had frozen the blood of the finest of the French soldiery. But Germany saw only a beaten demoralized force between her and victory. She elected to push forward. On the decision made on the banks of the Vistula and reiterated here the fate of Europe depends; for if Germany is eventually defeated it will be these two decisions which have caused her downfall.

The advance continued unchecked.

Several times the Russian Army was threatened with capture or destruction. At Vilna it was surrounded and its line of retreat cut by German cavalry. Yet invariably it made good its escape, and finally retired behind the Pripet marshes, with the Vilna-Rovno road in its rear, the Dwina, the Styr and the Sereth rivers on its front. On this line the Russians brought the Teutons to a dead halt and turned a brilliant tactical victory into a strategic defeat. The occupation of territory in this war means nothing. Russia still has two continents behind her. The destruction of an army, its reduction to a point where it is no longer a fighting machine, — this alone can bring a decision. Thus after months of the fiercest fighting, after expending untold ammunition and sacrificing thousands of her most efficient troops, Germany was faced by an enemy whose power of resistance was greater relatively than when the first effort was made. And, moreover, she found her own army hundreds of miles from its nearest home base, and brought to a standstill between two railroads, one too far in the rear to be of use, the other in her front held by the enemy. The great German drive had been converted into that military paradox — a brilliant defeat.

II

The Russian retreat had reached its last phase, when the British and the French on the western front launched their only great offensive movement of the year. As a military conception it had the same motive as the German campaign against Warsaw. The western battle line is also, for the most part, a huge salient, with its apex at Noyon, its left at Nieuport, its right on the Swiss frontier. It is obvious that, if the Allies could break, the German line at two points, — one north, the other east

of Soissons, — and, even if checked before the flood of their forces could pour through the broken dikes, still cut the German lines of communications, the entire salient between the points of attack must fall. To accomplish this the Allies struck simultaneously in Artois and in Champagne. In the Artois sector the attack was launched between La Bassée and Neuville-St. Vaast, with the object of fighting through to the Arras-Lille railroad. In the Champagne sector the front of attack was between Ville-sur-Tourbe and Auberville and was directed against the Challerange-Bazancourt road. These two roads are the only lateral lines in their respective districts available for German use and are therefore of vital importance to the German supply system. For some reason (presumably for lack of shell) the movement was quickly halted by the Allies' commanders after only the first line of the Germans had been taken. The attack did not break through, nor did it cut the railroad lines. It was therefore a failure. While failing in its object, however, it did accomplish two things: the Allies took about 30,000 German prisoners, and secured possession of the last line of hill crests that separates the Lens-Givenchy sector of Artois from the great low-lying plain of northern France. As a battle manoeuvre, the attack was expensive in both men and material — much more expensive than the meagre results obtained justified.

On the termination of the western offensive, the opposing lines in the West settled back into their former state of monotonous deadlock. On the Russian front the situation was not dissimilar. When driven to their last trench, so to speak, the Russians were proving that their defense was just a little bit stronger than the German offense. The Teutons could not afford to lie idle. A waiting game was more to their oppo-

nents' liking than to their own. Germany, therefore, in order to strike a vital blow at her most formidable enemy, — England, — looked to the Far East as the scene of her next endeavor. But an offensive in the East would call for a base at Constantinople, and Bulgaria stood in the way. Bulgaria was the bridge between Hungary and Turkey. Without Bulgaria's aid the Germans could never reach Constantinople. From such information as is at hand, it was not merely a question of getting shell over the Oriental railroad to the hard-pressed Turks on Gallipoli. The ammunition factory at Tophane near Constantinople had a production almost, if not quite, sufficient to meet the demands of the Gallipoli defenders. Rumania had, it is true, refused to permit the passage of shell over her railroads; but it was more than a question of shell. It was a question of a place in the sun through domination of the Oriental railroad; it was a question of an attack on Egypt, of a thorough reorganization of Turkey in Teuton interests by means of a direct connection with Germany and Austria. Bulgaria alone was in position to furnish such connection and to provide a regular passageway through which free, unhampered communication could be had between Germany and her Moslem ally. With Bulgaria in the field, it remained for the Germanic allies to conquer only the northern part of Serbia where the Oriental road runs from Belgrade to Pirot, in order to open a direct route from Berlin to Constantinople. The diplomatic efforts of the Teutons were therefore concentrated on Sofia, and, in spite of all the Entente could offer, Bulgaria, early in October, entered the lists on the side of the Central Powers.

The opening gun of the campaign against Serbia was fired immediately upon the announcement of Bulgaria's

decision. This campaign was essentially different from that in any other field of operations. Germany, as well as her opponents, realized from the outset that it was entirely subsidiary. Victory, no matter how complete, might bring the destruction or the dismemberment of the Serbian army. Under no possible circumstances could it bring a decision. The maximum practical result would be obtained when the Oriental railroad was under complete control of the Central Powers, which meant the occupation of the northeast corner of Serbia only, involving the railway points of Belgrade, Nish, and Pirot. Any other accomplishment in this field would be purely incidental.

The entrance of Bulgaria into the war contributed to the forces of the Teutonic Allies certainly not more than 400,000 men and probably not more than 350,000. The Serbian strength, depleted by the Austrian campaign of the previous year and sapped by the typhus scourge which had decimated the population, was at that time not more than 250,000 effectives. Opposed to this force were the 350,000 Bulgarians and an equal number of Austrians and Germans. Obviously, therefore, Serbia could not turn back the attack alone, but would have to depend for the backbone of her defense upon assistance obtained from extraneous sources. Her first call was upon Greece, who, under the treaty of Bucharest which closed the Second Balkan War, was obligated to unite with Serbia in case of attack. The ties of kinship with the German Kaiser proved stronger, however, than treaty obligations, and, contrary to the will of the Greek people, King Constantine refused to be bound.

Serbia then turned to her western Allies, France and England, who, taking advantage of certain leasehold

rights in Salonica which Serbia had acquired by treaty, started a belated movement of troops to that port.

When the Teutonic Allies attacked, the Serbians were concentrated along the line of the Danube and along the northeastern border, guarding the railroad passes between Serbia and Bulgaria. The British and French contingents, having landed in Salonica, were moving up into Macedonia. As in other campaigns, the military problem involved in this invasion can best find expression in terms of railroads, and in this case was extremely simple. There is in Serbia but one railroad running north and south. This road, entering Serbia at Belgrade, has its other terminus at Monastir. At Uskub, some seventy miles north of Monastir, a branch breaks off to the northwest, running up towards Montenegro. It is obvious therefore, that the maintenance of this one line was fundamental to the Serbian defense, as it was their single line of retreat and supply, and the one means by which the reinforcements of the Allies could come north from Macedonia. This road was then the objective of both Bulgarian and Teuton armies. While the Teutons were engaged in forcing the passage of the Danube, the Bulgarians struck from the east at practically every pass along the border. Throwing a force into Macedonia from Strumnitza, they had no trouble in holding the British and French back, while, penetrating the passes farther north, they reached the railroad at a number of points.

The end came soon. The Serbians offered stubborn resistance from the outset, but with their life-line cut by the Bulgarians, unable to get food, outnumbered at every point, they fell back from point to point until, in the last week of December, the Teuton occupation of Serbia was complete. Not a vestige of military force re-

mained. The British and French fell back, now that there was nothing for them to do, and took up a position in front of Salonica, which they strongly fortified. The Serbian army, or its miserable remnant, was either scattered in the wilds of Albania, or, having reached the sea, was transported by the Allies to some of the Mediterranean islands to recuperate. Germany had taken her first real step toward a place in the sun.

While the Serbians were being driven out of their own country and the entire eastern situation was being got under control by the Teutonic Powers, Great Britain was maintaining an army of at least a quarter of a million men on Gallipoli — men who were fighting a series of battles in which there was not one chance in ten thousand of winning. These men could have been used to great advantage in Serbia had the British seen fit to transfer them. But, having undertaken the Gallipoli campaign, they were afraid to let go lest the admission of defeat would cause a loss of prestige among the Mohammedans of the East, where it is essential to the Empire that British rule be unquestioned. When it finally became apparent to the British high command that further fighting on the Peninsula was useless and that to acknowledge failure was really the bigger thing to do, Serbia had been overrun and the gates of the East had been opened.

At the time of the withdrawal from Gallipoli, the British were occupying two separate lines far removed from each other and with no land communications. One of these was in front of Krithia, where they had been held for months without being able to advance against the Turkish defense. The other was along the coast of Suvla Bay, where a landing had been made some months before, with the idea of flanking out of position the Turkish forces which were opposing the British at Krithia. The

forces at Suvla Bay were the first to withdraw, followed after a short time by those at Krithia. The withdrawal was an extremely brilliant movement, the fleet, its guns outranging those of the Turkish forts, holding the Turks in their trenches while the British embarked on the transports.

From Gallipoli the British moved to Salonica, where they went into that fortified camp with the French and the remnants of the Serbian army. These forces at Salonica are destined to play a most important part in the war. It is a repetition of the Torres Vedras of history, and when the time is ripe, we shall see them moving north over the Monastir-Belgrade road, reconquering Serbia and striking at Austria through Transylvania, the back door to the Central Empires.

III

With the conquest of Serbia and the British evacuation of Gallipoli, the armies on all fronts went into winter quarters. There were occasional flickers of activity, of short duration, but there was no movement of troops reported that had any influence on the general situation. Not until the early part of February were active operations resumed, and then an entirely new interest was suddenly created by the opening up of a new theatre — that of the Caucasus.

When the Russians were concluding their great retreat, the Grand Duke Nicholas, who had been in command, was, for political reasons, removed and sent to command the armies in the Caucasus. He immediately set about regenerating and reorganizing the entire Eastern army, and, through the agency of Japan, was accumulating large supplies of ammunition. The first published report of his activities announced that he had advanced almost

to the ancient Turkish stronghold of Erzerum, and although in that wild maze of mountains it was still the dead of winter, it was reported that the fall of the fortress was imminent. Twenty-four hours later it was taken. This was a blow which Turkey had not expected and was not prepared for, and it immediately shook the very foundations of her Asiatic empire. With the Black Sea fleet in complete command of the sea, the Russians' supply of food and munitions was secure. They rested their right therefore on the Black Sea, their centre near Bitlis, west of Lake Van, and their left in southern Persia, and began a serious campaign against Mesopotamia and the Caucasus.

In April the important Black Sea city of Trebizond was taken and at once a large area was thrown open to their armies; but for some reason not yet apparent, the Russians were unable to take advantage of this success. All along the line they were held up by the Turkish defense, and it gradually began to appear as if the Grand Duke was simply to hold what he had taken while the materials and supplies essential to his advance were sent to other quarters. In the latter part of June, however, there was a renewal of Russian successes on the entire front from Trebizond to Bitlis. The Turkish army was defeated at Baiburt and Mamakhatun and what seems to be a general retreat was begun. As the second year of the war closes, the Turks are still in retreat over a wide front; the important fortified post of Erzingan is about to fall into Russian hands, and the entire country north of the East Euphrates River is being occupied. If this campaign accomplishes nothing more than now stands to its credit, it has more than justified itself. The menace to Constantinople which it has constituted is sufficient. Whatever plans the Teutons may have had against Egypt

had to be abandoned, and all the energies of the Turks concentrated against the Russians instead of being directed at the Nile. Farther south, in Mesopotamia, another Russian army was fighting its way during the winter towards Bagdad and the Tigris. It had accomplished but little when the early summer came, and the intense heat put at an end all military operations in this district.

Late in 1914 the British had launched an expedition from the head of the Persian Gulf with the twofold object of protecting the British oil-fields of Persia and of seizing Bagdad. The entire conception was wild and ill-considered. Although this force had considerable initial success, when it had reached the point where the Turks considered it dangerous, they immediately attacked it, drove it from Ctesiphon south along the Tigris and cut off its rear-guard, which it besieged at Kut-el-Amara. The Russian movement against Mesopotamia promised relief, but the failure of the Russians to reach the Tigris made the end inevitable. The British at Kut were forced to surrender. This was immediately heralded as the death-blow to British prestige in the East. As a matter of fact, although months have passed since the surrender took place, nothing has happened to indicate that the incident has not been forgotten. The move was foolish in the first place, and has met its appointed end. The first week in May, 1916, taught England a lesson she will not forget; in a war of world-powers, where millions of men are engaged, it is folly to fritter away strength with a small fraction of your forces in a territory where, from the very nature of things, nothing decisive can take place.

The situation in the West, — that is, on the French front, — as it existed at the time of the surrender of Erzerum, is worthy of consideration as bearing

on the approaching battle of Verdun. Germany at this time had reached the zenith of her military strength. The time was actually at hand, or soon would be, when every loss in her ranks would leave a gap which she could not fill. Her resources in man-power were approaching their limit. Germany saw her opponents, on the other hand, constantly growing stronger. Russia, with her almost untold millions being recruited and drilled; the British summoning every man of fighting age to the training camps; France, weakened somewhat, but still a most formidable enemy. She saw herself therefore growing weaker as her enemies grew stronger. There was but one thing to do. While she was still at her strongest and before her numbers began to wane, she must strike with all her force and gain a decision.

The domestic situation in Germany was also ripe for such a move. There had been a long period of quiet, the people who were suffering the hardships of war were getting restless. The political situation was also growing acute. Russia's great victory at Erzerum was being widely heralded; Rumania was getting restless; that part of the world which Germany was most anxious to impress was beginning to have doubts of the ability of Germany to bring the war to a successful issue. Finally, the Entente was known to have been preparing for an offensive for six months. Vast accumulations of shell were being made, all preparations were complete to throw against the German lines a vast army which would outnumber the Germans at least three to one. If they were permitted to strike first they would have all the advantages which go with choice of battleground and initiative. There was but one answer and this might prove an adequate solution of all elements of the problem. This was an attack in

force in a final effort to end the war.

Germany selected the salient at Verdun as the point of attack, and on February 21, after the usual artillery bombardment, the first infantry attack was launched. The first blow was delivered on the east bank of the Meuse, and, following the usual German strategy, was delivered over a narrow front with immense masses of men. The initial attack, extending over the territory between Consenvoye and Ornes was immediately successful. The French, occupying a series of advanced posts on the several hills north of the main Verdun position, fell back, and after several days' fighting took up what is really their main position on the east side of the river — the ridge of Louvemont, extending in a fish-hook formation from the Meuse, along Pepper Hill, to the fortress of Vaux. Checked here, the Germans shifted eastward and attacked from the Woevre plain. The French position in the plain was strategically of no value, and a quick retirement was made to the first line of hills west of the plain. On this position their lines held fast, and the Germans practically gave up the attack from this direction.

Although it was evidently the German intention to drive the French across the Meuse, and by virtue of their quick hard blows to fold back this line against that on the west bank, the resistance of the French made it necessary again to change the point of conflict to the west bank between Malancourt and Forges. Here also the Germans were at the outset successful, although the French have not yet been forced to retire to their main position, the ridge of Charny. Instead, the Germans found themselves completely checked at the two points most necessary for them to possess, Hill No. 304 and Le Mort Homme. No fighting of the war has been as incessant or as

concentrated as the Germans' effort to take these positions. Five months have passed since the opening gun was fired, half as long again as from Elba to Waterloo; still the Germans are pounding at the French line, gaining a little to-day only to lose it to-morrow. The net result, after sacrificing at least a half million men, has been the acquisition of about 110 square miles of useless territory.

Space does not permit a detailed account of the fighting in this greatest of the world's great battles. It is sufficient to say that no matter what may be the fate of Verdun, the course of the war will not be changed one iota. Verdun is an area, strongly held and strongly fortified. It is a gateway to nothing, and in capturing it the Germans will capture nothing more than a fortified area. There are numerous such areas between Verdun and Paris, and while the taking of Verdun might bring a certain momentary glow to the hopes of Berlin, Wilhelmstrasse knows that in its larger relations to the war as a whole, the battle of Verdun has accomplished nothing.

IV

In the Italian theatres, both along the Isonzo, which was the line of Italy's offense, and in Trentino, where the operations were essentially of a defensive nature, operations had been at a standstill for nearly a year. Fighting there was, some of it most intensive; but the net result was a stalemate. The Austrians could not come down through the Trentino passes, nor could the Italians take the Gorizia bridgehead. Suddenly, in the middle of May (presumably as a result of a winter's preparations), the Austrians struck in overwhelming force at the Italian Trentino line, stretching in a huge semicircle from just south of Rovereto

on the Adige River to a point west of Borgho in the valley of the Brenta.

The Italians were taken completely by surprise and swept off their feet. They were driven back from the positions they had won so dearly last year, and for the first time were fighting on their own soil. For a time it seemed that the line of the Po would be their first stand. The plateaus of Arsiero and Asiago had fallen to the Austrians, and the Italians were almost on the last line of hills north of the plain of northern Italy. Then the great Russian blow was struck against the Austrian line in Volhynia, and the Teuton attack in the Tyrol came to a sudden halt. The Italians immediately struck a counter-blow and, everywhere successful, are now back almost to their former lines. The Austrian blow, though carefully planned and thoroughly prepared, has proved but another flash in the pan, a mere incident. It was designed to eliminate Italy from the war by crushing her on the plain of Lombardy and Venetia. It ended in the wild tangle of the Tyrolean Alps, with Italy still at the gates of Rovereto and the valley of the Brenta.

On Wednesday, May 31, began the greatest battle in the history of modern sea war — the battle of Jutland, between the battle cruisers of the British and the entire German main fleet. But very little is really known as to just what took place. The only accounts we have are the official reports of the British and the Germans, and these are so widely divergent as to facts that nothing can be stated as positive. From such data as have been given out, it seems that the German fleet was about a hundred miles from its base when the British battle-cruiser squadron, which was cruising in the vicinity, saw it, and immediately closed in and gave battle, although completely lacking in capital ships. What the

Germans were doing away from Heligoland; why the British attacked a number of dreadnoughts and super-dreadnoughts with nothing but battle cruisers, has never been made clear. Both sides, of course, claim victory, and each gives an account of its losses and those of the opponent. Between the two accounts there seems to be an irreconcilable discrepancy.

However, there are certain conclusions that can be drawn as a result of what each of the powers concerned has reported of itself. First the German fleet unquestionably, and while the fight was still in progress, sought the refuge of the defensive mine-field in its own harbor. This is not a characteristic action of a successful fleet. Second, if the German loss was only what the German Admiralty reported, the German Navy will after several more such fights cease to exist. It is ridiculous for the Central Powers to attempt to challenge the sea power of the Allies. The odds against them in tonnage are so enormous that, even had the British lost twice as many capital ships as did the Germans in the North Sea fighting, the advantage still remains with the British. The German victory, if victory it was, is too Pyrrhic to allow room for elation.

v

In the spring of 1915 the press of Europe and of America was filled with rumors of the great 'spring drive' that was soon to come. The civilian population of the Entente countries was taught by the press to look forward to this drive as the one thing that would end the war and was watching daily for some sign that the beginning of the end was in sight. But the spring turned to summer, and the summer to fall, and the drive never took place. The same conditions were repeated this year. The spring came and saw only Ger-

many on the offensive, while the Allies seemed satisfied to resist her efforts to break down the French defense at Verdun.

On June 4, however, Russia started what has since proved to be one of the most successful movements of the whole war. The Austrians, it will be remembered, about the middle of May began a large-scale offensive operation against the Italians in Trentino. Russia waited until the Austrians were thoroughly committed to the Italian endeavor and then struck. Russian reasoning was absolutely sound. Of all the nations at war, Austria is the most nearly exhausted in every particular, and especially in men. Consequently when the move against Italy was made, Austria, not having any great interior reserves from which to take men, had to remove them from the Russian front. Therefore it was against the Austrian portion of the line that the Russian blow fell. The Russian line at the time of the attack ran from the Pripet south along the Styr in Volhynia, the Sereth and the Dniester in Galicia, the Russian left resting on the Rumanian frontier. This meant that the greater part of the Volhynian triangle, made up of the three fortresses of Lutsk, Dubno, and Rovno, was in Austrian hands.

The Russians struck out, however, from such portion of that line as remained to them, and in a few days were in possession of the entire triangle. Simultaneously they struck at Czernowitz, the capital of Bukowina, and after much severe fighting were in possession of this all-important bridgehead. This, however, was just the beginning of a great campaign, which had for its object, not merely the recovery of Poland and the recapture of Galicia, but the destruction of the entire Austrian army. Pushing westward from Lutsk, the Russians advanced towards

Kovel, the key to the entire Teuton line in Russia. On every hand they were successful. Carefully prepared defenses were destroyed or passed over as if they did not exist. Entire divisions of Austrian soldiers were captured, vast quantities of guns and military stores of all kinds taken and used against their late owners. The marsh country was left behind and the line of the Stokhod River reached. Here the Germans had come down in force from the north to support the Austrians, and the Russian attack was temporarily halted on the Lutsk-Kovel railroad about twenty miles east of Kovel.

In the south the Russians were even more successful. The Austrians were first driven from the Sereth front and then across the Strypa. Then Russian attention was turned to Bukowina. Austrian resistance was completely shattered and the whole of the Austrian Crown land was again in Russian hands. Again the line of attack was shifted, this time to the comparatively narrow front between the Dniester and the Pruth rivers. This movement met with similar success. Kolomea was taken, Stanislau cut off, and the entire Austrian position along the Strypa taken in flank. In the meantime the Russians, when they were held up in front of Kovel, undertook still another offensive, this time against the Germans, on the line of the Styr River from Czartorisk to the Pinsk marshes. In a few days the Germans were forced to retreat for a distance of sixteen miles until the line of the lower Stokhod River was reached, when the advance was again halted.

But the Russians had not yet finished. The resistance of the Teutons on the Stokhod line seemed but to increase the fury of their attacks. Turning to the southern side of the Lutsk salient, they broke the Austrian line,

drove it across the Lipa River, forced the crossings of the Lipa and advanced to the Galician border. The beginning of the third year of the war, then, finds them again threatening Lemberg. The Galician capital is fast being surrounded, and the defensive line in front of it rapidly outflanked. Lemberg or Kovel — it matters little which: each will be equally effective, for the fall of one means that the other must be shorn of all its value.

The blow which Russia has dealt the Teutons may well prove to be a fatal one for Austria. In less than two months the Russians have taken three hundred and twenty-five thousand prisoners, have retaken over fifteen thousand square miles of territory, and have destroyed in this territory one of the most carefully prepared defensive positions in any battle area. Nearly one half of the entire Austrian force has been put out of action. Nor, as the second year of the war comes to a close, is the end yet in sight. The entire Teuton line from Riga to the Carpathians, which the Russians are now penetrating, is under continuous and very severe pressure. There seems to be no end to the Russian reserves in men and to the ammunition on hand. If the Russian ammunition holds out (and no one knows how much Russia has accumulated), it does not seem possible that the Teuton army, weakened as it is by the loss of nearly one quarter of its effectives, can escape a long retreat, at least to the line of the Niemen and the Bug, and perhaps even to the line of the Vistula. The great mistake of the Germans in passing these lines last August is now apparent.

On the first of July, the French and the British on the western front began their great offensive. The scene of the attack was at Albert, some miles north of the point where the battle-line changes its direction from north and south

to east and west. The exact point of turn is at Noyon. The object of the attack at this point is to force the abandonment of the Noyon salient and the uncovering of the flank of the German line north of this point, and, by an attack against this flank, to force the German line to fall back out of northern France and western Belgium. As in all such attacks, it is leveled at necessary lines of supplies, the principal of which in this vicinity are the railroads passing through Douai and Cambrai. The plan is an ambitious one, and, if these two points can be reached, the object is necessarily accomplished. The initial success has been considerable, particularly of the French. The Germans evidently considered that the resistance which the French had offered at Verdun had largely sapped their strength and that, as a result, no offensive movement was to be feared from them, at least this year. Consequently, knowing that the British had not been engaged, the main German force was concentrated against that section of the front which the British held, and the French front was to some extent neglected. The resistance offered to the French attack has, therefore, been unable to hold them back and they have driven forward about six miles almost to the banks of the Somme River. They are now on the outskirts of the town of Peronne, a minor German field base, with the Germans hemmed in between the French lines and the river. To the north of the Somme, where the British line joins the French, the advance has not been so marked. The resistance, for the reason given above, has been much more stubborn and much more effective.

The advance has not yet reached the stage where any conclusions may be drawn from it. It is still in its incipency, and while the initial progress is

generally satisfactory to the friends of the Entente, there are no indications as to whether there is sufficient potential strength in the British and the French to accomplish the objects for which the movement was begun.

The entire Entente operations as they are now being conducted show for the first time since the beginning of the war the cohesion, the unity of action and of command, essential to ultimate victory. It was distinctly noticeable that up to early June of this year the operations of the Allies were marked by a lack of coördination, by an individualism that was fatal. There seemed to be no general plan, no coöperation. The Allies have finally, however, created a General Staff, on which all of the Powers are represented, and all military moves are dictated by this body. Nothing has shown the result more plainly than the present operations.

The sequence of attacks is worthy of special study. First, after Austria was given time to commit herself thoroughly to the Italian campaign, so that removal of troops from that field was impossible, Russia struck with tremendous force. The other powers held back until the Teutons had had time to reinforce their Russian line at the ex-

pense of other fronts, and then struck on the West. The ultimate results of such a campaign are patent. Suppose, for example, a circular battle-line, with the opponents drawn up on the rim of the circle. It is obvious that if attacks are made against this circle one at a time and at separated points, the power within the circle, having excellent interior lines, can reinforce any point at which the attack is directed. It is equally obvious that the only way to prevent this is to strike at all points at once — in other words, to conduct an offensive against so many points in the ring that it will be impossible for the interior power to reinforce at all without weakening some one point to such an extent that the line may give way. Once the line is really broken in one point, the whole circle must contract and shorten its radius.

This is exactly the German situation. For the first time since the war began, Germany finds herself confronted on all sides with the full force of the Allied Powers. What the result will be no one can predict. Because of the resources of the Allies in men, money and shell, the plight of the Central Powers begins to look extremely serious. It may well be the beginning of the end.

BRUSILOFF: MAN AND GENERAL

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

AN achievement so brilliant as that of General Brusiloff, like a sudden splendor of dawn from the midst of darkness, inevitably arouses an eager desire to know something of him; and, in the absence of knowledge, gives birth to all kinds of fancies and imaginings. One of the best newspapers in New York printed, a day or two after the beginning of his great offensive, a charming and whimsical article, alleging that about the unknown personality of the Russian general were already gathering all the stories of military prowess that had served for Alexander, for Cæsar, for Napoleon; he was fast becoming a Solar Myth. And we have had, since then, a curiously detailed story that Brusiloff is only a *nom de guerre*; that the victor on the eastern battle-line is really the ill-starred Sir Hector Macdonald *redivivus*, come back to repeat the triumph of Omdurman. And, in passing, one may note that this legend of a miraculous return wreathes itself about every dominant personality, not only the spiritual heroes like Gautama and Zoroaster, but the men of war, like Friedrich Barbarossa, asleep in the Kyffhäuser, Shivaji of the Mahratta hills; and now, for the second time, about the fine soldier who forfeited the renown won in the Sudan. So insistent is the sense of immortality aroused by genius and power.

It becomes, then, almost a duty for those who have had the opportunity to meet and know General Brusiloff, to put on record some of the facts of his life; for his achievement has made him

a part of history, and he is well entitled to wear, in his proper person, the laurels he has so gallantly won.

To begin with, one should make it entirely clear that there is nothing haphazard or extemporized, no element of mere luck, in what General Brusiloff has accomplished; no single factor of effort or training or science has been lacking in his lifelong preparation, and no element of devotion or consecration. Heredity, too, has played its part, and early environment has had a share in the ripening of his genius.

Alexei Alexeievitch Brusiloff comes from the great traditional school of Russian military prowess and skill, the Caucasus, where, among mountains far overtopping the Alps, the armies of Russia have fought for generations against the valorous savage tribesmen of whom the Cherkess, in the north, and the Kurds, farther south, are outstanding types. His father, a former General Alexei Brusiloff, won renown in the Caucasian wars; he was serving with the Russian armies in the Caucasus when the present war hero was born there, some sixty years ago. And his father's fathers, for generations, had stood high in the Imperial service, an earlier ancestor having already won high military renown in the southern tracts beyond the dominions of the Moscow Tsars, in the days before Peter the Great; before what is now the Cossack country was embodied in the Russian Empire. The tradition of military service and high martial achievement had long been the inspiration of his family.

It was natural, therefore, that Alexei Brusiloff and his two younger brothers should all three enter the profession of war, two becoming soldiers and the third entering the Russian navy. It was equally natural that, with their old Cossack blood, the two soldier brothers should, when they had completed the courses in the Russian military schools, find their way into the Tver Dragoons, a regiment which, although taking its name from the northern city between Moscow and Petrograd, had become almost permanently fixed in the Caucasus Mountains. In certain ways the conditions of life in such a regiment are very like those of regiments stationed on the Northwest frontier of India—a mingling of dashing adventure and dull routine, enlivened by hunting and regimental steeplechases. In everything that had to do with horsemanship, Alexei Brusiloff was supreme. Slender and light, with the figure almost of a jockey, he is to-day one of the best cross-country riders in Russia, a land where skillful horsemen are not lacking. In the training and management of horses also he excels; as between the rough method and the gentle, he strongly advocates the latter, and has always enjoined it on his regiments.

In 1809, the Emperor Alexander I founded an Officers' Cavalry School in the capital which to-day bears the name of Petrograd, and it became a tradition that the more martial members of the Imperial House should give to this school much of their time and care. Thus it was that, after the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-1878, in which he commanded the Russian army in Europe, the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievitch the elder (who was the son of Nicholas I, and therefore the nephew of Alexander I and brother of Alexander II) gave much of his time to the Cavalry School. He put at the head of it Colonel Sukhomlinoff, who was War

Minister when the present war broke out, and who had a high reputation as a cavalry commander and administrator. It is the rule, I believe, that each cavalry regiment in Russia shall send to the Officers' Cavalry School an officer and four men, to study the whole science and practice of mounted warfare. From the Tver Dragoons, following this rule, came Alexei Brusiloff, who had gained a name as a fearless and skillful horseman even in that hard-riding regiment. Colonel Sukhomlinoff was so impressed by his qualities that he made Brusiloff his adjutant, and a great deal of the actual daily work of the Cavalry School in this way devolved upon him.

The Grand Duke Nicholas the elder, and two of his sons, Nicolai Nicolaievitch the younger and Peter Nicolaievitch (the former being the brilliant and gallant soldier who, as Viceroy of the Caucasus, has gained new laurels at Erzerum and Trebizond) were frequent visitors at the Cavalry School. Thus it happened that Alexei Brusiloff was in constant association with the two men who were Commander-in-Chief and Minister of War in the summer of 1914. As a result, he was, at the outset, given command of one of the four Russian armies which were the first to move, in contrast with men like General Shuvai-eff, the present War Minister, and General Alexeieff, the Commander-in-Chief under the Emperor, who have worked their way to the top in the actual fighting.

But we are going ahead of our story. As a result of his excellent work at the Cavalry School, where he had set and maintained a high ideal of discipline and efficiency, Alexei Brusiloff was transferred from the Tver Dragoons, which is a line regiment, to one of the mounted regiments of the Imperial Guards, with the same rank—a rare and exceptional honor, and one which

gave him an opportunity to prove his quality as a soldier.

For in these crack regiments of the Russian army there is always the likelihood that an atmosphere of social elegance and easy-going gayety will prevail over the sterner military virtues, and Alexei Brusiloff immediately found himself under the pressure of this tendency. He reacted vigorously, with a humorous result: he began to carry out the theory, which had long lain in his mind, that the training for war should be almost as rigorous as war itself; that the conditions of actual warfare should be the goal of all manœuvres. In his own practice, this took the form of long and arduous cross-country gallops, in which he himself always took the lead, seeking rather than avoiding darkness and rain and foul weather. But this was not at all acceptable to some of the spoiled gentlemen of the Guard, and protests, backed by high social influence, found their way to 'the Highest Personages.' It is credibly recorded that, to such a protest, General Brusiloff made answer: 'If Your Majesty will guarantee that the enemy will only attack on fine days, I will countermand the night-riding!' But the guarantee was not forthcoming, and the night-riding went on. During the winter, when General Brusiloff's troops, often up to the shoulders in snow, were attacking in the Carpathian passes, one remembered that wise reply.

Alexei Brusiloff rose steadily to the command of his regiment, of a brigade, of a division, and then of an army corps, the Fourteenth, stationed at Lublin. Several years earlier, he had married a cousin from Courland; their son, who is also an Alexei Brusiloff and a daring cavalry officer, has been decorated for valor in the present war.

General Brusiloff, like most men of his class in Russia, speaks French admirably. More than that, he knows

France and the French army well; on several occasions, he had the honor to be chosen to accompany the Grand Duke Nicholas to France, to take part in the great annual manœuvres, held, for the most part, on the ground of the present battlefields. It is interesting to-day to remember that the Grand Duke Nicholas the elder was, with his nephew, the Emperor Alexander III, chiefly instrumental in bringing about the alliance between France and Russia, which was the foundation-stone of the present war for honor and liberty. And it is pleasant to be able to record that General Brusiloff shared the opinion of the Grand Duke Nicholas, that in martial valor the French army stood higher than the German. That view was not generally held until the war revealed the superb spirit of the French.

General Brusiloff knows Germany also, has watched the great Prussian manœuvres, and has learned all that can be learned of the military science of the enemy. On one occasion, Kaiser Wilhelm asked his opinion of a certain cavalry manœuvre. General Brusiloff, who does not speak English, replied, 'Your Majesty, I understand German, but—I am not a master of "Der, die, das!"' If Your Majesty does not mind about "Der, die, das," I shall try to answer in German.' The Kaiser professed himself callous to the sufferings of 'Der, die, das' and the criticism was made. Following out his method of learning from the enemy, he constantly read the military journals of Germany, as well as those of France. He is a thoroughly scientific soldier.

General Brusiloff was a widower when he was made commander of the Fourteenth Corps at Lublin. Shortly after he had taken his new post, he married the second daughter of the late Madame Jelihovskaya, whom he had known as a child in the Caucasus, and, later, in Petrograd. Her half-brother,

General Yakhontoff, who had served with Alexei Brusiloff in the Tver Dragoons, and who has been bound to him by a life-long friendship, is now a general adjutant on General Brusiloff's staff. General Brusiloff's bride was living in Odessa. The first important town on the railroad from Lublin to Odessa is Kovel. There General Brusiloff and his bride met and were married, returning immediately to Lublin. Kovel, therefore, now comes into his biography for the second time.

At Lublin, by virtue of an international kinship, I had the good fortune to be General Brusiloff's guest, in the late summer of 1911, less than three years before the war. If I were to seek for a single phrase, to sum up the impression made by his personality, it would be, I think, distinction — personal distinction in a high degree. But one may associate the idea of distinction with a certain kind of weakness, of over-refinement. In General Brusiloff, on the contrary, distinction is as the fine edge on a sword-blade of highly tempered steel. Distinction, with great personal charm, which expressed itself at once in the perfection of his hospitality, and in a delightful gift for teasing, a ceaseless flow of delicate banter that bubbled up like a spring of crystal water, creating an atmosphere in which anything like gloom or despondency was unthinkable.

But at the same time this ideal host was every inch a soldier. One could never for a moment forget that. To begin with, he was always in uniform, whether undress, or, when some function was in preparation, the full parade uniform of a lieutenant-general. And, on all occasions, the perfection of neatness — of grace also, as becomes a man who is an admirable dancer, as well as an admirable horseman. One felt that a slovenly or slipshod attitude would be impossible for the finely tem-

pered steel of his slim, muscular body.

One felt, too, that General Brusiloff was every inch a commander of men. As we walked together through Lublin, through the quaintly picturesque streets of the ancient Polish city, we met, at every turn, the officers and men of his corps; and he had then under his direct command half-a-dozen generals, with the commanding officers of eight or ten regiments, and all their junior officers. To every one he spoke, intimately, gently, cordially, for gentleness is an outstanding quality of the 'iron general.' If we entered a restaurant, every officer there rose to salute the corps commander, and with every one he spoke, were it only for a moment or two. I was struck by his close personal knowledge of his men, and spoke to him of it. 'Yes,' he said, 'I know them all personally. But that is not the point. The point is, that they should know me; so that not one of them shall hesitate an instant, in time of war, in recognizing his commander!'

'In time of war'; it was his ceaseless pre-occupation. For even then, three years almost before the outbreak, he saw that war was inevitable, and with Russia's present foe. And indeed many men in Russia saw it, beginning with the painful time, in 1908, when, taking advantage of the struggle between Abdul Hamid and the Young Turk party, Baron Aehrenthal seized Bosnia-Herzegovina for Austria, thus turning the Berlin Treaty into a scrap of paper; the days when Wilhelm II stood beside his ally 'in shining armor,' and cried to Russia, 'Hands off!' Beginning with that time, the work of regenerating and renewing the Russian army went on tirelessly; and there was no finer embodiment of its new life than General Brusiloff.

One part of his perfect hospitality showed itself in this way: there were held, at Cholm, some little distance

from Lublin on the railroad toward Kovel, military exercises and athletic sports involving several regiments — and a Russian regiment numbers four thousand men. General Brusiloff, surrounded by a number of the generals and commanding officers of his corps, presided, and one noticed how easily, how completely, how unconsciously, his slight, almost boyish figure dominated the formidable group of which he was the centre. And his hospitality showed itself in this, that he made his guest, a quite unknown foreigner, a civilian, completely at home in this dominating military atmosphere, so that what might easily have been something of an ordeal was really a fresh and simple pleasure.

Two little incidents remain in one's mind, as expressing his gentleness and tact. We went, on one of our walks through Lublin, to the ancient ghetto, in which pre-Russian Poland had confined its Jews; it lies without the city gate and, oddly enough, one found the old Russian church in the same quarter, equally exiled by the Poles. The Jews there still affect the old costume, a kind of long, rather dingy overcoat, a rusty cap with a glazed peak, and somewhat rusty high boots. And the odd thing is, that their boys, even the youngest of them, wear a miniature copy of the same costume. One of these little chaps, with sleek hair and dark, keen eyes, seeing the officer's uniform, drew himself up very straight, clicked his heels together and saluted. Acknowledging the salute, the general turned to me and smiled; 'I should like to hug him,' he said, 'but they would at once make an "incident" of it!'

Another little scene: on one of the country roads just outside Lublin, a little chap, this time a genuine little Pole, came trotting along the road on an old nag. The boy's knees were pulled up almost to his chin. General

Brusiloff, standing in the middle of the road, cried 'Halt!' as though the boy had been a squadron of dragoons. The terrified youngster pulled up short. Then the corps commander stepped to the side of the old horse and lengthened first one stirrup-leather and then the other, and put the boy's feet back into the stirrups. Then, starting him once more on his way, he commented whimsically: 'They would quote that as an instance of the Russian oppression of the Poles!' It was, by the way, one of his griefs that all his efforts had won almost no cordial response from the Poles of Lublin; they remained icily aloof, in spite of his kindest overtures.

Another element of his fine hospitality was the way in which he allowed one to share his deepest interests. Very like General Foch in certain qualities, he is like him also in this, that he is deeply religious; in the highest sense a Christian mystic. And, speaking of things mystical, he talked one day of a book he had been reading, the story of a modern Antichrist — a man supremely endowed with intellectual power and exercising a fascination over masses of men, who, in the name of material well-being, of the earthly paradise, was seducing men's souls from every vestige of spiritual faith. 'I believe,' he said, 'that the author's idea is a true one. There is an Antichrist, and we shall have to fight him!' One should hold this steadily in view, I think, as expressing his deepest conviction concerning the present war and his own part in it. He holds that he is facing, and thrusting back, the organized forces of evil.

General Brusiloff's quarters were in one of the old monastic buildings in Lublin that date from the great Catholic period of Poland. As is the custom in Russia, there were many rooms *en suite*, and one was struck by the quiet good taste of the whole interior. Other

wings of the huge building were given up to military uses, and I remember very vividly a huge, gloomy courtyard in which was pointed out to me a single window with a glimmering light in it. A soldier who had been guilty of a murderous assault on an officer was confined there, awaiting execution. It was significant that, by tacit consent, there were no sentimental pleas for the man's life. General Brusiloff is really iron in all matters of discipline.

A few months later, General Brusiloff was transferred to Warsaw to co-operate with General Skalon in coördinating the considerable military forces concentrated there; as always, with a view to the eventual war. While in Warsaw, he was promoted to the rank of full general, receiving also certain decorations, to be added to many already won. But he did not remain very long in Warsaw, being transferred, toward the end of 1913, to Vinnitza, not far from the Galician frontier, which is the headquarters of the Twelfth Army Corps. If I am not mistaken, this transfer was at his own request, and he had two motives in asking for it: first that he would be more likely to receive an independent command, in case war broke out; and, secondly, that he was convinced that from this point a formidable blow could be dealt, and dealt rapidly, against the armies of Austria based on Lemberg. This was the period, it will be remembered, after the Second Balkan War, in which Bulgaria, inspired thereto by Austria, had treacherously turned against her late allies, Greece and Serbia, attacking them without declaring war. Austria had then wished to attack Serbia, but Italy had held her back. The danger, however, was only delayed, not averted, and the attitude of the Crown Prince of Germany, who openly declared that he wanted war, added to the likelihood of an early explosion.

In the early summer of 1914, General Brusiloff and his wife went abroad to visit a Bavarian health resort. They had planned to return through Saxony, spending some time at Dresden. But the Serajevo disaster bore its warning for General Brusiloff's alert spirit, and he went immediately homeward. The Teutons were probably unaware of the quality of their guest, or of how much it would have been worth to them to delay his return. He has, so far, taken half a million captives, and has, without doubt, put out of action at least as many more.

At that time, General Skalon was head of the war district of Warsaw; General Rennenkampf, who gained distinction in Manchuria, and published the story of his achievements there, held a like post at Wilna, which threatens East Prussia; General Ruzsky was head of the war district of Kieff; the Grand Duke Nicholas was in command of the Petrograd war district. This situation dictated the first moves of Russia at the outbreak of the war. General Rennenkampf at once began a drive into East Prussia, while General Samsonoff, transferred from Turkestan, began a like drive from Warsaw; both these moves being intended to lighten the pressure of the rush to Paris, and contributing to the accomplishment of this end. From Kieff, General Ruzsky moved westward, with some seven or eight army corps, while at the same time General Brusiloff, with an approximately equal force, advanced from Vinnitza. The immediate objective of these two armies of the south was to meet and force back the army which the Austrian General Auffenberg was aiming against the Volhynia triangle of forts,—Rovno—Dubno—Lutsk,—while General Dankl at the same time thrust at Lublin and Cholm.

Ruzsky and Brusiloff early came into touch with Auffenberg's army, and,

after sharp fighting, thrust it back on the line joining Lemberg and Halicz, while Russian forces, under commanders of whom General Ivanoff and General Evert are the best known, held General Dankl in check before Lublin.

On the Lemberg-Halicz line was fought, in the opening days of September, 1914, a fierce and decisive battle, which was the first great victory for the Allies, preceding the splendid victory of the Marne by several days. But Ruzsky and Brusiloff proved themselves to be remarkable soldiers, not only in the actual fighting, but in the masterly way in which they followed up their victory. From the blow then dealt, the Austrian army never recovered. Never again did it meet the Russians on equal terms, without a 'stiffening' of German soldiers. The wholesale surrender of Austrian soldiers showed the inherent weakness of the Dual Monarchy.

Meanwhile the achievement of the armies of the south was brought into higher relief by the disasters which befell the two armies of the north, which had set out from Warsaw and Wilna. General Samsonoff was decisively defeated, and mortally wounded; General Rennenkampf was driven back over the Russian border.

While the Germans thrust again and again at Warsaw, only to be beaten back by the masterly strategy of the Grand Duke, General Ruzsky fought forward, round and beyond Przemyśl, toward Cracow. General Brusiloff, on a parallel line somewhat to the south, drove forward to the Carpathians and, before the Lupkoff Pass, met and decisively defeated a strong force which sought to relieve Przemyśl, in a battle based on Baligrad. Then he began to cut his way to the Carpathian passes and twice his advance guards reached the plains of Hungary.

But there were elements of weakness

in the rear, and suddenly all Russian offensives were stopped by a munition famine, the result of which was disastrous, among other things, to General Brusiloff's campaign. For General Mackensen's really brilliant drive across the Dunajets, against the position held first by General Ruzsky and later by General Ivanoff, compelled the withdrawal of the whole Russian line, including, of necessity, Brusiloff's army to the south. But in spite of the lack of ammunition, he doggedly contested every inch of the way, using cold steel against shrapnel; and he was still on enemy soil when the great Teutonic drive was finally blocked on the line which ran from Riga to Rovno.

Russia had checked her foe. But she did much more: splendidly aided by her Allies, among whom Japan played an effective part, she began to gather ammunition, new guns, new rifles; meanwhile rigorously training millions of new men — finer stuff, if possible, than her first armies. And all through the long and very severe winter of 1915-1916, she not only held the enemy but daily added to her strength. At this time, General Kuropatkin, who had been hardly treated after his reverses in Manchuria, and who had, step by step, splendidly rehabilitated himself, held the north end of the Russian line, the Riga-Dwinsk sector; General Evert, who had fought General Dankl, held the centre; General Brusiloff held chief command of the armies of the south. Under the Emperor, General Michael Alexeieff coördinated the work of these three armies, while at Petrograd General Shuvaieff, who has a genius for practical organization, saw to it, as War Minister, that there should be no more shortage of supplies. This was the position at the end of May, on Russia's main battle-line. We should add (for no summary of the work would be complete without it), that, under the gen-

eral supervision of the Grand Duke Nicholas, as Viceroy of the Caucasus, — the most honorable post in the Empire, next to that of the Tsar himself, — General Baratoff had done brilliant work in checkmating German plans in Persia (which included an invasion of India through Afghanistan), while General Yudenitch had won victories at Erzerum and Trebizond, which will be decisive for the whole future history of Asia Minor, and which, in addition, rendered nugatory the threat against Suez. Thus, by a touch of Time's irony, did Russia, once the bugbear of the Orient, safeguard England's Eastern Empire.

At the end of May, Russia was ready to take the offensive. Of the three sectors, under Kuropatkin, Evert, and Brusiloff, the last was chosen; perhaps, for three reasons. The Austrian line there was, it seemed certain, the line of least resistance; the weak link in a chain which is no stronger than its weakest link. Then the southern sector was naturally the first to thaw, the first to dry sufficiently for the rapid passage of artillery. But I think the decisive factor was the third: the very brilliant and masterly way in which General Brusiloff had carried forward the offensive of August-September, 1914, over the same ground, against the same foe.

General Brusiloff's new offensive began in the first week of June. Toward the end of July, he had accomplished this: first, a lightening of the pressure on the Allies in France, with a practical cessation of the great offensive against Verdun, and an even more apparent easing of Italy's position in the Trentino; next, he had demonstrated that the strongest defensive lines, of reinforced concrete, with wide barbed-

wire barriers, could be broken to pieces; third, he had occupied all the Bukowina and much of southern Galicia, thence menacing Hungary.

He began by crushing the Teutonic line from Lutsk to Dubno, and beyond, both north and south, over a front of fifty or sixty miles; in France, a like breach would extend from the Somme to Belgium. Driving through this breach, his lieutenant, General Sakharoff, now menaces Kovel, Vladimir-Volynski and Lemberg. Smashing through the Teutonic line far to the south, Brusiloff's left, under General Lechitski, contained General von Pflanzer-Ballin's army at Czernowitz, then working northwest up the Pruth, cut the railroad at Snyatin and swung round against Pflanzer from the west, scattering his forces among the Carpathian foothills and gaining effective possession of the crown-land of Bukowina; Lechitski, working north and west, to Kolomea and Delatin, then got behind General von Bothmer's army on the Stripa, while Russian forces pressed its front, thus forcing Bothmer back to the Zlota Lipa and the Dniester. Now, at the end of July, Lechitski threatens Hungary, the granary of the Central Empires, while, at the same time, his thrust on the south, and that of Sakharoff on the north, have outflanked and threaten to envelop the Teutonic armies of Boehm-Ermolli and Bothmer held between them. Finally, Brusiloff's advance, drawing German forces from the north, has made it possible for Kuropatkin to break through between Riga and Dwinsk, where we may expect an advance like that on the Lutsk-Dubno line. Taking it all in all, the campaign is a military exploit of great brilliance and vital moment, something that will loom large in history.

MEN OF THE TARA

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

WHEN England took over something like half of her twenty millions of tons of merchant shipping for war service, among the requisitioned transports, colliers, hospital ships, and the like were a number of small but swift packets which were armed and employed as auxiliary cruisers or patrols. Of these was the Tara, which, under the name of Hibernia, had plied in the Irish service of the London and Northwestern Railway. Commanded by an officer of the Royal Navy, but still worked by her old crew, the Tara was sent to the bleak Cyrenaican coast of the Mediterranean, to keep a lookout for submarines and prevent the smuggling of arms and supplies to the small but dangerous Turkish forces which were operating in eastern Tripolitania with the object of inciting the Arabs to move against the lightly held western frontier of Egypt.

On the 5th of November, 1915, — Guy Fawkes Day, — the Tara was torpedoed by a German submarine in the Gulf of Sollum, and sunk, with the loss of eleven of her crew of something over one hundred. The ninety-two survivors were towed by the submarine to Port Suleiman and handed over to the Turks. The latter, in turn, passed the party on to the Senussi, a confederation of Arab tribes, who, as later events showed, were getting ready to launch a 'Holy War' against the Italians and English. The Arabs, short of food already, started marching their prisoners about the desert, and after several weeks established them in a sort of per-

manent camp at an old Roman well in the interior. Here, eking out with snails and roots such scanty rations as their captors were able to provide, the unfortunate Britons, racked by disease and only half sheltered from the capricious winter weather, existed for three months and a half.

The trickle of food, now from one oasis, now from another, became thinner and thinner as time went on, and by the middle of March the failure of supplies had become so complete that absolute starvation in the course of the next few days appeared inevitable. But on the seventeenth of that month, as suddenly as though dropped from the sky, a squadron of armored automobiles appeared on the horizon. A few moments later the Arab guards had fallen before the fire of machine guns, and the half-delirious prisoners, plunging trembling hands into hastily broached tins of jam and condensed milk, were being bundled into Red Cross ambulances for the return journey. A couple of days more and they were in the hospitals of Alexandria, and a month later they were most of them back in England reporting for duty.

Through the courtesy of the British Admiralty, the writer was granted an extended interview with Captain Gwatkin-Williams, the naval officer in command of the Tara — the only one, indeed, that that distinguished officer gave before joining his new ship in the North Atlantic. Later the writer journeyed to Wales and Ireland to talk with Lieutenant Tanner, R.N.R., and sev-

eral of the surviving members of the Tara's crew.

I recognized Captain Gwatkin-Williams the instant his broad shoulders filled the door of the room — the den of his apartment on the fringe of Hampstead Heath — where I had been ushered to await him. I had met his type scores of times before: at Esquimault, Hongkong, Singapore, Capetown, Trinidad, Fiji, wherever the anchor chain of a British warship rattles down. I knew at once that he had the characteristics, as he had the appearance, of the typical British naval officer, and that among these was a distinct disinclination to tell of his own experiences. Knowing from past failures the futility of trying to draw one of his kind by frontal attack, I wasted no effort in that direction, but asked him point-blank if he had been able to preserve any souvenirs of his desert sojourn. By piecing together the things he told me over a brine-blotched naval uniform, a dented jam-tin, a handful of snail-shells and dried roots, some camel-bone needles, and a blood-stained whip of 'hippo' hide, I synthesized the connected little story which follows.

'It was about 10.30 in the forenoon of the fifth of last November,' he said, 'that I saw a torpedo heading straight for us at a distance of not over three hundred feet. It was painted a bright red, and in the clear water it showed up even more conspicuously than the wake from its propellers and air exhaust. It struck us fairly amidships on the starboard side, and my first order was to lower away the boats to port. I was not even thrown from my feet by the shock, nor was there any sharp detonation audible. Had I not seen the torpedo, I should for the moment have been in some doubt as to what had actually happened; and yet the explosion accounted for eleven of the crew.

'My men were already standing by their gun, and the instant the submarine put up its "eye" we took its range and opened up. At least one shell cracked right over the periscope, causing it to disappear at once. We did not see it again until salt water had stopped the mouth of our little rapid-firer.

'The Tara, her engines still running, continued for some distance on a perfectly even keel, the boats meanwhile being safely launched with the surviving members of the crew. Then, all of a sudden, she began settling aft, and went down like a sounding lead, throwing her bows high in the air. My gun crew and I were caught beneath the forward awning, and owed our lives to the fact that we did not have lifebelts on, and were therefore able to dive and clamber clear.

'The submarine — the U-35 — rose to the surface and came nosing into the wreckage before we had all been picked up by our boats; but the chaps on the deck contented themselves with covering us with their revolvers — a precautionary measure, doubtless — and the work of rescue was not interfered with. I asked the submarine commander if we might be allowed to go to X——, an Egyptian port where a small British force was stationed, and which we would have had no trouble in making in a few hours. He replied (in excellent English) that this would be impossible, as it was necessary for him to deliver us to the Turks as prisoners.

'The submarine then took our three boats in tow and headed for Port Suleiman, where we were landed at about three in the afternoon. I made a part of the passage on the deck of the U-boat, and had some little chat with its commander. He admitted that we had nearly put out his "eye" with one of our shells. He said that he had often been to England before the war, and even confessed to a visit to the Isle of

Wight. He could not, of course, be blamed for wanting to prevent our getting to a British port and revealing the probable existence of a German submarine base on the Cyrenaican coast; the callousness of his action transpired later, however, when it became evident that neither the Turks nor the Arabs were able to house and feed us.

'The Turkish officers at Port Suleiman were very courteous, — especially Nouri Pasha, who is a brother of Enver Pasha, — but they seemed somewhat perturbed at the prospect of caring for us. They were short of food themselves, apparently, and that region, like all the rest of eastern Tripolitania, is almost an absolute desert. Since their German masters had decreed the thing, however, there was nothing more to be said, and so, in the true Oriental fashion of following the line of least resistance, they passed us on to the Senussi. And since the Senussi had no one else to pass us along to, they had to shoulder the burden themselves and trudge on with it as best they might.

'The ship's cook, who had died from his wounds in one of the boats, we buried soon after landing, breaking an oar to form a rude cross above his grave. That night, still in our wet garments, we spent huddled together upon some rocks by the shore. The next morning we were given a small quantity of rice, which we had to cook as best we could in some beef-tins and eat with our fingers. There was less than a handful of the tasteless, unsalted mixture to each man. We were terribly cold, hungry, and thirsty; indeed, for the next four months and a half, there was hardly an hour in which we were not suffering a good deal from one — and usually all three — of these causes.

'After a couple of days we were moved back from the coast to a primitive village where men and animals alike lived in dugouts in the rocks. A "sta-

ble" which had been occupied by goats, donkeys and pigs was cleared for us, and there, living in indescribable filth, we were kept for four days. We had been forced to carry with us on a stretcher a quartermaster of the Tara who had sustained a double fracture of the leg. At this juncture infection, fostered by filth and vermin, set in, and the only chance of saving his life appeared to be by amputation. This (I will spare you the harrowing details) was finally accomplished with no other instrument than a pair of old scissors and a few drops of whiskey — our very last — to steady the poor chap's nerves. Of course he died.

'The Arabs now told us that they were going to take us to a beautiful oasis where there was water and dates in plenty, and flocks of sheep and goats, and warm houses to shelter us in. Why they told us this I never have been able to make out. Possibly to make us forget our ever-empty stomachs; more likely because Arabs cannot tell the truth even when they want to. At any rate, we never reached the Paradise that our captors persistently dangled before us like a carrot before a donkey's nose.

'But march we did — march endlessly; and most of the time on less than a pint of vile water and a dozen ounces of cooked rice a day. The country was one endless stretch of small round pebbles that ground the soles from our boots and the skin from our feet. We were always hungry, always thirsty, always footsore. The sun at noonday scorched us, the cold of the night chilled us. One day, to make matters worse, a chap who was off his head from suffering ran away and evaded capture. Following the Oriental practice, our guards must needs punish the birds in the hand for the sins of the one in the bush. For two days we were marched without a drop of water or a morsel of food. The second day they goaded us forward

from daybreak to sunset. It seemed as if we must have gone a hundred miles, and I learned later that it was actually over twenty. Even that was an awful distance for starving men, who had n't the strength to walk in a straight line.

'For three long weeks they herded us on. At the end of that time we arrived at what appeared to be our destination — some half-ruined Roman wells called Bir-Hakim. It was not an oasis in the true sense, but only three or four caved-in cisterns, partially filled with reeking run-off from the rains, which served as a caravan halt. There were no houses, no palms, no cultivation — only rocks and the crumbling copings of the ancient wells broke the monotony of the desert. Most of us arrived barefooted, all of us half-naked; but it is due to our guards to say that they were in scarcely better plight themselves, and that as opportunity offered to get old boots and rags from passing caravans, they gave them to us.

'One day I found a bit of broken glass, and with this managed to scrape down some slivers of camels' bone to the form of clumsy needles. Yarn we made by rolling tufts of camels' hair, picked up along the way, between our palms. The resulting strand was seldom less than an eighth of an inch in diameter, and always lumpy and prone to pull apart at the joints; yet, by dint of patience and care, we were able to stitch fragments of rags together to form hats and long Arab shirts. Those of us who still had any parts of our socks and trousers left patched and darned them as best we could with our bunched yarn.

'Our daily ration, diminutive from the first, became smaller and smaller as the days went by, and finally, to stave off actual starvation, we began eating snails and the roots of a small plant, with spreading leaves like the arms of an octopus, which grew here and there

among the rocks. The roots had a pleasant, nutty flavor, — I could eat these few I have kept with the greatest zest at this moment, — but the snails, roasted in their shells on a camel-dung fire and eaten without salt, were, to say the least, hardly up to the *escargots* served at the Café Riche. Most of us had a hard time bringing ourselves to eat them at all, and few ever came really to like them. One chap, however, — a Welsh quartermaster, — developed an almost uncanny taste for the things, eating several hundred every day and waxing fat on them. We have ever since called him the "Snail King."

'A few days after our arrival at Bir-Hakim, an Arab woman came to our camp with some goats and sheep to sell, but our guards either could not or would not buy them for us. But that night a wolf killed one of the sheep, and some of the men, out foraging for snails, found and brought in the half-eaten carcass. Neither the wolf himself, nor the waiting vultures, could have rent that flesh more voraciously than did those half-famished sailors.

'It was about this time that we first learned the true reason for the terrible scarcity of food — a scarcity which affected the Arabs as well as ourselves. The Turks, it appeared, had been successful in their intrigues with the Senussi, and the sheikhs of this powerful Arab confederation had declared war against England and thrown their forces against the Egyptian frontier. Sol-lum, but lightly held at that time, had been taken, and the Arabs assured us that their armies were marching on Alexandria and Cairo. In retaliation for this treachery, the British fleet had extended its blockade to the "Senussi coast," and the hinterland — barren, and almost entirely dependent for food upon Egypt — was already in the grip of famine. The impetuous Arabs were learning their lesson on the "influence

of sea power" by being slowly starved into repentance; and, by a strange trick of fate, we British sailors, who naturally would have been helping to drive the lesson home, were starving with them.

'For some reason the guards made us draw our water from the fouler of the two wells—the one from which the animals were watered. We boiled and settled the noisome green liquid—stagnant since the last rains and fouled by man and beast—and did our best to render it fit to drink. It was all to little purpose, however, for dysentery soon developed and spread rapidly through the camp. As there were no medicines of any kind available, there was little to do but let the disease run its course. This accentuated the weakening influence of the starvation, and the wonder is that we left no more than four graves behind us in that desolate spot.

'About the 20th of December a little flour, tea and sugar were given us, and we were told that this was the last of such dainties that we might expect to receive. We decided unanimously to keep to our rice, snail, and root diet for four days longer, and save these luxuries for a Christmas "spread." Here is our menu for that glad occasion as recorded in my diary:—

'Christmas Day, 1915.

'*Breakfast.* Rice boiled with a little salt. *Dinner.* Two ounces of boiled goat-flesh and "pudding." *Tea.* One small pancake with weak tea.

'By New Year's Day we were practically on an "all-snail" diet, and the epidemic of dysentery appeared to grow worse as a consequence. Two or three times in the succeeding weeks camels came in with food, but never in sufficient quantity to allow any increase in our ration. This continued to be rice, with an occasional goat or sheep divided among the nearly five score of us. Without the roots and snails it would not have been enough to keep us alive.

'Early in February I came to the conclusion that our only chance of rescue lay in getting word of our whereabouts through to some point in Egypt still occupied by our forces. Figuring that one man would have a better chance of escaping observation than two or three, I finally decided to make the attempt alone. The nights would be moonless, I calculated, for a week or more following the 20th of February. For a fortnight preceding that date I began saving half of my daily ration of rice, and as the news of my plan was gradually confided to other men of the camp, these also began laying by a share of their already pitifully small allowance. Thus about twenty pounds of cooked rice were saved up, and this I tied up in the legs of a pair of Turkish trousers given me by one of the guards. To keep the soft mass from settling down in one end, I tied the legs at frequent intervals with bits of yarn, so that my novel knapsack finally had much the appearance of a double string of German sausages. My goat-skin water-bag held just two and a half kettlefuls of water, or forty-eight of the little jam-tins with which I had to fill it.

'The cordon round our camp was never tightly drawn, and I had no difficulty in slipping through it on the night of the 20th. I had kept mental note of the roundabout route by which the Arabs had brought us to Bir-Hakim, and felt sure that I should be able to strike the coast at some point near the Egyptian boundary. I held to my predetermined course by the stars, and stumbled on over the stones till day-break. I had met no one, there were no signs of pursuit; but in the steady leaking of my water through the semi-porous bag and the frightful way in which the new Arab shoes I was wearing were rubbing the skin from my toes, I foresaw thus early the almost certain defeat of my hopes.

'Lying down in as sheltered a place as I could find, I rested till nightfall before setting off again on my way. By morning my water, my toenails, and my strength were gone, on top of which I stumbled straight into a camp of nomad Arabs. Flight was out of the question, so I made the best of a bad situation by trying to induce them, in my fragmentary Arabic, to take me to the coast. They understood me all right, and appeared not a little tempted by the prospect of the double handful of gold I promised them. They debated the question for a while, but in the end their fear of the Turk was too strong, and they decided I must be delivered to the nearest Ottoman post.

'My captors were not unkind to me; indeed, they treated me rather as a prized animal pet, a sort of dancing bear, than as a dangerous captive. They exhibited me to every one they met along the way, and even made a point of traveling circuitously in order to display their strange find to encampments that would otherwise have missed the treat. They never ceased to marvel at my ability to tell the direction without a compass and the time without a watch,—simple tricks for a sailor,—and, as it kept them good-natured, I made a point of going through my tricks whenever they wanted them.

'The Turks to whom I was finally brought were just as courteous and sympathetic as those to whom we had been delivered on landing, and they cannot be blamed for deciding that I should be returned to the camp at Bir-Hakim. They were probably hard put for food themselves.

'I hardly care to go into details about that return journey. Except that it was two or three days of horrible nightmare, my memory of it is a good deal confused, and I am rather thankful that such is the case. I am afraid there were some things I should n't care to

remember too clearly. A fanatical old Senussi priest had come to fetch me, and he rode on a camel, driving me ahead of him with a long hippo-hide whip all the way. They gave me no food and no water for two days, and my one clear recollection of that whole period is of gulping down the nearly hatched eggs from a lark's nest I stumbled upon, and of the horrible revulsion of my outraged stomach as the nauseous mess entered it. But I'd really rather not speak about that little interval at all.'

[Some idea of what Captain Gwatkin-Williams had to go through on this journey may be inferred from this entry in the diary of one of the Tara men under date of February 29:—

'About three P.M. we suddenly heard rifle shots to the northwards. A few minutes later there appeared over the brow of a small hill some men and camels, and there, walking apart from the rest, was our brave captain. We were now witness of one of the most degrading and brutal sights it has ever been my lot to see. He was lashed with an elephant-thong whip, and the guard punched him violently in the face. Then the women came up and pelted him with the largest stones they could find.')

'As a punishment for running away,' he continued, 'I was put in solitary confinement in a goat-pen, where, for a day or two, the old priest and some of the more temperamental of the Arab ladies—the one with his hippo-hide whip and the others with filth and stones—spent most of their idle hours in trying to bring me round to a state of true repentance for my truancy. This treatment raised such a protest from my comrades, however, that finally, on Lieutenant Tanner's undertaking full responsibility for my docility in the future, the guards restored me to full camp privileges. That is to say, I was

allowed my fistful of daily rice again, and liberty to hunt my own snails and dig my own roots.

‘Things grew rapidly worse during the next fortnight, and by the middle of March it seemed that the end we had feared and fought against for so long — slow starvation — could not be much longer postponed. No more food was coming in; the snails were breeding and absolutely unfit to eat, and all the roots within a distance that any of us still had the strength to walk were exhausted. Indeed, the strongest of us were by now so weak that we could no longer keep our balance in stooping to pull the roots, but had to kneel and worry them out by digging and tugging. The rice was entirely exhausted early in March, and from that time we lived on practically nothing but a few ounces of goat-meat per man as a daily ration. Famished as we were, even these tiny portions of unsalted meat seemed to nauseate rather than nourish, and in my own case the repulsion for meat engendered during that period has persisted to this day. I am now practically a vegetarian.

‘The plight of our guards was little better than our own, except, of course, when worst came to worst, they could always abandon us and make their way across the desert to some place where at least subsistence would be obtainable. For ourselves, we were now quite incapable of undertaking any kind of a march at all. Help would have to come to us; it was quite out of the question for us to search for it, even if our guards had been willing to allow us to try.

‘The last two or three days I do not like to think about. We were too weak to venture far afield, and there was little to do but sit about and brood over the fact that even such negligible rations as we still had were nearly at an end. We avoided each other as much as possible, and when we did come together

we tried to speak of anything but *the* thing that occupied all of our minds. And then, from the one quarter whence we had long ago given up all hope of its coming, help arrived.

‘You see, we had written a good many letters from time to time, on the assurance of our guards that they would be handed to the Turks for forwarding to England. Most of these were probably thrown away or deliberately destroyed, but, by a kind trick of fate, one written by myself was taken by the Turks to Sollum when the Senussi occupied that port. In this letter — no matter how — I managed to indicate that we were held captive and in danger of starvation at Bir-Hakim. When the British retook Sollum, this letter, by a second lucky coincidence, was left behind in the hastily evacuated quarters of a Turkish officer.

‘When our whereabouts was once definitely located, our rescue was only a matter of assembling the requisite strength in armored cars and finding a competent guide. This done, our deliverance was but a question of hours. But I do not care to think of how they would have found things had anything delayed our rescuers even a few days.

‘It was about three in the afternoon of St. Patrick’s Day — we had celebrated it in the morning by making a feeble attempt to kill off a few of the snakes that had recently begun to infest the camp — when the first car was sighted, and before we had finished pinching ourselves to prove we were not dreaming, the whole force of forty-one was thundering down on us. The ambulances pulled up and the attendants, as soon as they could free themselves from the embraces of the men, began to shower food about. The cars, spreading out into a “fan,” swept on in pursuit of our fleeing guards.

‘Except for the Senussi priest, whom the sailors had dubbed “The Old Black

Devil," and who had departed a couple of days previously, we had no special grounds for complaint against these men upon whom the care of our party had fallen. They had, for the most part, done the best they could for us, and we had no reason to believe that they had fared much better than their prisoners. We would gladly have interceded for them if there had been any chance. Taking it for granted, apparently, that they would receive no quarter, they had taken to their heels the moment the first cars came in sight, and a panicky sort of resistance on the part of a few of them when they were overtaken sealed the fate of the lot. Save for a few women and children, all of the Arabs about the place succumbed to the fire of the machine-guns, and a score or so of graves were added to those of the four Tara men we had already buried at Bir-Hakim.

'We lost one more man in hospital at Alexandria, but the rest of us, thanks to good food and careful nursing, were soon quite our old selves again. Practically every man of us is back, or is about to go back, on duty. Word of my own new command came only this morning.'

Lieutenant Tanner, R.N.R. (captain of the Tara in her merchant-marine days), was found in his home at Holyhead. Through the window of his cosy library where he spun his yarn I could look out across the rocky coast of Anglesey to where the slate-colored patrol boats kept guard in St. George's Channel and the little coastal packets, 'zigzagging' against possible lurking submarines, shuttled back and forth across the heaving chrysoprased of the Irish Sea.

He, too, was a man I already knew — the best, and a by no means uncommon type in recent years, of the British merchant skipper. A half-dozen of

the latest reviews were on his desk, and he had been dividing his time between these and helping one of his boys build a model aeroplane.

'Lieutenant Tanner,' I asked, 'what did the men of the Tara talk about and think about, once the excitement of the sinking, and the landing, and the march was over and you were all settled down to the routine of prison life?'

'First and always, food,' he replied promptly. 'We were famishing for the whole four months and more. For a while we thought and talked a good deal of the possibility of rescue; but as the weeks went by, that hope gradually died out, and our speculations — perhaps more in thought than in words — were of how the end would come. It was only in the last couple of months that the men came to speak often on this subject, and they were, not unnaturally, most prone to discuss it in the intervals of deeper depression following the death of one of their mates.

'We seemed to divide into two sharply differentiated parties on this issue, the optimists holding that our heritage of civilization and our discipline would enable us to meet the worst bravely and resignedly, while the pessimists maintained that we would gradually slough off our civilized restraint — just as our clothes and our conventions had gone already — and end by fighting for our own flesh like a pack of wolves. The rate at which the bickerings and petty quarrels over trivialities increased as the days went by inclined more and more of the men to the latter theory, but a few of us never wavered in our belief that it would be the man in us, and not the beast, that would be supreme at the last.

'We — the officers — made a point of imposing no discipline whatever upon the men. This extended even to non-interference in their increasingly frequent disputes. We held — and rightly, I am

convinced — that anything calculated to provide an outlet for their feelings would make them less likely to become a prey to gloomy thought. Sullen, silent brooding was what we feared more than anything else. Consequently, we rather welcomed the occasional bouts of fisticuffs that marked the later stages of our imprisonment. They unquestionably acted as safety valves to prevent more dangerous explosions.

'I also made what effort I could to keep the minds of the men occupied. Every Sunday evening we met and sang hymns, and on these occasions I usually read from my prayer-book and invited discussion on some text I had given out the previous Sunday. Here,' he added, turning to his diary, 'are some of the things we debated in our weekly "forums" by the old Roman wells:—

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

"Love took up the glass of time."

"Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

"Does the end justify the means?"

'As you may well imagine, strange theses were developed, and I am afraid that many a sore head resulted from the preliminary "'tween Sunday" discussions. It did n't take much to start them going in that last fortnight after the snails failed us; but the diversion was good for them, and besides, poor chaps, they were far too weak to be able to hurt one another in the least. Their fights were like the tussles of a couple of puppies. When you see some of the boys on the steamer to-night, by the way, I can suggest no more promising line of inquiry for you than to ask them to tell you some of the things they used to fight about in the desert.'

Wireless Operator Birkby and Stewards Barton and Fenton, who were

among the Tara survivors, on their return to England had been put to work on the Tara's sister ship, the Greenore, and it was behind the darkened windows of the smoking-room of this smart little packet, as she bored into the sou'wester which swept St. George's Channel, that I contrived to gather the three of them together to talk of their adventures. The forerunning news had been coming in that night of the great naval battle off the coast of Jutland, and at first I found them *distract* and rather more inclined to discuss the loss of the Queen Mary than that of the Tara. It was, indeed, only to be expected that I should find them a little blasé on a subject about which every one had been pestering them to talk for the last two months. It was Lieutenant Tanner's tip that saved the situation.

'All I want to know about,' I said, 'is a few of the things you chaps used to punch each other's heads about in the desert. I've got all the rest of the story.'

They rose to that cast with a rush. All three commenced talking at once, but the two stewards quickly fell silent out of deference to the superior rank of the wireless operator.

'Easier to tell you, sir, what we *did* n't fight about,' laughed Birkby. 'At first it was mostly food. We did n't have any 'pothecary's scales to divide it exactly with, and when one lad got a few grains of rice more than another, it was n't in human nature not to make some bit of a mention of it.'

'That was wot you an' me 'ad our first tiff over, matey,' cut in Fenton. 'It was the day after Captain Tanner give out the text, "Love thy neighbor like thyself" fer us to ponder ower. You dipped into the pot a'ead of me, an' I sez, "'Ow in 'ell's a bloke goin' to love 'is neighbor w'en that neighbor pinches 'arf 'is rice?" You filled yer

mouth wi' one 'and an' clipped me one in the jaw wi' t'other; an' as I went reelin' back I put me foot into Bill's pile o' toasted snails, squashin' 'em flat. So ower 'e rolls an' starts to beat me 'fore I cud get up, not to stop till 'e skinn'd 'is bare toes on the 'andle o' me clasp knife. W'en at last I gets up, the rice was all gone an' Bill 'ad copped all my snails in pay fer the ones I squashed. All I 'ad to put down me gullet that night was some o' the squashed snails I salviged from the sand, an' the grit I eat wi' 'em started me dysentery goin' again for a week.'

Birkby smiled and nodded confirmatively. 'Yes,' he resumed, 'most of our fights were about food, but my first one was about my trousers. You see, I was off watch and turned in asleep when the torpedo struck the Tara, and I only just managed to get away in my pajamas. The lower part of these I kicked out of in the water, and one of the sailors of the submarine gave me a spare pair of his German naval breeches. It was glad indeed I was to have them. At first no one remarked them, but finally, at the end of a hard day's march, one of the Welsh lads passed some observation in his own language about me accepting the bounty of the Hun. I didn't understand exactly what he said, but to be on the safe side I clouted him one then and there. But all the same,' he concluded after a pause, 'I traded the Hun trousers to one of the guards for a long Arab shirt, and got on without any breeches for the rest of the time.'

'An' not a bit worse off than most of the rest of us,' added Fenton. 'Is "burnoose" was a good foot longer than mine.'

'But it was X——, "The Snail King,"' continued Birkby, 'who was oftenest in trouble. We were all jealous of his appetite for the blooming wrigglers, jealous of the quick way he

had of spying and picking them up, and, most of all, jealous of the way he was getting fat on them while all the rest of us were wasting away to skeletons. First and last, though, I think we were about quits with him. You see, the way we cooked the snails was to throw them on the coals till the blow-off of steam made a sort of whistle to announce that they were done to a proper turn. Well, little old Barton here, by dint of long practicing alone in the desert, developed a bit of a whistle of his own which even "The Snail King" himself could n't tell from the real thing. By tooting up at the proper moments, old Barty had the "King" setting his teeth in half-cooked snails for most a week before he twigged the thing. Of course, he jumped on our little friend here with both feet, and it took two of us half-fed ones to drag him off.'

'Aye, matey,' Barton chipped in, 'an' it tuk three o' ye tu 'old 'im the week arter w'en we planted the loaded shells on 'im. I pinched a ca'tridge frum one o' the Ayrahs, an' filled the small end o' the curl o' a dozen snail shells wi' powder. On top o' this I rammed in the upper 'arf, the 'orned 'arf, o' a snail, an' scattered the shells w're "Is 'Ighness" cud find 'em good an' easy w'en 'e went foragin'. 'E'd a never found out wot wuz wrong wi' 'em but fer not 'avin' put 'em all on the coals at oncet. Arter the first uns 'gan tu blow off, a post-mortum on the remainin' ones revealed some o' my infernal machines, an' then I larfed an' giv the hull game aw'y.'

And so they ran on. Fenton confessed to having 'ad tu clout' one of the quartermasters, because the latter had been so 'swanky' as to maintain that the torpedo that sank the Tara was scarlet 'w'en the bally thing was only red'; and Birkby admitted to having closed his argument for the negative on one of Lieutenant Tanner's Sunday

texts with, 'If you still think "Love is the greatest thing in the world," take that!' And as we slid up the Liffey in the drizzle of the Irish dawn, with the pock-marked face of 'Liberty Hall' and the tottering ruins of burned Sackville Street showing dimly ahead, Barton just finished telling me how some one accused the first man to sight the rescuing motors with eating the 'Ayrabs' 'emp an' seein' things,' adding that the two were circling each other on tottering legs, looking for an opening to lead into, when the bout was interrupted by the arrival of the Red Cross ambulances.

'Arf a minit later,' he concluded, 'the two o' 'em wuz both guzzlin' ower the same jam-tin.'

There had, it appears, been some kind of a dispute over everything from the sand beneath their feet to the sky above their heads, and, except for the higher officers, just about every man of them had had some kind of a set-to with every other one. And yet not even the fine optimism of Captain Gwatkin-Williams and Lieutenant Tanner convinced me so thoroughly as these off-hand recitals of the ancient British spirit of give-and-take in which they settled their petty troubles that, had the worst come to worst—had, for instance, the Duke of Westminster's rescue party gone astray, as it so nearly did—it would have been the man, not the beast, in the Tara sailors that would have triumphed in the end.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'OH! LET US BE JOYFUL!'

If you have read Miss Agnes Repplier's delightful essay on 'Little Pharisees in Fiction' you will remember her description of the atmosphere of gloom which these young people created. 'Every page,' she tells us, in speaking especially of the Elsie Books, 'Every page is drenched in tears.'

We have with us now a new type of 'Little Pharisee,' who in her influence is more gloom-producing than were the originals. It is, I think we may say, a psychological truth that if you force one particular emotion or point of view too violently upon the human mind there comes an inevitable but natural reaction, usually to the very antithesis. We have all shivered delightfully over the England that followed after the

Puritan rule. By this same law, with the dreary little Pharisees of whom Miss Repplier tells us one would be forced to take a cheerful point of view in self-defense. But with their modern descendants this escape is impossible. They live in such an atmosphere of over-heated, forced, hothouse joy that one rushes to the 'Night' that covered Mr. Henley, 'Black as the pit from pole to pole,' in sheer need for some, any, relief. Their sunshine, one is convinced, is reckoned in so many thousand candle-power, and one wonders nervously just how the dynamos can keep up the strain. The tales in which they figure might be called the 'Oh, be joyful!' books. Immediately that line of Walter Savage Landor flashes into one's mind, 'That word, that sad word, Joy,' and one begins to realize the full

meaning of the adjective as one never has before.

Pollyanna is, of course, the first and chief offender. But there are many others, all of them living on that easy philosophy, —

‘God’s in his Heaven,
All’s right with the world!’

Most of us are quite willing to assent to the first line, but those of us who have had any experience of life are not so ready to agree with the second. It is rather in spite of the fact that ‘God’s in his Heaven’ that we have to explain the world as it is. Certainly in this year of grace there does not seem to be much connection between the world and God, and it would indeed be a brave man who would venture to assert, ‘All’s right with the world.’ Browning, in that poem, was expressing no more than a mood — the mood of early morning, of easy laughter and high hopes, the exuberant mood of youth. The moment you dignify this into a philosophy, you destroy all its charm for you destroy its truth.

But it is on that kind of easy optimism, of refusal to look things in the face, that the ‘Glad’ books are based. Pollyanna by her influence reforms a hypochondriac of years’ standing, prevents some unhappily married couples from rushing into divorce, brings her maiden aunt’s blighted romance to a happy end, and finally shows the minister how to deal with his congregation: quite a list of achievements for a young person eleven years old. Miss Repplier may object to the alacrity and confidence with which her gloomy young people ‘set about the correction of their parents’ faults.’ These ‘little sunshines’ of the modern writers do not confine their efforts only to their families; whole towns are not safe from their uplifting influence. As one of the characters tells us of Pollyanna, —

‘Ever since last June that blessed child has just been makin’ the whole town glad.’

Pollyanna, however, is not alone in her iniquity; if she lives in an atmosphere of ‘overwhelming, unquenchable gladness for everything that has happened or is going to happen,’ so too does Mrs. Wiggs. Mrs. Wiggs was the mother of Pollyanna. How she was so careless as to mislay her child as she did, I don’t know; but one has only to read her first speech to realize at once the close relationship between them: —

“‘My, but it’s nice an’ cool this mornin’! The thermometer’s done fell up to zero.’” ‘Mrs. Wiggs,’ the author adds, ‘was a philosopher, and the sum and substance of her philosophy lay in keeping the dust off her rose-colored spectacles.’ She is, however, more human than Pollyanna, for when her boy, Jim, dies, she is overwhelmed with sorrow and never thinks for a moment of being ‘glad’ about anything. One cannot escape the conviction that even in the loss of her dearest, Pollyanna could have found something to be glad about. Remember, she tells us that ‘the game was to just find something about everything to be glad about and the harder ’t is, the more fun ’t is to get them out.’ Mary Carey is still more human, though she is not quite free from the mark of the beast. “‘I won’t be unhappy. I just won’t. I have n’t enough other blessings.’” And that last clause is her salvation, for of course neither Pollyanna nor Mrs. Wiggs would have admitted that her cup was not overflowing.

One great flaw in all these professional sunshine-makers is a lack of all sense of proportion, of relative values. Pollyanna, a child of eleven, is quite capable of changing the minister’s whole philosophy of life. Mary Carey is better able to run the orphan asylum than those in charge. Mary Carey, at

twelve, is clever enough to realize that the look in Miss Katherine's face is a 'remembrance,' and to ascribe it to a possible lost sweetheart. Mary Carey also gives a most adequate reproof to the rude, rich lady; she has the presence of mind, when caught in a heinous offense, to exclaim, 'Let us pray!' Mrs. Wiggs has the same capacity for meeting situations. Mrs. Wiggs, of course, has had at least the experience of living, — an advantage over this intellectual offspring of hers, — but her unflinching self-possession in the face of difficulties is too good to be true.

It is this lack of truth that most strikingly characterizes *Molly Make-Believe* and the heroine of *Everybody's Lonely*. Molly Make-Believe, as you know, is a young person who makes a business of cheering people up through the medium of letters written to them by an imaginary correspondent. Imagine making a business of being cheerful! Manufactured sunshine would be about as convincing a product as are artificial flowers. In the course of her profession she comes across a young man ill of rheumatic fever to whom she plays, by way of the postman, the ideal fiancée. Her letters and presents somewhat strain our credulity, but when she suddenly appears one night in his rooms and we are asked to believe that a well-bred young girl calls upon a young man of whom she knows absolutely nothing, and without his showing any curiosity in the matter announces that she loves him, it is almost too much for even our simple-mindedness.

Yet *Molly Make-Believe* is an extremely popular book. Who says the Age of Faith has gone by? Certainly the age of miracles is still with us when the realization of the obvious truth that 'Everybody's Lonely' teaches an unsophisticated, and — breathe it low — uninteresting little country girl to

converse on terms of easy intimacy with the great ones of the earth. You and I know that it needs more than gentleness and sympathy to unlock the hearts of the mighty; tact, charm, understanding of human nature are also necessary, and above all, social experience; qualities not to be found in quite inexperienced country girls. Alas! Mrs. Laughlin to the contrary, the mere knowledge that 'Everybody's Lonely' does not at once endow you with every social grace.

Simply as joy-makers, however, Gene Stratton Porter's people are the best of all, for they have so little hesitancy in discussing their emotions. No matter what they may be feeling or may think they are feeling, unblushingly they tell you all about it; reticence is unknown to them. It is, however, surely true that one can no more talk about great joys than about great sorrows; they are both equally sacred. How can you drag your overwhelming happiness into the light of common day that unsympathetic eyes may fall upon it and fail to appreciate its beauty?

Not so these people. Edith Carr chooses the middle of a ball-room as the appropriate place for breaking her engagement, which, in keeping with her usual delicacy, she does by throwing the ring at the young man's feet. In a certain type of story that is the accepted formula. I wonder if it has ever been done in real life? When Mr. Pryor asks Little Sister why her family are always singing, she answers unblushingly, 'Oh, just joy! Gladness that we are alive, that we have things to do, — what we like, — and praising the Lord.' And Laddie announces to the father of the girl he loves that 'she has only to give him one gesture of invitation to find him before her, six feet of the worst demoralized beefsteak a woman ever undertook to handle.'

When we find Laddie solemnly telling his little sister not to cry, — 'The way to be happy is to be good,' — we begin to realize the cause for this lack of truthfulness, of proportion, of understanding, of reticence; we can trace them every one to the greatest lack of all, the lack of a sense of humor. It is at the bottom of the difficulty with all the 'Oh, be joyful!' books. It seems strange enough that these books, written with the sole purpose of cheering people up, should be without humor; but so it undoubtedly is. There is hardly a quotation in this paper that, whatever else it may exemplify, does not illustrate equally well a missing sense of humor. How could we be given all those touching pictures of Mary Carey, Pollyanna, and Leon reforming their elders, the incredible behavior of Molly Make-Believe and the heroine of 'Everybody's Lonely,' if their creators had any feeling for absurdity at all? And the language they choose, especially Mrs. Porter's creations — Laddie's 'six feet of demoralized beefsteak!' Ah no, the Comic Spirit is never clumsy. These are the antics of clowns, and what have clowns to do with humor?

One could go on forever telling of these professional joy-makers. In every magazine we find among its book reviews such sentences as, 'This new book is called the cheerful book,' or, 'The book will prove an uplift and an inspiration.' The world must indeed be 'full o' sairousness,' as Miss Repplier tells us the Ettrick Shepherd thinks, if it needs such an appalling amount of cheering up. And with the usual human perverseness, surfeited on sunshine, we long for gloom, and with Pollyanna's aunt we cry, —

'Will you stop using that everlasting word "glad!" It's "glad," "glad," "glad," from morning till night until I think I shall go wild!'

HOW MANY MONKEYS ARE YOU?

I am four monkeys:
One hangs from a limb,
Tail-wise,
Chattering at the earth;
Another is filling his belly with cocoanut;
The third is up in the top branches
Quizzing the sky;
And the fourth,
He's chasing another monkey.
How many monkeys are you?

[Recent Poem.]

THE lines of unevenly printed prose quoted above constitute a fairly typical example of the current counterfeit which you and I are asked to accept as poetry. My sense of justice toward the Modernists, or the Imagists, or, if you must have it so, the *vers-librists*, has guided me to select a specimen which, though innocent of rhyme, is yet endowed with some degree of reason.

I can promise you a round half-dozen 'poems' devoid of both those characteristics if you will search the pages of one month's magazines. Not long since, a cheap weekly inadvertently printed some imagist verse backwards, without impairing either the sense or the movement! He who would gather an anthology of meaningless, metreless, rhymeless poetry should, however, confine his quest to the periodicals for which the news-stand receives twenty-five cents or more. The gods have reserved for the library tables of the cultured few the beauties of our new poetry. The reading public which enjoys the pseudo-scientific instruction and throbbing fiction of the ten-cent magazine still labors under the childish impression that rag-time rhythm is the first essential of true poetry. A red-blooded Westerner of this second class wrote to the editor of a magazine of the first class withdrawing his name from the subscription list. 'Your poetry,' he remarked, 'is rotten. If you would only listen to reason and try to learn how to

make a magazine; but you Easterners know it all, so hell! what's the use?'

He failed to appreciate the æsthetic value of 'verse' without verses. Now, since one Horace wrote concerning the *Ars Poetica*, the verse has been considered the correct poetical unit. Horace called it *versus*, which term he derived from the infinitive *vertere*. This, according to my lexicon, means 'to turn,' or, 'to turn around.' Thus when the old-fashioned writer had chosen the road which his verse should travel, he set out thereon, at a predetermined cadence, till he had proceeded for a predetermined number of feet. Thereupon he 'turned around' to repeat the performance.

Poets of the newer order are trameled in no such arbitrary way. Not only does their muse rush past the dead-line of the final foot, but, having with impunity turned round in the midst of a prepositional phrase, she goes, the second time, not half-way to the mark. The resulting lines may be read; they cannot be recited.

But let us return to our monkeys — granting, for the moment, that metro-nomic rhythm and merry rhyme do not constitute poetry. As our modern poet, wearing his hair cut short, has discarded his flowing black tie in favor of the civilian cravat, so, too, he treats his subject in unaffected style. The development of a given idea varies with the temperament, or the environment, of the individual. I, for example, might have written, —

I am four pigs;

[this sacrifices one foot, or rather, one syllable, but we will make that up in the next line]

One roots lustily with his
Pink snout,
Grunting at the dirt;
Another has both front feet in the trough;
The third is 'gainst the fence corner
Scratching his back;

And the fourth,
He's chasing another pig.
How many pigs are you?

Although this is my first essay as an Imagist, I admit that I rather like it. Of course, my third pig is less a philosopher than monkey number three, but that is a pardonable failing. If I name the parody 'The Sty,' does it not give you as much inspiration as the original, which was called by its perpetrator 'The Tree'?

One of the initiate, who considers sword-blades and poppy-seeds a poetic combination, tells us that the modern poet, 1916 model, 'is never tired of finding colors in a dust-heap, and shouting about them.' Why, then, should I not search for pearls in the pig-pen? Perhaps, after all, it is but an exemplification of to-day's much-vaunted efficiency, that the poet can descend from his tree-top contemplation of the clouds to a curbstone study of the gutter.

In this way we are taught to 'employ the exact and not the decorative word,' for of such are true images created. The reader receives an impression — of something; even as one has an impression of something on first puzzling over the topsy-turvy Nude Descending a Staircase. But as the layman fails to differentiate between the nude and the staircase, so in the new poetry the unsophisticated are prone to see an ugly image blurred beyond beauty by incongruously exact words that obey no laws of perspective.

To achieve this result the creators of *vers libre* use a grammar that is all their own. Some one has not inaptly drawn a comparison between the unconnected nouns of recent verse and the following itemization of South African exports: —

Fish, fodder, fruit,
Sugar and tobacco.
Wine;
Ostrich feathers, mohair,
Hides and skins, and
Wool;

Asbestos, whale-oil,
Coal, copper, tin ore;
Diamonds,
Dynamite and
Gold.

In truth, it seems that the Imagist, having lightly dispensed with verbs, does now omit the conjunctions. If soon the article should disappear, who would guarantee the permanence of the noun?

Yet we are a young nation, and if the evolutionary liberties of our even younger literature extend poetic license till the poem consists of punctuation marks alone, there may be thus created an ultra-epic destined to outlive Kultur. In any art, he who formulates and follows the novel theory must be forgiven when his aspiring genius oversteps convention; and, if you think to do better yourself let me ask, in the name of new poetry, 'How many monkeys are you?'

PHANTOMS ALL

LATE that evening I sat by the Library window, gazing out at the phantoms of ourselves — the faint projection straight out into space of the busy tables of our crowded room. Some trick of the lights within and the snow-filled streets without had thrust our image across the street — not dominant over the world outside, but resting lightly upon it in transparent mirage. The effect was a curious blending of two worlds, as if a strong film were seen moving crudely behind the dim outlines of a weaker print.

And in our unconsciousness I seemed to read our condemnation, the proof of the unreality of our world.

Down out of the void sifted the snow, alike on the imaged clerk with the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the unconcerned schoolboy munching peanuts behind his *Popular Mechanics*. Here

and there across our cluttered tables, and down our polished floor, shone pools on wet macadam. Suddenly, through the forehead of our chimney piece, jerked the beam of a moving-picture palace; it winked malignly out like a perverse star in Eden, but never an Eve has raised her head from *Vogue*. Out of the night hurtles a mad clown of an automobile, balancing a cone of whirling flakes by the nose; through our carved tables he rams it, but no dreamer awakes. Another and another follow, driving ironically through the outing-shoes of the tall stenographer bending over *Field and Stream*, the absurd heels of the High School freshman sitting with moist lips over *Munsey's*. Yet neither girl draws aside her skirts. It is the world, but it touches not us.

Uncannily, out of the very centre of our white-columned fireplace, comes a procession of figures far more real than we — master cartoons of misery, lean faces chalked out for a moment under a street-lamp outside. A girl of twelve, just stretching up and out of last year's sheath, all her new growth of soul and body shivering. A man cursing, tense with the demon of the I.W.W. Four street lads, monkey-bright. Two scrub-women, with strident eyes. Tragically they turn and look at us, one and all flash-lighted under the edge of our lives in their separate despairs. But what is that to us? Not one of us has ever lifted the head.

For it is the snow of life that rains stinging down upon them; but only the ghost of snow sifts down that comfortable shadow-corridor over us — shadows all, reading the simulacra of books in a phantom library with the tranced shades that are our untried souls.

Even so, untouched, we dream over 'Our Responsibility to Belgium,' 'Lost Poland,' 'Ruined Servia.' Warmly we dream in our Library, safely housed from the stricken pageant of the world.

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THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND ITS LEADER SINCE MARCH 4, 1913

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

THE present presidential campaign is remarkable in several respects. It is conducted with great reasonableness and propriety and without any of the too common vituperation and bluster. The candidates are both men of but little political experience, who came into statesmanship out of other highly intellectual callings. Neither of them possesses that ready sympathy and cordial expressiveness sometimes supposed to be indispensable to a successful political career. Both are reserved men, who do their own thinking and select their own counselors. The fate of idolized men, like Frémont, Blaine, Bryan, and Roosevelt suggests, however, that with American voters this 'personal magnetism' quality is not so engaging as has been supposed. President Wilson is capable of rhetorical warmth and high color in written compositions, and in unprepared speech before an exciting audience his emotions sometimes seem to get — for the moment — the better of his judgment. Mr. Hughes has not exhibited thus far so much warmth in his writings as President Wilson is capable of; but in the first Taft campaign he proved himself a vigorous stump speaker, though without charm.

The American voter who desires to cast his vote in a conscientious way in support of the best interests of the country will have to be guided in his choice between these two candidates by his reason and not by his emotions, or by any enthusiasm for an attractive personality. Gregarious shouting, marching to the music of brass bands, and torch-light processions will have little influence in the present campaign. There are, of course, many Republicans and many Democrats who invariably follow their respective party standards; but it seems as if this election were to be decided by the votes of men who hold themselves free in presidential elections to vote for that candidate whose previous career indicates that he can best lead the country into the ways of stable prosperity, peace, progress, and honor. Such men in small number can probably tip the scales in the important states which will determine the result of the election, because in them the confirmed partisan voters are fairly evenly divided.

The voter is going to have the choice, not only between two candidates, but between two parties; and every reasoning voter will therefore turn for guidance to the declarations which each of

the two parties made at its nominating convention. Fortunately or unfortunately — only the issue can decide which of these two words applies — the platforms of the two parties furnish no guidance whatever to the inquiring voter. They are much alike in general sentiment, try to stir the same patriotic emotions, and promise satisfaction to the same popular hopes or expectations. It was to have been expected that the Republican platform would provide some clear issue to which that party — now in opposition — could be rallied; but the Republican party platform will be searched in vain for such an issue. To be sure, it denounces vigorously certain policies and acts of the existing Democratic administration; but it makes no specific statements as to what a Republican administration, had it been in power, would have done otherwise. Thus, in regard to American rights and foreign relations it affirms belief in 'American policies at home and abroad.' Is there anybody in the country who does not? It declares that the party will 'enforce the protection of every American citizen in all the rights secured to him by the Constitution, by treaties, and the Law of Nations'; but every Democrat, in or out of office, would promise as much. It says, 'We promise to our citizens on and near our border, and to those in Mexico . . . absolute and adequate protection in their lives, liberty, and property'; but omits to say that they propose to give this protection by force of arms, which is the only alternative to the measures adopted by the present Democratic administration.

From the Republican Convention, which was controlled by experienced party managers, one would have expected some clear specific declaration about tariff policy; but on examination one finds only reduced forms of the delusive promises long made by the Re-

publican party, ending in a recommendation of a tariff commission 'to gather and compile information for the use of Congress.' A scientific tariff commission is advocated by the Democratic party also. In spite, however, of the vague and general nature of the terms used throughout the Republican declaration concerning the tariff, the persistent inquirer can perhaps deduce from it one tolerably clear issue, as follows: if the Republican party should be put in control of the Government, it would repeal the Underwood Tariff, or modify it so profoundly that several important American industries would have to readjust themselves to new conditions, and would subsequently set up a tariff commission with powers to collect 'information for the use of Congress.' It is altogether probable, if the Democratic party be continued in possession of the government, that the Underwood Tariff, to which American industries have already adjusted themselves, will be essentially maintained, and that a permanent non-partisan commission of experts will be intrusted with the function of suggesting the expedient changes in it. Whether the orators of the campaign are to make use on the stump of this possible issue still (August 13) remains to be seen. The business men ought to consider carefully which of these two policies is best for the country. They have doubtless learnt from the war and its antecedents, that 'protection' of national industries tends toward national selfishness and international war, and that tariffs 'for revenue only' tend toward openness of mind and heart and international good-will.

It is customary for the candidate of the party out of power to state in his letter or speech of acceptance his objections to the conduct of the party in power, his remedies for the evil it

has done, and his proposals for different action by his party if it should be placed in power; and this speech or essay is supposed to give the inquiring voter reasons for acting at the coming election with the party out of power. In the long, carefully written essay in which Mr. Hughes accepts the nomination of the Republican Convention the most thorough search will fail to find a specific recommendation on any controversial matter. The paper is chiefly filled with universally accepted statements concerning the proper national policies, and general descriptions of what ought to be done and ought not to be done by a national administration. To most of these descriptions nearly all American voters would subscribe. This is especially true of the passages about Americanism, Foreign Relations, Mexico, Preparedness, the Military Obligations of Freemen, and the Organization of Peace — passages which occupy three-quarters of the entire essay. Apart from the denunciations of what Mr. Hughes thinks have been the Democratic policies and methods, almost all Americans would agree with the sentiments and opinions expressed by him. From the comparatively short passage on the principle of 'protection' and the proper regulation of industries, it is impossible to derive any exact information as to what measures Mr. Hughes would support if he were elected president. He would naturally endeavor to avoid extremes, and to favor wise adjustments in accordance with sound principles. All judicious Americans without distinction of party would hope to do likewise.

The most distinct announcement of a policy contained in Mr. Hughes's paper of acceptance relates to woman suffrage. Believing that woman suffrage is inevitable, he declares in favor of it now, but assigns as his reasons the bitterness of the women's struggle for

the suffrage and his apprehension that a long-continued feminist agitation will subvert 'normal political issues.' For a brave man this seems a strange submission to what he thinks destiny and an intemperate agitation.

Finally, Mr. Hughes's 'vision of America prepared and secure; strong and just; equal to her tasks; an exemplar of the capacity and efficiency of a free people' is the vision of all American patriots. No election issue can possibly be made out of that vision.

In view of this lack of guidance for voters in the official declarations of the two parties, and in the acceptance essay of the opposition candidate, the intelligent and conscientious voter may most wisely seek guidance for his vote next November in a comparison of the acts or deeds of the Democratic Congress and the Democratic President with the Republican acts or deeds in the four preceding administrations, — that is, since the close of the second Cleveland administration.

1. The Democratic administration accomplished within a few months of its accession a revision of the tariff downward. This revision was moderate and conservative; but it reversed the general tendency of the four preceding Republican administrations. It seems to have commended itself to a great majority of the American people; because they realize that the home market cannot support the vast machinery industries in which American workmen excel, and the livelihood of a considerable fraction of the people is earned. In regard to many industries employers and employees alike have learnt that foreign trade is essential to their support and development.

This indispensable tariff reform was made promptly by the Democratic Congress and administration, and in a wise and successful way. The reform took

effect at a fortunate moment; because it promoted that great development of several American industries which the war brought about. It is to be hoped that the war will bring about a reduction of protectionist activities throughout the civilized world; because they tend to develop hostile feelings and acts among nations, and therefore to delay the coming of lasting international peace. For these reasons the continuation of the Democratic party in power is much to be desired.

2. The repeal of the act concerning the Panama Canal tolls, an act to which all the foreign nations interested in the use of the Canal took exception, was an important contribution by the Democratic administration to the civilized practice of observing scrupulously all treaty obligations. It was possible for honest men to defend the exemption of American coastwise vessels from the payment of tolls; but foreign nations presented sincere objections to this construction of the treaties and agreements concerning the management of the Canal, and it was not for the United States to insist on the interpretation most favorable to itself. In Congress the division on the question of repeal was not on party lines. Some Democrats were opposed to the repeal; some Republicans were in favor of it. It was the urgency of the administration, however, which carried the repeal. President Wilson therein did his country and all democracies a great service, which the independent voter would now do well to remember. Some political philosophers have prophesied that democracies would lack the finer honorable instincts. It turns out now that it is empires which break their promises, and take treacherous advantages.

3. When the Democrats came into power in 1913, the Republican administrations and Congress had been dis-

cussing for several years measures for reforming the national system of banking and currency; but they had failed to bring any effective legislation to pass. The Democratic administration and Congress carried the Federal Reserve law within a few months after coming into power, and promptly organized with admirable discretion the first Federal Reserve Board. This Board got to work just in time to prevent a financial panic and to preserve the credit of the nation at the outbreak of a world-wide war which suddenly destroyed the existing system of financial and commercial exchanges all over the world. No American administration has ever before accomplished so great a contribution to the stability and efficiency of American business credit and financial enterprise. Business men of all sorts — financial, manufacturing, and commercial — recognize the high value of this remarkable achievement; and to many of them it seems fair, and also good for the country, that the same party which procured the enactment of the Federal Reserve law should continue to administer it.

4. One of the admirable results of the incoming of the Democratic party to power was the prompt enactment of a national Income Tax law. An income tax, properly laid, is the justest and most expedient of all taxes in a democracy; but the Republican party was wholly unable to get an income tax enacted in times of peace, and indeed never seriously advocated it except in war times. It is not surprising that in so difficult a piece of work the Democratic Congress made some mistakes in the structure of the act, and that the Democratic administration was not altogether successful in organizing the working staff for so novel and large an undertaking; but it is certainly fair that the party which put the in-

come tax on the statute book should be intrusted with the continuous improvement of the act. A much-needed improvement is a reduction in the limit of exemption; so that a much larger part of the population may pay the tax. The Democratic party is quite as likely to make this reduction as the Republican party. All parties in a democracy are likely to seek the votes of the poorer classes by proposing to make the rich and well-to-do alone provide the public revenues. Democracies surely have the power to demoralize themselves in this mean way; but patriots hope that democracies will not use this power.

5. To President Wilson's administration the country owes its thorough committal to two policies which nearly concern its righteousness and its dignity. The first of these policies is — no war with Mexico. The second is — no intervention by force of arms to protect on foreign soil American commercial and manufacturing adventurers who of their own free will have invested their money, or risked their lives, in foreign parts under alien jurisdictions. It is almost inconceivable that an American should approve any assault by the powerful United States on feeble Mexico, and yet armed intervention in Mexico, and, worse than that, the seizing of northern Mexico by American troops have been shamelessly advocated since 1912 by some journalists, manufacturers, and merchants, who live in the United States. Intervention by force of arms to protect and maintain in Mexico American investors and workmen by the ordinary European mode of dealing with backward peoples — that is, by punitive expeditions and compelled agreements — has been persistently advocated. The Democratic administration has never yielded at all to these malign suggestions; although it has not pursued with entire

consistency the policy of non-intervention, or succeeded as yet in composing the internal troubles of Mexico without armed intervention. It has, however, saved this country from the deep disgrace of a war with weak and harassed Mexico, and it has gone far to establish non-intervention by force of arms for the protection of miners and commercial adventurers in foreign parts as the American policy. These are great contributions to the peace of the world, and to the promotion of humane and just dealings between nations. Of course, the Democratic administration was active and urgent in using diplomatic and consular representations on behalf of Americans whose lives or properties were endangered in Mexico, and in aiding such persons to withdraw temporarily from the country. America has now turned its back on the familiar policy of Rome and Great Britain of protecting or avenging their wandering citizens by force of arms, and has set up a quite different policy of her own.

6. In support of his policy of non-intervention in Mexico, and with the intention of relieving all apprehension on the part of the South American nations lest the United States assume an aggressive or selfish attitude toward Mexico or any other American republic, President Wilson secured the co-operation of Brazil, Argentina, and Chile in endeavoring to compose the constitutional dissensions and factional war in Mexico. This coöperation in friendly endeavors on behalf of Mexico has borne good fruit, and gives much promise of valuable Pan-American action in the future. The two preceding Republican administrations made repeatedly sincere attempts to improve the political and commercial relations between the United States and South American countries, but neither had anything like the success which has

attended President Wilson's efforts. This success foretells the moral unity of all the American republics.

7. The Republican party and the dissolving Progressive party each tried to make a campaign issue for itself out of that indefinable project called 'Preparedness.' Each alleged that President Wilson and his administration and the Democratic Congress were opposed to putting the United States in a position to defend its territory and to take an adequate part, if necessary, in the settlement of the war in Europe. The orators of each party said that President Wilson's assertion of American rights on the oceans, and his foreign policy in general, were weak, vacillating, and ineffectual, and that the Democratic Congress was not in favor of either an effective navy or an adequate army. This is a case in which the facts may be left to speak for themselves.

The first obvious fact is that President Wilson, without going to war with Germany, has forced from her a recognition of neutral rights; and he accomplished this result alone, without visible support from any other neutral state.

The second unquestionable fact is that the Democratic administration and Congress have made far the largest appropriations for the increase and improvement of the American navy that have ever been made, and have undertaken to provide heavy additional taxation in order that the present generation may pay a reasonable share of the great cost.

The third fact to be mentioned is not so simple as the two preceding, but is equally convincing. The Democratic administration proposed to Congress a considerable increase in the American regular army, the creation of a large federal force in support of that army, and a doubling of the number of cadets

at West Point and of midshipmen at Annapolis. A considerable opposition to the second part of these proposals having developed both inside and outside of Congress, the administration and Congress adopted, on urgent representations from militia officers, a federalizing of the state militias in place of the creation of a secondary federal army, and enacted a law which provides for very much higher expenditures for military purposes than had ever before been enacted except during the Civil War. The administration and Congress thus made a sincere effort to make out of the state militias national troops competent for quick mobilization and prompt service in the field.

The wisdom of yielding to the views of the militia officers may well be questioned; but it was not to any partisan arguments that the administration yielded, but rather to a sense of the urgency of new military preparation. When more troops were suddenly needed on the Mexican border, the administration called on the state militias for national service before they were really federalized, and now (August 13) has in service there the militias of the few states that really possessed an organized and partially equipped militia. To be sure, these recent acts on the part of the administration have had negative results, so far as the development of an adequate military force for the United States is concerned. It turned out that only a minority of the states had any competent militia organizations; and that even in those states, the militia was on a peace footing, and contained many untrained officers, and many privates who on account of their age and occupations ought not to be called upon for service at a distance from their homes.

From the point of view of those Americans who desire that their coun-

try should have always at command an army competent to resist any possible invasion, and so visibly formidable that it will prevent even the strongest military nation from attacking the United States, the present administration has done a great service to the country by demonstrating on the Mexican border that the federalization of the militia is not the right way to procure a competent national force.

Since acts speak much louder than words, those voters who wish to have the United States fully armed and equipped for modern war ought to support President Wilson in the coming election. He has gone further in this direction than any other American president, doubtless because the great war has opened his eyes to the risks which American ideals will encounter, if it ends with European militarism in the ascendant. In regard to the provision of adequate protective military and naval forces at whatever cost, President Wilson is far in advance of the average American voter, as he has repeatedly shown in public speech and responsible official acts. It is interesting in retrospect to compare what President Roosevelt accomplished with his Congresses, which contained many members of long service, in regard to the enlargement and improvement of the army and navy with what President Wilson has accomplished with his inexperienced Congress in three years and a half. President Roosevelt's martial temperament and emphatic language brought little to pass. President Wilson, favored by extraordinary circumstances which he thoroughly understood, brought much to pass.

8. The Democratic administration and Congress have adopted a considerable number of measures which directly promote in wise ways American industries. The Department of Agriculture, in accordance with new enactments by

Congress, has undertaken to improve rural organization and the marketing of crops, including the establishment of grain standards and cotton standards, improved methods of handling and packing, better market news-service, and the development of coöperation among producers both for production and marketing. These are all matters concerning which the national government has a legitimate function; because they cannot be successfully managed by either the states or the municipalities.

The present administration has made valuable beginnings in all these matters; but much still remains to be accomplished, especially in regard to national regulation of grading and warehousing, and federal inspection. It is for the interest of the country that the administration which started these valuable improvements should have time to develop them.

An important achievement of the Democratic Congress has been the passage of a good-roads law giving federal aid in the construction of roads, provided that the states invest dollar for dollar in their construction, and make satisfactory arrangements for their maintenance. Good roads not only facilitate the marketing of all sorts of products, but promote profitable and pleasant school-life in rural districts, and contribute to make comfortable and attractive the wholesome country life which produces a healthy and vigorous population.

The Coöperative Agricultural Extension Act which provided, in coöperation with the land-grant colleges, for the demonstration before actual farmers and their families of modern agricultural methods in regard to selecting seed, working the soil, and using fertilizers, and of modern household and dietary economics, is another excellent achievement of the present

administration. No nation, not even the German, ever enacted a more directly productive educational measure.

Other interesting acts of the Democratic Congress in aid of American business are the Mercantile Marine Insurance Act, the Cotton Futures Act, the Federal Trade Commission Act, the Land Mortgage Banking Act, and the Rural Credits Act. The first two of these acts have already proved their value, and the last three are well on their way to do so.

9. The attention paid by the present administration to such humanitarian action as the federal government may properly take has been unprecedented. It has promoted in many ways a just conservation of the nation's material resources for the benefit of posterity, without unduly impeding their utilization by the present generation. It has secured the passage of the Child-Labor Act. It has accepted on proper terms several National Monuments for the recreation and delight of future generations; it has created a National Park Service; through the Department of the interior it has tried, for the first time, to tell the American people what treasures of landscape beauty, health, and out-of-door delights they possess in the national parks and monuments; and it has tried to make service in the army or navy contribute to the subsequent industrial value of the enlisted young men on their leaving the service.

Any one who surveys the extraordinary series of legislative and executive acts accomplished by the Democratic party in three years and a half will realize two things: first, that President Wilson has proved himself a party leader of unusual power; and secondly,

that the party thus led has done much more for the country than the Republican party accomplished in five times as many years.

President Wilson in these terrible times has had ample opportunity to make mistakes and to hurt the country and its cause. He has made mistakes; but has usually changed his mind and his course of conduct in season to prevent much mischief from those mistakes. He has not been uniformly true to his own convictions with regard to the merit system in the civil service; for he has allowed Senators and Representatives and some members of his Cabinet to apply the spoils system in the public service — probably under some invisible compulsion or supposed necessity. He disappointed most Americans when he did not protest against the invasion of Belgium; and some Americans now wish that the President would publicly abandon the neutral state of mind which he recommended to the American people at the outset of the war. But these are errors resulting from too great reticence and caution; and they have been far less injurious than those which would have resulted from impetuosity and impatience.

On the whole, the independent voters are likely to act next November on two simple, well-grounded convictions: first, that the Democratic party has done such an extraordinary amount of good work during the present administration that the period from 1912 to 1916 will be memorable in the history of the United States; and secondly, that the man chiefly responsible for this consummate service to the American people should be again made their chief servant.

THE DEVIL BABY AT HULL-HOUSE

BY JANE ADDAMS

I

THE knowledge of the existence of the Devil Baby burst upon the residents of Hull-House one day when three Italian women, with an excited rush through the door, demanded that he be shown to them. No amount of denial convinced them that he was not there, for they knew exactly what he was like, with his cloven hoofs, his pointed ears and diminutive tail; moreover, the Devil Baby had been able to speak as soon as he was born and was most shockingly profane.

The three women were but the fore-runners of a veritable multitude; for six weeks the streams of visitors from every part of the city and suburbs to this mythical baby poured in all day long, and so far into the night that the regular activities of the settlement were almost swamped.

The Italian version, with a hundred variations, dealt with a pious Italian girl married to an atheist. Her husband vehemently tore a holy picture from the bedroom wall, saying that he would quite as soon have a devil in the house as that; whereupon the devil incarnated himself in her coming child. As soon as the Devil Baby was born, he ran about the table shaking his finger in deep reproach at his father, who finally caught him and in fear and trembling brought him to Hull-House. When the residents there, in spite of the baby's shocking appearance, wishing to save his soul, took him to church for baptism, they found that the shawl

was empty and the Devil Baby, fleeing from the holy water, ran lightly over the backs of the pews.

The Jewish version, again with variations, was to the effect that the father of six daughters had said before the birth of a seventh child that he would rather have a devil in the house than another girl, whereupon the Devil Baby promptly appeared.

Save for a red automobile which occasionally figured in the story, and a stray cigar which, in some versions, the newborn child snatched from his father's lips, the tale might have been fashioned a thousand years ago.

Although the visitors to the Devil Baby included people of every degree of prosperity and education, even physicians and trained nurses who assured us of their scientific interest, the story constantly demonstrated the power of an old wives' tale among thousands of people in modern society who are living in a corner of their own, their vision fixed, their intelligence held by some iron chain of silent habit. To such primitive people the metaphor apparently is still the very 'stuff of life'; or, rather, no other form of statement reaches them, and the tremendous tonnage of current writing for them has no existence. It was in keeping with their simple habits that the reputed presence of the Devil Baby at Hull-House did not reach the newspapers until the fifth week of his sojourn — after thousands of people had already been informed of his whereabouts by the old method of passing news from mouth to mouth.

During the weeks of excitement it was the old women who really seemed to have come into their own, and perhaps the most significant result of the incident was the reaction of the story upon them. It stirred their minds and memories as with a magic touch; it loosened their tongues and revealed the inner life and thoughts of those who are so often inarticulate. These old women enjoyed a moment of triumph, as if they had made good at last and had come into a region of sanctions and punishments which they understood.

Throughout six weeks, as I went about Hull-House, I would hear a voice at the telephone repeating for the hundredth time that day, 'No, there is no such baby'; 'No, we never had it here'; 'No, he could n't have seen it for fifty cents'; 'We did n't send it anywhere because we never had it'; 'I don't mean to say that your sister-in-law lied, but there must be some mistake'; 'There is no use getting up an excursion from Milwaukee, for there is n't any Devil Baby at Hull-House'; 'We can't give reduced rates because we are not exhibiting anything'; and so on and on. As I came near the front door, I would catch snatches of arguments that were often acrimonious: 'Why do you let so many people believe it, if it is n't here?' 'We have taken three lines of cars to come, and we have as much right to see it as anybody else'; 'This is a pretty big place, of course you could hide it easy enough'; 'What you saying that for—are you going to raise the price of admission?' We had doubtless struck a case of what the psychologists call the 'contagion of emotion,' added to that 'æsthetic sociability' which impels any one of us to drag the entire household to the window when a procession comes into the street or a rainbow appears in the sky.

But the Devil Baby of course was

worth many processions and rainbows, and I will confess that, as the empty show went on day after day, I quite revolted against such a rapid manifestation of an admirable human trait. There was always one exception, however: whenever I heard the high eager voices of old women, I was irresistibly interested and left anything I might be doing in order to listen to them.

II

Perhaps my many talks with these aged visitors crystallized thoughts and impressions that I had been receiving through years; or the tale itself may have ignited a fire, as it were, whose light illumined some of my darkest memories of neglected and uncomfortable old age, of old peasant women who had ruthlessly probed into the ugly depths of human nature in themselves and others. Many of them who came to see the Devil Baby had been forced to face tragic human experiences; the powers of brutality and horror had had full scope in their lives, and for years they had had acquaintance with disaster and death. Such old women do not shirk life's misery by feeble idealism, for they are long past the stage of make-believe. They relate without flinching the most hideous experiences. 'My face has had this queer twist for now nearly sixty years; I was ten when it got that way, the night after I saw my father do my mother to death with his knife.' 'Yes, I had fourteen children; only two grew to be men and both of them were killed in the same explosion. I was never sure they brought home the right bodies.' But even the most hideous sorrows which the old women related had apparently subsided into the paler emotion of ineffectual regret, after Memory had long done her work upon them; the old people seemed, in some unaccountable

way, to lose all bitterness and resentment against life, or rather they were so completely without it that they must have lost it long since.

Perhaps those women, because they had come to expect nothing more from life and had perforce ceased from grasping and striving, had obtained, if not renunciation, at least that quiet endurance which allows the wounds of the spirit to heal. Through their stored-up habit of acquiescence, they vouchsafed a fleeting glimpse of that translucent wisdom so often embodied in old women, but so difficult to portray. I recall a conversation with one of them, a woman whose fine mind and indomitable spirit I had long admired; I had known her for years, and yet the recital of her sufferings, added to those the Devil Baby had already induced other women to tell me, pierced me afresh.

'I had eleven children, some born in Bohemia and some born here; nine of them boys; all of the children died when they were little, but my dear Liboucha, you know all about her. She died last winter in the insane asylum. She was only twelve years old when her father, in a fit of delirium tremens, killed himself after he had chased us around the room trying to kill us first. She saw it all; the blood splashed on the wall stayed in her mind the worst; she shivered and shook all that night through, and the next morning she had lost her voice, could n't speak out loud for terror. After a while her voice came back, although it was never very natural, and she went to school again. She seemed to do as well as ever and was awful pleased when she got into High School. All the money we had, I earned scrubbing in a public dispensary, although sometimes I got a little more by interpreting for the patients, for I know three languages, one as well as the other. But I was determined that, whatever happened to me, Liboucha was to

be educated. My husband's father was a doctor in the old country, and Liboucha was always a clever child. I would n't have her live the kind of life I had, with no use for my mind except to make me restless and bitter. I was pretty old and worn out for such hard work, but when I used to see Liboucha on a Sunday morning, ready for church in her white dress with her long yellow hair braided round her beautiful pale face, lying there in bed as I was, — being brought up a freethinker and needing to rest my aching bones for the next week's work, — I'd feel almost happy, in spite of everything.

'But of course no such peace could last in my life; the second year at High School, Liboucha began to seem different and to do strange things. You know the time she wandered away for three days and we were all wild with fright, although a kind woman had taken her in and no harm came to her. I could never be easy after that; she was always gentle, but she was awfully about running away, and at last I had to send her to the asylum. She stayed there off and on for five years, but I saw her every week of my life and she was always company for me, what with sewing for her, washing and ironing her clothes, cooking little things to take out to her and saving a bit of money to buy fruit for her. At any rate, I had stopped feeling so bitter, and got some comfort out of seeing the one thing that belonged to me on this side of the water, when all of a sudden she died of heart failure, and they never took the trouble to send for me until the next day.'

She stopped as if wondering afresh that the Fates could have been so casual, but with a sudden illumination, as if she had been awakened out of the burden and intensity of her restricted personal interests into a consciousness of those larger relations that are, for

the most part, so strangely invisible. It was as if the young mother of the grotesque Devil Baby, that victim of wrong-doing on the part of others, had revealed to this tragic woman, much more clearly than soft words had ever done, that the return of a deed of violence upon the head of the innocent is inevitable; as if she had realized that, although she was destined to walk all the days of her life with that piteous multitude who bear the undeserved wrongs of the world, she would walk henceforth with a sense of companionship.

Among the visitors were pitiful old women who, although they had already reconciled themselves to much misery, were still enduring more. 'You might say it's a disgrace to have your son beat you up for the sake of a bit of money you've earned by scrubbing,— your own man is different,— but I have n't the heart to blame the boy for doing what he's seen all his life; his father forever went wild when the drink was in him and struck me to the very day of his death. The ugliness was born in the boy as the marks of the devil was born in the poor child upstairs.'

This more primitive type embodies the eternal patience of those humble toiling women who through the generations have been held of little value, save as their drudgery ministered to their men. One of them related her habit of going through the pockets of her drunken son every pay-day, and complained that she had never got so little as the night before, only twenty-five cents out of fifteen dollars he had promised for the rent long overdue. 'I had to get that as he lay in the alley before the door; I could n't pull him in, and the copper who helped him home left as soon as he heard me coming and pretended he did n't see me. I have no food in the house nor

coffee to sober him up with. I know perfectly well that you will ask me to eat something here, but if I can't carry it home, I won't take a bite nor a sup. I have never told you so much before. Since one of the nurses said he could be arrested for my non-support, I have been awfully close-mouthed. It's the foolish way all the women in our street are talking about the Devil Baby that's loosened my tongue — more shame to me.'

There are those, if possible more piteous still, who have become absolutely helpless and can therefore no longer perform the household services exacted from them. One last wish has been denied them. 'I hoped to go before I became a burden, but it was not to be'; and the long days of unwonted idleness are darkened by the haunting fear that 'they' will come to think the burden too heavy and decide that the poor-house is 'the best.' Even then there is no word of blame for undutiful children or heedless grandchildren, for apparently all that is petty and transitory falls away from austere old age; the fires are burnt out, resentments, hatreds, and even cherished sorrows have become actually unintelligible. It is as if the horrors through which these old people had passed had never existed for them, and, facing death as they are, they seem anxious to speak only such words of groping wisdom as they are able.

This aspect of memory has never been more clearly stated than by Gilbert Murray in his *Life of Euripides*. He tells us that the aged poet, when he was officially declared to be one of 'the old men of Athens,' said, 'Even yet the age-worn minstrel can turn Memory into song'; and the memory of which he spoke was that of history and tradition, rather than his own. The aged poet turned into song even the hideous story of Medea, transmuting it into 'a

beautiful remote song about far-off children who have been slain in legend, children who are now at peace and whose ancient pain has become part mystery and part music. Memory — that Memory who is the mother of the Muses — having done her work upon them.'

The vivid interest of so many old women in the story of the Devil Baby may have been an unconscious, although powerful testimony that tragic experiences gradually become dressed in such trappings in order that their spent agony may prove of some use to a world which learns at the hardest; and that the strivings and sufferings of men and women long since dead, their emotions no longer connected with flesh and blood, are thus transmuted into legendary wisdom. The young are forced to heed the warning in such a tale, although for the most part it is so easy for them to disregard the words of the aged. That the old women who came to visit the Devil Baby believed that the story would secure them a hearing at home, was evident, and as they prepared themselves with every detail of it, their old faces shone with a timid satisfaction. Their features, worn and scarred by harsh living, even as effigies built into the floor of an old church become dim and defaced by rough-shod feet, grew poignant and solemn. In the midst of their double bewilderment, both that the younger generation were walking in such strange paths and that no one would listen to them, for one moment there flickered up that last hope of a disappointed life, that it may at least serve as a warning while affording material for exciting narrations.

Sometimes in talking to one of them, who was 'but a hair's breadth this side of the darkness,' one realized that old age has its own expression for the mystic renunciation of the world. The im-

patience with all non-essentials, the craving to be free from hampering bonds and soft conditions, was perhaps typified in our own generation by Tolstoi's last impetuous journey, the light of his genius for a moment making comprehensible to us that unintelligible impulse of the aged.

Often, in the midst of a conversation, one of these touching old women would quietly express a longing for death, as if it were a natural fulfillment of an inmost desire. Her sincerity and anticipation were so genuine that I would feel abashed in her presence, ashamed to 'cling to this strange thing that shines in the sunlight, and to be sick with love for it.' Such impressions were in their essence transitory, but one result from the hypothetical visit of the Devil Baby to Hull-House will, I think, remain: a realization of the sifting and reconciling power inherent in Memory itself. The old women, with much to aggravate and little to soften the habitual bodily discomforts of old age, exhibited an emotional serenity so vast and reassuring that I found myself perpetually speculating as to how soon the fleeting and petty emotions which seem so unduly important to us now might be thus transmuted; at what moment we might expect the inconsistencies and perplexities of life to be brought under this appeasing Memory, with its ultimate power to increase the elements of Beauty and Significance and to reduce, if not to eliminate, stupidity and resentment.

III

As our visitors to the Devil Baby came day by day, it was gradually evident that the simpler women were moved not wholly by curiosity, but that many of them prized the story as a valuable instrument in the business of living.

The legend exhibited all the persistence of one of those tales which have doubtless been preserved through the centuries because of their taming effects upon recalcitrant husbands and fathers. Shamefaced men brought by their women-folk to see the baby but ill-concealed their triumph when there proved to be no such visible sign of retribution for domestic derelictions. On the other hand, numbers of men came by themselves. One group from a neighboring factory, on their 'own time,' offered to pay twenty-five cents, a half dollar, two dollars apiece to see the child, insisting that it must be at Hull-House because 'the women folks had seen it.' To my query as to whether they supposed we would exhibit for money a poor little deformed baby, if one had been born in the neighborhood, they replied, 'Sure, why not?' and, 'It teaches a good lesson, too,' they added as an afterthought, or perhaps as a concession to the strange moral standards of a place like Hull-House. All the members in this group of hard-working men, in spite of a certain swagger toward one another and a tendency to bully the derelict showman, wore that hang-dog look betraying the sense of unfair treatment which a man is so apt to feel when his woman-kind makes an appeal to the supernatural. In their determination to see the child, the men recklessly divulged much more concerning their motives than they had meant to do, and their talk confirmed my impression that such a story may still act as a restraining influence in that sphere of marital conduct which, next to primitive religion itself, we are told, has always afforded the most fertile field for irrational tabus and savage punishments.

What story more than this could be calculated to secure sympathy for the mother of too many daughters, and contumely for the irritated father? The

touch of mysticism, the supernatural sphere in which it was placed, would render a man perfectly helpless.

The story of the Devil Baby, evolved to-day as it might have been centuries before in response to the imperative needs of anxious wives and mothers, recalled the theory that woman first fashioned the fairy-story, that combination of wisdom and romance, in an effort to tame her mate and to make him a better father to her children, until such stories finally became a rude creed for domestic conduct, softening the treatment that men accorded to women.

These first pitiful efforts of women, so widespread and powerful that we have not yet escaped their influence, still cast vague shadows upon the vast spaces of life, shadows that are dim and distorted because of their distant origin. They remind us that for thousands of years women had nothing to oppose against unthinkable brutality save 'the charm of words,' no other implement with which to subdue the fiercenesses of the world about them.

During the weeks that the Devil Baby drew multitudes of visitors to Hull-House, my mind was opened to the fact that new knowledge derived from concrete experience is continually being made available for the guidance of human life; that humble women are still establishing rules of conduct as best they may, to counteract the base temptations of a man's world. Thousands of women, for instance, make it a standard of domestic virtue that a man must not touch his pay envelope, but bring it home unopened to his wife. High praise is contained in the phrase, 'We have been married twenty years and he never once opened his own envelope'; or covert blame in the statement, 'Of course he got to gambling; what can you expect from a man who always opens his own pay?'

The women are so fatalistically certain of this relation of punishment to domestic sin, of reward to domestic virtue, that when they talk about it, as they so constantly did in connection with the Devil Baby, it often sounds as if they were using the words of a widely known ritual. Even the young girls seized upon it as a palpable punishment, to be held over the heads of reckless friends. That the tale was useful was evidenced by many letters similar to the anonymous epistle here given.

'me and my friends we work in talor shop and when we are going home on the roby street car where we get off that car at blue island ave. we will meet some fellows sitting at that street where they drink some beer from pail. they keep look in cars all time and they will wait and see if we will come sometimes we will have to work, but they will wait so long they are tired and they dont care they get rest so long but a girl what works in twine mill saw them talk with us we know her good and she say what youse talk with old drunk man for we shall come to thier dance when it will be they will tell us and we should know all about where to see them that girl she say oh if you will go with them you will get devils baby like some other girls did who we knows. she say Jane Addams she will show one like that in Hull House if you will go down there we shall come sometime and we will see if that is truth we do not believe her for she is friendly with them old men herself when she go out from her work they will wink to her and say something else to. We will go down and see you and make a lie from what she say.'

IV

The story evidently held some special comfort for hundreds of forlorn women, representatives of that vast

horde of the denied and proscribed, who had long found themselves confronted by those mysterious and impersonal wrongs which are apparently nobody's fault but seem to be inherent in the very nature of things.

Because the Devil Baby embodied an undeserved wrong to a poor mother, whose tender child had been claimed by the forces of evil, his merely reputed presence had power to attract to Hull-House hundreds of women who had been humbled and disgraced by their children; mothers of the feeble-minded, of the vicious, of the criminal, of the prostitute. In their talk it was as if their long rôle of maternal apology and protective reticence had at last broken down; as if they could speak out freely because for once a man responsible for an ill-begotten child had been 'met up with' and had received his deserts. Their sinister version of the story was that the father of the Devil Baby had married without confessing a hideous crime committed years before, thus basely deceiving both his innocent young bride and the good priest who performed the solemn ceremony; that the sin had become incarnate in his child which, to the horror of the young and trusting mother, had been born with all the outward aspects of the devil himself.

As if drawn by a magnet, week after week, a procession of forlorn women in search of the Devil Baby came to Hull-House from every part of the city, issuing forth from the many homes in which dwelt 'the two unprofitable goddesses, Poverty and Impossibility.' With an understanding quickened perhaps through my own acquaintance with the mysterious child, I listened to many tragic tales from the visiting women: of premature births, 'because he kicked me in the side'; of children maimed and burned because 'I had no one to leave them with when I went to

work.' These women had seen the tender flesh of growing little bodies given over to death because 'he would n't let me send for the doctor,' or because 'there was no money to pay for the medicine.' But even these mothers, rendered childless through insensate brutality, were less pitiful than some of the others, who might well have cried aloud of their children as did a distracted mother of her child centuries ago, —

That God should send this one thing more
Of hunger and of dread, a door
Set wide to every wind of pain!

Such was the mother of a feeble-minded boy who said, 'I did n't have a devil baby myself, but I bore a poor "innocent," who made me fight devils for twenty-three years.' She told of her son's experiences from the time the other little boys had put him up to stealing that they might hide in safety and leave him to be found with 'the goods' on him, until, grown into a huge man, he fell into the hands of professional burglars; he was evidently the dupe and stool-pigeon of the vicious and criminal until the very day he was locked into the State Penitentiary. 'If people played with him a little, he went right off and did anything they told him to, and now he's been sent up for life. We call such innocents "God's Fools" in the old country, but over here the Devil himself gets them. I've fought off bad men and boys from the poor lamb with my very fists; nobody ever came near the house except such like and the police officers who were always arresting him.'

There were a goodly number of visitors, of the type of those to be found in every large city, who are on the verge of nervous collapse or who exhibit many symptoms of mental aberration and yet are sufficiently normal to be at large most of the time and to support themselves by drudgery which requires

little mental effort, although the exhaustion resulting from the work they are able to do is the one thing from which they should be most carefully protected. One such woman, evidently obtaining inscrutable comfort from the story of the Devil Baby even after she had become convinced that we harbored no such creature, came many times to tell of her longing for her son who had joined the army some eighteen months before and was stationed in Alaska. She always began with the same words. 'When spring comes and the snow melts so that I know he could get out, I can hardly stand it. You know I was once in the Insane Asylum for three years at a stretch, and since then I have n't had much use of my mind except to worry with. Of course I know that it is dangerous for me, but what can I do? I think something like this: "The snow is melting, now he could get out, but his officers won't let him off, and if he runs away he'll be shot for a deserter — either way I'll never see him again; I'll die without seeing him" — and then I begin all over again with the snow.' After a pause, she said, 'The recruiting officer ought not to have taken him; he's my only son and I'm a widow; it's against the rules, but he was so crazy to go that I guess he lied a little. At any rate, the government has him now and I can't get him back. Without this worry about him, my mind would be all right; if he was here he would be earning money and keeping me and we would be happy all day long.'

Recalling the vagabondish lad who had never earned much money and had certainly never 'kept' his hard-working mother, I ventured to suggest that, even if he were at home, he might not have work these hard times, that he might get into trouble and be arrested, — I did not need to remind her that he had already been arrested twice, — that

he was now fed and sheltered and under discipline, and I added hopefully something about seeing the world. She looked at me out of her withdrawn harried eyes, as if I were speaking a foreign tongue. 'That would n't make any real difference to me — the work, the money, his behaving well and all that, if I could cook and wash for him; I don't need all the money I earn scrubbing that factory; I only take bread and tea for supper, and I choke over that, thinking of him.'

V

A sorrowful woman clad in heavy black, who came one day, exhibited such a capacity for prolonged weeping that it was evidence in itself of the truth of at least half her statement, that she had cried herself to sleep every night of her life for fourteen years in fulfillment of a 'curse' laid upon her by an angry man that 'her pillow would be wet with tears as long as she lived.' Her respectable husband had kept a shop in the Red Light district, because he found it profitable to sell to the men and women who lived there. She had kept house in the rooms 'over the store,' from the time she was a bride newly come from Russia, and her five daughters had been born there, but never a son to gladden her husband's heart.

She took such a feverish interest in the Devil Baby that when I was obliged to disillusion her, I found it hard to take away her comfort in the belief that the Powers that Be are on the side of the woman, when her husband resents too many daughters. But, after all, the birth of daughters was but an incident in her tale of unmitigated woe, for the scoldings of a disappointed husband were as nothing to the curse of a strange enemy, although she doubtless had a confused impression

that if there was retribution for one in the general scheme of things, there might be for the other.

When the weeping woman finally put the events of her disordered life in some sort of sequence, it was clear that about fifteen years ago she had reported to the police a vicious house whose back door opened into her own yard. Her husband had forbidden her to do anything about it and had said that it would only get them into trouble, but she had been made desperate one day when she saw her little girl, then twelve years old, come out of the door, gleefully showing her younger sister a present of money. Because the poor woman had tried for ten years, without success, to induce her husband to move from the vicinity of such houses, she was certain that she could save her child only by forcing out 'the bad people' from her own door-yard. She therefore made her one frantic effort, found her way to the city hall, and there reported the house to the chief himself. Of course, 'the bad people' 'stood in with the police,' and nothing happened to them except, perhaps, a fresh levy of blackmail; but the keeper of the house, beside himself with rage, made the dire threat and laid the curse upon her. In less than a year from that time he had enticed her daughter into a disreputable house in another part of the district. The poor woman, ringing one doorbell after another, had never been able to find her, but the girl's sisters, who in time came to know where she was, had been dazzled by her mode of life. The weeping mother was quite sure that two of her daughters, while still outwardly respectable and 'working downtown,' earned money in the devious ways which they had learned all about when they were little children, although for the past five years the now prosperous husband had allowed the family to live in a suburb

where the two younger daughters were 'growing up respectable.'

At moments it seemed possible that these simple women, representing an earlier development, eagerly seized upon the story simply because it was primitive in form and substance. Certainly one evening a long-forgotten ballad made an unceasing effort to come to the surface of my mind, as I talked to a feeble woman who, in the last stages of an incurable disease from which she soon afterwards died, had been helped off the street-car in front of Hull-House.

The ballad tells that the lover of a proud and jealous mistress, who demanded as a final test of devotion that he bring her the heart of his mother, had quickly cut the heart from his mother's breast and impetuously returned to his lady bearing it upon a salver; but that, when stumbling in his gallant haste, he stooped to replace upon the silver plate his mother's heart which had rolled upon the ground, the heart, still beating with tender solicitude, whispered the hope that her child was not hurt.

The ballad itself was scarcely more exaggerated than the story of our visitor that evening, who had made the desperate effort of a journey from home in order to see the Devil Baby. I was familiar with her vicissitudes: the shiftless drinking husband and the large family of children, all of whom had brought her sorrow and disgrace; and I knew that her heart's desire was to see again before she died her youngest son, who was a life prisoner in the penitentiary. She was confident that the last piteous stage of her disease would secure him a week's parole, founding this forlorn hope upon the fact that 'they sometimes let them out to attend a mother's funeral, and perhaps they'd let Joe come a few days ahead; he could pay his fare afterwards from the

insurance money. It would n't take much to bury me.'

Again we went over the hideous story. Joe had violently quarreled with a woman, the proprietor of the house in which his disreputable wife lived, because she withheld from him a part of his wife's 'earnings,' and in the altercation had killed her — a situation, one would say, which it would be difficult for even a mother to condone. But not at all: her thin gray face worked with emotion, her trembling hands restlessly pulled at her shabby skirt as the hands of the dying pluck at the sheets, but she put all the vitality she could muster into his defense. She told us he had legally married the girl who supported him, 'although Lily had been so long in that life that few men would have done it. Of course such a girl must have a protector or everybody would fleece her; poor Lily said to the day of her death that he was the kindest man she ever knew, and treated her the whitest; that she herself was to blame for the murder because she told on the old miser, and Joe was so hot-headed she might have known that he would draw a gun for her.' The gasping mother concluded, 'He was always that handsome and had such a way. One winter when I was scrubbing in an office-building, I'd never get home much before twelve o'clock; but Joe would open the door for me just as pleasant as if he had n't been waked out of a sound sleep.'

She was so triumphantly unconscious of the incongruity of a sturdy son in bed while his mother earned his food, that her auditors said never a word, and in silence we saw a hero evolved before our eyes: a defender of the oppressed, the best beloved of his mother, who was losing his high spirits and eating his heart out behind prison bars. He could well defy the world even there, surrounded as he was by that

invincible affection which assures both the fortunate and unfortunate alike that we are loved, not according to our deserts, but in response to some profounder law.

This imposing revelation of maternal solicitude was an instance of what continually happened in connection with the Devil Baby. In the midst of the most tragic recitals there remained that something in the souls of these mothers which has been called the great revelation of tragedy, or sometimes the great illusion of tragedy — that which has power in its own right to make life acceptable and at rare moments even beautiful.

At least, during the weeks when the Devil Baby seemed to occupy every room in Hull-House, one was conscious

that all human vicissitudes are in the end melted down into reminiscence, and that a metaphorical statement of those profound experiences which are implicit in human nature itself, however crude in form the story may be, has a singular power of healing the distracted spirit.

If it has always been the mission of literature to translate the particular act into something of the universal, to reduce the element of crude pain in the isolated experience by bringing to the sufferer a realization that his is but the common lot, this mission may have been performed through such stories as this for simple hard-working women, who, after all, at any given moment compose the bulk of the women in the world.

OUR RELATIONS WITH GREAT BRITAIN

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

I

IN some eighteenth-century diplomatic correspondence, I once found a letter from an ambassador at a small court, in which he explained to his sovereign that the treaty he had been instructed to arrange was being opposed by the King's mistress. He had hopes, however, of ousting this lady from the monarch's affection, and installing in her place one of his friends.

No nation is a single-minded unit. None has a precise and unalterable policy. This is as true in modern Britain as it was in the petty courts of the *ancien régime*. As 'personal govern-

ment' gives place to democracy, the subject matter of diplomacy becomes the changing combinations of political parties rather than the scarcely less erratic caprices of a sovereign. To-day ambassadors are less interested in the king's mistress, and more in his ministers.

The Foreign Office of a country is a political prize for which opposition parties are always striving. Most of the diplomatic correspondence which has come out of Germany in the last decade has been full of speculation on the chances of the 'War Party' winning control of the office on Wilhelmstrasse. Some months ago I discussed

Pan-Americanism with a diplomat from Argentina. He cherished the idea of a League of American Republics, but was pessimistic over the outlook. Again and again he met my arguments with the retort, 'Root, Knox, Bryan! Who's next?' 'Continuity of foreign policy' is an ideal which all nations desire and none attain.

So it happens that nations which ardently desire to live in friendship sometimes find their governments at odds. This general truth of diplomacy has been often illustrated in the history of Anglo-American relations.

Most of our historians are agreed that if George III had enjoyed enlightened, forward-looking ministers, we might never have seceded. But our forefathers found the policy of Lord North's ministry unbearable. However, as soon as the Liberal, Fox, won control of the British Foreign Office, it became easy — in spite of the wounds of the war — to settle our outstanding controversies.

Since those days the governance of Britain has been controlled, now by the spiritual descendants of Lord North, now by the liberal progeny of Fox. The two great political parties of England have been inspired by these two political philosophies. The issue between them has rarely been clean-cut. Some Members of Parliament who call themselves 'Liberals' would seem to us 'Standpatters,' and some whom we would call 'Progressives' have sat on the Unionist benches. But in general a Tory Ministry has meant the dominance of the policies of Lord North. A Liberal majority has meant the triumph of the ideals of Fox. The political upheavals in Great Britain have always been speedily felt by our State Department. At times, the 'tie of blood' which binds us to the mother country has been thinner than air; at times, thicker than water.

A recent example of this oscillation in British policy was furnished by the crushing of the Boer Republics. The war was the work of those who had inherited Lord North's ideas. We were overwhelmingly pro-Boer in sympathy. But the Tories' mismanagement of the campaign was so flagrant that they were driven from office. Our relations with the mother country — which had been as bad as well might be — rapidly became better as soon as it was evident that the new ministry was inspired by the ideals of Fox.

There was little in the war itself of which Britain could be proud, but there is no page in her history more praiseworthy than the settlement which eventually followed it. The creation of the South African Union, and the granting of self-government to the defeated Boers, will always rank as one of the finest achievements of political history. It is little less than amazing when we recall our own clumsy, brutal Reconstruction policy after the Civil War.

If we should plot a graphic chart of Anglo-American relations — the curve sweeping up when our intercourse was cordial, sliding down when our friendship cooled — it would be almost identical with a curve which recorded the rise and fall in British politics of the influence of Liberalism.

There never has been, and probably never will be, friendship between our Democracy and the Tories of England. They are the 'Die-hards' — as bitter in their hostility to popular rule as any aristocrats of the world. Fighting desperately at home to preserve their special privileges against such as we, they do not desire our friendship.

We, as a nation, are too hybrid to be swayed by considerations of race. Such 'Anglo-Saxonism' as Homer Lea — an English-speaking Bernhardt — preached is meaningless to a large part

of our citizens. We are not pro-English, we are pro-Liberal.

England was the first of the modern nations to experiment in democracy, and in the legislative side of government she has surpassed us all. She deserves the proud title of 'The Mother of Parliaments.' But she has made no successful efforts to democratize her navy, her army, or her diplomatic service. The caste system is still supreme in these administrative branches of government, which become dominant when war is declared. Parliament, by accepting the 'Coalition,' has abdicated — for the duration of the war — before the officials of the Admiralty, the Army, and the Foreign Office. Most of those who govern Britain to-day are drawn from the social caste which is most outspokenly hostile to us, and to our ideals of democracy.

II

The difference of opinion between the United States and Great Britain over the rights of peaceful commerce on the seas had been growing steadily less since the War of 1812. We have not objected so much to Britain ruling the waves, — she has generally been just, — as to her claim that she alone has the privilege to enact the laws by which the seas should be ruled. Gradually British opinion has come to accept the theory — held by all maritime nations as well as by us — that those who are to be policed should have some voice in framing the police code. At the Naval Congress of Paris in 1856, the British listened to the opinions of others, took their advice in certain matters, and gave up some of their claims to a one-party dictatorship. By summoning the Naval Conference of London in 1909, they went much further — almost all the way — toward accepting the modern thesis, that Inter-

national Law rests on the general consent of those interested and not simply on the will of the mightiest.

Insistence on this principle, that International, as well as Municipal, Law rests on the consent of the governed, has been the key-note of our foreign policy. Once the divine right of kings is abandoned, there is no other basis for International Law. The evolution of British naval policy, as witnessed by the Paris Convention and the Declaration of London, has brought them constantly nearer to accord in these matters with us and the rest of the world.

The controversy between neutrals and belligerents over their respective 'rights' in naval war is not unlike the conflict between labor and capital. As both parties in this latter dispute would like to enjoy all the profits of industry, there can be no definite and permanent agreement. Labor will not be satisfied till capitalism is abolished. So neutrals will not be able to realize all their aspirations till war is abolished.

However, temporary truces are frequently arranged between labor and capital. The 'bosses' have abandoned their 'right' to work children more than eighteen hours in the mines. As soon as Labor had won this concession, it launched new demands. In a similar way, neutrals and belligerents have at times reached accord. It was a victory for the neutrals when the 'Right of Search' was defined. They at once expanded their claims. Just as labor legislation shows a continual clipping of the prerogatives of the employers, so, in the gradual evolution of a sea code, there has been a steady increase in the 'rights' accorded to neutrals by 'usage' and general consent.

The claim most earnestly pressed by neutrals, of late, has been the right to know what to expect. The greatest

injuries to legitimate commerce in war times have been caused by the uncertainties arising from the changing and arbitrary decrees of the belligerents. Neutrals have tried to secure general acceptance of a 'law' which would make it 'illegal' for a belligerent to change the rules of war during a war. American diplomacy has been active in this direction for many years. Generally at peace ourselves, we have sought to protect and expand neutral rights. But the two principal planks of our international platform have been: (1) Law rests on general consent; (2) Law, like the life it governs, must evolve, but its codification and amendment require calm thought and discussion, which should be the work of peace. The laws of war should not be altered under the influence of the hatreds engendered by hostilities. Almost any code which meets these two requirements would seem better to us than the chaos of individual caprices.

In maintaining such doctrines we have had the best of company. With the exception of the Crimean campaign, Britain has never been a belligerent in a European conflict since the Napoleonic epoch. So, for ninety-seven out of the last hundred years, Britain has been a neutral. Her people had acquired the habit of neutrality and its point of view. They have not only the largest navy in the world, but also the largest merchant marine. The protection of their stupendous cargoes, when their neighbors went to war, became their supreme interest.

When, in the Chinese War, the French put rice on their contraband list, Britain led the world in protest against this interference with legitimate neutral trade. The Russo-Japanese War brought up the same question. Japan was a large importer of cereals from India. This trade was an appreciable element in the prosperity of the colony.

Russia, hoping to shorten the war by economic pressure, announced her intention to treat grain as contraband. The British Foreign Office asked us to coöperate with them in a protest against this illegal innovation of putting a ban on food stuff. The Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Fry, writing on the lessons in International Law to be drawn from that war ('The Rights of Neutrals as illustrated by Recent Events'), came to this conclusion: 'If we are to weigh the convenience of belligerents against the convenience of neutrals, it would seem that the interests of the latter ought to prevail.'

This became the official doctrine of the Liberal Asquith ministry. The 'rights' of neutrals have had few more eloquent defenders than His Majesty's present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Sir Edward Grey has gone further in trying to limit the rights of belligerents than any of our own Secretaries of State. He summoned the principal maritime nations to a Naval Conference at London in 1909. The task before the delegates was carefully defined in the invitation. They were not to legislate, but to codify. They were not to create new law, but to harmonize the existing customs of the different nations and to edit them in a unified code. General agreement on a precise code which, accepted in peace, should not be changed during a war, was the object desired. Sir Edward's ideas on the subject, presumably approved by the ministry, are expressed in his instructions to Lord Desart, the chief of the British delegation. They are to be found in the Blue Book, Miscellaneous No. 4, 1909. These few quotations indicate their tone. In section 4 he writes that the object of the conference is:—

'The coöperation of the Powers . . . in formulating in precise terms a set of rules relative to the law of prize, which

should be recognized as embodying doctrines held to be generally binding as part of the existing law of nations.'

In the next section: 'The end in view being certainty and uniformity.'

In section 13: '... It appears to be generally agreed that no such additions [i.e. additions to the list of Contraband drawn up at The Hague] ought in any case to be admissible, except in the case of articles which cannot be utilized for other than warlike purposes. A rule to this effect, or preferably, a rule preventing any additions whatever at the outbreak or after the commencement of war, might well form part of the proposed convention.'

In section 18: '... His Majesty's Government are now desirous of limiting as much as possible the right to seize for contraband, if not eliminating it altogether.'

The Conference lasted less than three months and agreed on the 'Declaration of London.' Lord Desart's report of his labors is published in the same Blue Book.

'... The view in favour of accepting the list [of Contraband] as it stands finally prevailed, it being agreed on all hands that the establishment of a strictly defined and generally recognized list, even if slightly defective, would be infinitely preferable to the continuance of the uncertainty which had resulted from the conflicting claims and practices of different nations. . . . We . . . have secured the adoption of a free list which will place it beyond the power of belligerents in future to treat as contraband the raw materials of some of the most important of our national industries. . . . We obtained recognition of the fact — which was not seriously disputed — that, as a body, these rules do amount practically to a statement of what is the essence of the law of nations.'

The Declaration of London did not

entirely satisfy any one. The questions raised were too complex to be definitely settled in so short a conference. But the delegates, although pointing out faults in detail, agreed that this code was 'infinitely preferable' to the former chaos.

However, the Declaration met with successful opposition in the British Parliament—at a time when the Budget, the Education Bill and everything else proposed by the Liberal Ministry was being killed by the Lords. A reading of the Parliamentary record shows that almost every one who spoke against the measure belonged to the permanent opposition. When the strongest naval power refused to accept this code, it was of course reduced to the mere statement of 'a pious wish.' Having failed of ratification in Parliament, the Declaration of London was not in any sense British law. It was, however, in the opinion of Lord Desart, and the eminent jurists, admirals and diplomats who had sat with him at the Conference, 'a statement of what is the essence of the law of nations.'

From our point of view the Declaration was a new step forward toward the acceptance of our contention, that International Law rests, not on the force of one nation, but on the consent of all. The general ratification of the Declaration, amended where it was faulty, became the objective of all who wished to extend the domain of law.

The adverse vote in Parliament did not produce a change of heart on the part of the Liberals, with whom we had so cordially coöperated at the Conference and whose ultimate victory at Westminster we expected. The Declaration of London, in its spirit, if not in all its wording, remains the expression of opinion of those in Britain with whom we have so often been friends in the past — whose friendship we desire in the future. Although its ratification

was defeated by the party of Lord North, we have every reason to believe that an entire accord in naval matters is possible between the United States and the Liberals of Great Britain.

III

Simultaneously with his Proclamation of Neutrality President Wilson sent a circular note to all the belligerents, recalling the confusion which has always resulted from the lack of a generally accepted code of sea law, the injury to neutral commerce incident to such chaos, and emphasizing the possibility of grave diplomatic friction likely to arise from this uncertainty. He then suggested that, at least for the duration of this war, all should accept the Declaration of London.

This placed a sharp dilemma before the British Government. Sea power was the main weapon — almost the only immediate weapon — which they could bring to the aid of their allies. Should they limit the effectiveness of the navy by submitting to the generally accepted ideas of International Law, or should they, borrowing their enemy's motto, *Might makes Right*, exercise this sea power to the utmost?

We may be sure that the Cabinet meeting which discussed Mr. Wilson's suggestion was stormy. The Liberal ministers, whose theories of International Law were so well known, favored the acceptance of the Declaration of London. The Sea Lords demanded a free hand. The arguments *pro* and *con* must have been much the same as those which later divided the Kaiser's ministers on the submarine issue.

The answer at last decided upon was a verbal compromise by which the Lord Norths of the sea got what they wanted. The Foreign Office edited a reply which said that Britain accepted the Declaration of London in principle,

subject to certain 'additions and modifications.' But, of course, the basic principle of the Declaration was that no nation should alter it in the heat of war. It was on this point that Sir Edward Grey had especially insisted. If Britain was determined to amend the code to suit her convenience, other belligerents would do likewise. Our State Department, not waiting for further replies, withdrew the suggestion. The British Cabinet had decided that there was to be no sea law. Whichever nation won naval supremacy would enforce its own will. *Might* was to replace *Right*.

The *realpolitik* verdict on Britain's decision must depend on the balance between the gains of illegality and the loss of support and respect among the friends of law. It is an exceedingly difficult calculation. There has been some gain to the Entente Powers from the policy adopted by Britain; how much gain is uncertain. It is a matter of statistics, which have been elaborately hidden or elaborately falsified by the interested parties. Not more than a dozen high German officials know the actual effect on their country of the illegalities of the British blockade.

According to the Declaration of London, it was obviously impossible for a maritime power to reduce by hunger an enemy nation which enjoyed a neutral land frontier; but after two years of war it is still uncertain whether this object can be obtained even by a wholesale repudiation of legal restraints. By scrupulous observance of the generally accepted concepts of International Law, the British fleets could have exercised great economic pressure on the Central Empires. By the régime of Orders in Council they have undoubtedly exercised greater pressure. This uncertain degree of added pressure is the credit side of the balance, the gain.

The loss resulting from this policy is even harder to estimate. Germany began this war by an assault on International Law which shocked all the world. The moral position of the Entente, as the champions and protectors of the rights of nations, was exceptionally strong. This advantage was largely thrown away by the claim that the doctrine of Might makes Right, which they called immoral when their enemies applied it on land, somehow became justifiable for them at sea. With the exception of Italy, no one of the original European neutrals has yet joined the Entente. Germany has done better in this matter. In general, the Germans have made great progress in regaining the sympathy of the European neutrals, which they had lost by the crime of Belgium. More gradually, but more surely, the British naval policy has alienated neutral sympathy.

'Legality' is of course a changing, evolving concept. The British offense against the modern standard of law consists not so much in any particular acts — although some of them have been flagrant — as in the brusque denial that nations with smaller navies have any voice in defining the law. The Sea Lords have decided on what they would like to do, and His Majesty's Privy Council has announced that this is the law. It is primarily against this attitude — the old familiar attitude of Lord North — that we have protested. The wisdom, expediency, or equity of these Orders in Council does not offer so vital a question as the claim that a British Council can create the Law of Nations. This is the heart of the controversy. Can His Britannic Majesty's advisers legislate for all the world?

Our administration was doubtlessly gratified when, in the case of the steamship *Zamora* (7 April, 1916), the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decided in our favor. The highest tri-

bunal in the Empire decided that prize courts must administer International, not Municipal, Law; that the Orders of the Crown were therefore not binding on the prize courts except in so far as they accorded with the generally accepted doctrines of the Law of Nations. However, the gratification was short lived. This adverse ruling by their supreme judicial authority has not visibly influenced the British policy. The Privy Council has ignored this decision and continues to issue new Orders quite as objectionable as the old.

We can only speculate as to what Sir Edward Grey thinks of the situation. Has he suddenly come to believe that acts which were held to be wrong if committed against British commerce are now right when committed by the British against others? Or has he been effaced by the British Junkers and, no longer directing British policy, is he now reduced to the rôle of registering it and trying — not very successfully — to justify it? Whether he approves of it or not, he must realize that the notes he now signs in reply to the protests of his former friends are in absolute contradiction to all the ideas of right and justice he advocated before the war. Neither the Liberal ministers who still hold on in the Coalition Cabinet, nor the highest judicial authorities of the Empire, are able to control the party of Lord North which has installed itself in the Foreign Office.

IV

The naval policy decided upon by the British Cabinet has not been so onerous for us as for the neutrals of Europe. In times of peace our export trade scarcely reached ten per cent of our production of wealth. Even if it were all held up, it would not ruin us. The maritime nations of Europe are in a more serious plight. It was a rather

ghastly joke that, when the Belgian Commission came to America to lay their grievances before the President, they crossed at Washington delegations from other neutral countries of Europe who had come to ask our protection against Great Britain.

The situation of Holland is typical of the problems which, with slight variations, face the other neutrals of Europe. Sixty years ago, at the Naval Congress of Paris, all the powers agreed that the blockading of a neutral coast is illegal. Great Britain is not at war with Holland, but no ships can trade in Dutch ports to-day without British consent; and this consent cannot be had unless the owners sign an unneutral agreement to boycott Germany. Reluctance to submit to this agreement, or the bare suspicion that the submission is half-hearted, is punished by long detentions in British ports. It does not take many weeks of such idleness to wipe out the year's profit of a great ship.

The Dutch government has been forced to sanction the 'Overseas Trust.' This arrangement is not only the denial of neutrality, but also a humiliating surrender of sovereignty. It means that government officials must assist the British Navy in suppressing Dutch commercial rights. Even if the British cannot starve their enemies into submission, they could easily famish the Dutch. So the ministers of Queen Wilhelmina have had to bow to *force majeure* and, like the Greeks, accept the bizarre British doctrine that it is moral for neutrals to help the English but a deadly sin to trade with Germany.

One means used by the British to force 'benevolent neutrality' on the Netherlands was the refusal to sell coal to neutral ship-owners unless they signed the agreement not to be neutral. However, some of the neutral ship-owners did not like to sign away their

independence and decided to run their ships on the inferior and cheaper German coal. To this symptom of rebellion against British sea-rule, the Admiralty replied by an announcement that 'bunker coal of enemy origin' would be confiscated as contraband. To-day no ship can trade in the North Atlantic unless she buys her coal from British collieries. This is perhaps the most flagrant violation of International Law on the British record. It is not merely a case of denying the obligations of the Declaration of London or the Paris Convention. All British precedents in the Law of Prize — long back before the Napoleonic era — are explicit that only cargo merchandise is seizable. The British courts have always held that 'things needful to the working of the ship or the comfort of the crew' are above suspicion of contraband. But — Might makes Right, in the practice, if not in the professions, of the present government of Britain. It is not only the legal opinions of other nations they scorn, but also the decisions of their own jurists.

This matter of the bunker coal is typical of another phase of the question. The injury done to the enemy is indirect and small. The harm done to all the North Sea neutrals is immediate and great. The profit to the British coal-dealers from such a forced monopoly is obvious.

The closing of the Suez Canal to all but British and Allied ships is a measure for which no military necessity has been shown. But it forces the Dutch colonial mailships to take the route around the Cape. Every one in a hurry to go or send goods to the East now chooses the competing British lines. In the same way the English shippers have captured much of the Dutch transatlantic trade. The amazing prosperity of British shipping is well known and bitterly discussed by the Dutch.

The interference with neutral mails — whatever the military advantage — inevitably works to the profit of British commerce.

It is hard for the Dutch to believe that such measures — so vexatious to them, and so profitable to their rivals — are decided upon for the defense of the realm. In suspecting the members of the British government of commercial dishonesty, the Dutch are probably unjust. The officials who decide on these measures are lordly gentlemen, far removed from knowledge of, or interest in, 'mere trade'; too often they are equally removed from consideration for the rights of others. But even if the British government can prove that none of their Sea Lords hold shares in the shipping lines or coal companies which have profited from their naval policy, or have sold 'short' on the stocks they have ruined, it will take many years to reestablish the tradition of British 'fair play' in the commercial world. This is part of the loss which must be balanced against the immediate gain of the British policy.

Why the people of England — the Liberals whose friendship we have always valued — have permitted their government to throw away the valuable asset of 'good will' is a mystery to all who have not watched the working of the 'Defence of the Realm Act.' The Censor has not allowed the people of England to know anything about it. Censorship of the newspapers and enlightened public opinion are mutually exclusive. And the British Censors are rigorous. The Press Bureau not only hides from the people the hostility and distrust which is growing in all neutral countries, and even among their allies: it fosters fables. Last May, in London I found every one indignant that the heartless Germans were preventing us from sending relief to Poland. No one dreamed that we and every one else

felt that the obstruction came primarily from London.

The Press Bureau fosters the belief that the neutrals — and the neutrals alone — are waxing fat off the war. The facts, of course, are that everywhere the war furnishers are growing rich. The American shell-manufacturer is paying higher wages and underselling his European competitors. Great as are some of our 'new fortunes,' they are not to be compared with those which are piling up in belligerent countries. Few of our industries can rival the profits of the Anglo-Malay Rubber Company or the Creusots of France. But the greatest prizes are going to the shipping companies, the coal-owners, the bankers and food speculators in Britain. The Censor does not encourage publicity on such matters. And whoever dares to speak in defense of the rights of neutrals is met by the crushing retort, 'Oh! The neutrals. They have no reason to complain. They are getting rich.'

The effect of the British naval policy on us has been similar to that on Holland, although it has not been so ruinous. While we have had many specific material grievances, the force of our protests has come from outrage at a policy which has seemed to us rankly illegal — a policy hostile to all idea of legality. During her long years of neutrality, Britain has always been quick to use her sea power to enforce her trading rights. As soon as she finds herself a belligerent she denies all her old theories. Sir Edward Grey asked the world to agree not to alter the contraband list during hostilities. Now that his own country is at war, he signs note after note announcing new alterations. The 'Free List' which, Lord Desart said, 'will place it beyond the power of belligerents in the future to treat as contraband the raw materials of some of our national industries' is

abolished, now that it is a question of the industries of other nations.

Great Britain, when neutral, has led the fight to secure inviolability of neutral mails. Now, with the shoe on the other foot and the might of her navy behind her, she denies that there are any rights in the matter. Modern history records no such rank violation of the mails as we now witness.

Another example — if one is needed — of this British 'double standard' of international morality is furnished by the excitement caused by the arrival in our waters of the submarine Deutschland and the British announcement that certain firms, domiciled in America, are to be blacklisted.

When the Austrian government appealed to us to take a moral rather than a narrowly technical attitude toward neutrality and to refrain from helping one belligerent against the other, we were fairly overwhelmed by the volume of British argument to prove that it was the essence of righteousness for a neutral to sell munitions to any belligerent who could carry away the goods. We were threatened with all sorts of calamities if we passed an embargo against the export of munitions to the Entente. Now, when a German ship evades their blockade, we are to be punished unless we refuse to sell raw materials to their enemy.

An effort to enforce by might rules which do not work both ways is the essence of arbitrary tyranny. Our indignation against the British naval policy is the greater, because, during the years of Liberal government, we had formed the habit of expecting them to champion justice and equity.

V

The Germans are, of course, pleased that British policy has given them so sound an argument in their correspond-

ence with us. They are quite right in calling our neutrality hypocritical, if, after having forced them to limit their naval action in accordance with our interpretation of International Law, we do not, with equal vigor, protect our rights from British aggression.

German lawlessness has differed from that of Britain in that it has also been murderous. But, however much the horrors of the Belgian invasion, the tragedies of the Lusitania and the Sussex may have enraged us, the present policy of the British government makes intervention on their side impossible. Those of us who are most inclined to take active measures to stop German 'frightfulness' find ourselves equally disinclined to fight on behalf of the thesis that British convenience is the law of the seas. Dislike for German theory or practice, or our very special fondness for France, cannot alter the fact that His Britannic Majesty's Cabinet, although more suave, has been just as quick as the Kaiser's to act on the doctrine that 'Might makes Right.'

It has been easier for us to remain neutral than it would have been if the English had kept their heads level and refrained from 'hitting below the belt.'

So long as the British government maintains its present attitude there is little that our diplomacy can do at London beyond 'watchful waiting.' It takes two to reach an accord, just as much as to make a quarrel. There is no use in working for such a community of nations as we desire so long as Britain insists that whatever suits her convenience is right. However, there is great hope for a *rapprochement* in the future. The maintenance of the Lord North position will be difficult after the war. The Tory policy implies isolation.

All nations which have ships upon the seas must desire that law, not the

whims of one nation, shall rule the waves. They will not willingly submit to a sea code dictated by a distrusted commercial rival, and the scrap of paper on which Britain had promised fair play at sea has been torn up. It is not only the present neutrals who dispute Britain's arrogant claims. Two of her allies, France and Italy, are maritime nations. Russia hopes to become one. The British, to retain their single-handed naval supremacy, will have to outbuild all the world. And real money, even in England, will be scarce after the war. The only alternative to this impractical Tory policy is one of making friends. And friends can only be won by a liberal policy, which admits that others besides the strongest have rights.

After this war, Britain — unless she suffers utter defeat — will have the strongest navy in the world and one of the greatest armies. Inevitably the Tories will be tempted to use these tools for the realization of the age-old dream of Imperial world-domination. The modern, forward-looking men of Britain will hold true to their ideals and will seek the means to remove from us this scourge of war. No event of our day will be more important in determining the kind of world our children will live in, than the outcome of the political struggle to win control of

the British government and Foreign Office, the struggle between the policies of Lord North and the ideals of Fox.

We of America have every reason to desire cordial coöperation with the British Empire. It is hard to see what they can gain by driving us into hostility. Unfortunately, *rapprochement* is at present impossible, for the spirit of Lord North presides over the councils of Downing Street. So it is the business of our diplomacy to watch with the closest attention the internal politics of Britain and to be quick to welcome any change in the government which means that our offers of friendship have a better chance of acceptance.

The Irish controversy offers a test case to those of us who have no better means of appraisal. At no time since the outbreak of the war has the issue between progress and reaction been so sharply drawn. If Lord Lansdowne and his friends succeed in their project of suppressing Irish unrest with bayonets, it will mean that our Liberal friends have suffered a new defeat. If Ireland is pacified by a tardy grant of justice, it will indicate that our friends are regaining power.

But until there is some visible change in the British ministry there is small hope of cordiality between Washington and London.

THE GREGARIOUSNESS OF THE MINOR POETS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

By natural disposition and by habit of life a poet is the least gregarious of human creatures. He flourishes in what Milton describes as 'a pleasing solitariness.' Novelists and historians must be, in some sort, men of the world. They must frequent courts and drawing-rooms and all sorts of public gatherings in order to collect material for their work. They are traffickers in other men's ideas, and they must be good mixers.

But when the poet is 'hidden in the light of thought,' it is his own thought. If it is different from other men's thought, all the better. It adds to the fascinating mystery of his personality. The highest praise we can give him is the acknowledgment that he has had some gift that was all his own. 'His soul was like a star and dwelt apart.' It is possible for him to do his best work while dwelling apart, for his business is not to interpret other men's moods, but his own.

Clergymen are inclined, when they have opportunity, to flock together in presbyteries and conferences, associations and convocations. After preaching to their congregations on Sunday they frequent ministers' meetings on Monday, where they address one another. Theodore Parker used to lament this habit, to which he ascribed some of the faults of his brethren. Ministers, he declared, are like cabbages: they do not head well when they are planted too close together. But though clerical gregariousness may be carried to an excess, a certain amount of it is necessary

to the successful carrying on of the profession. Among the higher clergy the solitary habit would be obviously impracticable. When Lord Westbury was asked what were the duties of an archdeacon he answered, 'The duties of an archdeacon consist in the performance of arch-diaconal functions.' Now it is evident that these arch-diaconal functions cannot be performed except in connection with an ecclesiastical body. No one, however gifted, could be an archdeacon on his own hook.

So a lawyer must be a member of the bar in order to practice his profession. The physician must be in good standing in the Medical Society. A plumber cannot act as a mere individual. He does not appear like the solitary horseman in the romances. He is a recognized duality. When we send for a plumber we expect to see two. A pleasing solitariness is not allowed in his working hours.

But a poet does not need other poets to bear him company or to complete his work. He does not need a congregation to inspire him. He comes alone to his chosen reader. It is a case where two is company and three is a crowd.

The transitory nature of his inspiration adds to this tendency to solitariness on the part of the poet. It is not easy for him to keep business hours, or make contracts for work to be finished at a given time. His productive energy is inconstant. The product of industry can be counted upon and can be delivered when promised. But the poetry which is the product of industry is

worthless. All the value is that which comes from some unpredictable felicity of mood. Now and then a poetical thought comes, and under the impulse of the moment he puts it into words that are really much better than he could have contrived if he had labored for them. There is a sudden snatch of real song, a phrase or two that are unforgettable. No one seems able to do these things every day. It is a great good fortune to be able to do them sometimes. A person who is subject to such accidents we call a poet.

Sometimes the poet attempts to meet the man of affairs on his own ground, and do business according to the accepted rules. He is usually mortified by his inability to 'deliver the goods.' In the Book of Numbers there is an illuminating story of such an attempt to control poetic inspiration. The poet Balaam had gained a considerable reputation among the Moabitish tribes for his fine flow of maledictory verse. When Balak had become alarmed over the progress of the invading Israelites he bethought him of Balaam and his gifts. 'And Balak offered oxen and sheep and sent to Balaam.'

But when Balak waited for the outburst of rhythmical invective which he had paid for, he was disappointed. Instead of curses Balaam's words turned out to be blessings of no value whatever to his employer. Instead of living up to his contract, Balaam 'went not as at the other times to seek for enchantments, but he set his face toward the wilderness.' It was the wild nature of the poet asserting itself.

Balaam sang his song in his own way without regard to his contract, and no wonder Balak was indignant. 'Balak's anger was kindled against Balaam and he smote his hands together; and Balak said unto Balaam: I called thee to curse mine enemies and behold thou hast altogether blessed them these

three times. Therefore now flee thou to thy place. I thought to promote thee unto great honor, but lo, the Lord hath kept thee back from honor.'

The story of the parting of the man of affairs and the poet has been repeated many times. 'And Balaam rose up and went and returned to his place; and Balak also went his way.'

In his natural state the poet accepts the situation cheerfully. He sets his face toward the wilderness which he loves, and is content with the inspiration which may come. But now and then among the minor poets there comes a change of temper that is most remarkable. The minor poet forgets his individuality and becomes gregarious. He is no longer content with casual inspiration and intermittent illuminations. He must be up and doing. He must coöperate. He must find those whose spiritual impulses synchronize with his own. He must choose a name which shall designate those who belong to his school. Above all he must educate the general public to appreciate the product of coöperative genius.

In indicating that this sudden gregarious tendency is most observable among minor poets, no disparagement is intended. The term minor poet, like that of minor prophet, refers to the quantity rather than the quality of the work done. Amos was not less a prophet than Ezekiel. His book is not so large, that is all. This in a literary man may sometimes be an added claim to our regard. Gold is gold, whether found in the mother lode or in a slender vein. Some of the best poetry is the work of minor poets who left no complete poetical works. They have not created much, but they have given some words which are priceless. Who does not know the slender little volume that comes unheralded? It is so modest that it makes little demands upon time or shelf-room. And yet many a bulky vol-

ume has less worth. It is the individual offering of the minor poet in his unsophisticated days. Later on, a bit of his work might slip into a place in the anthologies. That is a post-mortem honor.

But when the minor poet becomes class-conscious he is ambitious to make his first appearance in an anthology. He will not go alone up a footpath to Parnassus, if he can climb into an omnibus with his mates. The more the merrier. When the gregarious instinct is in control we no longer are conscious of the appeal of a single person. A company of new poets appear in a body and insist on the right of collective bargaining for our admiration. We must accept the New Poetry that bears the Union label, or face the consequences.

Now in joining the union, and merging himself with a group, however excellent, the new poet is, I think, ill-advised. There are some things which cannot be done coöperatively, and poetry is one of them. It cannot be standardized or promoted. In fact, there is very little that can be done about it except enjoy it when it comes.

There is nothing more delightful than the discovery of a new poet, unless it is the recovery of an old one. We are eager to hear a fresh, unspoiled voice and to be cheered by a variation on familiar themes. That in which he distinctly differs from those who preceded him is his peculiar merit. He comes with the dew of the morning upon him.

If it should happen that at about the same time another new poet should turn up, that would be a happy coincidence. There is always room in the upper story for such rare visitants. Half a dozen new poets appearing simultaneously would awaken surprise. Still it would not be miraculous. Such things have happened. But the point is that each newcomer must stand on his own feet and do his work in his own

way. His welcome must be all his own. The fact that he appears at the same time with others is only an accident.

The new poet is at his best before he has been sophisticated by too much intercourse with men of his own craft. We love to watch him going his care-free way, unmindful of the Duties of the Hour or the Idols of the Tribe. He is like the shepherd in Lycidas who, when he had sung his song,

twitched his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

It was the quick gesture of one conscious of the need neither of audience nor of collaborators.

It is a sad day for the new poet when he hears the call of his kind and becomes conscious that he has a duty to perform for his fellow poets in explaining and defending their innovations. In dedicating his talents to the service of the group he is guilty of futile self-sacrifice. He loses his first sense of irresponsible freedom, and after a few years he becomes a conscientious copyist of his own early manner, and an apologist for the manner of his coevals. The murderer who revisits the scene of his crime has at least the salutary experience of remorse. But the poet who continually revisits the scene of his early success has no spiritual gain; and he is kept away from fresh woods.

The gang spirit has its uses, but there are spheres in which it does not make for the highest excellency. A single saint is admirable, but who would not flee from a gang of saints, eager to impose their peculiar type of piety upon the community? I read of a mediæval saint who, when he was invited to a rich man's table, united courtesy and asceticism by partaking of the food set before him, but at the same time unostentatiously sprinkling the rich viands with ashes. This was admirable. But if I were a rich man I should not like to

entertain a dozen saints who should bring their ash-shakers to my table. I should find their mannerism offensive.

The Hebrew prophets whose words have come down to us were thorough individualists. They were solitary in their habit and spoke their words whether men heard or whether they forbore. But there were bands who were called 'the sons of the prophets.' These men made a profession of prophetism and wandered about prophesying collectively. We do not, however, hear of any great utterance coming from these organizations. It is the same with the sons of the poets who form schools and coteries, and who are dependent on mutual support. The coöperative effort seems to do little for the production of the kind of poetry which the world does 'not willingly let die.' It however produces a vast amount of the other kind.

Some individual breaks away from the conventions. Immediately he has a score of followers, who, by using his formula, produce what appear to be the same results. The fashion grows by a process of accretion till it becomes an old fashion and is suddenly dropped. There was a period when poetry was conceived of as the 'Paradise of Dainty Devices.' Poets vied with each other in the invention of quaint conceits. Words never ventured into print in their obvious meanings. They appeared in elaborate masquerade. Even religion hid behind a mask and claimed attention by pretending to be something else. This make-believe was considered the very essence of poetry. It was the criterion by which it could be distinguished from prose.

But these Dainty Devices would not have pleased the poet who a century ago from the American backwoods voiced his aspirations.

O for a thousand mouths, a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass and adamantine lungs!

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To the members of the school of the brazen-throated and adamantine-lunged all refinements were contemptible. They were all for strength.

Sometimes the bond of union between minor poets is educational. They feel that it is their duty to improve the mind, and they proceed to do it. I take up a volume entitled *Fugitive Poems connected with Natural History and the Physical Sciences*. It is unnecessary that this anthology should be dated: it obviously belongs to the middle of the nineteenth century. How pathetically these poetical fugitives flock together, seeking safety in numbers! Driven out of their dwellings by the advancing hordes of Science, they seek to obtain mercy by chanting the praise of their conquerors. We are reminded of the exiles by the rivers of Babylon from whom those who carried them away captive required a song. The poetic captives of science did their best to satisfy the demand, but soon gave up the effort and hung their harps on the willows.

It is another world which we enter when we take up *The Nightingale or Polite Amatory Songster — A Selection of Delicate, Pathetic and Elegant Songs designed chiefly for Ladies*. It was published in Boston in 1808. The principle of selection was stated: 'This volume is presented to the public with no exclusive claims of patronage except those arising from the solicitude of the compiler to avoid every expression that might offend the delicacy of female modesty.'

The *Amatory Songster* was but one of a vast number of volumes which belonged to what we may call the Literature of Moral Solicitude. It seems to have occurred simultaneously to a multitude of prose-writers and poets, that, in taking their pen in hand, they should avoid every expression that might give offense. That any other virtue or grace besides that of avoidance was necessary did not occur to

them. The taste of the day required a moral to be attached to every poem. An eighteenth-century critic complains that the *Scribleriad* by the well-known poet Richard Owen Cambridge was not as well received by the public as its merits deserved. 'The composition of the *Scribleriad* is regular, spirited and poetic. There are few descriptions so happily imagined as the approach of an army of rebuses and acrostics.' Now, rebuses and acrostics were in the mode; but the public was cool in its reception of the *Scribleriad*. The critic explains this by saying, 'It is to be regretted that the author determined to avoid moral reflections, which he could easily have furnished.' This was just a little after the time when another critic speaks of 'the usual anacreontics, the spirit of which was raging a few years ago among all the sweet singers of Great Britain.' This epidemic of anacreontics probably explains the extravagant length to which moralizing was carried. Even writers who were capable of more positive and varied contributions to literature sought to answer the demand.

Oliver Goldsmith, in his collection of *Poems for Young Ladies* went beyond the *Amatory Songster* in his solicitude. He says, 'Dr. Fordyce's excellent sermons for Young Women in some measure gave rise to the following compilation. Care has been taken to select not only such poems as innocence may read aloud without a blush, but such as will even strengthen that innocence.'

Goldsmith was evidently ambitious. His collection should not merely represent the current ideal of innocence. It should be the latest word in Super-Innocence. He remarks: 'Poetry is an art no young lady can or ought to be wholly ignorant of. The pleasure which it gives, and indeed the necessity of knowing enough to mix in modern conversation will evince the usefulness of my design.'

Now the cat is out of the bag. Poetry as a pleasure was one thing. But the more important thing was the assumed 'necessity of knowing enough to mix in modern conversation.' Here the gregarious motive comes in. Poetry for its own sake might be produced and enjoyed in blameless solitude. But the connection between poetry and conversation renders it necessary to put the emphasis upon timeliness. Poetry must approximate to journalism. It must have a distinct news-value, and be kept up to date. Nobody wants to talk about last year's fashions.

It is obvious that as the fashions in modern conversation change there will be a demand for a corresponding change in the poetry that is to be talked about. Innocence having been talked out, conversation turns to a solemn knowingness. We see in our own time, among those who would be in the swim, an insistence that poets should choose themes that satisfy the serious-minded inquirer. The more unpleasant the subject is, the more meritorious. Indeed, in some circles it is assumed that the poet who would advance the cause of modernity must begin his campaign with a policy of deliberate frightfulness. Having shown his ability to hack his way through the sensibilities of his readers, he may afterwards yield to his native geniality. All this is a matter of fashion. But these modes have little to do with that which belongs to the inner life of poetry.

I once had a lesson which I took to heart. I had two friends, both of whom happened to be blind. It unluckily occurred to me that it would be a pleasure to them to be made acquainted. But when I suggested this to one of them he drew himself up with dignity and said, 'I decline to make acquaintances on the basis of my infirmity.'

I think of this when I see the at-

tempts to bring together poets on the ground of what seem to the prosaic mind common interests and conditions. It is assumed that those who belong to the same party or who live in the same place enjoy being put in the same category. Here is a volume entitled *The Poets of Maine, a Collection of Specimen Poems of a Hundred Verse-Makers of the Pine Tree State*. The Poets of Iowa are as numerous, and the Poets of Michigan are as the leaves of the forest. Why is it that local loyalty and state pride seem to fail to furnish any real bond of union to these verse-makers? I do not think of Longfellow as a Poet of Maine.

A topographical term like the Lake Poets may be useful for conversation or lecturing, but it serves no other end. Because a certain number of gifted persons frequented the same lovely region, it does not follow that they had a great deal in common. The absurdity of classifications according to residence is seen when we remember that Keats was characterized by spiteful contemporaries as belonging to the Cockney School. Any one less of a cockney it would be hard to find. Keats walked the London streets, but his true citizenship was in the islands

Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

There have been times not far remote when it was thought a laudable undertaking to bring together collections of verse under the title 'Female Poetry.' Why should the female poets be segregated? A careful scrutiny of their works reveals nothing which they might not have expressed with the utmost propriety in the presence of their gentleman friends. When I think of Sappho I think of her simply as a poet. That is the way I suppose that Sappho would like to be thought of.

Nor is the technique of their art a bond of union between true poets. Such

a poet may find his most natural means of expression in the familiar forms of prosody. Or he may say with Chaucer's pilgrim, —

I can nat geste — rum, ram, ruf — by lettre,
Ne, God wot, rym hold I but litel bettre.

He may be the freest of free versifiers, but if he has the poet's gift he may take what liberties he will. It is a case in which the end justifies the means. But let him not think to make us receive all who abjure rhyme and familiar metres as belonging to his class. Because we admit the actuality of a horseless carriage, it does not follow that any carriage can be made to go by the simple device of shooting the horse. Nor should the new poets pride themselves on their newness in point of time. It will soon wear off. The bond that unites a poet to his contemporaries is very slight compared to that which unites him to kindred spirits in many generations. Poetry is the timeless art.

The greater poets have always proudly declared their independence of the passing hour. Mere chronological sequence has to them little significance. Shakespeare utters his defiance: —

'No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change.
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange,
They are but dressings of a former sight.

Thy registers and thee I both defy;
Not wondering at the present nor the past.'

Nor is this impression of timelessness characteristic only of the supreme poets. The minor poets when they are at their best have the same gift. They snatch from our working day some blessed moments of real insight. We see something that does not belong to the passing hour. It was true a thousand years ago and it is true still. These Robin Hoods rob time for the benefit of eternity. We cannot discipline them or organize them. But we are glad that there are these merry men.

ON BEING ILL

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

THERE are, according to the poet, 'four seasons in the mind of man' and each has its appropriate mood, its range of vision, its philosophy. But, in addition to these four seasons, there are two other categories which shift a man's thoughts, the object of his vision and his philosophy, even more than the change from Spring to Summer or from Autumn to Winter. These other categories are health and sickness. In these two states man beholds two very different worlds; so different are these worlds, that if a man should live in one only, he would know but half of the human universe.

Health is the normal state. In it the faculties are in equilibrium and fulfill their obvious duties. Upon it, as if it were a sure foundation, science builds hypotheses and dogmas, and men of action with a turn for literature construct what they call a sane and happy philosophy of life. Health is the condition of life's daily routine. Health accepts life as a matter of course, without demur, without criticism, almost without appreciation. A healthy man is indifferent to all theories about the universe; one theory is as good as another. He himself is the centre of his universe; and his senses, like so many radii, describe its uttermost bounds.

Suppose the healthy man to be a farmer. Then the prime interests of his life will cluster around his barn, his cowshed, and his vegetable garden. His affections embrace his potato-hillocks,

his purpling cabbages, and the corn-patch, where in July the stately stalks deck their heads with plumes and outdo in parallel symmetry the spears of Velasquez's conquering Spaniards at Breda. Here is his universe — house, barn, woodpile, chicken-run, pump, orchard, and meadows; what to him are the outlying regions beyond the farm limits? How is he concerned with fields and woodland across the county turnpike, with countries over seas, or with the ethereal distances that encompass our solar system? Health has fixed the bounds of his intellectual kingdom. Its axis is in the stable, and all the cloud-capped hypotheses that science, with infinite industry, has built up concerning what lies between his boundary line and the farthest regions of infinite space, count for less than the humming of the tea-kettle or the cackle of the hens. All attempts by science or philosophy to shift the central point of his universe to some part of the Milky Way or to the Absolute, must fail. And yet it is upon the healthy man, upon the reports of his senses, upon the processes of his reason, that science builds its truths, and philosophy its hypotheses.

The business of a healthy man is to live his life; and in order to live it well, he must make himself, so far as he can, a creature of instinct, if possible an automaton. He adores the god of action, because health is, in its manifestations, a mere bundle of activities. To love action is the patriotism of health. This attitude toward life gives

a comfortable sense of snugness, of familiarity, of home, and protects such as adopt it against the vast outer universe that serves, it seems, but to confuse and dismay them. It holds a man's attention fast to the region where he fills his belly, chooses his wife, digs, hoes, drives his cows afield and calls them home to the milking. This attitude is natural, human; it proclaims man's origin. But in the opinion of those who care for unrestricted liberty of speculation and imagining, it deprives the human mind of its noblest birthright. For them it is high treason to what should be man's governing principle. Nevertheless action remains the basis of life; and as even the most skeptical critic must admit, action renders a service that might well seem to compensate for all the limitations which it imposes upon the human spirit. Action makes a theatre out of life.

If we were to weigh with even hand, one by one, the good and evil things that fate lays in the balances, in order to determine whether human life be worth the living, perhaps none of the things deemed good — not the luxuriant vitality of youth, not affection or romantic love, not interest in work or the approbation of our fellows — would weigh as heavily as the pleasure got from the theatre of life. The drama of life is unintermittent, boundless in resource; of infinite variety, it appeals to every taste. It reckons up its actors by the million. It dresses up in royal robes, with crowns, sceptres, and all the wardrobe of imperial millinery, kings and emperors, moves them about, and causes them to utter majestic harangues, and pirouette over the stage in a manner to rivet our amazed attention. It takes bandits, pirates, Cossacks, and parades them to and fro to a wild music. And these are but supernumeraries who fill in the background and the wings of the stage. A

little in front of them come players whose names are printed on the programme, enumerated as statesmen, philosophers, poets, musicians, explorers, and so on. Finally, in front of them all come the protagonists in Everyman's drama — the household headed by the cook, the milkman, and the butcher's boy, the immediate neighbors, and each separate group playing its own comedy within the great comedy, husband and wife, nursery-maid and babies, school-boys and tutors, guests, cousins, callers, and all the multitude who fill the minor rôles, the chauffeur, the trolley-car conductor, the old lady who in times of illness comes to advise mental healing, the elderly clerk, the lazy office-boy, the fashionable tailor, the cobbler round the corner, the habitué at the club, the fruit-vender, the policeman, the parson's assistant, the political reformer. The theatre of life, with its tragedy, comedy, farce, its gruesome scenes and its delightful episodes, has but one patent fault — it has no plot and no apparent meaning.

Healthy men, the rich, the pious, praise both plot and meaning; but the indifferent spectator can distinguish neither — nothing but eternal motion. A rational explanation of action is that in providing the theatre of life it furnishes the justification of life. All living things are actors who keep on going in order that scene shall follow scene without intermission; for this men preserve their own lives, for this they rear children, future actors, who shall take the places of those whose parts are ended. 'All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players,' but men and women are also spectators. All are admitted to the show; some sit in the orchestra, some in the upper gallery. At one and the same time all men are both players and spectators; they may be mute supernumeraries in the

noisier parts of the drama, but all are protagonists of some particular episode. All this we owe to action, and action is the product of health.

Action, then, keeps life alive and furnishes a nonpareil theatre. To the eyes of the healthy man this theatre is delightful and life an invaluable possession. This is the mood of health.

II

Once a man is ill, the scene changes. All that great stretch of universe that formerly reached out, in dusky dimness, from beyond the farm road toward infinity, has sunk below the horizon, it has become as if it had never been. The field of corn, the potato-patch, the flower-garden, the graveled walk, the porch, have also become part of uncharted darkness, merged into chaos; even hall, stairway, the whole house outside the sickroom door, is now beyond the further edge of twilight consciousness. The sick man's physical universe has shrunk to a bedroom. It is circumscribed by four narrow walls, but it serves all the purposes of the mightiest universe, it fills his thoughts, and presents those marks of order and intelligibility that distinguish the tract within the intellectual reach of the human mind from whatever may lie beyond. It has advantages over any larger universe in that the smaller it is, the more intelligible, the more homelike, it becomes — the more clearly it stands in definite relations to the sick man's inner self.

The central point of interest is his bed. The white coverlet lies like new-fallen snow. Under it his legs, two long projections with which he appears to have little or nothing to do, stretch away down toward the foot of the bed, like mountain ranges on a map of physical geography; while the light covering falls away in gentle slopes on

either side. Then the brass bedpost catches his eye. It draws to itself more than its share of light, and, as if the words *Fiat Lux* had been spoken directly to it, radiates brazenly.

But an object near by, on the table at the foot of the bed, is far more interesting. A long green stalk rises from a yellow vase, and stands very tall and straight in its pride at carrying the perfect flower that, with its snowy petals half disclosed, half folded as if to hold their fragrance in, crowns the green stem. This white rose is a triumphant issue of the efforts of Nature, of her experiments in valley and meadow, in sunshine and in shade, the achievement of the noble collaboration of root and stalk, of leaves and blossoms.

If Nature had aimed to produce color only, or fragrance only, it would be seemingly intelligible that man should chance to be pleased by the color or by the fragrance; but according to what doctrine of chances should a man be charmed, not only by the color and the fragrance, but also by the exquisite texture of the petals that fits them for no rougher office than to line a fairy's cradle? Each petal opens at the touch of light, and then, as if the caress of the full sunlight were too poignant, covers itself with shadows and half-tones.

In a state of health one accepts a rose as part of the great adventure, not less wonderful, or more, than all the other elements that go to make up that adventure. But the mind, half set free from the emaciated body, cannot take the rose merely so. Why is it that Milton plants roses thick in his Garden of Eden; why does Dante make the saints and angels of God but petals in the vast rose of the heaven of heavens? Why is there never a lover that does not compare his mistress to a rose? Can it be by chance that the rose and the soul of man are matched so melodiously? And as the rose has traveled

along her vegetable path, trusting to the wind or to the honey-bee for transportation to a kindlier soil, is it chance that has conferred upon her this combination of color, fragrance and texture, and brought her, as it were, to a trysting-place with the soul of man, who, on his part, having traced his way through millions of years down a dark path, has attained the senses that are ravished by that union of color, fragrance, and texture? What service has the rose rendered to our ancestors that we should admire her beyond all rational measure? Did she feed them, clothe them, warm them, or servè to deck some otherwise unattractive maid and win for her a wooer? Did our ancestors, whether beasts or human progenitors of retreating skull and tusk-like teeth, breathe in her beauty and take fresh courage for the battle of life? Can it be by chance that man has come to find in a flower the great symbol of Beauty? Why is not the fruit more beautiful to him than the flower? Why not the vegetable than the fruit? Why not the fish than the vegetable, or a lamb chop most beautiful of all?

The rose does not help the human being, even to-day, in the struggle for life; rather she is a hindrance. She stands there in the vase, and as the sick man's delighted eye follows the contour of leaf and petal, and dwells upon the dainty setting of the corolla in the calyx (as if the soul of a bird had alighted on the soul of a nest), she asserts, 'To gaze on Beauty is the nobleness of life.'

Is this chance? Or is there some element in the spirit of man that renders him, as he proceeds upon his upward journey, more sensitive to Beauty; that, as time goes on, will cause him to perceive Beauty lying thick about him, in flower, leaf, crystal, waterdrop, in every clod of common earth, and

so at last establish harmonious relations between him and all that is? Is this the end to which life consciously aspires, the argument to justify creation and existence?

To the spirit, still uncertain of long sojourn in its fleshly dress, the beauty of the rose is a tormenting riddle. The spirit keeps asking, 'Why, why, am I imprisoned in this compound of dust, condemned to suffer when this insensible machine goes wrong? What whimsical power commanded me, a spirit, to be conscious of physical maladjustment?' And the rose keeps answering, 'You are also conscious of me.'

Is knowledge of the rose a piece of mystical experience, a communion with a symbol of pure beauty, a partial and momentary loss of self in the consciousness of that which is Life's explanation? The mystics, bound by the words and phrases of human experience, use images of light, of sound, of sweetness; but in all they say, they merely try to express what the rose is to the sick man. Is every sick man a mystic? Does illness dilapidate the blocks of physical dogma out of which is built the edifice of daily life? Does it dissolve the mortar of the matter-of-fact, dispel the illusions of habitual action, and leave the soul face to face with symbols of something toward which all life aspires?

III

A little beyond the foot of the bed come the fireplace and mantelpiece. The small dimensions of the room leave but a narrow passage for a white-capped, white-aproned ministrant, who walks to and fro with noiseless steps, and, when the clock strikes the hour, brings a spoonful of some medicinal potion which custom, or fashion, or hope, foists upon the sick. The wood fire preaches mortality, as it resolves

into their elements the logs of oak, chestnut, and birch which cost Nature so much pains to endow with life. But another symbol withdraws the wandering eye from the fire. On the mantelpiece, leaning against the wall, there is a rude picture, painted on copper in archaic Flemish style. The subject is the Crucifixion. At the foot of the Cross Mary stands erect, John with bowed head close by, and hovering in the air little truncated cherubs catch in golden chalices the drops of blood that fall from the dead Christ's wounds. At first one jumps to the conclusion that this scene, acknowledged throughout Christendom as the supreme human tragedy, has been always misunderstood. The minds of men have been preoccupied by the ecclesiastical interpretation, which regards the Crucified Christ as the centre of the tragedy, and puts at the climax of its litany, 'By thy cross and passion.' The spectacle of physical suffering, especially to men in health, wrings the corporeal sensibility, and in the case of finely tuned natures even imprints imitative marks in hands and feet and side; and yet a far deeper suffering was endured at the foot of the cross. Mary is the centre of the tragedy: —

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem
Contristantem et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

The poet knew that the mother was the greater sufferer, for a sword had also pierced his soul. She, who had stored up in her heart all the words of her little boy, all the sayings of her eldest son, her beautiful youth, her divine leader of men, suffered more pain than nails or lance have power to inflict. Nevertheless Mary is not the centre of the tragedy. Christendom is right; instinctively it feels that the figure on

the Cross is the cynosure of human interest.

The Crucifixion is a tragedy, not because it represents human pain, even pain undeserved, but because the Cross passionately asserts a truth at the heart of life. There, on the Cross, hangs a body, worshiped by Christendom as the body of one who in himself incorporated both the human and the divine. This belief gives superhuman poignancy to the Crucifixion. The belief in this union of man and God in Christ Crucified is true, not because God came down from his celestial throne to earth, but because man is the highest exponent of the mysterious force that pulses through the universe, the clearest evidence of divinity. Why should we care whether the divine is human, when there is such abundant witness that the human is divine, in all that we demand of the divine? In heroism, in self-sacrifice, in the power of loving?

To the sick man the divine reveals itself in many a way; it fills his sick room. He does not ask that angels shall minister to him, for woman's hands smooth his pillow, bring him a marvelous beverage called milk, and a delicate, transparent, glittering mass of bubbles that dance in rainbow colors within the tumbler. This ambrosia the prosaic nurse calls whipped-up white of egg, as if by mere words she could exorcise the spirit of poetry. Poetry invades the sick room, it sings in the sunbeams, it leaps with the leaping flames of the fire, and snuggles in the bosom of the rose. Poetry is but the harbinger of the divine, and both express themselves in the human voice. If the forces of life can take the dust of the earth and compound it into a woman's hands, and that miracle does not convince us that the forces of life are divine, then no other miracles or revelations will.

The divine manifests itself in beauty, in poetry, in light, in the rose, in human affections. But in order to manifest itself the divine must first exist; and the Crucifixion testifies that that which is potentially divine can become divine only through pain. This is the teaching of the Crucifixion, and this is more readily set forth for the multitude by obvious symbols of nails and spear-thrust, than in the mother's woe. The Crucifixion is the supreme allegory of the triumph of the divine through pain, the symbol that divinity is the child of pain, and only by the ministration of pain comes to birth.

It may be that pain is a process of purification, of rarefaction of the spirit, and so enables the spirit's more ethereal part to rise, leaving behind that which clogs and impedes its flight. This doctrine has long been held with respect to man, — *patiando fit homo melior*, — and, inasmuch as man is but an integral part of all the universe, how can a law be true for him if it be not true also for all the universe? All the nervous system — if the answer is to be looked for in the collocation of cells — has come into being in order to increase life, to enlarge it, to render it more sensitive. If the vibrations that cause consciousness of sound, of sight, touch, smell, warmth, and the rest, are creating mind, or enabling mind to possess a local habitation, and if pain hovers about these vibrations, as a mother hovers about her children, and if the sterner tempering of character is wrought by pain, what can we do but acknowledge that pain is mysteriously at work around, above, and below us, guiding, warning, chastising, blessing, using the mind of man as material for its high purpose of creating the divine?

This is but the humdrum attempt of the well man to express in words the thoughts that haunted him when sick.

While he lay in bed, he did not need the intervention of words. To the sick man words are gross, palpable things; they come with footfall heavier than that of the choreman who fetches wood for the fire; and each word, like a traveler from regions of ice and snow, is wrapped in all sorts of outer garments that conceal the thought within. They disturb the quiet of the room; they distort and caricature the fine Ariels of thought that hover just outside the portals of comprehension, and would come in, were words delicate enough not to travesty them. Thoughts crowd about, eager to explain, longing to tell the sick man why it is that pain is his benefactor; and when they pass through the gates of comprehension, and are stuffed into words, they are no longer Ariels, but mummers that gesticulate, make faces, and mock the listener. This is the vexation the sick man endures; he feels that he has been lifted to purer regions, closer to the meaning that for him, at least, lies hidden behind symbols, — behind the crucifix, the rose, a woman's hand, behind light, behind love, — and yet he can never remember, after he has returned to earth, just what he really experienced and believed.

But if he turns his attention from that which he vainly hopes to find in the wallet of his memory (you cannot fetch home light in a bag) to what is really there, he finds religion. Then, at last, he realizes what sickness is doing for him. The healthy man has no time for religion; he is concerned with action. He must plough his field, sow his corn, hoe his potatoes, and trail the honeysuckle over the trellis. His mind is busy with manifold occupations, hopes, and anxieties. The theatre of life, filling the stage of his universe, takes what leisure he may have. Or, if he has a religion, it is either an inheritance, like his grandfather's clothes

fitted for a man of different stature, or one which he has constructed out of fears of the evil that may befall, or out of gratitude for evil escaped.

The sick man is in quite a different case. His stage is shrunk to his bedroom; his drama observes the unities. But for the dumb presence of the nurse, he is alone, alone with the white rose, with the picture of the Crucifixion, with his body, and the hovering spirits of Life and Death. His drama has become as simple as that of Æschylus, and he drifts off into the religious mood, a mood of humble curiosity concerning life, and of quest for a loyalty which shall assert that his need of holiness is proof that his soul has received an imprint, no matter how faint, from the presence of holiness.

The first feeling is of curiosity. What is this life that floats, like the Ark, upon a waste of inanimate turbulence? Everywhere motion, everywhere disquiet, everywhere perturbation, restlessness. Is it only in this chance combination of cells, the brain, that Consciousness can make her dwelling-place? And does my consciousness merely reflect for a time the multitudinous outside world, like the surface of a pool, and then, as when the water sinks away into the sands beneath, reflect no more? Is it all mere chance — the white rose, the Crucifixion, the Son nailed to the Cross, the Mother in agony upon the ground beneath? Were these things caused by chance, or are there forces that have a purpose and tend toward an end, in whose obedience a man may range himself, and spend himself in an effort to achieve? Is there a soul of the universe with which his soul can confederate?

IV

How shall a man go about to find the soul of the universe? What shibboleth,

what badge, shall he look for? What do we mean by holiness? What modern symbol shall replace the Cross? And, just as illness is the body's release from the activities of life, does there come a further release for the soul, that will not deprive it of consciousness, and nevertheless leave it appeased? Is holiness a mere series of resignations, the bidding farewell one after another to the impulses of life, the desires of the body and the mind, the shaking off as much as may be of all corporeal control? Or is it an abstraction deduced from the higher pleasures of life, from heroism, from the exaltations of sacrifice, from the joy of pure thought? Or do our souls come into touch, as our earth's atmosphere touches the ethereal space beyond, with an over-soul, and become hallowed by that communion? Or is the upward flight of the soul of necessity in and through a region that, by its remoteness from the friction of life at our world's centre, inspires the human spirit with a calm, a cool, a peace, and an exaltation?

Cut off from all action, floating down a stream of incoherent thoughts, the sick man comes to feel that he has had an experience of holiness, like a pilgrim who has visited some far-off sanctuary. His sickroom has become a shrine. Here he has been alone, face to face with the one question that to him is real — all other questions, all other aspects of things, all perplexities, having been swallowed up in the night of chaos beyond the limits of his sickroom universe.

Illness is the great privilege of life. Love only is comparable to it. They are twin privileges. Both deny the common value of things; both assert that Man's destiny is bound up with transcendental powers. Of this, theirs is the only testimony we have; for the body's evidence is a denial — a nega-

tive assertion that the sparkle of consciousness is a random striking of substance on substance, like steel on flint. Illness pares and lops off the outer parts of life and leaves us with the essence of it. That essence searches curiously for its fundamental relationships. Is this consciousness of mine — which becomes, when shrunk to its inmost being, a spiritual hunger for union with something other than itself — a mere separate particle of what was once an ocean of being? Does it imply that a universal soul has disintegrated, that all its constituent elements have been broken up and scattered, each still impressed with the memory that they were once parts of a whole? Or is this hunger but a sign of a new awakening — the first movement toward a combination, a union, that shall be divine?

Is there a Creator? Or is the idea of a Creator the product of corporeal illness, which has subdued the human soul and too lightly applied the human analogy of man reshaping matter? Who would willingly admit a Creator that had created this universe, with all its suffering, unless upon the supposition that He was so cramped by fate or dearth of material, that He could only create it of warring forces and dragons' teeth? And who can conceive that mechanical forces, in the course of myriad encounters with one another, have by mere accident struck out the sparks of mind?

And why this eternal commotion? Is all this turmoil the struggle of a baser element to attain self-realization, to achieve psychic life? Is the whole universe seeking more life and fuller? Or is Life our original sin, and Death the great purifier? Is it beneficent Death that is striving to cast out the vexing seeds of Life, and restore a universal calm? Is Death the great ocean of peace to which all the rivers of ex-

istence flow? Is the blotting out of the universe beyond the farm road, the reduction of it to a small sickroom, the diminution of the innumerable *dramatis personæ* to one white-capped, white-aproned figure, a sample of the divine effort toward simplicity and peace? Is consciousness the real ill? Is this universal commotion harmless till consciousness arises? Is Life a privilege, a duty, or a sin? Why should our ripples disturb the peace of God?

While these fancies come and go, there stands the picture of the Crucifixion, there the white rose opens its petals wider hour by hour, as if it would enfold the world in the arms of its fragrance. The one proclaims that there is a greater nobleness in pain than the inanimate is capable of; the other asks, 'What but a beneficent force could create a white rose or a child?'

How can one answer them? These are witnesses that Life is nobler than Death. The human heart does beat quicker at the sight of a will to suffer; it does rejoice at roses. If the propulsive rhythm of the universe has produced these as samples of its purposes, as intimations of its goal, does not the whole pattern of existence seem suddenly to burst out as if written in letters of light? Right and wrong cease to be meaningless terms; and a way opens to act in unison with the motions of the universe, and help, no matter in how trivial a respect, its upward will to prevail. The music of hope blows in the winter wind, sings in April showers, murmurs in the mysterious noises of the woods, in the voices of men, in the anguish of the crucifix, calling upon Life to feel, to enjoy, and to suffer for the sake of more life.

In this way the sick man's thoughts go to and fro. The drama of life has simplified itself into a mystery play. Life parleys with Death. Death urges peace: —

Ease after toil, port after stormy seas,
Peace after war, death after life, doth greatly
please.

But in the soft, caressing insistence upon the pleasantness of peace, how can we tell whether the attraction that draws us on to lie stiller and stiller is a summing up of all the arguments that belittle life and extol death, or a mere self-indulgence of the body, counseling ease? Does this sweetly magical incantation, under which the limbs lie quiet and the hands involuntarily clasp themselves on the breast, come from the body or the mind? And is remembrance of happy days, is the pleading of old maxims that condemn a physical surrender to death, is the desire to worship a god of the living, a mere psychical mechanism set in motion by the heart, beating rhythmically to the oscillations that run through the physical universe? Is it all a religious mystery play? Life is religious, Death is religious. The question, Shall I live or shall I die? resolves itself into a question of loyalty. Is Life or Death our God?

v

The return from illness to health is like coming up from a dive, supposing the time from when the swimmer first sees light through the water until his head rises to the surface to be the affair of weeks. The change in physical condition may be slow, but the change in orientation takes place in a twinkling and is complete. The eye no longer looks down into unplumbed deeps, but back toward the light of day; curiosity for the ultimate yields to a golden memory of familiar things — friends, household goods, books, barking dogs, the freshness of grass and trees. The body has reasserted itself. The dreaming imagination is dragged away from its goal by the galloping senses. Eye, ear, touch, taste start upon a rampage.

Especially does the appetite for food wax furious, discovering itself endowed with power to transform a coddled egg into something rich and strange, and to illumine chicken broth with a charm that no art can equal. The universe, lately shrunk to the sick room, now rises again like the genie out of the bottle in which he had been imprisoned; the sickroom becomes a house of detention, and at its door, as in a sea-shell clapped to the ear, the convalescent hearkens to all the rumors of the outer world.

It is the very completeness of the body's triumph that constitutes the weakness of its permanent victory. The exultation with which it mocks the dreamy imagination is too plainly the work of recovering nerves, of reinvigorated muscles, of hungry physical organs. It is a triumph of force, not of reason. Health is not magnanimous; it prosecutes its victory relentlessly, as if it feared to leave a single dreamy thought unquenched. Its victory proves nothing except that we are living things. Perhaps the dead rejoice in death, as greatly as the living do in life.

Convalescence, however, is a pleasant time. Away with Thomas à Kempis, Obermann, Amiel, away with anchorites and monks, bats that haunt the chill vaults of the antechamber of Death.

Come thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne!

The sick man on his path back to life has a voracious appetite for the humor, the gayety, the light follies of life. He bids the nurse take away the Bible and *Paradise Lost*, which during his dark days he had kept at his elbow; he asks for *Punch*, *Pickwick*, *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, *Don Quixote*. Mirth, even in its ruder livery, appears as the most desirable of human emotions.

Falstaff comes habited in a magical radiance, as if jollity were humanity's noblest attribute. And, indeed, if the partisans of Health are right, there is no very good reason for supposing that it is not.

The convalescent's ears crave the crowing of the cock, the cluck of hens, the grunt of pigs; even the expletives of the passing teamster sound with a rough music, chiming in with the universal chorus of the world's noises that sing a pæan in praise of life. Life seizes upon every means of appeal within its power to lure the sick man back from the worship of death. There is something almost comic in its solicitude lest it should lose one adorer. No coquette — not Beatrice nor Célimène — ever took such pains, adjusted ribbons, ringlets, ruffles, lifted or dropped her eyes, turned a slim neck, or smiled or sighed, with a tithe of the flirtatious activities of Life. Each man fancies himself an Antony, with the spirit of Life, a very Cleopatra, head over heels enamoured of him, and he yields to her bewitching lure.

At last the nurse goes, the doctor takes his leave, the medicine bottles are put on the closet shelf, the patient

is up and about; and then, thoroughly subdued to the humors of Life, — for Life is April when it woos, December when it weds, — he is turned out of doors, back to the dull daily routine, back to hoeing, ploughing, weeding, to haggling, buying and selling, back to the world of living men. Life, the Circe who looked so fair, has bewitched him, metamorphosed him into a human animal, put her collar on him and turned him loose, to run on all fours like other animals after the things that seem to them desirable.

Even then, in moments of leisure, in twilight intervals between the work of day and the hours of sleep, or, when on a starry night he leans forth from his window, as St. Augustine and Monica leaned from the window of their inn at Ostia to brood over the text, 'Enter thou into the joy of the Lord' — in such moments he broods over the thoughts that swept over him when sick, and he muses upon the strangeness of life and wonders whether he did not see more clearly with his heavy eyes and apprehend more clearly with his fevered brow, when he lay upon the bed in his sickroom, than now when busy with the rough activities of life.

OUT OF FLANDERS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

THREE of us sat on the firing bench
Watching the clouds sail by —
Watching the gray dawn blowing up
Like smoke across the sky.
And I thought, as I listened to London Joe
Tell of his leave in town,
That's good *vers libre* with a Cockney twang;
I'll remember, and write it down.

W'en I went 'ome on furlough,
My missus says to me, 'Joe,
'Ow many 'Uns 'ave you killed?'
An' I says to 'er, 'Uns?'
Not thinkin' just wot she meant.
'Yes, 'Uns!' she says, 'them sneakin', low-lived 'Uns!'
Bitter? Not 'arf, she ain't!
An' they're all the same w'y in Lunnon.

My old mate Bill, who's lame
An' could n't enlist on that account,
'E staked me to a pint of ale
At the Red Lion. Proper stuff it was
Arter this flat French beer.
'Well, 'ere's to old times!' says Bill,
Raisin' 'is glass,
'An' bad luck to the 'Uns you've sent below!
'Ow many you think you did for, Joe?'
'E arsked if I'd shot an' seen 'em fall,
Wanted the *de-tails* an' wanted 'em all!

An' there was my old boss in Balham,
 Gave me a quid w'ich I took, willin' enough,
 Although I made a stall at refusin'.
 'That's all right, Joe boy! Glad to do it!
 It ain't much, but it'll 'elp you to 'ave a pleasant week.
 But w'en you goes back to the trenches,
 I wants you to take a crack at the 'Uns fer me!
 Get me a German fer ev'ry penny in that sovereign!' 'e says,
 Smashin' 'is fist on the table
 An' upsettin' a bottle o' ink.
 'Lay 'em out!' 'e says;
 'Now tell me, 'ow many you killed, about?'

Speakin' o' 'ymns o' 'ate,
 They sings 'em in Lunnon, I'm tellin' you straight!
 You ought to see their faces w'en they arks you about the 'Uns!
 Lor' lummy! They ain't 'arf a bloodthirsty lot!
 An' the wimmen as bad as the men.
 I was glad to get back to the trenches again
 W'ere there's more of a 'uman feelin'.

Now, us blokes out 'ere,
 We knows old Fritzie ain't so bad as 'e's painted
 (An' likely, they knows the same about us).
 Wot I mean is, 'e ain't no worse than wot we are,
 Take 'im man fer man.
 There's good an' bad on both sides.
 But do you think you can s'y anything good
 About a German, w'en yer in Lunnon?
 Strike me pink! They won't believe you!
 'E's a 'Un, wotever that is,
 Some kind o' wild beast, I reckon, —
 A cross between a snake
 An' one o' them boars with 'orns on their noses
 Out at Regent's Park Zoo.

One night at the Red Lion,
I was talkin' about the time
Nobby Clark got 'it out in front of our barbed wire.
Remember 'ow we did n't find 'im till mornin',
An' the stretcher-bearers brought 'im in;
Broad daylight it was,
An' not a German firin' a shot
Till we got 'im back in the trench?
Well, they was fifteen or twenty in the pub,
An' not one of 'em was glad old Fritzie acted w'ite!
Would n't that give you the camel's 'ump?
They'd sooner 'ad Nobby an' the stretcher-bearers killed,
If only the 'Uns, as they call 'em,
'Ad played dirty an' fired w'ile they was bringin' 'im in.

Another time I was a-tellin' 'em
'Ow we shout back an' forth acrost the trenches
W'en the lines is close together,
An' we gets fed up with pluggin' at each other.
An' I told 'em 'bout the place
This side o' Messines, w'ere we was only twenty yards apart,
An' 'ow they chucked us over some o' their black bread,
Arter we'd thrown 'em a 'arf dozen tins o' bully.
Some of 'em did n't believe me an' some did.
But sour? S'y! 'Ere! They was ready to kill me
Fer tryin' to make out that Fritzie's a 'uman bein'!

It's a funny thing. The farther you gets from the trenches
The more 'ate you finds;
An' by the time you gets to Lunnon —
Blimy! They could bite the 'eads offen nails
If they was made in Germany.
I reckon they're just as cheerful an' lovin'-like in Berlin.
Give us a fag, son. I'm clean out.

A JOY RIDE

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

At times, at the front, it gets frightfully dull. When there is an attack and, in consequence, plenty of work to do, it is all right in a field hospital. But when there are no attacks, when there are no new patients and all the old ones become convalescent, when there is practically no work, it becomes insupportable. Nothing but the green hedge on all sides of us, shutting us into ourselves, into our little, gossiping enclosure, with no news and no newspapers, with no aeroplane to fly overhead, with nothing to do but walk down to the little pond and sail boats. There is a fleet of boats on our little pond, all made by our chief surgeon, in moments of *ennui*, and every day he goes down to the pond, sets his boats afloat on one side, picks them up on the other, and walks around and sets them going again. All because of supreme boredom, because there are no attacks, no work, nothing but convalescent patients, to be discharged in a day or two. It often gets like this, and at such times we can stand it no longer, and ask to be sent out in the motor, on joy rides, or any other rides, anywhere, just for a change.

There is a distinction between rides and joy rides. One means going away from the front, the other means going toward it. Thus, for a ride, we are often sent back to the English base, Hazebrouck, to send futile telegrams, just as an excuse; or else we are sent into Dunkirk, to buy white enamel basins, or oranges — anything. But a real joy ride consists in going toward the

front, or in that direction. So on this particular day I was bored to extinction, because of lack of work, and to the Directrice, who is my friend, I made loud and bitter complaint. I wanted to escape from the hospital for a few hours, to see something outside and beyond the thorn hedge which shuts us in.

The Directrice was sympathetic and she understood. So she told me I might go with one of the Canadian nurses to hunt up her nephew, who is in the Princess Pat's regiment, off somewhere near Poperinghe. The médecin chef, in charge of the hospital, gave us a *laissez passer* for Poperinghe, and the Directrice lent us her car, a limousine, painted gray. From a distance it looks like a staff car, but near at hand, one sees that it is just a Ford. Nevertheless, as a Ford limousine, painted gray, war-color, it seems rather imposing. Williamson, a little English parson, was our chauffeur.

The Directrice wished us Godspeed. 'Take a good joy ride, my dear!' she exclaimed. 'Get cheered up! Go with Miss MacAlister, who has a nephew somewhere in the Canadian contingent; go and help her find him! It will do you good!'

I protested. 'They will never let me through the English lines,' I said. 'They will spot my American accent. I'll be turned back.'

But the Directrice was firm.

'Nonsense! The English can't tell the difference between American and Canadian accents,' she replied. 'You

help MacAlister find her nephew. It won't be easy. Go and ask for him. She's shy. You are n't. Find him for her.'

So we set out, Williamson driving, MacAlister and I inside, going to Poperinghe on a joy ride. A real joy ride, with a good, definite excuse for getting well to the front! It was good to leave our stupid little hospital behind. We are a French military hospital, situated ten kilometres behind the French lines, and distant from Poperinghe, and the English lines, about five miles. As we reached the English lines we presented our *laissez passer* to the sentries, both French and English, who scanned our papers, found them all right, and permitted us to go on.

It is a well-known fact that the nearer you go to the front, the less difficulty you have. It is tremendously difficult to get out of Paris, for example, into the zone of the armies, but once having achieved that, once having entered the war zone, the Forbidden Zone, as the English call it, you can circulate freely. All obstacles seem to melt away. The nearer the front, the easier it becomes. The sentries in the war zone seem to be more lenient, as if they felt that by the time you had got to them you must be all right. Otherwise, you would never have got so far. Your papers must of necessity have been examined so many times before, have been proved so absolutely correct, that it is hardly worth while to reëxamine them. So we traveled along the highroad toward Poperinghe, showed our papers to the sentries, and passed without difficulty into the English lines and were no more molested.

It was a gray afternoon, rather cold, the end of May. I like gray weather, preferably rainy weather, as it means less bombarding, less activity on the part of the guns. I hate the guns. We had telephoned to Poperinghe before

we left, and found the town was not being shelled that day — a precaution I wished to take, for, as I say, I hate the guns, and could foresee no joy in a joy ride that led to a village under bombardment. So it was quiet enough as we drove along, and we were free to take interest in the movements of the English army. We had become so used to French troops, French transport wagons, French methods, that the sight of these things within the English lines was of great interest. The parson-chauffeur seemed interested in this too, and slowed down to a very easy pace, and we drove along, marveling at the immense, intricate ramifications and coördination of army activity in the rear of the firing lines.

Along the road, great munition convoys stood at rest — trains of giant trucks, either loaded with ammunition, or else empty and returning to base for more. We passed long lines of brown, battered London omnibuses, used for transporting troops to the trenches. Batteries of light and heavy artillery jogged by, and in the fields by the roadside we saw groups of heavy guns, halted and resting. Innumerable companies of soldiers passed along the road, some in full marching kit, others evidently resting, and bound for their baths, as they carried towels slung across their shoulders. Then we passed their bathing places, erected in fields, by brooks — little canvas enclosures, roofless. The highroad was crowded with convoys of all sorts, and wagons, guns, munitions, horses, men, passed us in steady streams, flowing each way. It was the complex life of organization and preparation, back of the front.

Our road lay between rows of Belgian refugee houses, dozens of them, close together, bordering the roadsides. An occasional one was made of wood, but for the most part they consisted of frame supports, with sides made of

interwoven boughs, like those used in trench-making, and filled in with clay. Most of them were neatly painted, and nearly all were thatched — little rows of one- and two-room houses, springing up mushroom-like, under the guns. Now and then an old brick farmhouse showed amongst the trees. It was a glorious May day — no dust, everything very clean and green and new as to foliage. I wanted a pet lamb. It would have been an addition to the hospital. Once we passed one in a field, lying by an armchair, in which some one had left some knitting. The vacant chair, the little lamb chewing its cud, made a pleasant picture, and it was so obviously the kind of pet lamb I wanted, that I rapped on the glass and told Williamson to remember about that lamb, and its farm, so that we could stop and buy it on the way back.

By and by we reached Poperinghe. I am not naturally what one would call brave, and since last summer, after our fourteen-hour bombardment in Dunkirk, the sight of a shelled town makes me feel quite sick. They shell Poperinghe every day or so, as it is an important base and filled with troops, but, as I say, we had telephoned over just before we left, and found they were not shelling it to-day. Still, the sight of the battered houses filled me with dismay — a sort of nervous dread. The big public square in the centre of the town was surrounded by houses riddled with holes, pockmarked by bits of flying shell, stone, or brick. Hardly a pane of glass was intact, and some windows were entirely gone. Only an occasional house, however, was totally destroyed. The shells, apparently, were not heavy enough for wholesale damage, but the whole town was splintered, gashed, and bitten, from end to end, and the sight of it made me nervous. The streets were crowded — wagons, trucks, convoys, troops, offi-

cers' cars, coming and going in incessant streams. Military police stood in the centre of the little main street, to direct traffic as constant and heavy as on the Strand. Think of it, a little town like this, of only a few thousand inhabitants, shattered and battered by shells, with an army traffic so heavy that it required as much guiding and regulating as in the centre of London!

We drew up in the square, inquired for the Canadian troops, and were directed to a bureau in the town hall, where they said we could get all the information we wanted. When we had set off on our joy ride, I never expected to see anything more than Poperinghe, or to go anywhere else, and the sight of the shell-holes had rapidly allayed my curiosity. I found that MacAlister, however, had interpreted the matter differently. To find her nephew was not merely an excuse to get to Poperinghe: in her mind, the object of this excursion was actually to find him! However, I kept thinking that this would be impossible, that we would surely be turned back. We had no papers to authorize us to search for this boy. Such a thing was not allowed. Even mothers are not permitted to come to the war zone to look for their sons. So at this bureau, to which we addressed ourselves for information, I fully expected to be turned back. Not at all. The man inside was very nice. He could not tell us the whereabouts of the Canadian troops, but suggested that we go down the road about two miles, to Abele, the Canadian headquarters, where we could find out all we wanted. He asked us for no papers, nothing by which to establish our identity — he merely took our word that we were hunting for a nephew in the Princess Pat's and facilitated our search by suggesting Abele. I was relieved to find that Abele was away from the front, on the other side of

Poperinghe; and here I thought our joy ride would reach an abrupt end.

So we continued on through the high street, through rows and rows of battered houses, with here and there an occasional one that was destroyed. The aspect of the town spoke of continual shelling, and it was good to leave it behind, and run out into the green country and look for lambs in the fields. We reached Abele finally, a quiet little village, and drew up before a large building, looking like a convent, which we were told was Canadian headquarters. I hoped the officers would prove exacting, would ask for our papers, and want to know who we were, and by what right we were trying to get to a Canadian camp. We crossed a paved inner courtyard, and found ourselves before the door of a handsome old house, guarded by a group of soldiers who made no objection to our entering. They said that inside we could find out everything we wished.

On the left of the courtyard was an absurd little sentry, prancing back and forth on sentry-go, evidently guarding some big military dignitary whose quarters occupied the entire wing of the building. We asked for the headquarters bureau; a ubiquitous Tommy directed us toward it, politely opened the door for us, and ushered us into an untidy little office, filled with crude office furniture. There were filing cases made of crates, typewriters stood on empty boxes, and the walls were covered with elaborate maps, photographs, and official orders and notices. Headquarters, and no mistake. Moreover, the polite little officer could tell us exactly what we wanted to know, the whereabouts of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. He did not question us, demand any papers, or proofs or guaranties of any sort. Here, just behind the firing lines, two strange women suddenly appeared, and the

young officer spread himself to give us the information we desired.

'The Princess Pat's is right *here*,' he explained, laying his finger on the most beautiful map I've ever seen — a map, I suppose, issued by the War Office, a big, official map of some kind, with each little village and farmhouse taking up as much room as a province in Central China.

'Here,' he continued, 'is the camp of the Princess Pat's. You go back to Poperinghe, pass through the town, and take the highroad on the other side, toward Ypres —'

'To where?' I gasped.

'Ypres,' he repeated. 'Take the highroad going from Poperinghe to Ypres, and then turn off at the third road to the right — turn off the highroad from Poperinghe to Ypres,' he went on, repeating it over and over again, to impress it upon our minds; 'turn off at the third road to the right, then go on for a bit, and you'll come to it.'

MacAlister was drinking in every word. I was aghast to think that an innocent joy ride should lead toward Ypres! This certainly was overdoing it!

'And in case you forget, in case you should turn off at the second or fourth, instead of the third turning,' went on that terrible, accurate, inexorable young man, 'here is a piece of paper for you, with the directions written down. Show it to any one who has a map like this, and tell him to direct you to Square H, 19; Sheet 28. Princess Pat's is in that square.'

Until then I had had a wild hope of being able to forget those clear and lucid directions, of becoming confused and forgetful, and in consequence, because of the lateness of the afternoon, suggesting that we turn toward home. Poperinghe was a joy ride, if you like, but any adventuring on the road to Ypres was sheer folly. But what could I do with MacAlister, with that bit of

paper clutched firmly in her hand! She was tracking down that young nephew of hers, and the light of success and of devotion burned in her eyes. She left the bureau, and gave Williamson the verbal directions about the third turning to the right, and then pressed the bit of paper upon him.

'H, 19; Sheet 28.'

We certainly were in for it!

Poperinghe gave me the same sick feeling again, as we drove through it. Moreover, by now the sun had penetrated the clouds, and a charming summer afternoon was upon us — and they always bombard in fine weather! Ten minutes more, and we had left Poperinghe behind us, and were bowling along the highroad toward Ypres!

This road likewise was full of traffic, crowded with the same sinister, wasteful, mighty traffic that we had encountered all afternoon. We noticed that all the horses had fringes over their eyes, whether they were gun horses or attached to water-carts — thick rope fringes, hanging well down over their eyes, evidently for a purpose. We also passed many Red Cross ambulances. Presently I noticed that we were drawing very close to the captive balloons, the observation balloons that mark the lines, and are anchored three or four miles behind them. Captive balloons are shelled, now and then, and we were getting much too close to them. They loomed bigger and bigger, and then, to my horror, we passed them! They were behind us, tugging at their anchors behind us, instead of in front! And still we sped on toward Ypres!

I had one more card to play. I rapped on the window, and Williamson slowed down, while I put my head out the window and called to him.

'Don't forget to stop at that farm, on our way back, so I can buy that pet lamb — leave time for that,' I exclaimed.

Williamson said he'd remember. He also added that we had plenty of time.

We finally reached the third turning to the right, where we stopped and asked the traffic soldier if we were going straight. Here, far away on a Belgian highroad, traffic is so thick that a soldier with a red flag stands in the middle of the road, at a crossroads, to direct it.

This third turning to the right was awful. It was just a track through fields. Williamson slowed the car down to a walk, and we bumped along over tremendous holes and ruts, over the roughest road I have ever seen. The clay was dry and hard; in wet weather it must have been a bog. At intervals, at crossroads, we came upon notice boards reading, 'No Road.' British humor, perhaps, for how could anything have been less of a road than that we were traversing? I wondered what these 'no roads' could have been like, in comparison to our thoroughfare!

We jolted on for half a mile or so, through fenceless fields, over this frightful track, and then came to a huge encampment. There were hundreds of little, conical wooden huts, like Indian tepees, and then there were still other huts or shacks, of the kind called portable. Soldiers lounged about in the doorways of these huts, and we could see a little way in through these openings, into bare, dirty, desolate interiors, devoid of every beauty and comfort, just like animal pens, in which animals wait to be slaughtered.

Only the lounging soldiers did not seem like animals awaiting slaughter, or perhaps they were unconscious of their fate, just like animals. They seemed gay and cheerful enough, and smiled and waved to us as we passed, and when we asked if this camp was the Princess Pat's a dozen voices shouted that it was n't, that we must go farther along. So we continued to bounce

along at a snail's pace, through many thousands of soldiers *en repos*, released for two weeks from the trenches, to rest. We passed a field full of hundreds of them, watching a baseball game. They played in a bare field by the roadside, though the surrounding fields were green, full of summer grain. Only their playing field was fallow, just bare brown mud, unploughed, unplanted. But their dingy khaki uniforms were mud-color too. Such is the value of protective coloring.

Williamson would have sworn, had he not been a parson. He piloted us along that villainous road for something like two miles, expecting a spring to break any minute. MacAlister was exalted. She was coming nearer and nearer to her nephew, and she leaned out and scrutinized every dusty face that passed, hoping it might be Donald. For myself, the captive balloons in our rear kept worrying me. They were steadily receding to the rear, as we were going forward. Undoubtedly we were drawing very close to the trenches.

Suddenly a blinding flash, a deafening explosion! Another flash and crash, and another! Three shells, in as many seconds, burst a hundred feet to our left. The detonation was terrific, the concussion tremendous. They were shelling us! This was too much!

I rapped on the glass. Rapped sharply for Williamson to stop. Rapped, just as you'd rap on a taxi glass, on rue de Rivoli, and tell the man to stop at Rumpelmayer's. I leaned out.

'For heaven's sake, go back, man! They're shelling the road! Go back quick!'

'Eh?' said Williamson in his slow, British way. 'Are they?' Another terrific explosion cut off my words, so I had to repeat. Then I heard MacAlister saying, 'Oh, go on! I want to see Donald!'

A three-sided discussion followed, about a point on which there should have been no discussion. Williamson leaned round from his seat, while MacAlister and I talked to him from the door. MacAlister wanted to see Donald. I had no wish whatever to see Donald, especially under these circumstances. A group of six or eight Tommies crowded round us, intensely amused at this excited squabble, utterly surprised at the sight of a strange car, and two unknown women, almost up to the trenches.

'Go back quick!' I commanded. 'Can't you see they're shelling the road?'

'Eh?' said Williamson; while MacAlister kept repeating, 'I want to see Donald.'

Between that slow-witted parson-chauffeur and that devoted girl, I got exasperated. I hate shells and am desperately afraid of them. It is so refreshing to admit the truth.

I got out of the car. 'Oh, go on!' I exclaimed. 'You two go on, if you like. Go see Donald. For myself, I'll wait here till you come back again! You can pick me up here when you've had enough!'

The Tommies crowded close, delighted.

'May I stay here with you?' I asked, turning to them. 'Till they come back for me?'

A chorus of 'Oh, certainly, sister!' greeted me.

MacAlister banged the door shut, Williamson glared at me, and the car jolted painfully away.

So I stood in a large field in Flanders, surrounded by half-a-dozen grinning Canadian soldiers, and considered the situation. It was a little unusual. However, the shock of those shells had been terrible. Donald was not my nephew, anyhow, and I don't pay calls under shell-fire. That's gratuitous.

A little wooden hut stood by the roadside, the roof of which sloped steeply to the ground, like an inverted V. The hut was separated from the road by a deep ditch, like a trench, which was spanned by a wooden bridge. On all sides stretched bare, brown fields of unploughed earth, not a sprout of green anywhere to be seen. The sergeant stood beside me, politely hospitable, pointing out objects of interest in the landscape. Over there, he said, was Ypres. That was the ruins of the Cloth Hall. Next it was the ruins of the church.

Ypres! That terrible Ypres, where they all died like flies! That shambles, that place of death! So that was Ypres, off there on the horizon, beyond the near green treetops, beyond the brown surrounding fields. Next, that little row of Noah's Ark trees was St. Eloi, just beside Ypres, a little to the right. And away beyond, in the distance, like little black spots in the sunlight, were the German captive balloons. And over yonder —

Guns banged forth on all sides, a dozen at once.

'Taube,' said the sergeant.

Overhead it came, just a little way behind us, very high, very slow, inexorable, coming in our direction. As it flew slowly toward us, anti-aircraft guns burst forth on every hand, and as the shells exploded in the air, little puffs of smoke hung there, in the sky, below the Taube. They never came anywhere near it, those futile puffs of smoke, while the high, disdainful Danger flew serenely on, invulnerable, as unavoidable as Fate.

'Step into the shelter, sister, quick,' called the sergeant. 'It's the rule.' He pointed to the flimsy little wooden hut.

I cleared the ditch at a bound, into the good, protecting darkness of that frail shelter, where one could not stand upright under the low ridge-pole. The

men came in too, but with less haste. We all stood crouching, under the low roof, awaiting the bomb. It was a hideous sensation. The futility of that frail shelter — it was just like the fringes over the horses' eyes, so that they could not see. We just could not see, that was all. But it helped.

The sergeant showed me a ham. He picked it up from a pile, and passed it to me, remarking that the men were well fed. I don't know whether he really thought so, or whether he was conversing to distract my attention. Hams could not do it. Nothing could, with that Thing flying slowly, inexorably overhead. That tense dread, that horror of the Terror that flies filled my consciousness to the exclusion of all else.

'We're well fed,' he repeated. The Thing must be directly above us now — yet I had a mental vision of a very lean ham, and of rows of canned fruit lying along one side of the tent, and next them, heaps of tins of condensed milk. I saw these things, subconsciously, and heard the sergeant tell of them, while all the time that Thing was flying overhead. All around, the little cannon roared, and across the road a *mitrailleuse* pattered, like some one drawing a stick along a picket fence.

There was a rattling and popping on the roof — shrapnel bullets, and bits of shell falling back from those futile anti-aircraft guns. That's what the shelter was for, a protection from bits of falling shell. A bomb would have crashed clean through it.

'Will they drop a bomb?' I asked. In those tense seconds, I had seen and admired every bit of food in the place. I simply had to interrupt.

'She may — or she may n't,' was the guarded reply.

The noise was incessant. We were the centre of a ring of fire, surrounded by a circle of anti-aircraft guns.

'She's gone over!' cried a Tommy; and instantly there was a rush from the shelter, a rush to look upward at the disappearing Taube.

'Don't look up, men!' cried the sergeant, for little scraps of iron continued to rain downward. But a minute later we were all standing in the roadside, while the Taube sailed away, backward over the English lines, untouched, unscathed.

I took breath again. Just 'Whew!' There was n't anything else to say. Just 'Whew!' and then things seemed to go on again, inside. That's what it's like to be afraid. I had not behaved one whit differently from the men, yet the difference was, they had not seemed to mind. I had minded, dreadfully. But outwardly, we acted just the same. The question is not whether one is afraid or not. It is what one *does* when one is afraid that counts.

Suddenly a big, bald-headed man ran from the shelter, and fell on his knees a hundred feet away, and began digging with his hands. Others ran toward him as he dug in the earth, and so did I. I did not want to miss anything.

'Shell, sister,' explained some one. 'From one of our guns.'

'Has it exploded?' I asked prudently.

'Can't tell yet,' replied the man on his knees, digging. I beat a hasty retreat. There was nothing glorious about it; it was just a strategic retreat. Unexploded shells explode, and after the crisis of the past ten minutes, I was not up to another. A few minutes later, however, the man returned and handed me a three-inch shell, the nose gone, empty inside, and covered with mud. It was an English shell, from an anti-aircraft gun, which had fallen not a hundred feet from where we stood, burying itself in three feet of earth. As the danger was over for the moment, the sergeant allowed himself to remark

that had that shell struck us, it would have smashed up the shelter completely.

Then the sergeant proposed tea. I had a singular lack of appetite, but he was trying to entertain me, a guest who had suddenly stepped out of a motor, and demanded his hospitality, apparently for an indefinite period. So while he busied himself over the preparation of tea, I stood on the roadside, contemplating the landscape. It was not reassuring in the least. The sun had come out brightly by this time, the last of the rain clouds being wafted off to the rear of the English balloons, and in the clear, dry air the sinister ruins of Ypres stood out with appalling distinctness. Still more visible were the Noah's Ark trees which marked St. Eloi. Out of that still, bright, smiling air came puffs of smoke, and following the puffs, a few seconds later, roared deep, sullen detonations. The sergeant stopped his tea-making for an instant and came to my side to point out certain features of the landscape: the puffs of smoke were bursting shells, falling just back of a red-tiled barn, about three miles away. Then, seeing that I was well entertained, he went back to the shelter again and said he would call me when all was ready. So there I stood, in the fresh sunshine of a late May afternoon, watching shells burst, just over yonder!

I began to realize that as a guest I was rather hopeless, and that this polite little soldier was trying to make the best of the situation. It is hard to realize that people are trying to make the best of you, but he did it well, and presently announced that everything was ready and would I please come in? A turned-up soap-box served as chair, and a similar one as table, upon which latter rested a plate of enormous thick slices of heavily buttered bread. I received a giant white enameled mug containing strong hot tea, while the

little man opened a tin of condensed milk from the stock of that article to which he had drawn my attention a short while before. Next he opened a can of peaches, and here my war knife, with its hundred blades, came into play for stirring and spreading. Thus we sat opposite each other, with a good, substantial English tea spread before us, and the guns booming in the distance. Just back of us, a hundred feet to the rear, the ground was torn up by those four shells which had been aimed at us, and which had stopped our, that is, my, progress. A hundred feet in the other direction was the hole in which the English shell had buried itself, while on the floor at my side lay the shell itself, a mud-covered souvenir of this joy ride! And as we ate and drank, we watched shells bursting behind the red-tiled barn, over the rims of our teacups!

Up and down the road officers cantered by, on well-groomed, handsome horses, while many soldiers came and went on foot. I found myself the object of considerable curiosity and attention, and soon became rather fearful as to what would happen if the others failed to return. I had visions of being arrested and taken to headquarters, and I also reflected that the same thing might easily happen to them — to Williamson and MacAlister. In either case, I was in a bad plight. It would be impossible for me to make my way back on foot, through all those sentries, even to Poperinghe, to say nothing of being able to walk five miles farther back, to our hospital. My pocket was full of identification papers, but with no pass or explanation to account for my being so near Ypres. It was not my fault that I had got this far — Heaven knows I had not meant to — but this fact would not suffice in case of arrest. An hour ago, I had been amused and pleased at their lack of

vigilance, but I suddenly realized that this lack of vigilance might prove extremely disagreeable for me. They would make up for it in sudden strictness should I attempt to pass the lines again, to set out on a ten-mile walk toward home. The same thoughts were evidently passing through the sergeant's mind, and he seemed to become uneasy and conscious of my presence; therefore I retired deeply into the tent every time an officer passed by. Every moment I expected to be arrested as a spy.

Just then, when the sergeant and I had about run out of conversation, and were given up to anxiety, came the welcome toot of the motor-horn, and Williamson and MacAlister were back again, complacent and satisfied. They had accomplished their object, and had found the little nephew, a twenty-year-old private in the Princess Pat's. Nor had they met with adventures of any sort, — no shells, no Taubes, no tea-party, — nothing but a grateful, dirty little nephew, who was overjoyed to see his aunt. All the adventures had befallen me, the prudent one, who, in planning what seemed the safest course, had found herself in the centre of a rousing fire!

That night, after dinner, when we were safely back in the French lines again, some of the young Canadian engineers came up to spend the evening. We recounted our adventures, and they seemed incredulous beyond words that we had been able to penetrate so far into the English lines, had found it so easy to approach the front, unchallenged in any way. One of them remarked, —

‘You know you were in a limousine, on a back road. From a distance, it looked like a staff car. You were probably shelled on purpose.’

Then the other youth spoke up.

'Just accident,' he said emphatically. 'There was no attack to-day, and on days when there are no attacks, the roads back of the lines are always shelled. On such days, it is far more dangerous two or three miles behind the lines than in the trenches. They shell roads and crossroads indiscriminately, hoping to catch something by accident — troops, convoy trains, ammunition wagons, anything! On days like this, there are always three or four casualties a day, from this desultory shelling. Did n't you notice anything like that — dead horses lying by the

roadside, shot to pieces, mangled? Horses from transport wagons, hit by chance shells.'

MacAlister's eyes grew round with excitement.

'Why yes, I saw that once — just as we were reaching Poperinghe! I wondered what had happened!'

'I did n't see anything like that!' I exclaimed. 'If I had, we'd have turned back at once! But *why* did n't I see it? How did I happen to miss it?'

'At that moment,' said MacAlister with intense significance, 'you were looking about for a pet lamb!'

SENTIMENTALIST, SATIRIST, AND REALIST

NOTES ON SOME RECENT FICTION

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I

IN English, where fiction has won splendor through distinguished particular excesses more than through the perfect balance and matching of all qualities, the novel has naturally been much subject to headaches and heart-aches; so that he who would shortly and straightly tell any episode of its general history must speak in terms of a prolonged duel between the man of reflection and the man of feeling, between Fielding and Richardson and their descendants to the nearest yesterday. The novel has grown, as Dean Briggs says colts and young boys do, 'one end at a time,' and its major prophets are those who have obviously

thought more than they felt or felt more than they thought. There is of course no intention here of blaming Richardson and Fielding for all that strews the cluttered modern field, however prototypical they seem of much of it. But there is no escaping the sense of what they broadly represent — the general contest between feeling and thinking, the everlasting tug-of-war between temperaments that in each generation pulls at fiction and stretches it more or less out of shape, giving it here a decided bulge toward the emotional, there an opposite bulge toward the intellectual, as sentimentalism or satire predominates.

Give, provisionally, these two words 'satire' and 'sentimentalism' whatever

large lax meaning they can strain to. Let them stand for criticism and sensibility, the will to analysis and the will to sympathy, the general influence of Fielding and that of Richardson, or — more broadly still — the ascendancy of the intellect and the ascendancy of the emotions. Is this to call things too wildly out of their names? The warrant lies in a cluster of simple facts. We remember and identify Fielding by what he disliked, Richardson by what he enjoyed. Dislike is more intellectual than enjoyment, because it implies categories, discriminations. You may love, as Richardson did, with no argument beyond the intensely personal one of a quick and quivering, perhaps a neurotic, sympathy; but you may not hate without some show of impersonal reason. Thus Fielding, the satirist who fights, is more intellectual than Richardson, the sentimentalist who basks. And from Fielding on, the intellectualist in fiction is a person whom we measure first by his aversions, the things he makes war on. He chooses his side of some issue and defends it by intellectual assault and battery on the other side; and this is, roughly, the excuse for naming him satirist. The propagandist side of Dickens, the Victorian 'novel of protest,' the late Samuel Butler, and the muck-raking fiction of a decade ago make straight the dotted line of his ancestry.

But there comes then a perceptible bend in the line. Sentimentalism and satire converge and cross, and the line of satire points straight to the new realism, which is both and neither, which seems as sympathetic as the one and is at bottom far more analytical than the other. The novel used to be intellectual about in proportion as it was polemical: it thought and fought, or it felt and waxed irresponsible. The modern realistic spirit makes it at once less polemical and more intellectual.

The new sympathy is more analytical than the old satire, besides being far more inclusive than the old sympathy. This, the triumph and diffusion of the realistic spirit, is the great change which has lately come over the disposition of the novel — a change, now all but decisively accomplished, which waits for the logic of criticism to give it somehow a shape and a name.

In a way this unwritten and unfinished chapter is the most logical of the whole history of our fiction, because it involves a pact of peace after a long feud. The realist — let us try still to see him as the spirit of his time, peering if we can through the dust raised by lesser conflicts of fashions and personalities — the realist is the legitimate child of satirist and sentimentalist. He thinks with his sensibilities, feels with his intellect; criticism and enjoyment fuse. Sentimentalism dealt with the egocentric life, the seemings of things; satire with the ethical life, the possibilities of things. Our realist records the possibilities and the seemings. But he identifies himself with neither; for he sees them as incidental to the more probing question of what life *is* — even though he can provide only a fuller documentation, not an answer.

The emergence of the realist is first of all, then, the triumph of impersonality. The sentimentalist chooses his characters by the strength of his own predilections for them. Exactly so the satirist chose his ideas; and he was the better thinker principally by virtue of having them at all. But the realist either has no philosophical predilections, or else has them only to deny them as consistently as he can. Both sentimentalism and satire are very comfortable postures in an orthodox universe, governed by law and dedicated to ultimate order. The sentimentalist knows that everything is already settled and that he has but to enjoy; the

satirist knows just *how* everything is settled, and, understanding the law, can do no less than lay it down. But either attitude seems childish when the decay of faith turns the universe into a stupefying enigma, its truths into appearances, its fixed laws into mere truisms about animal behavior. The intellectual man *then* is he who senses the relative, provisional, and impermanent status of all that is thought or known. Our realist escapes all prejudices by respecting all opinions, and rejecting all. He has the open, inquiring mind, the steeled heart. He believes in everything as a phenomenon, and in nothing as a meaning; his mind is a sensitized plate for all that is actual, for every experience, thought, memory, impression, or dream. He receives these into himself precisely that he may be outside them. For all his unremitting effort is to get outside the world, outside himself; to see everything from the outside, whence only, he tells himself, it is possible to see *through* everything.

So much for his impersonality, or universal tolerance in the realm of ideas. More important still is its corollary, the very crown of the realist's separateness, his universal tolerance of people and of things. The argument will have gone as far as it dare go without illustration, when it adds that this modern spirit strangely fulfills the commandment to love one's neighbor as one's self. The reason is not so much moral as intellectual; but the result is largely the same. Why blame things for being what they are, when everything is simply what it can't help being? 'To understand is to forgive.' Although the universal forgiveness of the realist is pure scientific impersonality, it is not to be confused with pure indifference. Mr. Galsworthy expresses the modern spirit, in a brave if slightly discouraged essay, *The Inn of Tranquillity*, when he says that it is wrong

for one of us to despise another because 'we are all little bits of continuity.' 'To despise one another is to deny continuity; and to deny continuity is to deny Eternity.'

So, because we feel that only the sum-total matters, and because each thing has its inevitable place, we make the best of each separate thing. We breathe beneficence. Satire was criticism with a bias; realism is criticism without a bias. It is as though the realist had concluded, with St. Paul, that charity really is greater than faith and hope: hopeless agnostic, he practises none the less the charity that suffers long and is kind. By this measure, his freedom from the old prides and hates, he is the first democrat, the first Christian. And he is an intellectual majority. So little faith remains in any fixed standard that there are no intelligible reasons left for hating anything; and, in fiction at least, there is hardly a good hater living. The only thing left to protest against is protest itself.

So at least one may generalize a spirit so pervasive that it gets itself served, however little it may have to do with any one writer's reasons for taking up his pen. There are cross-currents of exception in the stream — but it is easy enough to tell which way the stream is flowing. Of sixty novels on this desk representing the cisatlantic fiction of a half-year, but two are in purpose strikingly polemical. *The Abyss*,¹ first volume of a trilogy of the underworld, constitutes a passionate indictment of our punitive system, which is represented with a great deal of crude power, and all in the 'hysterical' present tense, as making criminals instead of reforming them. *The Bottle-Fillers*,² a rousing story of sailors afloat

¹ *The Abyss*. By NATHAN KUSSY. New York: The Macmillan Co.

² *The Bottle-Fillers*. By EDWARD NOBLE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

and ashore, makes its chief claim through a bill of particulars filed against an iniquitous system that wrecks ships and men — 'the stupid load-line and stupider deckload which we tamely adopted at the bidding of our competitors,' and the virtual trial of seamen by assessors who know little or nothing of the sea. Told by an author who seems to say, 'I am only a plain blunt sailor, but as well as another I know who are my friends,' the tale is in itself a moving one. In both these is the spirit of Dickens, trying by spurts of high indignation to put the world to rights one corner at a time. The indignation is really high, the spirit a fine one. And each time we applaud — but only an anachronism, the challenge of an undismayed fighter leveling a broken lance.

II

If impersonality is not in the modern air, how explain the gradual infection of the literature which has always been, and ought always to be, most innocent of ideas?

There is, first, the 'unofficial sentimentalism, which, like the poor, is exceedingly difficult to get rid of' (Mr. Conrad's label); well, perhaps it is not surprising that we should find reflection gnawing at — the pen had said 'its vitals,' if these were n't precisely what it lacks. No, not very surprising — for what has the popular sentimentalism always done but utter platitudes with gasps of ecstasy, as though they were oracles? Even Mr. Basil King, always one of the most readable practitioners of the sentimental cultus, thinks it desirable, in *The Side of the Angels*,¹ to formulate a doctrine of modern poverty and its cure; also an intensely ethico-metaphysical interpre-

tation of love, a sort of cardiac galvanometer of definition. One does not mind these paraphernalia in themselves: but why pretend that they have anything to do with the squabble between the quixotic brother and the hot-tempered, the rent between two generations of a family, the patient forlornness of a wife married out of duty, the dispossession of a business man by his nimble-witted partner — in fine, the story?

From *The Side of the Angels* (quite the highest altitude reached by sentimentalism in the first half of 1916) one descends through the flats of such stories as *Mr. and Mrs. Pierce*,² in which the conjugal misunderstandings are palpably trumped-up and the personæ too immature for interest, down to nameless abysses where one bathes in glutinous rivers of emotionalism. In the bare existence of these different levels, sentimentalism betrays its permanent artistic dilemma. At the bottom, where it is without ideas, it merely drones old formulæ of lost meaning or none; at the top, it is constantly tortured by ideas which, if assimilated, would turn it into something else.

But other and more honest impulses in the literature of escape — love of mystery, zest of hot physical struggle, delight in pure farce, the invincible 'will to romance' itself — why should these types of innocence be so often corrupted, unless we are all growing responsible together? The romancer at least should stick to his trade, as all critics agree: we shall need him until no man is a boy and no woman a girl.

Sometimes, of course, he *does* stick to his trade, and then we sit up late. *Nan of Music Mountain*³ is girl-and-gun romance in its purest distillate,

² *Mr. and Mrs. Pierce*. By CAMERON MACKENZIE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

³ *Nan of Music Mountain*. By FRANK H. SPEARMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

¹ *The Side of the Angels*. By BASIL KING. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

though a slight thing after *Whispering Smith. The Grasp of the Sultan*,¹ a tale of love across the barriers of a Turkish harem, is sophisticated only in its local color, which is painted on so thick that in some places it scales. And *The Shepherd of the North*² is a vigorous story told with a proper regard for the conventions of romance; even for that unwritten convention that the hero among a religious folk shall eventually embrace the faith of the majority. Mr. Maher, by strict avoidance of the fulsome-sentimental, brings off the conversion without prejudice to the man and the maid, the Adirondack forest fire, or the exciting war between farming community and land-grabbing railroad. If any reader doubts the difficulty of this achievement, let him read *Behold the Woman!*³ the story of an Alexandrian courtesan of the fourth century, her career and her conversion; a thing as ugly as a bill-board, and rendered so expressly by fulsomeness. 'Eldritch nocturnal flowers [of rhetoric?] distilled and saturated the atmosphere with inebriating essences,' a passage typical of the style, were better written of the book than of a night in Alexandria. As for the woman, one tries in vain to behold her. The style gesticulates, makes evocative passes; but she declines to 'materialize.'

The first three books named in this group are honest old-fashioned romances. The test is their power to make us thrill even in that realm of convention where, we know well, no evil can befall a good man.

But consider what Gertrude Atherton has done in *Mrs. Balfame*.⁴ Here is

¹ *The Grasp of the Sultan*. ANONYMOUS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

² *The Shepherd of the North*. By RICHARD AU-MERLE MAHER. New York: The Macmillan Co.

³ *Behold the Woman!* By T. EVERETT HARRÉ. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Co.

⁴ *Mrs. Balfame*. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

a detective story with so many subjects that it has, properly speaking, no subject. It never makes up its mind whether it wants to be an analytical study of a wife who has meant murder but done none, or the love-story of a man who gradually survives his infatuation for the accused woman, or a detective story with the maximum of 'spinal shiver.' Not even the author's skill in minutiae can contrive a harmony out of this jangle. Eventually the detective story thunders down all competition. But, mark, the key-note of the detective story is sounded only as an afterthought: the solution occurs in the ante-mortem statement of a supernumerary character who has barely been presented at all! The outcome is simply not among the possibilities of the interesting case. — We speak of course of the economy of fiction only. — And, mark again, it is *the detective story* that we are finally asked to take hold of by this quaint handle of feminine logic: Men, not women, made murder unlawful; but men, who are now engaged in murdering each other by thousands daily, are 'a complete and pitiful failure'; therefore I, a woman and not a man, did well to murder my friend's unlovely husband. Accommodating friend! This is a sample of the havoc made by an ill-digested impersonal idea in a highly specialized misapplication.

Those About Trench,⁵ a first novel, is almost as skillful in detail and even more scattering in emphasis. It starts every kind of hare known to fiction, and catches a few of them, but by unrecognized and unsportsmanlike methods. It does at last snare in the moment of its quasi-conversion a modern rationalistic and skeptical soul, — 'poor discarded name for something,' — but only after having deserted it

⁵ *Those About Trench*. By EDWIN HERBERT LEWIS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

through many chapters for other and more sensational quarry.

Mr. Jack London is another distinguished author who can evidently write beneath his privilege. In *The Sea-Wolf* and *The Call of the Wild* he welded his material into shapes of austere beauty. *The Little Lady of the Big House*¹ reproduces merely the facund — nay, glib — erotomania of three persons who 'fiddle harmonics on the strings of sensualism,' and whose very continence is a mere voluptuous refinement upon desire. In-growing concupiscence, if a subject for the novel at all, ought at least not to masquerade as tragic passion. Is this perverted gusto the half-surrender of one more artist to the baser demands of his market? Or only the resort of a thinker too sophisticated for the old naïve and cleansing intensities, too undisciplined for the new impersonal meanings of things?

III

Critic or casual reader, one turns with relief from fiction where general ideas are interlopers, and where the struggle between them and the story is often droll, sometimes pathetic, and always a waste of good energy. Perhaps the war has something to do with the incontestably low average of this year's literature of innocence. The romancer's irresponsible creativeness, once a gift from the skies, seems more and more, after two years of the shedding of human blood, a pose of stupid insensibility. And so perhaps it seems to the romancer himself. At all events, explain them how we may, there are the results, —

Part good, part bad; of bad the longer scroll.

It is at the other end of the bookshelf, where the 'emotion of surprise' gives

¹ *The Little Lady of the Big House*. By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Co.

way to that of 'recognition,' — in other words, where the realistic spirit consorts with realistic material and method, — that we find the more direct service, both of our momentary logic and of appreciation in general.

Because the substance of current realism has the sociological slant more often than any other, it is to the sociological element that we turn for sanction of our main thesis. And sanction is there. Wherever the novelist follows conflicts of society and class, of class and individual, of individualism and convention, wherever his general spectacle is political or industrial, he leads us straight back to our text, the pervasive and self-forgetful charity in which, at its best, the modern spirit expresses itself. The novel has begun to ask the questions it lately undertook to answer by fiat. In short, it is most non-committal in precisely those directions where, a few years since, it was most violently propagandist.

For example: A decade ago the wicked financier could find hardly any one to love him — hardly any one, that is, behind a pen. The reaction crystallizes in a short novel by 'G. A. Birmingham.' In *Gossamer*,² a story of the war, the capitalist forswears his personal loyalty to the land of his birth, because only so can he go on spinning the web of credit which covers the whole civilized globe, and on which, in the author's view, civilization itself depends. And Mr. Meredith Nicholson, in a slight but charming story, *The Proof of the Pudding*,³ takes a fortune away from his heroine and then, when she has learned to prefer being without it, unsentimentally forces it back upon her. So she has her cake —

² *Gossamer*. By G. A. BIRMINGHAM. New York: George H. Doran Co.

³ *The Proof of the Pudding*. By MEREDITH NICHOLSON. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

the sweet American cake of self-dependence — and dutifully eats it too. This outcome is an expression of the duty *not* to be poor, Samuel Butler's doctrine of forty years ago. Could n't some one write a jolly little satire in which a great fortune goes about looking for a claimant, and being refused by one person after another, just because of the universal abhorrence of unearned capital? Or is that abhorrence already too far gone for telling ridicule?

It has remained for Miss Alice Brown — whose nicely modulated accent, by the way, is anything but that of ridicule — to voice in one fine story all the most urgent impulses of the modern expansiveness. Jeffrey Blake, the pivotal character of *The Prisoner*,¹ is a young embezzler who, on being pardoned out of the Federal prison, resumes his broken life in the small provincial city of Addington, and, by patience and unfailing sense, finds himself once more on terms with life, even with love — a man irrevocably scarred, but also strengthened. He learns to sustain himself with a philosophy of fortitude. 'As he saw life then his judgments softened and his irritations cooled. . . . He must, he knew, hereafter see things as they are. And they would not be tragic to him. They would be curious and funny and dear: for they all wore the mantle of life.'

It is difficult to remember at just what point one's recognition leaps out to accept Jeffrey Blake as *any* man of enough imagination to see that there are prison-bars for the soul, too. Certainly that point is many pages before Miss Brown draws the analogy in deliberate words. Blake's durance is only an image, its conditions so heightened and stressed as to make it crucially representative, of the common human

servitudes — to cant, prejudice, fear, 'untended impulse,' 'the sorcery of nature.' His second liberation, that of the spirit, is alone important. And he achieves it through the old, old paradox of self-fulfillment through self-abnegation; freedom through obedience to the law. This, seemingly the author's ultimate principle of conduct, is stated squarely again and again. Blake 'meant to be eternally free through fulfilling the incomprehensible paradox of binding himself to the law.' Tempted to pluck his happiness before it is ripe, he feels the inhibition of a code men have made together, and cannot break that larger tryst: 'To kiss a woman's lips was a madness or a splendor that passed. He knew there might be, almost incredibly, another undying passion that did last, made up of endurance and loyalty and the free rough fellowship between men.'

This same general idea, of law as the only liberation, governs Miss Brown's sociology — for *The Prisoner* is a soundly local and contemporary book, and Addington a very real, very complete city. Blake's first task is to fight a demagogue who has flattered and inflamed the laboring population of aliens and taught them to 'riot over the rights no man on earth could have unless men are going to fight out the old brute battle for bare supremacy.' 'We've got to teach 'em to be citizens,' says Blake. 'They've got to take the country on our plan, and be one of us.' Not, he explains, because safety and the placid virtues are everything, — Blake is no timid reactionary, — for the one stable thing in a world of flux is the one hardest thing, the pact of law. One must be inside that, Spartan as it is, or one is outside everything.

The fine artist that Miss Brown has been from the first never before gave us anything comparable, for abundance, to *The Prisoner*. The author will be

¹ *The Prisoner*. By ALICE BROWN. New York: The Macmillan Co.

said, in a pampered phrase, to have 'come into her own.' Well, an artist's own is what he takes, — no more, — and to be surprised and gladdened by the really wonderful amount of growing Miss Brown has secretly contrived to do is a prettier compliment than to say, 'We knew it all along!' After which tribute, perhaps a humble but not servile admirer may be pardoned for wondering why there is so much in *The Prisoner* about a certain rather silly necklace (paste, after all!), and whether the author who makes so much of a purely factitious element is showing quite the proper confidence in the reader's discrimination — or in her own best. Not every novelist can take Henry James's philosophy of renunciation through the refined and quickened sensibilities and make it so simply pocketable; and the novelist who can has no need of a merely specious artifice of plot.

The only other American novel of anything like the same power and finish is *The Shadow Riders*,¹ a great panoramic study of contemporary civilization where its development is most rapid and bewildering — that is, in the Canadian Northwest. In this full yet uncrowded reproduction of an industrial, political, and social epoch, Mrs. Isabel Paterson has made one of the finest cisatlantic novels of recent years.

To begin with, two considerable sources of interest, the regional and the historical, are inherent in the subject. The setting is provincial, remote, and hitherto unexploited; and it is changing so rapidly as to compress within a few years all the phenomena of a fairly intricate modern community. Land multiplies its value, politicians rise to eminence and fall to obscurity, elections are won and lost, parties reorgan-

ize, social cliques form, newspapers make and unmake reputations and are themselves made and unmade, franchises are schemed for, quarrels fought out and shoved aside, Reciprocity becomes first a momentous and then a dead issue; and presently the war comes to swallow up a thousand such matters in the feeling of a common disaster, the need of a common loyalty — all within the term of a single human love! The people remain the same people, little gray in their hair or none: yet how the world has gone on! It is an impressive and absorbing exhibition of 'blind force acting necessarily' in a multitude of human lives.

Yet blind force is not the chief propulsive agent of the story, nor is the multitude its hero. *The Shadow Riders* owes half its distinction to its grasp of these; but it owes the rest to its author's skill in making them contribute to the compact drama of four lives, each of considerable character, and to the author's own admirable philosophy and wit. Channing Herrick goes to the scene of the story — Calgary, perhaps? — for his health; but he remains to give himself whole-heartedly and cleanly to the public life of the New West. In his comradeship with Lesley Johns — a comfortably unsentimental relation which he does not know for love until the war has claimed him — two fine personalities open to each other. Mrs. Paterson obviously intends this girl as the very best and bravest the New World can show in womanhood; and few will find fault with her ideal. Chan's uncle Ross Whittemore and his young wife are the other chief personæ. Drawn at full length in firm, deft lines, all four live with us far beyond page the last — and is not this the supreme magic?

The spirit of the book is impersonal, balanced, mildly and mellowly ironic, never censorious. Piercing vision, a

¹ *The Shadow Riders*. By ISABEL PATERSON. New York: John Lane Co.

voice of sympathy, and rigid self-command — these are the author's equipment. She says at the outset, 'There is an old proverb that one can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar. It is doubtless a true saying; I only wonder what one does with the flies after having caught them.' There is no honey in Mrs. Paterson's bait. Neither is there any vinegar. But there will never be any difficulty about the flies!

IV

What *The Prisoner* and *The Shadow Riders* are to other recent novels by American authors, that and more *The Accolade*¹ is to the very recent British fiction published in this country. It is difficult to measure the superiority of these three stories to all others of their season, nor shall it be attempted here. *The Accolade* gives us Miss Ethel Sidgwick at her very best; and the season that can furnish tired readers and reviewers with even one such book as this latest of hers, is already forgiven its trespasses. If this is fulsome, the fault is chargeable to Miss Sidgwick, who has so rewarded us for being difficult to satisfy elsewhere.

The Accolade and *Clipped Wings*² introduce us to the most interestingly focused and coherent group in the season's fiction, its cluster of stories dealing with various aspects of the artistic life. Both are searching and persuasive records of histrionic genius in exactly the circumstances that render it most accessible to the probe — that is, the circumstances that thwart its natural and public use and turn it into a solitary obsession.

In this volume of her Ingestre trilogy (by the way, some one should write an

article about the recrudescence of the trilogy) Miss Sidgwick shows us a country house and a family such as Mr. Galsworthy portrays; only Miss Sidgwick's portrayal is sprightly where Mr. Galsworthy's is ironic and melancholy. The son and heir, John Ingestre junior, is born exceptional. At eighteen he refuses Oxford for the stage. His mother accomplishes, by falling ill, everything that his father's threats have failed of. He comes home, consummates the surrender by marrying himself off to an eligible, rather colorless girl, and settles down to manage his estates — an exceedingly ornamental young man, whimsical, mocking, urbane, informal to the last degree, something short of eccentric; pliable enough to a certain point, but beyond that stiffened as by more than a touch of chilled steel in his moral composition. We feel from the first his capacity for tragic life. For a time the most real part of his life is his unfulfilled dream of art — and that *is* tragic.

Suddenly its place in his imaginative history is taken by a girl, Helena Falkland. An aspirant for the honors of the stage, she lacks the essential gift; but the stifled actress in her pours itself out upon Ingestre in pure radiance of womanhood. — Only three or four among the living can create such women. — She and Ingestre all but lose their heads; but his mother checks him once more, this time by dying, and a kind of exalted sportsmanship restores him to his lifelong practice of making the best of things. If one were to praise him for self-sacrifice, 'Stuff and nonsense!' would be his ready and contemptuous answer: yet it is quite clear that he has twice martyred himself, and not winced, simply through playing the benevolent despot in the lives of his friends. His arrangements for them devastate, as it turns out, his own heart — but he is much too pre-

¹ *The Accolade*. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

² *Clipped Wings*. By RUPERT HUGHES. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

occupied in their behalf to think of that until afterward. Only to Henry James — from whom, next to Thackeray, Miss Sidgwick seems to have learned most — could one look for a piece of self-immolation at once so beautiful and so credible.

Sheila Kemble, the heroine of *Clipped Wings*, is a successful young actress who leaves the stage soon after her marriage to a conventional and somewhat obtuse young man who has saved her life. With all the will in the world to make the best of her bargain, she begins to droop. Nor can anything bring her back to mental and bodily health until her husband bows his head under the bludgeon of the truth about her, and gives her back to the stage. She makes her reappearance in a tremendously great play written by a dying man who had loved her without hope; and the conclusion is, as fitness dictates, triumphant. Sheila is a valuable exhibit in the trial of the artistic conscience and its workings. Her story is written, to be sure, in a flippant style, to Miss Sidgwick's as the syncopation of Mr. Berlin is to that of Beethoven; and there is a little arrant sentimentality, as in the symbolism of the birch-tree that would not live when transplanted from its native hill. Also the book is largely without high spiritual values: one feels that the specialized histrionic impulse is its centre, rather than the human imagination and mind and will. But Sheila herself is true and fine. And Mr. Hughes has given good measure of useful and exhilarating talk about the stage and 'the profession.'

The year's novels about novelists, and artistic creators generally, are thin and feeble beside these two stories of the actor *manqué*. Mr. E. F. Benson, in *The Oakleyites*,¹ makes room for interesting literary chit-chat, including

¹ *The Oakleyites*. By E. F. BENSON. New York: George H. Doran Co.

an apologia for the novelist who has superficial skill and nothing much by way of message. What story there is gets its wires crossed: its beginning is local color, its middle farce, its end pathos, and there is nothing to make the three 'jell.' In *Twilight*² the late 'Frank Danby' makes a woman novelist, ill and under the influence of drugs, evolve the story of another woman novelist and her lover — a performance very much in the vein of Marie Corelli. Willard Huntington Wright affects, in *The Man of Promise*,³ the gloomy and brutal naturalism which we have learned of late to associate with Mr. Dreiser. It *must* be an affectation, else *The Man of Promise* would be a better book, more logical, more certain of what it means and wants. Mr. Wright is one of those thinkers who seem to believe that slavery to the sex-instinct is transformed into glorious freedom as soon as one calls it by a lot of fine names. In *John Bogardus*⁴ the creative instinct is a trifling part of the subject, a mere convenience to the narrative; though there is some admirable fine fooling in caricature of the modern American College. Even the more readable of these illustrate a certain kind of inadequacy, the failure to correlate the story with the artist *as an artist*, however sufficient he may be as a person. We find the same fault with *The Amateur*.⁵

*The Whirligig of Time*⁶ betrays a slightly different weakness: after a wise and witty prelude for introduction of two brothers and their different educa-

² *Twilight*. By FRANK DANBY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

³ *The Man of Promise*. By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT. New York: John Lane Co.

⁴ *John Bogardus*. By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN. New York: The Century Co.

⁵ *The Amateur*. By CHARLES G. NORRIS. New York: George H. Doran Co.

⁶ *The Whirligig of Time*. By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

tions, and after a truly plausible account of the making of a playwright, the story abandons its real theme, the relation of the brothers, and becomes a long digressive loop of love story. And even so fine a craftsman as Miss May Sinclair is guilty of leaving a theme derelict in order to bring her plot into port. In *The Belfry*,¹ after she has breathed life into her vulgar little cockney novelist and got him married into a gentle family, she makes him bridge the social chasm between himself and that family, not by anything that he is or becomes, but by the heroic rescue of his brother-in-law from a bombarded town — a dénouement stirring in itself, but brought off by the coercion of pure accident. Naturally one cannot refuse to shake hands with the savior of one's life: but why destroy the problem of social disparity, instead of solving it or pronouncing it insoluble?

The importance to our argument of these tales of the artist incarnate ought to be instantly clear. The intellectualization of the novel is essentially the intellectualization of its characters. The ultimate resort is bound to be analysis of the creative mind itself, not alone because it is the most highly specialized type, but equally because it becomes, when made an integral part of the story, a microscope for other and secondary ideas — the character's, not necessarily the author's. Since *Diana of the Crossways* and *The Tragic Muse* novels of this order have increased in frequency, though hardly in merit. Once they were prophetic: now they are symptomatic. And, whatever their individual merits or defects, they do have collectively the significance of all high aspiration. Records necessarily of discontent with materialism, 'bigness,' mere sordid doing and getting unin-

formed by noble dreaming, they can but mean a reaction from these, a renaissance of faith in profound impalpable realities — the things that count among the aristocracy of fine minds and consciences.

V

One may well find one's self sufficiently occupied with describing and reporting the tendencies named, to the definite and logical embodiment of which, as it seems, we have but just come. And yet one must be not wholly uncritical. 'Whatever is, is right' may be a true saying, and it translates easily enough into 'Whatever is, is inevitable'; but there still remains the fair and pertinent question of what we want.

Perhaps we want, as Mr. Galsworthy does, more of the feeling of continuity — the sense of universal human kinship as we contemplate man and his affairs, the sense of cosmic unity as we contemplate the whole of nature, including man. Mr. Galsworthy has said that we must deny ourselves contempt, which is the destruction of continuity. Well, then, we must rejoice at whatever tends to lessen the number of things that evoke contempt from the human heart in its natural state — for it is still improbable that the human heart can ever be made completely new. Contempt grows by what it feeds on; and there is at least as much chance of purging the soul of hate by destroying hateful things and making a better world, as there is by educating the soul to look indulgently upon the hateful things. From this point of view, one can hardly count it for a demerit in art if, in addition to its ministry to pure delight, it tends to carry the will over into the deed — in short, to get something accomplished.

This sounds, of course, like a plea for

¹ *The Belfry*. By MAY SINCLAIR. New York: The Macmillan Co.

crass cloddish didacticism. But never mind if it does. If any member of 'the ineffable company of pure aesthetes' has complained against *Nicholas Nickleby* because it had a reformatory effect on English private schools, or against *Hard Cash* because it called attention to the need of reform in English private asylums for the insane, he is a person for whom one is not obliged to throw away one's own conscience.

Admitting then that a possible use of the novel is to direct the will and inspire it to action, one may go on to ask whether it is the fiction of satire or the fiction of realism that has brought things to pass. And one has instantly to concede that it is the fiction of satire. Why, even the 'unofficial' sentimentalism, with all its ignorance and bias, has done more than impartial realism — as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* exist to prove. Modern realism has not, to be sure, been operative so long; but since Gissing it has partly made up for that by attaining its competence with unusual speed. The longer we balance these general platitudes, the more reasonable becomes a perturbing suspicion that only violent likes and dislikes are really dynamic. Can it be that animal matter reacts most decisively to antipathies pointed with scorn? and that all our serenely intellectual modern charity is of necessity and forever sterile, static? So Mr. Chesterton concludes, comparing Dickens and Gissing. And there is plenty of corroboration in other quarters — politics, religion.

But this point must not be elaborated at the expense of another. A second implication of the patient impartial scrutiny of everything in the field of vision is that it results at length in a curious optical defect — not so much a blurring of the sight as a loss of proportion and distance. The realist, who is interested in everything, tends to be-

come *equally* interested in everything: actuality, and not worth, becomes his test of values. And the lamentable consequence is the temporary disappearance of great and likable characters, or the presence of weak, unreal, and tawdry characters who are treated as though they were great and likable. There is no predicting an illustrious or even a safe future for the novel, if it is losing the art of criticism through the positive and unmistakable bestness of its personæ. If it lose *that*, it loses all. Let us by all means have intellectual analysis; but let us first have something for it to work upon.

If we fear, it is because some of the most skillfully written novels of the past months are full of the dreariest folk. *Life and Gabriella*¹ is Miss Ellen Glasgow's account of a really admirable Southern girl, and of her brave struggle to manage her own life when an unlucky marriage has left her adrift. But Gabriella's intelligence is not what we are asked to believe it: else how could she have been so long blind to the real character of her husband? how, above all, could she have cherished for so long her idealized version of Arthur Peyton, from the beginning an effeminate prig? Another story of a marriage that failed is *The Strangers' Wedding*.² As a sociological investigation of what marriage can mean to a sensitive young university-bred man and an average girl of the laboring class, this is more than ordinarily keen and thorough. But what shall be said of it as an attempt to give us a prolonged personal enjoyment in the society of these two and their acquaintances? *Seventeen*³ is a diverting record of calf-love; but

¹ *Life and Gabriella*. By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

² *The Strangers' Wedding*. By W. L. GEORGE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

³ *Seventeen*. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

Willie Baxter will be a calf at twenty-seven, or fifty-seven — and he will never be called anything but 'Willie.'

In *The Rudder*¹ Mrs. Watts creates one delightful personage — Marshall Cook the novelist; he is an American cousin of Mr. De Morgan's Alfred Challis. But he is there as observer and interpreter, not as protagonist; and his keenness is expended upon people in whom we half cease to believe as soon as we see them in important actions.

In only one novel, *The Dark Forest*,² is there a valid artistic reason for working out large problems in terms of relatively insignificant persons. *The Dark Forest*, a tale of Galician battle-fronts, is primarily the treatment of an obsession so gigantic that before it the greatest is as the least — the *idée fixe* that makes men under the strain of battle idealize and covet death, surround it with superstitious glamour, rival one another in seeking it, and shudder in their hearts to think that they may *not* die. In this dreadful and superb fantasia of prolonged battle, it makes little difference *what* characters are dwarfed, or how great they were orig-

inally, so long as their common humanity recommends them to our compassion.

Something must come out of so much striving and groping and piercing of the veils of reticence. It is unthinkable that all this conscience, this selfless and unwearying devotion to truth, should come to naught. The means may be slow; but the end may also be sure. Perhaps the imperceptible increase in understanding, in appreciation, may result in great and sweeping changes, in which fiction shall bear its creditable part. So it has been with the social history of woman, whose life marked time for many generations, only to accomplish a prodigious stride in two. There is too little in our fiction for confidence, certainly too much for despair. Meanwhile, there is cheer in some words of Meredith, written nearly thirty years ago: —

'I think that all right use of life, and the one secret of life, is to pave ways for the firmer footing of those who succeed us. . . . Close knowledge of our fellows, discernment of the laws of existence, these lead to great civilization. I have supposed that the novel, exposing and illustrating the natural history of man, may help us to such sustaining roadside gifts.'

¹ *The Rudder*. By MARY S. WATTS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

² *The Dark Forest*. By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: George H. Doran Co.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ON a day in July thirty-five thousand people passed under the dome of the Indiana capitol to look for the last time upon the face of James Whitcomb Riley. The best-loved citizen of the Hoosier commonwealth was dead, and laborers and mechanics in their working clothes, professional and business men, women in great numbers, and a host of children paid their tribute of respect to one whose sole claim upon their interest lay in his power to voice their feelings of happiness and grief in terms within the common understanding. The very general expressions of sorrow and affection evoked by the announcement of the poet's death encourage the belief that the lines that formed on the capitol steps might have been augmented endlessly by additions drawn from every part of America. I frankly confess that, having enjoyed his friendship through many years, I am disqualified from passing judgment upon his writings, into much of which I inevitably read a significance that may not be apparent to those capable of appraising them with critical detachment. Riley's personality was quite as interesting as his work, and I shall attempt to give some hint of the man as I knew him, with special reference to his whims and oddities.

I

My acquaintance with him dates from a memorable morning when he called on me in a law office where I copied legal documents, ran errands, and scribbled verses. At this time he was a

regular contributor to the Sunday edition of the Indianapolis *Journal* — a newspaper of unusual literary quality, most hospitable to fledgling bards, who were permitted to shine in the reflected light of Riley's growing fame. Some verses of mine having been copied by a Cincinnati paper, Riley asked about me at the *Journal* office and sought me out, paper in hand, to speak a word of encouragement. He was the most interesting, as he was the most amusing and the most lovable man I have known. No one was quite like Riley, and the ways in which he suggests other men merely call attention to the fact that he was, after all, wholly different: he was Riley!

He was the best-known, the most instantly recognized figure in our capital; this was true, indeed, of the entire commonwealth that he sang into fame. He was below medium height, neatly and compactly built; fair and of ruddy complexion. He had been a tow-headed boy, and while his hair thinned in later years, any white that crept into it was scarcely perceptible. A broad flexible mouth and a big nose were the distinguishing features of a remarkably mobile face. He was very near-sighted, and the rubber-rimmed glasses he invariably wore served to obscure his noticeably large blue eyes. He was a compound of Pennsylvania Dutch and Irish, but the Celt in him was dominant: there were fairies in his blood.

In his days of health he carried himself alertly and gave an impression of smartness. He was meticulous in the

care of his person; there was no slouch about him, no Byronic affectation. He was always curious as to the origin of any garment or piece of haberdashery displayed by his intimates, but strangely secretive as to the source of his own supplies. He affected obscure tailors, probably because they were likelier to pay heed to his idiosyncrasies than more fashionable ones. He once deplored to me the lack of attention bestowed upon the waistcoat by sartorial artists. This was a garment he held of the highest importance in man's adornment. Hopkinson Smith, he averred, was the only man he had ever seen who displayed a satisfactory taste and was capable of realizing the finest effects in this particular.

He inspired affection by reason of his gentleness and inherent kindliness and sweetness. The idea that he was a convivial person, delighting in 'boon' companions and prolonged sessions at table, has no basis in fact. He was a domestic, even a cloistral being; he disliked noise and large companies; he hated familiarity, and would quote approvingly what Lowell said somewhere about the annoyance of being clapped on the back. Riley's best friends never laid hands on him; I have seen strangers or new acquaintances do so to their discomfort.

No background of poverty or early hardship can be provided for this 'poet of the people.' His father was a lawyer, an orator well known in Central Indiana, and Riley's boyhood was spent in comfortable circumstances. The curtailment of his schooling was not enforced by necessity, but was due to his impatience of restraint and inability to adjust his own interests to the prevailing curriculum. He spent some time in his father's office at Greenfield, reading general literature, not law, and experimenting with verse. He served an apprenticeship as a house-painter, and ac-

quired the art of 'marbling' and 'graining'—long-abandoned embellishments of domestic decoration. Then, with four other young men, he began touring Indiana, painting signs, and, from all accounts, adding greatly to the gayety of life in the communities visited. To advertise their presence, Riley would recite in the market-place, or join with his comrades in giving a musical entertainment. Or, pretending to be a blind painter, he would laboriously climb up on a scaffolding and before the amazed spectators execute a sign in his best style. There was a time when he seemed anxious to forget his early experiences as a wandering sign-painter and entertainer with a patent-medicine van, but more recently he spoke of them quite frankly.

He had a natural talent for drawing; in fact, at one time or another he dabbled in most of the arts. He discoursed to me at length on one occasion of musical instruments, about all of which he seemed to have much curious lore. He had been able to play more or less successfully upon the violin, the banjo, the guitar, and (his humor bubbling) the snare- and bass-drum! 'There's nothing,' he said, 'so much fun as thumping a bass-drum,' an instrument on which he had performed in the Greenfield band. 'To throw your legs over the tail of a band wagon and thump away—there's nothing like it!' As usual when the reminiscent mood was upon him, he broadened the field of the discussion to include strange characters he had known among rural musicians, and these were of endless variety. He had known a man who was passionately fond of the bass-drum and who played solos upon it—'Sacred music!' Sometimes the neighbors would borrow the drum, and he pictured the man's chagrin when after a hard day's work he came home and found his favorite instrument gone.

Riley acquired various mechanical devices for creating music and devoted himself to them with childish delight. In one of his gay moods he would instruct a visitor in the art of pumping his player-piano, and, having inserted a favorite 'roll,' would dance about the room snapping his fingers in time to the music.

II

Riley's reading was marked by the casualness that was part of his nature. He liked small books that fitted comfortably into the hand, and he brought to the mere opening of a volume and the cutting of leaves a deliberation eloquent of all respect for the contents. Always a man of surprises, in nothing was he more surprising than in the wide range of his reading. It was never safe to assume that he was unacquainted with some book which might appear to be foreign to his tastes. His literary judgments were sound, though his prejudices (always amusing and frequently unaccountable) occasionally led him astray.

While his study of literature had followed the haphazard course inevitable in one so uninfluenced by formal schooling, it may fairly be said that he knew all that it was important for him to know of books. He was of those for whom life and letters are of one piece and inseparable. In a broad sense he was a humanist. What he missed in literature he acquired from life. Shakespeare he had absorbed early; Herrick, Keats, Tennyson, and Longfellow were deep-planted in his memory. His excursions into history had been the slightest; biographies and essays interested him much more; and he was constantly on the lookout for new poets. No new volume of verse, no striking poem in a periodical escaped his watchful eye.

He professed to believe that Mrs. Browning was a poet greatly superior to her husband. He had nevertheless read Robert Browning with some attention, for on one or two occasions he burlesqued successfully that poet's mannerisms. For some reason he manifested a marked antipathy to Poe. And in this connection it may be of interest to mention that he was born (October 7, 1849) the day Poe died! But for Riley's cordial dislike of Poe I might be tempted to speculate upon this coincidence as suggesting a relinquishment of the singing robes by one poet in favor of another. Riley had, undoubtedly, at some time felt Poe's spell, for there are unmistakable traces of Poe's influence in some of his earlier work. Indeed, his first wide advertisement came through an imitation of Poe — a poem called 'Leonanie' — palmed off as having been found written in an old school-book that had been Poe's property. Riley long resented any reference to this hoax, though it was a harmless enough prank — the device of a newspaper friend to prove that public neglect of Riley was not based upon any lack of merit in his writings. It was probably Poe's sombreness that Riley did not like, or possibly his personal characteristics. Still, he would close any discussion of Poe's merits as a writer by declaring that 'The Raven' was clearly inspired by Mrs. Browning's 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship.' This is hardly susceptible of proof, and Elizabeth Barrett's gracious acceptance of the compliment of Poe's dedication of his volume containing 'The Raven' may or may not be conclusive as to her own judgment in the matter.

Whitman had no attraction for Riley; he thought him something of a charlatan. He greatly admired Stevenson and kept near at hand a rare photograph of the Scot which Mrs. Stevenson had given him. He had recognized

Kipling's genius early, and his meeting with that writer in New York many years ago was one of the pleasantest and most satisfactory of all his literary encounters.

The contentions between Realism and Romanticism that occasionally enliven our periodical literature never roused his interest. His sympathies were with the conservatives; he preferred gardens that contained familiar and firmly planted literary landmarks. He knew his Dickens thoroughly, and his lifelong attention to 'character' was due no doubt in some measure to his study of Dickens's portraits of the quaint and humorous. He always confessed gratefully his indebtedness to Longfellow, and once, when we were speaking of the older poet, he remarked that Mark Twain and Bret Harte were other writers to whom he owed much. Harte's obligations to both Dickens and Longfellow are, of course, obvious, and Harte's use of dialect in verse probably strengthened Riley's confidence in the Hoosier speech as a medium when he began to find himself.

His humor — both as expressed in his writings and as we knew it who lived neighbor to him — was of the same *genre* as Mark Twain's. It is not surprising that Mark Twain and Riley should have met on grounds of common sympathy and understanding. What the Mississippi was to the Missourian, the Old National Road that bisected Greenfield was to Riley. The larger adventures of life that made Mr. Clemens a cosmopolitan did not appeal to Riley, with his intense loyalty to the state of his birth and the city that for thirty-eight years was his home.

He found a boyish pleasure in sending his friends books that he thought would interest them. Among those he sent me are Professor Woodberry's selections from Aubrey de Vere, whose *Bard Ethell* Riley thought a fine per-

formance; Bradford Torrey's *Friends on the Shelf*, and a few weeks before his death, a copy of G. K. Chesterton's poems in which he had written a substitute for one of the lines. If in these gifts he chose some volume already known to the recipient, it was well to conceal the fact, for it was essential to the perfect course of his friendships that he be taken on his own terms, and no one would have had the heart to spoil his pleasure in a 'discovery.'

He was most generous toward all aspirants in his own field, though for years these were prone to take advantage of his good nature by inflicting books and manuscripts upon him. I once committed the indiscretion of uttering a volume of verse, and observed with trepidation a considerable number of copies on the counter of the bookstore where we did much loafing together. A few days later I was surprised and for a moment highly edified to find the stock greatly depleted. On cautious inquiry I found that it was Riley alone who had been the investor — to the extent of seventy-five copies, which he distributed widely among literary acquaintances. In the case of another friend who published a book without large expectations of public favor, Riley secretly purchased a like number and scattered them broadcast. These instances are typical: he would do a kind thing furtively and evince the deepest embarrassment when detected.

It is always a matter of speculation as to just what effect a college training would have upon men of Riley's type, who, missing the inscribed portals, nevertheless find their way into the house of literature. I give my opinion for what it may be worth, that he would have been injured rather than benefited by an ampler education. It was human nature that chiefly concerned him, and it was his fortune to know profoundly those definite phases of life that were

susceptible of interpretation in the art of which he was sufficiently the master. Of the general trend of society and social movements he was as unconscious as if he lived on another planet. I rather think that he profited by his ignorance of such things, which left him to the peaceful contemplation of the simple phenomena of life that had early attracted him. Nothing seriously disturbed his inveterate provincial habit of thought. He manifested Thoreau's indifference — without the Yankee's scorn — for the world beyond his doorway. 'I can see,' he once wrote me, 'when you talk of your return and the prospective house-warming of the new home, that your family's united heart is right here in old Indianapolis — high Heaven's sole and only under-study.' And this represented his very sincere feeling about 'our' town; no other was comparable to it!

III

He did his writing at night, a fact which accounted for the spacious leisure in which his days were enveloped. He usually had a poem pretty thoroughly fixed in his mind before he sought paper, but the actual writing was often a laborious process; and it was his habit, while a poem was in preparation, to carry the manuscript in his pocket for convenience of reference. The elisions required by dialect and his own notions of punctuation — here he was a law unto himself — brought him into frequent collision with the lords of the proof desks, but no one, I think, ever successfully debated with him any point of folk-speech. I once ventured to suggest that his use of the phrase 'durin' the army,' as a rustic veteran's way of referring to the Civil War, was not general, but probably peculiar to the individual he had heard use it. He stoutly defended his

phrase and was ready at once with witnesses in support of it as a familiar usage of Indiana veterans.

In the matter of our Hoosier folk-speech he was an authority, though the subject did not interest him comparatively or scientifically. He complained to me bitterly of an editor who had directed his attention to apparent inconsistencies of dialect in the proof of a poem. Riley held, and rightly, that the dialect of the Hoosier is not fixed and unalterable, but varies in certain cases, and that words are often pronounced differently in the same sentence. Eggleston's Hoosier is an earlier type than Riley's, belonging to the dark years when our illiteracy staggered into high percentages. And Eggleston wrote of southern Indiana, where the 'poor white' strain of the South had been most marked. Riley not only spoke for a later period, but his acquaintance was with communities that enjoyed a better social background; the school house and the rural 'literary' were always prominent in his perspective.

He had preserved his youth as a place apart and unalterable, peopled with folk who lived as he had known them in his enchanted boyhood. Scenes and characters of that period he was able to revisualize at will. When his homing fancy took wing, it was to bear him back to the little town's dooryards, set with mignonette, old-fashioned roses and borders of hollyhocks, or countryward to the streams that wound their way through fields of wheat and corn. Riley kept his place at innumerable firesides in this dream existence, hearing the veterans of the Civil War spin their yarns, or farmers discuss crop prospects, or the whispers of children awed by the 'woo' of the wind in the chimney. If Pan crossed his vision (he drew little upon mythology) it was to sit under a sycamore above a 'ripple' in the creek and beat time rapturously

with his goat-hoof to the music of a Hoosier lad's willow whistle.

The country lore that Riley had collected and stored in youth was inexhaustible; it never seemed necessary for him to replenish his pitcher at the fountains of original inspiration. I have read somewhere a sketch of him in which he was depicted as walking with Wordsworthian calm through lonely fields, but nothing could be more absurd. Fondly as he sang of green fields and running brooks, he cultivated their acquaintance very little after he established his home at Indianapolis. Lamb could not have loved city streets more than he. Much as Bret Harte wrote of California after years of absence, so Riley drew throughout his life from scenes familiar to his boyhood and young manhood, and with undiminished sympathy and vigor.

His knowledge of rural life was intimate, though he knew the farm only as a country-town boy may know it, through association with farm boys and holidays spent in visits to country cousins. Once at the harvest season, as we were crossing Indiana in a train, he began discoursing on apples. He repeated Bryant's poem 'The Planting of the Apple Tree,' as a prelude, and, looking out over the Hoosier Hesperides, began mentioning the varieties of apples he had known and commenting on their qualities. When I expressed surprise at the number, he said that with a little time he thought he could recall a hundred kinds, and he did in fact name more than fifty before we were interrupted.

The whimsicalities and comicalities and the heart-breaking tragedies of childhood he interpreted with rare fidelity. His wide popularity as a poet of childhood was due to a special genius for understanding the child mind. Yet he was very shy in the presence of children, and though he kept track of the

youngsters in the houses of his friends, and could establish himself on good terms with them, he seemed uncomfortable when suddenly confronted by a strange child. This was due in some measure to the proneness of parents to exhibit their offspring that he might hear them 'recite' his own verses, or in the hope of eliciting some verse commemorative of Johnny's or Mary's precocity. His children were country-town and farm children whom he had known and lived among and unconsciously studied and appraised for the use he later made of them. Here again, he drew upon impressions fixed in his own boyhood, and to this gallery he never, I think, added greatly. Much of his verse for children is autobiographical, representing his own attitude of mind as an imaginative, capricious child. Some of his best character-studies are to be found among his juvenile pieces. In 'That-Air Young-Un,' for example, he enters into the heart of an abnormal boy who

Come home one't and said 'at he
Knewed what the snake-feeders thought
When they grit their wings; and knowed
Turtle-talk, when bubbles riz
Over where the old roots growed
Where he th'owed them pets o' his —
Little turripuns he caught
In the County Ditch and packed
In his pockets days and days!

The only poem he ever contributed to the *Atlantic* was 'Old Glory,' and I recall that he held it for a considerable period, retouching it and finally reading it at a club dinner to test it thoroughly by his own standards, which were those of the ear as well as the eye. When I asked him why he had not printed it he said he was keeping it 'to boil the dialect out of it.' On the other hand, 'The Poet of the Future,' one of his best pieces, was produced in an evening. He was little given to displaying his poems in advance of publication, and this was one of the few that

he ever showed me in manuscript. It had been a real inspiration; the writing of it had given him the keenest pleasure, and the glow of success was still upon him when we met the following morning. He wrote much occasional and personal verse which added nothing to his reputation, — a fact of which he was perfectly aware, — and there is a wide disparity between his best and his poorest. He wrote prose with difficulty; he said he could write a column of verse much more quickly than he could produce a like amount of prose.

His manuscripts and letters were works of art, so careful was he of his handwriting — a small, clear script as legible as engraving, and with quaint effects of capitalization. In his younger days he had indulged in a large correspondence, chiefly with other writers. His letters were marked by the goodwill and cordiality, the racy humor and the self-mockery of his familiar talk; a collection of them would be a valuable addition to epistolary literature. 'Your reference' — this is a typical beginning — 'to your vernal surroundings and cloistered seclusion from the world stress and tumult of the fevered town comes to me in veriest truth

"'With a Sabbath sound as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods,'"

as that grand poet Oliver W. Longfellow so tersely puts it in his inimitable way.' He addressed his correspondents by names specially designed for them, and would sign himself by any one of a dozen droll pseudonyms.

IV

Riley's talent as a reader (he disliked the term recitationist) was hardly second to his creative genius. As an actor — in such parts, for example, as those made familiar by Jefferson — he could not have failed to win high rank. His

art, apparently the simplest, was the result of the most careful study and experiment; facial play, gesture, shadings of the voice, all contributed to the completeness of his portrayals. So vivid were his impersonations and so readily did he communicate the sense of atmosphere, that one seemed to be witnessing a series of dramas with well-set stage and a diversity of players. He possessed in a large degree the magnetism that is the birthright of great actors, and there was something very appealing and winning in his slight figure as he came upon the platform. His diffidence (partly assumed and partly sincere) at the welcoming applause, the first sound of his voice as he tested it with the few introductory sentences he never omitted, — these spoken haltingly as he removed and disposed of his glasses, — all tended to pique curiosity and win the house to the tranquillity his delicate art demanded. He said that it was possible to affront an audience by too great an appearance of cocksureness; a speaker did well to manifest a certain timidity when he walked upon the stage; and he deprecated the manner of a certain lecturer and reader, who always began by chaffing his hearers. Riley's programmes consisted of poems of sentiment and pathos, such as 'Good-bye, Jim' and 'Out to Old Aunt Mary's,' varied with humorous stories in prose or verse which he told with inimitable skill and without a trace of buffoonery. Mark Twain wrote, in 'How to Tell a Story,' that the wounded-soldier anecdote which Riley told for years was, as Riley gave it, the funniest thing he ever listened to.

In his travels Riley usually appeared with another reader. Richard Malcolm Johnston, Eugene Field, and Robert J. Burdette were at various times associated with him, but he is probably more generally known from his joint appearances with the late Edgar W.

('Bill') Nye. He had for Nye the warmest affection, and in the last ten years of his life would recount with zest incidents of their adventures on the road — Nye's practical jokes, his droll comments upon the people they met, the discomforts of transportation, and the horrors of hotel cookery. Riley's admiration for his old comrade was so great that I sometimes suspected that he attributed to Nye the authorship of some of his own stories in sheer excess of devotion to Nye's memory.

His first reception into the inner literary circle was in 1887, when he participated in the authors' readings given in New York to further the propaganda of the Copyright League. Lowell presided on these occasions, and others who contributed to the exercises were Mark Twain, George W. Cable, Richard Henry Stoddard, Thomas Nelson Page, Henry C. Bunner, George William Curtis, Charles Dudley Warner, and Frank R. Stockton. It was, I believe, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, then of the *Century Magazine* (which had just enlisted Riley as a contributor), who was responsible for this recognition of the Hoosier. Nothing did more to establish Riley as a serious contestant for literary honors than his success on this occasion. He was greeted so cordially — from contemporaneous accounts he 'ran away with the show' — that on Lowell's urgent invitation he appeared at a second reading.

Riley's intimate friendships with other writers were comparatively few, due largely to his home-keeping habit, but there were some for whom, without ever seeing much of them, he had a liking that approached affection. Mark Twain was one of these; Mr. Howells and Joel Chandler Harris were others. He saw Longfellow on the occasion of his first visit to Boston. Riley had sent him several of his poems, which Longfellow had acknowledged in an encour-

aging letter; but it was not the way of Riley to knock at any strange door, and General 'Dan' Macaulay, once mayor of Indianapolis, — one of the best of fellows and a confident believer in the young Hoosier's future, — took charge of the expedition. Longfellow had been ill, but he appeared unexpectedly just as a servant was turning the visitors away. He was wholly kind and gracious, and 'shook hands five times,' Riley said, when they parted. The slightest details of that call — it was shortly before Longfellow's death — were ineffaceably written in Riley's memory — even the lavender trousers which, he insisted, Longfellow wore!

Save for the years of lyceum work and the last three winters of his life spent happily in Florida, Riley's absences from home were remarkably infrequent. He had derived no pleasure from the hurried traveling made necessary by his long tours as a reader; he was without the knack of amusing himself in strange places, and the social exactions of such journeys he found very irksome. Even in his active years, before paralysis crippled him, his range of activities was most circumscribed. The Lockerbie Street in which he lived so happily, tucked away though it is from the noisier currents of traffic, lies, nevertheless, within sound of the courthouse bell, and he followed for years a strict routine which he varied rarely and only with the greatest apprehension as to the possible consequences.

It was a mark of our highest consideration to produce Riley at entertainments given in honor of distinguished visitors, but this was not always to be effected without considerable plotting. (I have heard that in Atlanta 'Uncle Remus' was even a greater problem to his fellow citizens!) Riley's innate modesty, always to be reckoned with, was likely to smother his companionableness in the presence of ultra-literary

personages. His respect for scholarship, for literary sophistication, made him reluctant to meet those who, he imagined, breathed an ether to which he was unacclimated. At a small dinner in honor of Mr. Henry James he maintained a strict silence until one of the other guests, in an effort to 'draw out' the novelist, mentioned Thomas Hardy and the felicity of his titles, instancing 'Under the Greenwood Tree' and 'A Pair of Blue Eyes.' Riley, for the first time addressing the table, remarked quietly of the second of these, 'It's an odd thing about eyes, that they usually come in sets!' — a comment which did not, as I remember, strike Mr. James as being funny.

Riley always seemed a little bewildered by his success, and it was far from his nature to trade upon it. He was at pains to escape from any company where he found himself the centre of attraction. He resented being 'shown off' (to use his own phrase) like 'a white mouse with pink eyes.' He cited as proof that he was never intended for a social career the unhappy frustration of his attempt to escort his first sweetheart to a party. Dressed with the greatest care, he knocked at the beloved's door. Her father eyed him critically and demanded, 'What you want, Jimmy?'

'Come to take Bessie to the party.'

'Humph! Bessie ain't goin' to no party; Bessie's got the measles!'

V

In so far as Riley was a critic of life and conduct, humor was his readiest means of expression. Whimsical turns of speech colored his familiar talk, and he could so utter a single word — always with quiet inadvertence — as to create a roar of laughter. Apart from the commoner type of anecdotal humor, he was most amusing in his pur-

suit of fancies of the Stocktonesque order. I imagine that he and John Holmes of Old Cambridge would have understood each other perfectly; all the Holmes stories I ever heard — particularly the one about Methuselah and the shoe laces, preserved by Colonel Higginson — struck me by their similarity to yarns invented by Riley.

To catch his eye in a company or at a public gathering was always dangerous, for if he was bored or some tedious matter was forward, he would seek relief by appealing to a friend with a slight lifting of the brows, or a telepathic reference to some similar situation in the past. As he walked the streets with a companion his comments upon people and trifling incidents of street traffic were often in his best humorous vein. With his intimates he had a fashion of taking up without prelude subjects that had been dropped weeks before. He was greatly given to assuming characters and assigning parts to his friends in the little comedies he was always creating. For years his favorite rôle was that of a rural preacher of a type that had doubtless aroused his animosity in youth. He built up a real impression of this character — a cadaverous person of Gargantuan appetite, clad in a long black alpaca coat, who arrived at farmhouses at meal times and depleted the larder, while the children of the household, awaiting the second table in trepidation, gloomily viewed the havoc through the windows. One or another of us would be Brother Hotchkiss, or Brother Brookwarble, and we were expected to respond in his own key of pietistic bromidism. This device, continually elaborated, was not wholly foolishness on his part, but an expression of his deep-seated contempt for cant and hypocrisy, which he regarded as the most grievous of sins.

When he described some 'character'

he had known, it was with an amount of minute detail that made the person stand forth as a veritable being. Questions from the listener would be welcomed, as evidence of sympathy with the recital and interest in the individual under discussion. As I journeyed homeward with him once from Philadelphia, he began limning for two companions a young lawyer he had known years before at Greenfield. He carried this far into the night, and at the breakfast table was ready with other anecdotes of this extraordinary individual. When the train reached Indianapolis the sketch, vivid and amusing, seemed susceptible of indefinite expansion.

In nothing was he more diverting than in the superstitions he affected. No life could have been freer from annoyances and care than his, and yet he encouraged the belief that he was pursued by a 'hoodoo.' This was the most harmless of delusions, and his nearest friends indulged the idea for the enjoyment they found in his intense satisfaction whenever any untoward event — never anything important — actually befell him. The bizarre, the fantastic, had a mild fascination for him; he read occult meanings into unusual incidents of every kind. When Alfred Tennyson Dickens visited Indianapolis I went with him to call on Riley. A few days later Mr. Dickens died suddenly in New York, and soon afterward I received a note that he had written in the last hour of his life. Riley was deeply impressed by this; he was unable to free his mind of it for several days. For a time he found comfort in the idea that I shared the malevolent manifestations to which he fancied himself subject. We were talking in the street one day when a brick fell from a building and struck the sidewalk at our feet. He was drawing on a glove and quite characteristically did not start or manifest any anxiety as to his safety. He lifted

his head guardedly and with a casual air said, 'I see they're still after you' (referring to the fact that a few weeks earlier a sign had fallen on me in Denver). Then, holding out his hands, he added mournfully, 'They're after me, too!' The gloves were both rights!

A number of years ago he gave me his own copy of the *Oxford Book of English Verse* — an anthology of which he was very fond. In it was pasted a book-plate that had previously escaped me. It depicted an old scholar in knee-breeches and three-cornered hat, with an armful of books. When asked about the plate, Riley explained that a friend had given it to him, but that he had never used it because, on counting the books, there seemed to be thirteen of them. However, some one having convinced him that the number was really twelve, the evil omen was happily dispelled.

Politics interested him not at all, except as to the personal characteristics of men prominent in that field. He voted only once, so he often told me, and that was at the behest of a friend who was a candidate. Finding later that in his ignorance of the proper manner of preparing a ballot he had voted for his friend's opponent, he registered a vow, to which he held strictly, never to vote again. My own occasional dabblings in politics caused him real distress, and once, when I had playfully poked into a hornet's nest, he sought me out immediately to warn me of the dire consequences of such temerity. 'They'll burn your barn,' he declared; 'they'll kidnap your children!'

His incompetence — real or pretended — in many directions was one of the most delightful things about him. Even in the commonest transactions of life he was rather helpless — the sort of person one instinctively assists and protects. His deficiencies of orientation were a joke among his friends; and though he insisted that he could n't find his way

anywhere, I'm disposed to think that this was part of the make-believe in which he delighted. When he entrusted himself to another's leading he was always pleased if the guide proved as incapable as himself. Lockerbie Street is a little hard to find, even for lifelong Indianapolis, and for a caller to confess his difficulties in reaching it was certain to make his welcome warmer.

Riley protested his inability to use catalogues and reference books, and cheerfully turned over to friends his inquiries of every sort. Indeed he committed to others with comical light-heartedness all matters likely to prove vexatious or disagreeable. He was chronically in search of something that might or might not exist. He complained for years of the loss of a trunk containing letters from Longfellow, Mark Twain, and others, though his ideas as to its genesis and subsequent history were altogether hazy.

He was a past master of the art of postponement, but when anything struck him as urgent he had no peace until he had disposed of it. He once summoned two friends, at what for him was a forbidden hour of the morning, to repair forthwith to the photographer's, that the three might have their pictures taken, his excuse being that one or another might die suddenly, leaving the desired 'group' unrealized — a permanent sorrow to the survivors.

His portrait by Sargent shows him at his happiest, but for some reason he never appeared to care for it greatly. There was, I believe, some vague feeling on his part that one of the hands was imperfect — a little too sketchy, perhaps. He would speak cordially of Sargent and describe his method of work with characteristic attention to detail; but when his opinion of the portrait was solicited, he would change the subject.

He clung tenaciously to a few

'haunts,' one of these in old times being the office of the *Journal*, to which he contributed the poems in dialect that won his first recognition. The back room of the business office was a favorite loafing place for a number of prominent citizens who were responsive to Riley's humor. They maintained there something akin to a country-store forum of which Riley was the bright particular star. A notable figure of those days in our capital was Myron Reed, a Presbyterian minister of singular gifts, who had been a captain of cavalry in the Civil War. Reed and William P. Fishback, a lawyer of distinction, also of the company, were among the first Americans to 'discover' Matthew Arnold. Riley's only excursion abroad was in company with Reed and Fishback, and surely no more remarkable trio ever crossed the Atlantic. It is eloquent of the breadth of Riley's sympathies that he appreciated and enjoyed the society of men like these, whose interests and activities were so wholly different from his own. They made the usual pious pilgrimages, but the one incident that pleased Riley most was a supper in the Beefsteak Room adjoining Irving's theatre, at which Coquelin also was a guest. The theatre always had a fascination for Riley, and this occasion and the reception accorded his reading of some of his poems marked one of the high levels of his career. Mr. Fishback reported that Coquelin remarked to Irving of Riley's recitations, that the American had by nature what they had been twenty years acquiring.

In keeping with the diffidence already referred to was his dread of making awkward or unfortunate remarks, and it was like him to exaggerate greatly his sins of this character. He illustrated Irving's fine nobility by an incident offered also as an instance of his own habit of blundering. Riley had known for years an English comedian attach-

ed to a stock company at Indianapolis, and he mentioned this actor to Irving and described a bit of 'business' he employed in the part of First Clown in the graveyard scene in *Hamlet*. Irving not only professed to remember the man, but confirmed in generous terms Riley's estimate of his performance as the grave-digger. When Riley learned later that what he had believed to be the unique practice of his friend had been the unbroken usage of the stage from the time of Shakespeare, he was inconsolable, and his blunder was a sore point with him to the end of his days.

Though his mail was enormous, he was always solicitous that no letter should escape. For a time it pleased him to receive mail at three points of delivery — his house, his publisher's, and the office of a trust company where a desk was reserved for him. The advantage of this was that it helped to fill in the day and to minimize the disparity between his own preoccupations and the more exacting employments of his friends. Once read, the letters were likely to be forgotten, but this did not lessen his joy in receiving them. He was the meek slave of autograph-hunters, and at the holiday season he might be found daily inscribing books that poured in remorselessly from every part of the country.

VI

The cheery optimism, tolerance, and mercy that are the burden of his verse summed up his religion. He told me once that he was a Methodist; at least, he had become a member of that body

in his youth, and he was not aware, as he put it, that they had ever 'fired' him. For a time he was deeply interested in Spiritualism and attended séances; but I imagine that he derived no consolation from these sources, as he never mentioned the subject in later years. Though he never probed far into such matters, speculations as to immortality always appealed to him, and he often reiterated his confidence that we shall meet and recognize, somewhere in the beyond, those who are dear to us on earth. His sympathy for bereaved friends was marked by the tenderest feeling; 'It's all right,' he would say bravely; and he did believe, sincerely, in a benign Providence that makes things 'right.'

Here was a life singularly blessed in all its circumstances and in the abundant realization of its hopes and aims. Few poets of any period have received so generous an expression of public regard and affection as fell to Riley's lot. The very simplicity of his message and the melodious forms in which it was delivered won him the wide hearing that he enjoyed and that seems likely to be his continuing reward far into the future. Yale wrote him upon her rolls as a Master of Arts, the University of Pennsylvania made him a Doctor of Letters. The American Academy of Arts and Letters bestowed upon him its gold medal in the department of poetry; his last birthdays were observed in many parts of the country. Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends were his happy portion, and he left the world richer for the faith and hope and honest mirth that he brought to it.

THE CRIERS OF THE MUSICAL SHOP

BY SHERLOCK BRONSON GASS

Nil admirari prope res est una — And Horace was spared a number of things. Even in his day, no doubt, Alexandria had filled Rome with curiosities of decadence. Many an anointed Greek would tear his soul to tatters in the Forum for a *denarius nummus*. But though decadent criticism of art and literature was known, it had not yet got into the warp and fibre of current life. And Horace could have counted on an answering smile from the friend who had brought the latest gem out from the city for a moment of satiric joy over goblets of Lesbian wine in the long siesta of the afternoon. Their eyes might have wandered over the Sabine slopes a bit sadly, perhaps, at the thought of Rome behind. But even then, with Rome simmering beyond the horizon, he could have counted on an answering smile.

As for us, however — Yesterday I culled this passage from a eulogy of Wordsworth:—

‘The unsophisticated perceptions and thoughts of children, and of the peasantry, of half-witted human creatures, and of the animals that are nearer to the earth than we, lent him a more companionable guidance [than his reason and intelligence] and to these spiritual directors he submitted his heart in humble reverence and gratitude.’

There is no responsive smile; our faces are solemnly impressed.

The other day it was an appreciation of Matisse:—

‘His glory is to have thrown over everything that could be taught, to

have rid himself of experience, of tradition, of learning, of all the distorting veils of cultivation, and to have seen with his pure spirit, without a preconception, as a child might see, or a primitive savage, or better, the first man without an ancestor to catch an atavistic predilection from.’

And to-day a eulogy of Richard Strauss:—

‘Cacophony rules . . . this episode is repulsive in its aural cruelty. . . . Often we cannot hear the music because of the score. . . . Richard Strauss is the musical enchanter of our day. . . . What a gorgeous, horrible color-scheme is his! He has a taste for sour progressions, and every voice in his orchestral family is forced to sing impossible and wicked things.’

The sober implication is that poetry is great in the measure of its childish, half-witted, and bestial inspiration, painting great for its barbarous crudity, and music great for its cacophony, its aural cruelty, its ‘sour progressions.’ These passages are from books published by reputable houses. One was written by an Oxford professor. Two of them I have seen in learned libraries, dog-eared with sedulous perusal. And the thing is, that such utterances meet with response. Wild as they are, they would seem to be of a piece with the current sense of the arts, and this, curiously enough, — and alas! — at a time when the arts are cried up as the stuff of culture. The case has its humors.

Not to bend too solemn a brow upon it, lest the comic spirit find its perch

there instead of on the situation, I yet propound that it is time for the general intelligence to step in and take the word from the appointed appreciators and eulogists. For the state is lost when authority slips from the civil to the military; and life goes to pieces when the specialists drown the voice of the general intelligence.

What we like to call the life of the spirit is modernly parceled out and hedged in by the technicians. The large coördination of it is suffering — if not dead and beyond suffering. The play of the discursive reason, with its large perspective and sense of proportion, seems latterly to have gone out and to have left, as our eulogist says of Strauss's music, 'an entirely new scheme of orchestration, the basic principle of which is individualism of instruments, the pure anarchy of the entire orchestral apparatus.' We are going a little mad from too much centrifugal advice, cried us at from a hundred shops like bewildered wanderers in an Eastern bazaar.

Learning is guilty enough: witness, in passing, the swelling strut and mouthing in front of the psychological shop. Learning, however, has the eternal check of reality to tug at its flapping coat-tails. And reason is there to protest. But art is the perennial prey of the mountebanks. The arts spring, at their best, from the mystery of genius, and appeal to the eager senses and willing emotions. They live to please, and a dash of mystery, a touch of extravagance, are spice to the palate. They escape thus the natural drag of obvious reality, and the natural ridicule of obvious common sense. They are the privileged, the concessionnaires of the bazaar. And, catching us at a moment when general guides are in disrepute, they have launched their licensed criers at us. We are beset with their seductive antics. And lo, not a smile! The

criers are taken at their word, greeted with sober faces, quoted, retailed. Antic extravagance out-tops antic extravagance.

'We catch glimpses,' calls our musical crier, in hushed tones, thumb over shoulder toward the musical shop where the wizard is about to begin, 'of vast vistas where dissonance is king; slow iron twilights in which trail the enigmatic figures of another world; there are often more moons than one in the blood-red skies of his icy landscapes.'

Still not a smile. Humor is born of perspective. The crier begins to take himself as he sees himself in the eager, solemn eyes of the crowd. He doffs cap and bells, dons the frock coat and the professorial eyeglass, climbs down from the gilded box, and walks up and down in the earth like his prototype. Or he appears in blue with the gilt license tag of a reputable publisher, to catch the ear of those who have not wandered to the bazaar for the frank, abandoned pleasure of being duped. He has caught the general ear. His talk has got currency. Really, it is time for the general intelligence to step in, and nail to the door of the shop of the arts its ninety-five theses against further indulgences.

And especially to the door of the musical shop. For music has out-topped the other arts in a certain kind of insidious extravagance. Architecture, when it strays too far, is brought back to sanity by its alliance to vulgar usefulness. Sculpture may go a little mad, but it is still responsible to something outside itself. Painting may have periods when it out-Hamlets Hamlet — is indeed passing through a period when the wind is far from south. But it too has an external check, an anchor in reality, and is safe to come back eternally in its lucid intervals. Music, however, is free, is responsible to nothing. It is a closed circle, not accountable even to that most irresponsible of sciences, æsthetics.

It is trite to allude to Chinese music, but Chinese music holds a Chinese audience spellbound, and carries to Western ears the blunt, disillusionizing message that music is, after all, a matter of taste in noises, and that one may come to like almost any kind of noise. And to those of us who would like to feel that in melody and rhythm and harmony there lies something in the 'nature of things,' something that might bring us into closer touch with the mystery of life, or even some correspondence with the human spirit whereby developing music might open up new recesses of the soul, probe to new depths, the disillusionment is great. The criers make much, indeed, of such mystic promises, and hail each new school of music, and each new meteor in the musical sky, as a discoverer of new revelations of the spirit, as a scientist uncovers new truths and enlarges the scope of knowledge.

But those magic promises are illusory — mystic bait for the credulous. We need no allusion to Chinese music. Our own, eschewing rhythm, disdainful melody, enthroning dissonance, is moving in the same direction, and assuring us that we can come to like any noise, genuinely like it, and respond to it with our emotions. But the emotions are the old emotions, the spirit the old spirit, dulled perhaps to old noises and eager for new stimulants, but with no new powers and no new scope. There is nothing outside the voices of the criers themselves to make us believe that we have ampler spirits than the old Greeks, for all their simple music; or that Beethoven was of a poorer spirit than Humperdinck.

Change and decay! We like the new sounds, or we do not; and our emotions respond to what we like. Music is simply a pleasure in sounds. But music has the strongest hold on our mystic credulity, for it lays the surest hands on our

intangible feelings. And it is at the door of the musical shop that I should like to make a few protests, not against music, but rather in its defense against the excesses of its criers in the marketplace.

It is on the word of the criers that music has been taken with solemnity into the body of that curious thing called culture. And the particular note that recurs in cultural circles is that music has something to impart, some content — 'message' is the word that will be recognized both by those who talk of culture, and by those who shudder at it. At all events, this content is a part of the serious regard in which music is held. It is reasonable, therefore, to inquire into the nature of those impartations, — to search for 'messages' among the musical, in programmes, and in those thumbéd octavos that attest the seriousness of the cult. But a wide perusal ends in mystification.

'The quaking swamps echo with the shriek of flaming death,' interprets one crier.

If this is the type — and it is the type reported — one is tempted to ask, Why say it? Or what is the good of being told so, or led to fancy it so?

'Wagner first set the fevers of the flesh to music. . . . In the music of Strauss the Germans have discovered the fevers of the soul. And that is indeed what Strauss has tried to interpret.'

So writes another crier in the marketplace. Whether music *can* do such things is another question. But if it does — I speak the blunt language of common sense and provocative thesis — is there not some room for doubt as to its health, even its sanity?

There are indeed other 'messages' more sane revealed by the interpreters, — sunny meadows that comport themselves more seemly, moods that are

unmorbid, active impulse that moves with the stride of untainted purpose. But a search among appreciators and programmes fails to give up anything that in speech would seem more than elementary. Compared with subtleties from the pen of the simplest writer, the reported messages of music are something barren. Oftener they are gross.

'And such an exposition,' comments a crier on the composer's orchestration of his 'snarling, sorry crew of critics,' 'it is safe to say has never been heard since saurians roared in the steaming marshes of the young planet, or when prehistoric man met in multitudinous and shrieking combat.'

And yet we are asked to associate such matter with the gentler amenities of culture! It is one of the curiosities of the current vogue of the criers that they report no messages which bear in themselves the high seriousness or the deep penetration that are the mark of the noblest expression.

I am comforted on behalf of the more genuine culture, however, by one reflection. Music cannot say those things. There is danger, I know, of over-solemnity in chipping at this crystallized metaphor of a content in music. It will have a tendency to run fluid again. But that music can speak, that it can convey a thought, that it has a content, is, in the moving eloquence of the criers, the lamp that lights its entry into the preserves of culture. And the lamp is not left dull for lack of rubbing.

'The conception is breath-catching,' writes a crier of his hero, 'for it is the chant of the Ego, the tableau of Strauss's soul exposed as objectively as Walt Whitman's when he sang of his Me.'

Our light-hearted crier admits the next moment, indeed, that this objective exposure cannot be understood by listening to the music, but 'it may be child's play to the next generation.'

'This kind of music,' writes another, 'adds to our knowledge of men and of the world as much as does a play of Ibsen or a novel of Tolstoi.'

'Why cannot music express philosophy?' Strauss himself asks. 'If one wishes to approach the world-riddle perhaps it can be done with the aid of music.'

Deliquescence of thought to meet more than half way the proclaimed potency of music! And part, no doubt, of the musical illusion is due to the kind of iridescent haze that goes, to the crier-mind, by the name of thought. It is said, indeed, — and here is an illustration happily to hand, — that 'music is another language, addressed to the soul,' a thing 'so subtle that speech can never more than dimly render it, its very essence lost in translation.' Such words may have a meaning vaguely illuminating their misty volume, but I think that it is only such meaning as is explicit in the parallel statement that the smell of the rose is addressed to the soul. No language can dimly render the smell of the rose. The senses are beyond translation into speech. And yet even in the common vernacular there persists a distinction between soul and sense.

The great tactical mistake of the criers is that they are not content with their radiant nebulae; they insist on defining. And their definitions are not far remote from soul-curdling melodrama, disordered dream-stuff, chaos, and old night. And as for the explicit content of music, its thought, it is significant that no composer has orchestrated a definite statement of the musical valiance in this direction, to lay the natural doubts of the common sense. The criers themselves are forced to use speech to put its claims — to say what music means — to say that it means anything. And M. Rolland writes the ten volumes of his *Jean-Christophe* —

that noble work marred by the musical illusion — and writes it in words.

After all, it is only language that can convey ideas. For conveyance implies not only utterance on the one side, but comprehension on the other. When Jean-Christophe in his old age came back to Paris, he found a new generation growing up around him, and a new school of music. It was a little naïve to have pictured him, as M. Rolland has done, going on uttering tremendous things which no one but he himself could ever understand. In uttering particular sounds one is likely to be meaningless unless the hearer is let into the secret of them beforehand. It is just because in language one is let into the secret of every articulate element beforehand that the meaning 'comes across' — to use the expressive language of Broadway. Any one who knows the pains of search for the right word, and the trembling lest its secret be not understood with nice precision beforehand, will know the hard truth of this particular assertion. It is not made plain how music, selecting its sounds for their tone-value, can arrive with a meaning. And there comes to mind the picture of Flaubert: —

'Possessed of the absolute faith that there exists but one way of saying one thing, one word to express it, one adjective to qualify it, one verb to animate it, he gave himself over to the superhuman labor of discovering for each phrase just that word, just that epithet, just that verb. . . . To write was therefore, for him, a redoubtable thing, full of torments, of perils, of fatigues. He would set himself at his table with the fear and the desire of that beloved and torturing quest, and remain there hour after hour, immovable, desperate over his frightful task, the task of a colossus, patient and minute, building a pyramid of the marbles of childhood.'

When one compares with the signifi-

cance of this picture the vague approximations of music — its utter uncertainty that any two auditors should conceive from its expression the simplest objective 'idea': —

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;

its utter inability to mention names, or utter a thought: —

Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot;

its impotence to reason or to state a fact or truth: —

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;

— when one compares the thinker searching for sounds of conventional value with the musician searching for sounds for their sensuous tone-value, he may well despair of finding here the clue to the illusion of musical content. We may ourselves blush to have hunted the poor game in so empty a field.

I know that I am wholly beside the point in these animadversions of common sense, for thought and music are incommensurate. The point lies, after all, not in the province of thought, but in the province of emotion and fancy. It is the gift of the senses that they touch the emotions with no uncertain hand — beautiful faces loosing the pent yearnings of years, faint odors calling back for magic moments the lucid purity of childhood wonder and content, and sounds potent in their infinite variety of pitch and timbre, rhythm and succession and harmony, to stir the subtlest motions of the heart. And the quickened feelings teem with imagery to match the blended colors of the mood.

Fine Gallic distinctions among the mental faculties are not at present fashionable, but it is hardly a Gallic or a fine distinction to declare that imagery and emotion are not thought. They may accompany thought — indeed, in the noblest expressions of it they do.

One recalls — extreme example — Arnold's apostrophe to Oxford:—

'Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

'There are our young barbarians, all at play! And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, — to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?'

There is emotion here, and imagery. But music would try in vain to convey just those images, just that emotion. For the musical mode reverses the literary, and in just the element that conveys the thought and adjusts the feeling to it. The user of speech puts his thought first and the feeling flows from the idea; the user of tones rouses the feelings first, but the thought that follows — if it does follow — is the irresponsible stuff of dreams.

One may guess, then, in this region of fluid values, the submerged and slippery road over which has come the common saying that music, if not parallel with prose, is parallel with poetry. It is, indeed, possible to find poetry without thought; there is a school of futurist poets. But poetry, like prose, presents its ideas or its imagery first; they are its only sure substance of conveyance. And if emotions do arise they flow from the idea, secondary and incidental. To find music in poetry and to miss the ideas there, is hardly basis for the belief that music is therefore potent to express thought.

All this, however, is still beside the point. There lingers yet the mystic

faith that in those subtle leapings of the heart that respond to the discourse of sounds something momentous must be meant, 'something that slips by language and escapes.' We are in a region of susceptibilities. To feel deep emotion — emotion that in normal life springs from touching and deep meanings in experience or thought — to feel such emotion *is* the conviction that something is meant. In the marketplace are persuasive voices crying that something *is* meant. And the culture of the polite world, with its chagrins for those who give signs that they do not belong, has added the sanction of its social tyranny.

'Certain poets,' remarks that charming old humanist, La Bruyère, 'are given in their dramas to long passages of pompous verse, which seem powerful, elevated, and full of grand sentiments; the people listen eagerly, eyes lifted, mouths open, and they believe themselves pleased, and in the measure of their incomprehension admire the more. . . . I believed at one time, and in my early youth, that those passages were intelligible to the actors, to the pit, and to the balcony; that their authors understood them themselves, and that with all the attention that I could give to them I was in the wrong not to understand them. I have been undeceived.'

We were questioning the source of the musical illusion. I am not sure but that here, under the tutelage of fashion, and under the sanction of that curious mélange of preciosities called culture, the credulity of the emotions has been carried away to believe that music does mean something to the performers, to the pit and the balcony, and that the composers understand what they mean themselves. And they have not yet been undeceived.

AUTUMN

BY BLISS CARMAN

Now when the time of fruit and grain is come,
When apples hang above the orchard wall,
And from a tangle by the roadside stream
A scent of wild grapes fills the racy air,
Comes Autumn with her sun-burnt caravan,
Like a long gypsy train with trappings gay
And tattered colors of the Orient,
Moving slow-footed through the dreamy hills.
The woods of Wilton, at her coming, wear
Tints of Bokhara and of Samarcand;
The maples glow with their Pompeian red,
The hickories with burnt Etruscan gold;
And while the crickets fife along her march,
Behind her banners burns the crimson sun.

UPLIFT

BY CHARLOTTE FITZHUGH MORRIS

HIGHLY civilized beings laugh seldom and never cry at all, but Lizzie, who upon slight provocation could laugh loud and long, cried over anything she wanted to. It made her feel good all over, she said, to holler aloud with her cheek pressed against the cool oilcloth of the kitchen table. Lizzie was a Slav-ic cook I had (mournful past tense!) — a large girl, with masses of coarse black hair, dusky eyes, and extremely fair and beautiful skin. Her only fault was a disposition to raise her voice in lament all the way up to my third-floor sewing-room when, for instance, a cake was burned on the bottom, when mom (spouse to 'pop') 'smacked her awful,' or when my little girl, Henrietta, got a pain.

Consequently, when those familiar robust sobs drowned the voice of my sewing-machine that day of Lizzie's great misfortune, — and mine, too, for I had trained her for three years into a perfect cook, and besides I loved the great big child, — I did not go down to inquire until I had most callously finished my seam. Then, glancing around the kitchen and seeing no stimuli for tears on the stove, sink, or table, I looked out into the back yard, where I saw the freshly laundered napkins strewn upon the ground, cause indeed for despair.

'Yes'm,' gasped Lizzie, on the crest of a sob, 'clothesline fall from clean napkins and make all dirty, but that not why I cry.' Then, with this negative explanation, the arms that could shove my piano across the sitting-room

were stretched out again on the soothing oilcloth, her face hidden against them, only the tangle of hair visible — wet around the edges with the heat of the kitchen stove combined with her emotion.

'My mom say, "You must marry."' And the girl broke forth as though her former demonstration had been but a hint of her real power in the lachrymose line.

'But Lizzie, don't you want to marry?' I asked, amazed. I had never yet had a girl who did n't leave me to get married as soon as I had trained her. A cook lamenting because she did n't want to get married upset my theories.

Lizzie, looking like a swimmer who had been some time submerged, mopped her face and hair on the corner of her apron.

'My man very bad dirty fellow,' she explained. 'You teach me be clean nice girl, go-to-bed-very-early-every-night. You have nice white baby with yellow hair and clean dress. My babies come all the time to lie on floor. Such babies I hate. Such husbands I hate. Mom and pop I hate fierce. I love you, and Henri, and Mr. Stanley. I like how Mr. Stanley stay away from us women when he get drunk —'

'Why, Lizzie,' I gasped, an outraged matron, 'Mr. Stanley never got drunk in his life.'

Her eyes and mouth flew open. 'Mum? I know he don't come home when he drunk, but I never know a man not get drunk, especially Saturday. But such a man that don't bother

me when he drunk I like very well to marry and have a little baby with a clean dress.'

She paused, speculating. But happy anticipation had to give way to the real pressure of facts, and while I was attempting to grasp the situation the girl broke forth anew.

'It shame for us girls not to marry, and mom say, "Liz, you get a day older every day, you know. Soon no one want you for wife." I'm most twenty. But I never see a fellow I like. Our fellows is all little short men, too lazy to grow. They marry us just to work us. Lots of lads keep company with me just because they see my big broad back. But I rather work for you than such ugly fellows.'

'You said you would like children,' I suggested weakly.

But the girl interrupted.

'Yes'm, but I get tired having so many. And their pop don't love them. And it make a difference that he don't love me, you say. You told me more times than clothespins' — a peculiar comparison of Lizzie's evidently founded on wash-day — 'how a girl must not marry except she loves and she must be good girl after she marry just same as before. But I do not love such a man my mom picks out for me. And my mom she say she never hear of a girl being good like you say, and she say, "You big fool, Liz, to care that your fellow get drunk. Don't your own pop get drunk whenever he want? All men in the world get drunk."

'I say, "Do the priest drink then, mom?" And she say, "Course not, but you can't marry the priest, they don't marry, so what you talk so silly for?" Then I need n't marry, I think, but mom say, "Shut up." I marry my fellow next week. Ugh! He's that short, Mrs. Stanley, that I mostly only see the top of his head. But mom say I marry,' she reiterated.

My poor Lizzie! Of course I offered her my home as long as she wanted to live in it.

'You been good to me, Mrs. Stanley,' she said, shyly grateful, 'and I like to live here in so nice place with a clean table-cloth and such nice little cakes of that sweet soap in the bathroom what I smell when I clean out the tub — I rub a little on my dress, Mrs. Stanley, on Sunday — I know you don't care. And I just love to look at Mr. Stanley when I wait on table. He *such* a lovely young man and say, "Thanks, Lizzie," just like that, like you never tell him you pay me every week to wait on him. Sounds nice, don't you think — "Thanks, Lizzie"?''

'Do stay with me then,' I urged. 'You support yourself, and there's plenty of room for you here.'

'No, ma'am, it would be a great sin,' she replied with mournful conviction. 'Mom say she tell the priest about me and she say he say, "Lizzie must obey her parents" — that's mom and pop, you know — "and marry to increase the faithful." If I don't obey the priest I go to the bad place, and you know I think what that is every time I burn myself just a little on the range — *awful* —'

'There, Lizzie,' I interrupted, patting her shoulder soothingly. I had heard of her Hell before and had no desire to revisit those awful infernal scenes under the guidance of my domestic Dante. 'Suppose you wash your face now and see about dinner. Nothing is ever as bad as you think it is going to be.' Such my hypocritical platitude.

After her wedding I was too engrossed in the training of another Slav to interest myself seriously in Lizzie's matrimonial adventures. I often wondered, however, why she did not come to see me. I could not ascribe her indifference

to a settled content in her own home, where I knew she must be working herself to death, though my husband said that this was fine sentimental reasoning. He remarked that I seemed to feel an inner satisfaction in imagining the girl unhappy, due to the fact that I had trained her into a being somewhat higher than her own people. 'You are crediting Lizzie with nerves, almost with temperament,' he declared; 'and cooks don't have such things,' he added largely.

One day Lizzie came. She brought Henrietta gifts after a child's heart: a cake full of raisins for little fingers to pick out and scatter crumbs all over the place, and a bottle of cologne, somewhat more powerful and permeating than smelling-salts, called 'Breath of Wild Violets.' She played with the child, scarcely speaking to me. Once tears came slowly to her eyes, but she wiped them away and none followed.

'You used always to cry on this very piece of oilcloth, Lizzie. Help yourself,' said I, patting her hand.

Lizzie ignored me and lifted Henrietta from her broad knees, where the child, reeking with the scent of the 'Wild Violets,' sat absorbed in meditation like a fat Buddha.

'I have a baby soon,' she said.

There was a pause. The girl's face flushed suddenly and painfully, and I could scarcely catch her words.

'I don't know nothing. I very frightened. He scare me and mom say I big fool. My own mom she say, "Lizzie, you great big fool." But I most unhappy mother of baby like its pop, just like its ugly pop, dark, dirty-looking. —My God, Mrs. Stanley, am I a pig like my husband and my children little pigs? And I work all day for my husband since we got married, but do he care for me any different from another, any other, woman? All our men and women crowd together, spend their

nights together to make God sick — you know how it is, and you teach me be clean girl, you know, but I wish you teach me nothing nice. I wish I die long ago. I never grow a woman till I married and now — now I can't still even cry good and loud like I used to once.' She was accumulating sorrow on sorrow like a hurt child.

I did n't know what on earth to say. The situation was indeed unprecedented in my rather brief domestic experience. My husband had said that cooks did n't have 'nerves,' that surcharged feeling or temperament was the peculiar burden of those who did not have the question of the next meal and a Slavic villain of a husband to contend with. The exceptionally poor and degraded, in my theory of compensation, were to be spared exceptional insight. No cook should be devastated from within by 'those obstinate questionings of sense and outward things.' But of course my theories did not blaze a trail for Lizzie. I put my arm about the girl, and told her to come up to the nursery with me and look over some of Henrietta's first baby clothes that might be of use to her.

'My child not pretty and sweet little thing like Henri,' said the girl sullenly, but smoothing out with evident pleasure the rumpled little clothes. 'And she just grow up very quick like babies do, and she live unhappy all her life like me. She won't learn like me here, though, to like a pretty thing and to try to be nice all the time. I very dumb, but I learn much more here than to broil a beefsteak for Mr. Stanley and how not so much onion in things is better tasting. But what the use? No use at all, and now I don't like to live with a man and cut his hair and sole his shoes and bake and clean. And you wouldn't believe how I have so great number of things to tell on myself at confession, how awful I swear, and how

Satan tempts me to hit my husband, me so much larger than him and such a good useful strength in my two arms. — My *heavenly* Father,' she cried suddenly, 'if my baby a *boy* baby — you can't think how I hate men, except Mr. Stanley of course. — But I like these little clothes fine. Don't you think they cute? And all mine. I like very much to dress her — this baby, I mean.'

'You will bring her around often to see Henri and me,' I urged as she was leaving.

'Yes, ma'am, if you should like.'

'I love your baby dearly already,' said I; but, stopping short, embraced the girl.

Her wistful darkening eyes were so eloquent a tongue that my own was silenced.

When I leaned over to peep at the little bundle in its mother's arms I was greeted by screams from such powerful lungs that I concluded sorrowfully that, contrary to Lizzie's wishes, the infant must certainly be a boy and a very energetic one. But its mother answered my unspoken question.

'It's a little girl, Mrs. Stanley. Its pop is that mad at its not being a boy. I hope I don't have another. But I like this one, this little girl.' She lay silently with her one good possession pressed to her side. 'Don't you think it's a awful cute little baby?' said its mother, running her fingers lightly over the

funny fuzzy little head. 'Do *you* think it favors me or the pop, Mrs. Stanley? We think it looks like me. My mom say she don't just happen to remember what I looked like when I was small, she's had so many babies since, but she thinks I most likely looked about like this baby of mine, real fat,' — she rolled back the sleeve from the infant's arm, — 'and *do* look, its arms are certainly powerful looking for such a small baby, ain't they, and you remember how I can move your piano? — But dear God! I do feel so weak as water now.'

'What are you going to name her, Lizzie? Is she to be a little Lizzie Number Two?'

'No, ma'am. I wanted to ask you if you cared if I named her after Henrietta. And pop's name's Bevarik, you know, so her name'll be Henrietta Stanley Bevarik. Ain't that a *nice* name? Sounds almost as if she were a lady already like your Henri. With a name like that she'll surely be a whole lot better than me, don't you think? Well, I think I get up to-morrow. I have a lot to do for the baby that nobody here know how to do but me. And did n't you say I should wash her ears along with her face, Mrs. Stanley?'

'Yes, Lizzie.'

'I knew it,' said the young mother triumphantly. 'Mom say it 'ud make her deaf to wash her ears much. But mom don't know about babies like *I* do, do she?'

HOMETOWN REVISITED

BY SEYMOUR DEMING

SOMETHING said at the Conspirators' luncheon table started it. The Single-Taxer, in an interval of silence vouchsafed by the string band between twin-ges of *La Bohème*, had propounded, —

'What would happen to us, I wonder, if we went back to live in our home towns?'

'Had n't you better ask,' amended the Christian Socialist, 'what would happen to our home towns?'

He was recommended not to flatter himself that he, or any other clergyman not quite resolved to give up the church, could quell the knew-him-when-he-was-a-youngsterizings of his birthplace. A certain supreme failure was cited. Your tongue might be touched with Pente-costal flame: there would always be some one who made a point of remembering that your Uncle Jim had died of delirium tremens.

'Just a moment,' objected the Party Socialist; 'I am unable to see how the small towns can be much more hopeless for our purposes than these sodden suburbs, where the whole mental energy of the community is focused on lawnmowers and furnaces. Make the small towns understand what is wrong, and they will help you right it.'

This notion was, of course, contemptuously flouted by the Syndicalist: 'Small towns inevitably react to the *bourgeois* influences. The revolution has nothing to hope from them. It must rest its case with the working class.'

'Yes, but,' interposed the Single-Taxer, 'my question was: What would

happen to us if we were forced to go back to our home towns to live?'

'The question is a foolish question,' snorted the Syndicalist. 'None of us would ever go back to our home towns to live. We would rather die.'

Whereupon the party, amid fresh spasms of Puccini from the band, adjourned to a capitalist, or as yet unregenerate, world.

It was remarked afterwards that the Fabian had not shared in the dispute. He had listened with eyes fixed glassily on the carafe, as men do when what they hear is at work on their subconscious minds. Next week, the luncheon table of the Conspirators saw him not. But the week after that he was first in his place.

The Fabian is of an inquiring turn. While we speculated, he had experimented. He had, at no small trouble and some expense, negotiated a flying pilgrimage to his home town — somewhere in the Mississippi Valley; in the interests of generalization I make a point of forgetting the name of the place. He was back with the news. And here, as nearly as I can remember, it is.

I

It was partly a sentimental journey, I may as well confess. The estate is to be broken up and the house sold. I had a hankering to eat and sleep once more in the old rookery before it went under the hammer. Nobody inhabits it now except a care-taker, but the furniture all remains exactly as it was when I

clutched at it, learning to walk — the old stage-set intact. How would my, your, anybody's new costumes fit the old scenery? Hundreds, thousands, hundreds of thousands of us, in the past four decades, have left just such homes and fared into the cities. For better or for worse? How stands the balance-sheet? Did I say it was a sentimental pilgrimage? Well, at any rate, it soon ceased to be personal. If I felt

like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall de-sarted,

it was as the envoy of the multitudes who must be wondering exactly the same things I was wondering — the multitudes who picked up and cleared out of these small towns on the reiterated plea that in them 'there was nothing for the young people to do.'

Not to rely too implicitly on my own verdicts, I took the precaution of including Talcott in the expedition. As the chief resident physician in St. Benedict's, Talcott has some standing as a diagnostician. He is, likewise, a small-town product. Not a few of the successful phases of the translation from *rus* to *urbs* we had weathered together. His stethoscope, I opined, would register a few heart-throbs which might elude the naked ear. As to this, Talcott was skeptical — but then, Talcott is always skeptical. That is half his value.

The town? It has a Main Street and a stone bridge of three arches to span a river which freshets obstreperously each spring. The churches are late black walnut and pre-social-settlement, individual-salvation theological; the high school prepares for college if perchance the dean hath dined well; there is one rich man, whose residence, the show place, is not infrequently mistaken for the county courthouse; and, I regret to record, a Carnegie library smelling of the blood and sweat of the steel industry. An interurban street-

car line communicates with a country club where the newest dances are duly solemnized to phonograph records of the punctiliously newest Broadway 'successes.'

And then there are the side streets of white houses behind the shade rows of maples; the kind voices and the glad greetings; the dimmed eyes and the thin, eager, old hands clinging as if stretched out for a little warmth from the glowing past. These are the old neighbors who called on one's parents when they were a bridal pair, who had helped and been helped in sickness, who had snatched us from in front of teams when we were tow-headed toddlers. Yes, there is something more to be said for the man who remembers that your Uncle Jim died of the D.T.'s. As likely as not he was the only man in town with the nerves to stay by through the horror of those last ravings. Why has n't he good cause to remember?

'To think,' says Magda Schwartz, in Sudermann's play, 'that from this window to that door was once my world!'

It appeared that both Talcott and I had been thinking of that play all along as charting pretty much the whole predicament of home-coming. For while, in my ears, the echoes of industrial revolt jangled horribly out of tune with this small-town tranquillity, in his, scientific training was in just as strident clash with its evangelical theology. Scenes from *Magda* kept confronting us at every street corner. It was positively as if we had wandered 'on' into some unrehearsed fifth act.

To rummage among the musty pigeon-holes of reawakened memories was to suffer many a wry face at the keepsakes they yielded to the light. So these were our jewels in the days when Plancus was consul and Mr. Maurice Grau engaged the singers for the Metropolitan! Item, one bundle of vain-

glorious ambitions, slightly damaged; item, one packet of idolatrous worship of the charlesdanagibsonizings of the eighteen-nineties; item, full-page portraits of Men in the Public Eye and Captains of Industry. (Query: Where are the Captains of yester year?) Money? No: we had not exactly craved that prize, except by way of craving the prizes which we did not then know that it would buy — though we were quite docilely disposed to swallow any quantity of magazine chatter about smart sets in general and marble cottages at Newport in particular. What we craved was a certain nebulous condition best defined, perhaps, as the state of being in the swim. We did passionately and painfully desire that, and so intensely that we were quite willing to accept the attached condition of its being a sink-or-swim — chiefly, as we were later to learn, a sink.

The influence of the popular magazines of those years, in moulding our minds and ambitions, is fearful to me now to contemplate — even in retrospect; nor am I able to perceive that the tune has altogether changed. Our tastes, our social criticism (so far as we had any), our estimates of worth-while-ness, were ruled by the invisible hand of magazine art, magazine fiction, and magazine reviewing. Oh, tempered and supplemented, it is true, by the Victorian poets and novelists, escorted by the mid-nineteenth-century New Englanders, on most of whom, save Hawthorne and Emerson, be it confessed, we had already begun to sniff a faint odor of mediocrity.

The newspapers were impossible. But the magazines at least registered the pulse of the time. And whether that pulse was normal or feverish was not so much the point of bane or blessing as that it beat in *tempo*, not with Hometown, but with Urbopolis. It was city cookery for country stomachs; and

it frequently caused acute indigestion. Your fictionist, your illustrator, your commentator on men and events were — save for brief spasms of summer rustication, during which they patronized 'natives' within an inch of their lives — in and of the city. From the city their impressions and illustrations were mostly drawn. They idealized the city; they gilded it with false sentiment, false beauty, false romance. On much, if not most, extra-urban existence fell the implied stigma of a derided provincialism.

I am not picking a belated quarrel with the great gods of journalism as she was journeyed in the late nineties. I am, with the aid of an expert diagnostician, registering symptoms many of which I know to be still extant.

The difficulty was just here: the city life was conscious of itself; the small-town life was not. An army of fairly competent minds was busy interpreting the life of the city to itself, and this so thoroughly that not a teamster or ribbon-counter clerk of the urban lot but had his spokesman in the public prints, and partook somewhere of the typical. And the salesperson who has once seen salespeople elevated to the rank of printed or acted comedy or tragedy is conscious of a new sense of personal consequence which years of obscurity are powerless wholly to erase. To have had one's social setting touched by the wand of art is to have shaken hands with a celebrity: life is never afterwards quite the same drab commonplace.

But the small town, save for a few scattered 'story-writers of locality,' had never had its leaden metal transmuted into this gold of self-consciousness. A few county histories, a few Indian legends, a few volumes of short tales, were the only glances that art had deigned to cast our way. What the small town needed — and needs — was

to be interpreted to itself: to be able to say at this moment and that, 'This is typical.' In the large sense, what we wanted was the news. The news did not come fast enough, there was not enough of what did come, and what did come was not the right kind. A city-concocted brew of mental stimulant taught us to value what we had not. It did not teach us to appreciate what we had.

The materials of art were all present, in rich profusion. To perceive them is easy enough now. The porch life in summer: whole families living on vine-draped verandas and visiting, in clans, from porch to porch of a mild evening; the church festivals, embroiling neighborhoods in hectic excitements and theatrical thrills; the adjournment of households to a semi-barbarous existence of canvas tent and mosquito netting on the shores of woods-embowered streams and lakes; the evenings of innocent peanut debauchery at the hurdy-gurdified 'amusement parks'; the lecture courses, of which Mr. Robert Nourse and Mr. Russell H. Conwell were kings; sleigh-rides and coasting parties which included everybody from grandmother to the four-year-old; the one week of February when the river froze solidly enough for skating, and business was suspended while the whole town strapped on its skates; the long, cosy winter evenings by the fire, with sessions of Thackeray and Shakespeare read aloud from the moment the supper dishes were done until a reluctant bedtime; the valiant amateur struggles with Schubert's songs and Mozart's sonatas; and finally, the perpetual and perennial sheer delight of old and young, whether conscious or unconscious, in the majestic procession of the seasons; the warm throb of night wind on the first fair evenings of April; the delight of blossom-time and of fruit-time; and the Alpine pageantry of that cloud-land

which is so incomparably splendid on the great plains.

Here it was, an Ali Baba's cave of treasure; and most of us who were within it felt it to be, not a treasure-house but a prison, because that art which is the vehicle of community self-consciousness was wanting to interpret it to us. The doors of the outer world would not open, for the only words we knew were, not 'Open Sesame,' but 'Open Barley.'

II

And here, after the lapse of a decade or more, so vivid were the memories of that hunger and thirst after urbanities that, if candor is to have her perfect work, neither Talcott nor I can deny a secret elation in walking those familiar lanes and byways with a sense of having outgrown them. 'From this window to that door was once my world.' In this upper chamber, on a still, summer afternoon a dozen years ago, we had sat staring at the snowy gleam of the silver birch amid its mist of greenery, with eyes that saw it not, with a spirit that burned to be at a trial of strength in the city: to struggle; to win; to lose; to feel the tug and strain of muscles at tension; to know the dust and sweat of the day; to have borne a share in it, however obscure; to have been one of the great crowd, suffering, aspiring, and to have heaved a shoulder against the eternal burdens along with the rest.

Well, all this we have done. And it was worth the fee. Nothing much came of it, perhaps, unless it be that solemn, man's-estate elation voiced by the mate in Mr. Joseph Conrad's story, *Youth*: —

'And there was somewhere in me the thought: By Jove! this is the deuce of an adventure — something you read about; and it is my first voyage as second mate — and I am only twenty —

and here I am lasting it out as well as any of these men.'

The romance of the great towns! — Do the city-bred ever thrill to it as we of the small towns? I wonder. Not vulgar bedazzlement with glitter and swirl, — your minor poet or Broadway dramatist can dish up that emotion, — but the mental intoxication of guessing at the epic sweep of human destinies interwoven in these inscrutable buildings, these teeming streets. I mean a glamour as of first hearing a majestic symphony, long ago learned from a piano score, performed by full orchestra: I mean those first weeks of our Great Adventure, of the sense and sound of the city drenching us with hope and dread; of lifting eyes to the upper murk, rose-pink from the glare of boulevards; of the muffled roar borne vaguely up into remote brick courts as from spring freshets thundering in deep woods over the cataracts of life.

To be sure, nothing much happens. But anything might. A pair of closed shutters shrouds what malign secrets? The merest hall bedroom, exhibited by the frowsiest of garrulous landladies during the room-hunt, — what devotions, ecstasies, heroisms, passions, lusts, despairs have been enacted in the scant nine feet between 'this window and that door'? — And in this illimitable, mysterious human flood we are, somehow, swimming and keeping heads out. This was what we had planned to do, and we are managing to do it. The cup for which we thirsted is a cup of trembling, a shuddering intoxication. Gone is the shelter of neighborly interest, gone the placid security of home.

But we have felt the good ship riding free,
And seen the dawn o'er purple islands break.

At a certain moment in a memorable contest came a raucous whisper from the quarter-back, 'Anything goes, fellows; the referee's not watching.' At a

certain moment in the contest comes a sinister whisper from the city to the small-town transplantee, 'Anything goes; the referee's not watching.'

It sounds credible. The crowd has opened its jaws and swallowed us — human atoms. One letter a week is the slender thread leading back to any former identity which may have been ours. Not a human eye keeps watch over our comings-in or our goings-out. Sweeping repeal of that half-kindly, half-spiteful surveillance of gossip over good repute; the annihilation of a whole army of neighborly recording angels. And this on the heels of that staggering revelation of our personal unimportance. At home we were, always would be, Somebody, — even if only 'Charley Lamson's boy'; here — 'Mr. Nobody of Nowhere.' Humiliation. Loneliness. Anxiety. Appetite for pleasure. Youth. Homesickness. Beckoning of soft occasion. Now if character is in, let it out and mount guard. For it is under the assault of this insidious sense of *irresponsibility* that the first battles are lost or won. We are surprised by a rapid beating of the heart for no apparent reason; we are brimming with a fierce, secret exultation over nothing in particular. Now comes the test of principles with a severity which rarely assails the city-bred, whose mentors have grown up with them. No one seems to care what we do. It does not seem to matter. It is only long afterwards that we learn that the future is thronged with those who care. For the present, if we have the force of character to withstand these incitements of namelessness in the solitude of the crowd, it is either from a fear of evil consequences, which, though not an exalted inhibition, is better than none, or from habit of right behavior or sheer strength of will and loyalty to abstract principles.

If the city-bred are not required to undergo this ordeal, they never quite

earn the invulnerability of those by whom it has, more or less creditably, been passed. For after this temptation in the desert of loneliness, no temptation is ever quite so severe. That is why, I think, such small-townners as surmount it emerge in a stoic temper. Stoic it may have left us, but the ordeal will have failed of half its purpose if it has not left us compassionate as well. Five-line tragedies in the newspapers are meaningful to us. Now we know how such things can happen. That we escaped may be as much good luck as good management. But to have realized how narrow are the margins between guilt and innocence is at once a rebuke to pride and a claim on measureless pity.

And then, to our new-opened eyes, the tragedy of the city begins to reveal itself. Do you, who have grown up in the midst of it, look on it with a vision so sensitized? I doubt. To us it has not only the terror of strangeness, but also the terror of the might-have-been.

The romance, by this time, has grown somewhat grim: not Thackeray at his most genteel, but Dickens at his most grisly. This is now not a stage play or a story book; nor is life 'copy' for inspired fiction. This is real blood and tears. These shrieks are genuine; this despair is the hollow throat-rattle of exhaustion; this sin is vile; this suffering unbearable. We see it now, we small-townners, with eyes washed clean by our own temptations, defeats, self-conquests, and with hearts that know from the sweet, wholesome neighborly intercourse in which we were reared that people were never meant to live like this.

The drawn underlip of the rouged woman in the café; the wail of the wife as the verdict-grinding magistrate pronounces sentence; the sodden face of the power-over of garbage barrels; the haggard glare of the drug fiend; the frail girl taking her first day at the

telephone switchboard — she is too faint to touch her luncheon of toast and tea; the man of forty in quest of a job; the teamster, asleep from exhaustion, rolled from his seat, and run over by his own wagon. The child struck by a motor-truck driven by a lad who has been out since four that morning: it is now seven of the evening, and he was speeding home. A scream, a pool of blood, a limp little body, a mother's shriek. An ambulance call. The young doctor in the ambulance shakes his head. (It was Talcott.) 'Honest, Doc, I never seen her. It was so dark.' A driver out of a job; a mother out of a child. — Must these things be? Well, they are. Think on them. And then let us be gay. Crack a joke. Lively places, these cities. Glamour. Romance. Majestic public buildings. Hear the sweet young thing exclaim, 'I perfectly adore New York!' Meaning that she perfectly adores luncheon at the Plaza and a box at the Metropolitan.

So why spend good money for cheap imitation tragedies in theatres when the raw material of the real thing jostles us off the curbing? I do not say that the city-bred are invariably desensitized to such sights. What I say is that we of the small towns look on them with a sensitiveness to the human side of things which sharpens our capacities for suffering and stimulates our consciences to seek a remedy. We know that if such things had happened in our home towns we could and would have 'done something' about it. It is the knowledge that, here in the cities, half the time, there is not much to be done, that causes us to take it so to heart.

III

Well, and what do we propose to do about it?

The *dramatis personæ* of the party at the luncheon table is one hint. But

what sort of reception would such a cast of characters as you fellow Conspirators — sartorially irreproachable, but politically outrageous — receive in the home town?

As we sat there in the family pew that golden Sunday morning, and afterwards, as we strolled home under the maple shade-rows through the sultry, drowsing noon, this is what Talcott (who signs himself in gay little notes, 'For the revolution') and I were asking ourselves. How can these placid gentle-folk be expected to comprehend the secret horror and the public danger, even to their very selves, of a city slum? Whimsically we amused ourselves by speculating as to what would happen were one of us, after sitting docilely under the sterile theology of the eighteen-seventies, to mount the horse-block before the church portal, and, as the congregation poured out, preach the new gospel of industrial democracy and social revolt. We imagined the Sunday dinners curdled with horror: the stoning with missiles of blank stupefaction and outraged decorum. — 'Christ a labor agitator! The priests and politicians who crucified him the capitalist class of Judea! "Wage slavery" worse than the black slavery of the South? — Don't I seem to remember, Jane, that every once in a while some one in that family has had a slate off?'

The notion of haranguing those old neighbors on these new issues held the raw materials of farce and melodrama, with just a possible dash of tragedy. We were wise youth. We did not preach, saying, 'Repent, for ye know not at what hour the social revolution cometh.' We withdrew, instead, to the rose-garden below the terraces, and there, stretched at full length on the velvety lawn, looked up into the sun-veined foliage of the lindens and asked ourselves a few questions.

Why, after all, this frantic fluttering

to quit Hometown the instant wings were fledged? Was there truly 'nothing for young people to do'? Or was there merely nothing *genteel* for young people to do?

Partly both. A Hometown which, with the flour dust of two grist-mills, whitens a Main Street jostled by thrice as many stores as an adjacent farming territory can comfortably maintain, will support only a limited number of white-collar men. Squire, doctor, parson, and pedagogue well-nigh exhaust the professional list. Add a few clerks, officials, and small merchants, and the clean-linen positions are all filled.

But our college-entrance, high-school curriculum had created in us a mystic conviction that our talents were henceforth dedicated to 'brain work' — by which we meant indoor jobs. Also, it meant a flavor of the gentility hereinbefore mentioned. Hearing, therefore, that such posts were running round the cities crying to be eaten, and mindful of a mercanto-literary tradition of poor-boys-who-became-exploiters, we stamped thither to hang, in the majority of cases for the rest of our days, by the skin of our teeth on the ragged edge of that self-same gentility. Whether or not there were, specifically, acres enough for us all, did it occur to any of us, I wonder, that had we been willing, as Tolstoï admonishes, to do our own bread-labor with our own hands, all these things of culture which really count might have been added unto us — or, if they were not, it had been no great matter? Culture was a nineteenth-century society-saving gospel which had grown somewhat ragged at the edges in the twentieth, even before it began to be spelled with a K.

Explicitly, how fared it with the children of the Exodus? Had their urban Land of Promise flowed with milk and honey? It had flowed with hall bedrooms and dairy lunches — loneliness,

underpayment, precarious employment, every inducement to commercialize friendships, and always the gnawing suspicion that while this might be 'life' it certainly was not living. So much for certified milk and canned honey.

It is not that we should be told, when we fare forth on these errands, that the prizes are mostly blanks. That is not true. What we should be told is that they are not prizes at all, but extremely moderate stipends for years of plodding toil, and that the premium is a possibly wider mental life than that of the small towns. What we *are* instructed to believe is that for every one willing to pay the fee in stoical endurance of hardship and temptation, there is reputation, or riches, or great place. And this, we have begun to learn, is a thundering lie.

If you put it on a profit-and-loss basis, perhaps better bargains at life's counter are to be had in the country store. Perhaps, and again perhaps, we could spare the city better than the city could spare us. Our trial balance is not all debit. Once we were sure of meals, clothes, and a roof; we gave our days to administering charities which the shrewder of us detected to be something like genteel conscience-money; we gave our reputations to be burned attacking corrupt administrations; and that the cities are no more terrible than they are is owing somewhat to the small-town conscience and the small-town courage.

But our forfeitures have been heavy. Not for us those neighborly intimacies in which lifelong friendships ripen as choice vintages mellow, to decant sparkling and fresh at the last; not for us that majestic processional of the seasons, unvexed by the clatter of scurrying routines; not for us the deliberate maturing of projects 'too great for haste, too high for rivalry'; nor the sun-

drenched ripening of quiet days, alone with the Great Silences.

I am not talking of an elegant loaf. I am talking of 'toil unsevered from tranquillity.' Can it be ours in the cities? Or do we 'spend our lives in posting here and there,' mistaking St. Vitus for St. Francis?

Come. Let us out with it. Fools who revisit their home towns to scoff remain to pray. The tinsel that drew us away is tarnished; the lottery ticket dishonored. For the mouthings of drama and the posturings of opera, we have bartered neighbors who could know enough about us to be able to trust us; for painted canvas in art galleries, the splendor of nature's nakedness; for concert rooms, the music of evening breeze and robin's song; in three words, imitation for reality. We know it. So now, if we remain, it must be not from any illusion as to what we can get, but from a stern knowledge of what we ought to give.

IV

There, where the roses kindled their garnet flames, while the lindens stirred to leafy music as we lay, Talcott and I, thumbing pages of the last decade, — the shimmering heat of brick pavements; the litter of soiled papers beating from curb to curb under aimless gusts; forlorn alleys; weary men and women; babies gasping for life in stifling tenements, — how remote it all seemed from this bridal chamber of maidenly summer; how remote and yet how much more real!

To quit the cities while such things are?

Yes. For news travels faster in the city than in Hometown; and there is no slum like a rural slum. For if Hometown is to be the reservoir, it must learn to boil the water. Enough of community frolics and family festivals; enough of domestic-centric universes;

there is mighty work to be done and Hometown must help to do it. Hometown must learn not to bristle at the suggestion that slavery did not cease on January 1, 1863, but is going cheerfully on under the sleek alias of wages. Hometown must unlearn a whole rigid ritual of burgess history and burgess ethics. Hometown must learn not to blanch at the dire names of Emma Goldman and Bill Haywood, who might conceivably teach Hometowners many truths highly expedient for them to know. As yet, I believe, Hometown has progressed to the point of accepting Miss Jane Addams, which is excellent so far as it goes, but which, as I think Miss Addams would be the first to agree, is not the ultimate.

Such is the diagnosis. What is the prescription? Allopathic. A tablespoonful of radicalism after each meal and at bedtime, administered by Hometowners who have earned their diplomas by hard study and hard knocks in the great university of city life. The trouble, at present, is that the Hometowners who master the science of preventive medicine are mainly fighting epidemics in Urbia or Suburbia, whereas the social hygiene of Hometown is by no means impeccable.

Let Hometowners go to the cities, since go they will; only let them take heed that the city be not their journey's end. I am very far from suggesting that they should return to the spot of their nativity, for I can scarcely conceive a more difficult lot than that of the radical who, having 'got religion' in a great town, should endeavor to take it home with him to be introduced to his old neighbors — an ordeal compared to which the bride's at the sewing circle is a Roman triumph. Nazareth has written a precedent which the centuries, unfortunately, do not erase.

Rather, let a new pioneer furnish the hint.

He had been a blazer of trails: from a Berkshire college he plunged directly into the boiling social vat of a city slum, to give two of the best years of his youth (the two when other men are 'getting started') to an errand of service. The two years are given. And now what?

'It is back to the small town for me,' says the pioneer.

'Your home town?'

'And lose two years disarming the hostility of old neighbors who grudge to admit that it is possible for a child to grow up? Not much! But to some other small town, where I can be a novelty, a mystery, a possibility. No money. No glory. But a human life. And a new profession, — about the newest, I fancy, in such a country as this, — that of giving more than you get.'

That was three years ago. He went; not to Hometown, but to East Hometown, where, as I gather, he is now the Main Splash, though that was not the object of the expedition.

To carry the news from the cities; to urge Hometown to know its blessings and recognize its failings; to keep the springs of life flowing pure and strong; and there to nourish a social conscience that shall help to shame the cities into decency: I wonder if that is not our return-trip ticket.

The sun had westered till the late yellow rays found the two of us under the lindens. Inside the French windows which gaped open on the terrace, a tall clock chimed four. There was dunnage to pitch into traveling bags, a train to catch.

It whistled at the bend. We were whirled away. In another hour, as we crossed a Sunday-jaded city square, Buonarrotti, the I. W. W. organizer, just out of a Western jail, was lecturing the populace. Over their heads we had a parenthetical nod of recognition. It was to realize that while we had

stepped out into the foyer to chat, the play was still going on.

Ten minutes later, in the great hospital, Talcott, in his whites, with his stethoscope in his hip pocket, had resumed his rounds and vigils. Two hours more, and a transcontinental limited, roaring across a moonlit countryside, was laying the states between Hometown and me.

It was all over. And yet it was not. For some day, remembering that the city is not all, is only a probation, we are going back, out there where lie the realities, and the duties—if not to Hometown, then to East Hometown.

Thus the Fabian. And on all the host of well-greaved Achæans sat many-counseled Silence, brooding, brooding. On the Syndicalist especially, chin on breast, very glum.

Then the Single-Taxer, with that tactically invaluable knack of his for drawing fire to expose the enemy's batteries, spoke these wingèd words: 'Did n't I hear that the revolution has nothing to hope from the small town?'

'Well, what if you did?' responded the Syndicalist, so *mezzo forte* for him that, to one who knew him, it was piteous; 'I came from a white house up a side street myself. And I'm homesick.'

WITH THE IRON DIVISION AT VERDUN

BY LOUIS-OCTAVE PHILIPPE

[On February 21, 1916, the opening guns of the great German offensive against Verdun were fired. As it had been preceded by a number of small local attacks at various points along the line, the French High Command was not sure at first whether the movement on Verdun was to be a serious effort or only a feint, and no adequate reserves were on hand. The bombardment soon grew intense beyond all anticipations; the advanced French lines were buried under a deluge of high explosives, and the German infantry, following up this advantage, were able to progress about a mile a day. By Saturday, the 26th, a Brandenburg regiment had reached and taken by storm the fort of Douaumont. To use the language of the French official reports, the situation was a 'delicate' one.

The famous 'Iron Division' was therefore selected to reëstablish the balance, other reserves being rushed in the meantime to Verdun from various parts of the French line. As all the available railroads were within the scope of the German long-range artillery, the men had either to march on foot or be carried in automobiles or motor-trucks.

When the German attack began, the author of the following article had been enjoying the customary week's rest behind the French lines on the river Somme, in the north of France. He expected to return with his regiment to regular trench duty in a few days; but instead, the men were suddenly loaded on motor-trucks and rushed with scarcely a pause to Verdun. They arrived just in time to be thrown into

the breach, joining in a fierce counter-attack side by side with the 'Iron Division' under General Balfourrier.

The crest of Haudromont, of which mention is made, is a continuation of that Douaumont ridge which has figured so largely in the bloody chronicles of the battle. The Thiaumont farm lies on the southern slopes of this same ridge.

No attempt has been made to eliminate from this stirring narrative the peculiar savor which the English language acquires in passing through the Gallic temperament. — THE EDITORS].

ON the evening of February 26 the anxiety was great, north of Verdun. By a deluge of shells the Germans had crushed, during the day, the 85th Regiment, which was defending the crest of Haudromont. When night came the miserable remnants of this fine troop had been obliged to evacuate their positions. The gap was made; the route to Verdun lay open. On the same day, moreover, the Germans had reached, a little farther to the east, the ruins of the fort of Douaumont.

In the evening, taking into account his double victory, the German Emperor, by a famous telegram composed in lyrical terms, announced to his faithful subjects the imminent fall of the impregnable fortress, thereby arousing in their hearts tremendous enthusiasms and hopes without limit.

Among our chiefs the anxiety was great. As for us modest soldiers, we were in a complete ignorance of the true situation. We had passed the day in a sort of indifference and even in a certain degree of tranquillity.

Having been brought before day-break into a wood situated on the edge of a little valley, we were to relieve the troops that were fighting on that day. While waiting the moment to intervene we had, therefore, nothing to do except

to contemplate the spectacle. It was truly interesting, and on our first day of real war, a war of movements and not one of positions only, we were having our fill. Two artillery regiments of 'seventy-fives' were drawn up in the open behind the crest which we were occupying. Since early in the morning the guns had been thundering with vigor. For what purpose, exactly, were these random volleys multiplied, making above our heads an uninterrupted rumble? Curtain fire? Fire of destruction? Fire against infantry? We never knew, and moreover we did not try to find out. At any rate, this firing annoyed the Boches, because soon their shells were coming thick and fast. We would hear the warning whistle, slow at first, then rapidly increasing in speed, and while the whistle was still above our heads we would see suddenly on the plain opposite a flame, then a great black cloud; then, a long time afterwards, there would reach us a tremendous concussion. We would see, also, the German shells plough up the crest; advance, retreat, strike to the right, to the left, but never reach the place where we knew our 'seventy-fives' were. And always these guns of ours, barking like angry dogs, replied to the long-drawn-out bellowing of the enemy's guns.

We spent the day counting and sizing up the shots, and if it had not been for several shells which lost their way and landed in our ranks we would have been rather diverted by the spectacle.

Evening came. What were we to do? A serious question soon solved. We were to lie down in the open to guard the passage of a ravine leading to the Meuse.

This precaution was significant, but we understood nothing. Except for a section which was to mount guard, we pitched our tents and went to sleep in perfect tranquillity.

Suddenly, at nine o'clock in the evening, alert! order to start. It seems that we are going to occupy or to dig a trench; no one knows exactly. To be sure, I overhear the commandant say, 'We are going to relieve the Eighty-Fifth, or the Boches . . .' The rest I lose. But decidedly I am in the dark; I understand nothing.

We march. A stretch interminable and lugubrious. We wind through a little valley, cross fields, pass through ravines; we follow along a railroad track; we stumble over the bodies of dead horses; we fall into holes made by exploding shells. But here are cannon, very near! These shells seem to be hunting for us. They explode to the right, to the left, ahead on the path. Fortunately they do not fall exactly where we are. A search-light sweeps the night. Grant that its rays may not fall upon us! Never have I lived through a night so sinister.

At last we arrive at Thiaumont farm. Now I realize our situation and I begin to see where we are going.

The march continues, grimly, slowly. We have not stopped yet, and it is two o'clock in the morning. We enter a ravine with steep wooded sides. Here we must go one by one, in Indian file, along an improvised path. What fatigue! We must ascend, descend; extricate ourselves from the underbrush; hurry, so as not to lose the file; we must push back the branches which lash our faces. The darkness is complete. Our eyes are tired after three nights without sleep, and with trying in vain to see. They perceive vague outlines and at once construct from them the most fantastic objects.

Every instant rockets shoot up, throwing suddenly a light like that of the moon, which vanishes as quickly, making the night blacker than ever. Without interruption the cannon boom from every point of the horizon.

Straight in front of us, at close range, numerous guns are firing. Some heavy enemy shells have just exploded at the mouth of the ravine. Are we protected by the abrupt slope, or is it only that the Boches are unskillful?

But a strange odor strikes our nostrils—one would say the odor of dead bodies. Where are we then? And what are those strange, indefinite patches which I see there at the edge of the path? I open my eyes wide; I make an effort to see; I approach. It seems to be a man stretched out there, his legs blown off, a corpse. A shiver of horror runs through my whole body. And that patch over there? Wait a minute; it moves! It is a wounded man lying on a litter, covered with a piece of canvas. And here is another, and there is still another, and over there lie still more. What are they doing here? Why is it that their presence does not frighten us, does not make our blood run cold? We do, indeed, suffer a little, but we put above all that the thought that we are here to defend France.

I continue on my way, but I have hardly ceased talking a few minutes with a friend when an explosion, even more terrific than those which have preceded, breaks loose. A sergeant comes running by, announcing that the Boches are advancing in columns of four. A Boche officer, no doubt to terrify us, cries out, 'Païonette au ganon!' Then, all of a sudden, we see advancing other columns, massive, long, without limit, the end of which is lost in the depth of the wood behind the crest.

It is frightful, terrifying. A dreadful shiver shakes me. What can one do against that? But immediately every one has fixed his bayonet, has risen, and begins to shoot. I still see the slender line which we form, and the fury of the Boches which seems bound to wipe us out in the twinkling of an eye. But no one hesitates; no one looks back. It

is wonderful. Erect, standing firmly on their legs, the men fire into the mass without aiming. The target is so close that it is not necessary to aim, it is only necessary to fire as quickly as possible. Every ball will find a mark.

The shooting is furious. With renewed vigor the machine-guns set to rattling, and the wood resounds again with their angry ticktack. The wave of our enthusiasm has reached the rear. Reinforcements, hastily demanded to replace our many killed and wounded, arrive, the men running, with backs bent, necks stretched forward, their bayonets threatening. All arrive with the same magnificent rush.

The combat drags on. Like a fine thread which looks frail but is made of an unbreakable metal, our line remains inviolate. Not a Boche reaches us. They were so proud when they burst forth, confident in their masses! But that assurance does not last long. Machine-guns in action make quick work of that sort of arrogance. Soon our 'seventy-fives' begin to take part. Then we see the monstrous beast waver and hesitate. Its scattered members draw together, pile up. At each deluge of fire they fall in rows; whole ranks tumble down, one after the other. At each volley of the 'seventy-fives' the column is pierced by a great hole. Little by little the mass crumbles; it seems to evaporate. The survivors scatter through the trees in different directions. Soon there remains nothing but the corpses and wounded which strew the ground.

The storm has passed. Life becomes normal again.

Toward half-past eleven, violent bombardment on our right. Not having been able to break through in front, the enemy is trying to outflank us. They fail. Again numerous dead Boches lie upon the ground.

Noon. The battle is going to take a

different turn. Up to now we have been fighting, buoyed up by enthusiasm, carried away by the fever of action. Henceforth we are going to be left to ourselves, victims of a blind and fatal fury, like targets for the elements.

In the morning the Boches thought they had before them demoralized troops, which a snappy attack would suffice to drive back. They were mistaken. They were then going to make use of the same tactics that had been so successful against the Russians, the Servians, and even against us in preceding combats: that is, clean the way before them by a deluge of steel, then occupy the ground thus cleared.

At midnight exactly, the shells, which up to now had visited us rather hesitatingly, suddenly multiplied their powerful roar. Little by little their rhythm increased, and the situation became terrible. The enemy artillery hammered the ground methodically. Soon we were in the midst of a furnace. At first, when the explosions were taking place five or six hundred metres away, we were rather indifferent. But as the thick of the shell-bursts drew nearer, the crash of the explosions shook us through and through. Each time it was a grievous strain on our nerves. When I heard, in the distance, the powerful roar of a shell which was then about to arrive, my whole body would contract to resist the vibration of the explosion, and with each shell the suffering seemed greater and greater. Under a strain like this the most solid nerves cannot resist long. The blood rises to the head; the blood burns the body; the nerves no longer have the power of reaction.

They are frightful moments, long as centuries, when, in this method of firing, you feel that the next blow may be for you. What unspeakable horror to hear in the distance a dull bellow, slow at first, and then suddenly to

recognize the special characteristics of a 'personal' shell; to know it is rapidly gaining speed; to hear the brutal *crescendo* of its shrieking whistle! You shrivel from head to foot, and you wait in agony for the final blow, the decisive crash. The shell explodes several feet away. The shock is terrible. There is an indescribable confusion, and too often, alas! the air is filled with clouds of dirt, pebbles, branches, arms and legs, pieces of flesh — a rain of blood. At the same moment a frightful concert arises. It is the cry of the wounded. You are overcome by an intense feeling of horror which possesses you for several seconds, and then quickly gives way to a blessed feeling of relief. The crisis is over. You can breathe for several moments. You can live again, — until the next shell.

This torture lasted without interruption from noon until two o'clock. It was especially intense at the end, because the bombardment had become extremely rapid, and in spite of our moral apathy we had a presentiment that we were approaching a crisis.

Sure enough, at two o'clock, sudden silence. Then, some minutes later, like a sheet rent in two, the firing breaks forth on our left. Their flank attacks are to be continued.

We were in doubt, however. For some time we had seen the Boches filing by, one by one, on the run, to mass themselves in a little hollow, sheltered from our bullets. We had organized a rifle contest, and had been shooting them on the wing.

The movement ceased. We were living through the anxious period of waiting which precedes a big blow. We did not have to wait long. All of a sudden a column, four deep, surged up from the hollow and advanced rapidly, at a threatening pace. But it did not last long. The column soon crumbled. It was over. To our great joy the sur-

vivors fled at full speed over the slope.

The attack had miscarried; it must be repeated. The bombardment began again more furiously than ever, and the agony lasted three long hours. We awaited the end, inert, tired out.

Five o'clock. Sudden calm. We hesitate, surprised a little, like the hare after the passage of the hunter. We raise our heads and inspect the horizon. Yes, it is really over. We crawl out of our holes and walk around a bit.

We climb down into the ravine at the bottom of which there runs a little stream, colored with blood. Never mind. We are thirsty. We drink of this water, and fill our canteens. We gather together our dead. Alas, there are many of them! The stretcher-bearers carry away the wounded. We deepen our shelters, and link them together in a sort of line of trenches. We must be ready to defy any other attack.

February 28. Night calm. From time to time lively shooting for a few moments, then quiet again.

Toward six o'clock I wake in a strange mood. My calm, my energy, my cool-bloodedness have disappeared. A vague and terrible apprehension seizes me. I see death before me. I fear the shells — *my* shell. Is this day going to be my last? Am I going to die to-day? I am in a frightful state of depression.

I pass some time a prey to this dejection. Then, mechanically, I nibble a cracker, and suddenly I find myself calm, serene, tranquil — almost indifferent.

The morning passes. There is a little firing — once in a while an isolated shot, but that is all. I do not have a chance to see any game and my rifle remains silent. Have the Boches renounced Verdun? Alas, we are going to experience a terrible example of German obstinacy!

At ten o'clock exactly, alert! The

air is astir. Quickly I jump into my hole. We must avoid surprises.

The shells are falling straight into the southern part of the ravine. At first they seem to be coming cautiously, hesitatingly, as though studying the ground. Then, all of a sudden, the artillerymen seem to have found the range they were looking for, and the tempest is let loose in all its violence. The great shells follow each other thick and fast. They explode simultaneously in every part of the ravine, and in the ravine of Thiaumont farm through which we came. The bombardment extends for a long way on our right, and we can see clearly the bombs falling on Douaumont, which that night is nothing but a heap of ruins.

In front of us the shells are tearing up the slope; they strike higher and higher; soon they reach us. The enemy is serving us with a varied assortment of shells: there are a few small 'seventy-sevens' which seem to be lost in the medley; there are 'one-hundred-and-fives,' 'one-hundred-and-fifties,' 'marmites' of two-hundred-and-ten; there is a wicked stew of 'three-hundred-and-fives,' 'three-hundred-and-eighties,' and 'four-hundred-and-twenties.' All these shake the earth to its very foundations, belching out enormous clouds of black smoke. After the bombardment I saw holes twenty-five metres wide made by a single shell. The great trench mortars throw into the air their deafening bombs which burst in round clouds. Then there come the 'trains' — three, four, or even ten shells arriving at the same time, exactly as if invisible railroad trains were passing above us.

The blows succeed each other at an extremely rapid pace. A squall infernal breaks loose. The explosions, amplified still more by the immense echo from the wood and the ravines, produce a monstrous and frightful racket.

We feel as if the earth were coming to an end.

Once again our nerves are put on the rack. More quickly than on the day before, we feel the paroxysm of fatigue. We wait in a sort of apathy, thinking that the murderous concert will never come to an end.

Moreover, a horrible idea seizes me: we have been abandoned. Above our heads we recognize the shrill, angry whistle of our 'seventy-fives.' But where is our heavy artillery? We do not hear its bellow. We need heavy artillery to muzzle the Boches. The 'seventy-fives' are going to be put out of commission very quickly, as on the preceding days.

And the aviators. Where are our aviators? The Boche aeroplanes are continually above our heads. They come and go; disappear and reappear. At first there are two of them, then four, then five. Soon there are twelve. Never a French aeroplane! What are they doing — our aviators?

And always the bombardment increases. As for me, I feel sure that we are lost. We were the last resource, and now they are sacrificing us. We have fought bravely; we have done our duty; but our sacrifice is going to be in vain. We are lost. We are all going to be killed here.

However, in spite of these reflections, which certainly every one of us is making, nobody moves. We will die here at our post. Strong as is our belief that we are the last resource of our country, our feeling is just as strong that each one of us must do his duty.

At three o'clock a welcome diversion. Sudden silence. At once rifle-firing bursts forth again. Taking advantage of the bombardment, the enemy advances, but fortunately our rifles and machine-guns force them to turn back in double-quick time.

Now the bombardment begins again,

and with it our torture, this time without interruption.

At five o'clock, sudden calm. The bombardment is over. Never had I, or any one else, seen anything like it.

We had suffered cruelly. Yet we had been almost at the edge of the bombarded zone. What, then, had been the situation of the poor unfortunates in back of us, in the ravine, in the middle of the furnace? I have a chance to go and see. Men are needed to help bring up provisions. I go there, and I shall never be able to describe my vision of horror. But I shall try, just the same.

The sight was terrifying: the ground made me think of the yawning craters one sees in photographs representing the surface of the moon. The underbrush had been ripped and chopped. There remained of it nothing but shreds. The trees had all been cut off, smashed; not one did I see standing. They had been shaved clean off at different distances from the ground. Of the wood there remained nothing but an indescribable confusion of trunks and branches, broken, crushed, splintered.

But all this is only a setting for an atrocious scene. The ground is strewn with corpses. Poor mutilated bodies! To what odious profanations they have been submitted! Here is one which had been sheltered by a tree; the tree has been cut, and in falling the trunk has crushed him to the earth. This other one has had his head flattened, without a wound, as if it had been made of cardboard. That one there has an empty skull. That one over there has had his chest staved in, and his arms and legs dismembered. Here are some bodies which have been hurled into the trees and are hanging there, pathetically, like old rags. Here and there are parts of human bodies—intestines clinging to the branches, from which

the blood runs in a horrible dribble. Right here is a human trunk without a head, or arms, or legs, which is glued to a tree-trunk, flattened out and split open. Everywhere is an atrocious mixture of flesh and blood, over which floats a fetid, sickening vapor.

Are not the stretcher-bearers at hand? Undoubtedly they are coming. A body bars the path, naked; the legs, cut off, are lying ten feet further on. Suddenly, from the depth of the wood rises this lamentable cry, 'Stretcher-bearers! Stretcher-bearers!' The horror is intense. I would like to run to the aid of these poor unfortunates, but I must hasten, so as not to lose my line. With tightened heart I go away.

The march continues, slowly, and while fighting against a deep sleepiness which is overpowering and insurmountable, we keep knocking against the pack of the man in front of us; we stumble along, sometimes wading in mud and water. At last we come to a clearing. The companies which have preceded us are massed there, and already every one is asleep. I stretch myself out, and instantly I, too, am sleeping.

Four o'clock in the morning. I have hardly gone to sleep when some one wakes us up. I am frozen to the marrow. Risen to my feet, I listen to the commandant, who is telling my captain where we are to go. We move on. We pour into the ravine, which is to become, a few hours later, 'the ravine of death.' Here is the path, and now we stop a moment.

I take advantage of the halt to inspect the position. There in front of me lies the ridge of Haudromont farm, where we must take the trenches. It is a massive ridge, perfectly round; one of those hills which are the despair of the infantry soldier. He sees the crest ten paces in front of him, then he sees it grow farther and farther away as fast

as he approaches it. This ridge, moreover, is partly surrounded by deep ravines. The enemy can cut us down whenever he likes. Nevertheless, we must get there. . . .

I do not lose any time on these depressing thoughts, because there is no time to waste. I look. I have before me the unmistakable signs of a precipitate retreat—abandoned wagons, great mortars, gun-carriages, cases of ammunition; a dead horse, and another living one, pure white, which is wandering around looking mournful, hopeless; a few steps away some corpses; at a glance, in the half light, I can count at least thirty of them. There they lie, stretched out stiff and grinning, in all sorts of positions.

We have climbed the slope. The Germans are waiting for us. They have forced back the Eighty-Fifth, and the words of the Commandant come back to me: 'We are going to relieve the Eighty-Fifth, or the Boches—' In an instant I understand it all. There is no longer any one ahead of us.

We march, preceded by a patrolling company, the captain at its head. Suddenly he is stopped by the cry, 'Halte, rentez vous!' A bayonet stab. Forward, march! After that, nothing. To the right, to the left, the same thing happens. Our forces have come into contact; the battle is under way.

A bombardment breaks loose. We keep on climbing, and we begin to lose some men. After four stops we reach the line which we are to occupy, a little beyond the crest of the hill. We have been surprised by that rapid contact, but every one is ready at once. We attack the line. We enter the wood, firing as we go, and install ourselves definitely two hundred metres from its edge.

At once we set to work by twos—one man to dig and the second to observe and fire.

Two red rockets shoot up. The Germans are asking for reinforcements. While waiting for them they send us several shots from here and there, to which we reply copiously. On several occasions they even try to advance. At such times we hear a series of grunts, for all the world like animals, as they rush forth, mutually encouraging each other. We quickly calm their bellicose manifestations, and they hastily go back where they came from, dodging from tree to tree. More than one is struck down on the way. Their infantry is powerless. Their 'seventy-sevens' begin to take part, but the first shells fall on their own ranks. Immediately two white rockets shoot up. 'Lengthen the range!' This time the shells go too far. We are protected by a curve of the ground. The 'seventy-sevens' can do nothing against us.

About an hour goes by, interspersed with various episodes. At nine o'clock our attention is aroused. The bombardment breaks out again violently. It is like the crackling of hail. The machine-guns are in action and are firing at full speed. Above my head, on both sides of me, the bullets whistle, hum, rattle, and rebound. There is an infernal uproar, multiplied infinitely by the echoes of the wood and the ravines which reverberate in deafening waves. The enemy reinforcements have just arrived. It is a beautiful sight. We are all standing upright, officers and men, perfectly calm. Never have I felt calmer, nor so much the master of myself. I shoot into the heap with a rugged, keen joy. I am having my revenge. I want to kill them, and I feel that my bullets are entering their flesh. What glorious moments! What unspeakable delight! Ah, but it is good to live through moments such as these!

The bombardment continues. Only too soon do we learn that such a man has been killed, such a one wounded.

Each time it causes a sad tightening of the heart — but that lasts only a second. We do not have time to stop to think. Besides, to speak frankly, we are out of our senses, we are carried away by the fight.

But soon we see an undulation in the ranks of the Boches, then a disbanding, then, all of a sudden, nothing, except a heap of dead and wounded into which we fire to finish them off.

I walk about here and there. Our dead are still in their places, — and they are numerous. An unspeakable horror seizes me. What scenes must have taken place here during the bombardment! Nevertheless, these brave men have remained till the end at the post to which duty assigned them.

And over there in the ravine our colonel stood continually, without moving, without shelter, superb, giving to all of us an example of courage and of contempt for danger.

I feel surge up within me an intense and implacable anger toward those who, consciously, unchained all this atrocity, and with this frightful rage tearing at my heart I walk away from the dreadful scene.

February 29. Night calm. During the morning the Boches try once more to advance, but we are continually on the lookout and their attempt is in vain.

From now on it is finished. The enemy has been vanquished by our strength. The hole which the Boches had made has been filled in. The route to Verdun is barred. Halt there, you Boches, the Eighth Regiment has arrived!

During the day a rumor spreads. We are to be relieved this evening. We are really exhausted. For eight days, ever since we were brought up in automobiles, we have lived through an uninterrupted series of fatigues and privations. We have spent five consecutive nights without sleep; eight days without sufficient food — five of them practically fasting. We have undergone three bombardments and have delivered, during three days and four nights, desperate and ferocious attacks. What wonderful powers of resistance in the human body! There is not a sick man among us. But the fatigue is great. We have borne all sorts of hardships and privations in their most extreme forms. As we look at each other we see, under a thick layer of dirt, drawn features, sunken eyes, faces grown frightfully thin.

But we have one great consolation. The Eighth Regiment — *our* regiment — receives the personal congratulations of General Joffre. We have held on 'like moths,' to use the term of the colonel. We would have held on till death if it had been required.

At midnight a regiment comes to relieve us. It is the One-Hundred-and-Sixtieth — a crack regiment.

We go away satisfied, proud of having done our duty bravely. We regret nothing. Yet, as we descend the hill, our hearts tighten. We are all thinking of the comrades who lie sleeping there, close by, keeping their last watch, and it is with our hearts filled with tender memories of them that we melt away, without saying a word, into the bluish night of the ravine.

THE LABORATORY REACTS

[THE following extracts from letters of three representative English physiologists with whom it was my privilege to be associated in their laboratories four years ago reflect the war from an unusual and interesting angle. Of the writers, Professor Sherrington is a man of nearly sixty, Professor of Physiology at Oxford, whose researches on the central nervous system are so important that he is held by many to be the foremost physiologist in England. Keith-Lucas is the foremost of a younger group of physiologists in Cambridge — scarcely forty years old, but already well on his way to revolutionize current knowledge concerning the excitable tissues. A.V. Hill is a still younger man, a mathematician as well as a physiologist, who has made important contributions to the thermodynamics of muscle. Much of his time had been devoted to military training before the war began.

These letters were all written to me without any thought of a wider audience; but the extracts are now published with the writers' consent.

A. F.]

From C. S. Sherrington

December 8, 1915.

This war absorbs all energies and persons here. The unpreparedness of the country was a terribly costly mistake; thousands of splendid young lives have been sacrificed, and will be, by it; and so needlessly. The country seemed to have forgotten that it was part of Europe, and that the German menace could be really seriously meant, because we were in the twentieth century! And

a selfish false socialism was being inculcated by agitators, who lived by their agitation, among the 'workmen.' If any good has come from the war as yet to us, it is that these chimeras are gone. The change is enormous, as if, in a space of eighteen months, a generation's period had passed through. As a small instance, B. Shaw's plays, that claimed to be the intellectual novelties of their day, are dead; Bergson spoke of them in London the other day as no longer readable, as of '*une mode démodée, une affectation passée.*' Certainly they would bore every one now, and it is difficult to trace in what their interest ever lay, so tedious they are become. . . .

As for personal news, Keith-Lucas is in the aircraft corps; A. V. Hill, a captain of infantry; young Mating (1st class Hon. in Physiol. three years ago) has a Victoria Cross for repeatedly bringing in wounded under enfilading machine-gun fire. But five of our old lab. set have been killed. . . . M., a young Australian, of great promise, whom I think you met at a Physiol. Society's meeting at University College in London, was one of the first killed at Gallipoli, and Jenkinson, the experimental embryologist, almost on the same day.

Every town has now its military hospital, and I have for one purpose or another visited many of them. It is a strange sight to see men from Australia, and Canada, and New Zealand lying side by side with 'home' people from Liverpool, London, etc. Also many of the Belgian wounded are brought over here still.

As for me, I am feeling the remote-

ness of my work from the great practical effort now in hand. We have left in the Laboratory only three English students — unfit for service. But I have in my senior class five Americans, you will like to hear, and good fellows they are. One has just got a long scholarship. And the rest of the class are South Africans, and New Zealanders; and women. They and the 'Colonials' are pressing forward for medical qualifications — the former for civil, the latter for Royal Army Medical Corps work. After the laboratory work is done I give my time to 'helping' at the hospital. I should have liked to enter R.A.M.C., but consulted the University's wishes: these were that for the present I should stick to the Laboratory, which is of course frightfully short-handed, as the assistants have practically all gone into the army. In the summer the shortage of labor for 'munitions' led me to get taken on as a workman (unskilled, of course) in a munitions factory at —.

It was a motor-car works in time of peace, but now converted into a 3-inch shrapnel shell factory. I was there three months, and it was getting more workers and machine-plant every week. Its output was 24,000 shells a week when I first went, and at the end, when I left, had risen to over 50,000. What it may be now, I do not know. They were working day and night without stop. I was on day-shift; the day-shift hours were 7.30 A.M. to 8.30 P.M. every week-day and 8 to 5 on Sundays. We had one hour for dinner (in a canteen, sixpence a head, plenty of fair food, but such table-cloths! Their only pattern was spots of spilled victuals!), and one half-hour for tea-supper at 5.30 (fourpence). We work-people were an odd assembly: some middle-aged, experienced workmen, old hands, sprinkled among the new ones to teach and to do the skilled processes; then, many

hands from all sorts of steel trades but unskilled in this one; then many more, either very young or quite old, from various other than steel trades — brass-workers, wood-workers, even clerks, greengrocers, fish-sellers, haberdashers, hairdressers! given simple machining and gradually moving up to more skilled tools; then women, mostly strong young people, wives and sisters of men in the ranks serving somewhere. Many of these women had picked up the lathe-work quickly and managed the power-driven tools excellently.

Some of the women were Belgian and French refugees: then, a heavy sprinkling of men, Belgian refugees of all classes of social rank. Next me at a bench for some weeks was an elderly Brussels advocate, highly educated and splendid for perseverance at his new job — shell-gauging. He had a lame son at a lathe in the works. The boy had been shot through the thigh (although a lad and a civilian) before escaping. The father told me a manager of the works had taken them both into his house from the second day of their arrival and treated them as part of his family. Another Belgian I met — we 'dined' next each other several times — was an old count, a dignified, white-haired old fellow, dressed perforce very unsuitably for his greasy, oily labor there. He apologized at meals for the black dirt ingrained on his hands, poor old chap! His house had been looted, and his son and servants shot. He never complained of the work, but the life and the company must have been hard for him to bear.

With me were some colleagues from here, the Professor of Mineralogy for one. He was, however, a skilled hand with a lathe and had higher work than the rest of us. Our work was mainly gauging, and filling the shells and fitting on the fuse-sockets. Each shell

contained 144 bullets and required over eighty separate 'processes'! . . .

Our boy — now eighteen — is in the Third Battalion, Oxfordshire Light Infantry. I hope he will not be sent to the front until he is nineteen. He was to have gone up to Cambridge this October, to my old college, Caius. But he felt it his duty to give that up and enter the service. He likes his comrades; many of them are University men. But the physical work and long hours of training, and exposure to weather are rather a strain at his age. However, he stands it well so far.

From Keith-Lucas

March 25, 1915.

I have most interesting work at the Royal Aircraft Factory designing and testing new devices. I get a lot of flying, usually two or three times a week, and I believe the work I have done has been of some use. It was a strange chance my going there. I had joined the Honorable Artillery Company all except the final swearing, when, on the very morning I was to be sworn in, the Superintendent of the Aircraft Factory ordered me to go there and carry out some research work for the improvement of certain instruments on aeroplanes. I applied to the Cambridge University War Board to ask which I was to do, and they said I was to go to the R.A.F. So there I am. . . .

It pleases me to hear you say that this is some of your fight too. I believe it is. If I did n't believe it was the fight of every one who cares for freedom I should n't be tootling about the sky in aeroplanes. It is my own conviction that in science as much as in politics this is a fight for freedom. The country in which V. smashed the apparatus put up by one of his underlings to test a question which V. had not suggested, or where F. could not write the results

of his researches on 'all or none' until he left the University of X, where Y was professor and held opposing views; the country where '*Es ist leicht zu sehen*' and '*Man muss annehmen*' take the place of observation, and the professors set up a hierarchy of science — that sort of place will be more and more a drag on the real progress of science, though it may believe, as many folk in other countries seem to believe too, that masses of papers at 40 marks per *Drückbogen* can take the place of observation and originality.

That is my view of the case. I fear German *scientismus* as much as German *militarismus*, and I believe the origin of both is the same.

Send me your paper. It is a relief to hear from a place where truth still ranks before gain.

From A. V. Hill

May 24, 1915.

Thank you very much for sending me the reprints, which I will store, to study at a more hopeful and happier day. There is n't much time or inclination to read about mammalian reflexes at present, as you may guess. . . .

I have just received proofs of my *Ergebnisse* (on 'Thermodynamik d. Muskels') article, which I never expected to see again. I sent it to Asher last July, and remember writing to him that apparently the greatest crime in history was just going to be perpetrated. That was just before war was declared, and I never heard from him, so thought the paper was lost. And here it is in German, nicely translated, one hundred and fifty pages of it, on my desk. It is queer reading one's own effusion in German at a time like this, and I'm blessed if I have the heart or the time to read the proofs of it. The great school of physiology at Cambridge is scattered, and one wonders if

it will ever be the same again. Gaskell and Mines are dead; Adrian and Peters at St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Fletcher, Secretary of the Government Research Committee; Bancroft in France investigating chlorine poisoning; me attached to the General Staff of the East Anglian Division, to instruct 16,000 men in musketry; Langley, Hardy, and Shone left to carry on in the colossal new laboratory. All my nice apparatus standing idle until Kaiser Bill is done in — or I am. And why? History may tell us in fifty years, and perhaps you in America can tell us now. I wish that you would join in too, to overthrow this spectre of international lawlessness. You could n't make much difference now, but it would tend to brotherliness between us. If the war lasts another eight months you might make some difference by then.

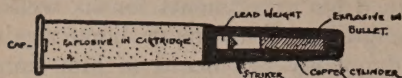
I am sorry for the Germany I knew — the Germany of kindly, generous, exact, hard-working people. But apparently one has been misled. I always felt, as I watched and reflected on the savagery of student duels (maintained by a conscious brutality of outlook on life), that the peace of the world was n't safe. But one hoped that that savagery was dying.

Last year I had three alien enemies in Cambridge working with me. Weizsacker did some very pretty work on the thermopiles and muscles. Parnas did some really first-rate work on the heat of oxidation or removal of lactic acid in fatigued muscles, and found that the acid was not oxidized wholly because the heat was much too small. The experiments were absolutely fundamental, as they confirmed entirely all the views on muscles that we have put forward in Cambridge these last three years. And Wengraf, a poor one-legged fellow, a satellite of Parnas's, arrived in Cambridge a week before the war. They were both caught by the

war. Parnas (who weighs twenty-five stone) was interned with a lot of acrobats at Warwick, after he had continued his experiments for six weeks; Wengraf tried to dodge home again, and nobody has heard of him since, either in Strassburg or in England. He is lost: the Lord knows what happened to him. In the meantime I was marching up and down East Anglia, waiting for a raid. I returned to Cambridge to the dépôt of the regiment, and saw Parnas several times, and he asked me to dinner one day. Then, at midday, I got a hurried note saying, 'You had better not come to dinner, as I am in gaol'; where he remained two months, and was then allowed by the Home Office to go home. I wonder if he has turned his hand to making poisonous gases for our fellows yet? Apparently we are going to retaliate in kind. I was up at the War Office about it four days ago. It is horrible, but we can't leave these poor fellows who are dying for civilization and us in Flanders without any means of reply to this devilry.

I wonder if you believe all these stories of brutalities in America? There is no doubt of them. Do you believe about explosive bullets? I saw an officer of the General Staff on Saturday night who showed me one of five hundred explosive bullets that he had acquired from the Austrians, when he was attached to the Russian General Staff in Galicia. There is no doubt about it. They burst directly they get inside you, and pretty well blow your back off. He brought them home and has tried a few on sheep to see the result. They use them in their blasted machine-guns, and the 'excuse' they give, if they are captured with them, is that they are used in ranging, and in order to show you where they strike the ground. Incidentally they don't seem to mind hitting people with them, when they cause horrible mutilations.

I saw the section of one, held together by varnish — a nice little thing like this:



When the bullet hits, the lead weight jumps forward, hits the little striker, which detonates the explosive, and then the victim goes to bits. Nice bit of devilry, is n't it?

All this on behalf of *die Kultur!*

From A. V. Hill

December 15, 1915.

It is quite a physiological day for me. For the first time in twenty months I have seen Starling. He is an R.A.M.C. major. He has a research job in connection with gas-poisoning and was lecturing here to-day to two hundred young officers on the subject of 'gases' and 'gas attacks.' I heard of his coming and went to the lecture, donned a mask, and had a talk with him. I said to him, 'Whoever would have thought you would have come to this?' His reply was, 'Whoever would have thought *you* would have come to this?' with the accent on the *you*. Anyhow, here we are, six inches of mud, rain, rain, rain. No work can be done outdoors, and all because of W. Hohenzollern. Starling looks very well; has done no research since the war; has published two volumes of collected works. Tells me Bayliss — whose new book is most excellent — is pegging away, and Lovall Evans is getting qualified.

Last Sunday I was home. A Belgian called Liebrecht turned up to see me. A little fair man, with a German name, and hair standing on end. I said to myself, 'This fellow is either an escaped Hun or a Belgian who ought to be fighting,' and was correspondingly cool

to him. Anyhow, I found out soon that he was in a khaki uniform under his mackintosh; that he was an officer in the Belgian R.A.M.C., had been in the trenches fifteen months, and was a physiologist at Louvain before the war. He had three days' leave in England, so had paid a pilgrimage to the Mecca of Physiology (as once was), had called on Langley, and, being interested in calorimeters, had marched along on the chance of seeing the inventor of sundry such. So we had a long talk and he was a nice boy. The striking things were (1) his extraordinary detachment — coming straight from the trenches in muddy Flanders, he immediately returns to his first love, Physiology. (2) The complete absence of bitterness. If my university had been bust up, my home wrecked, friends killed, and country ruined and enslaved, I should feel so infuriated that if I got hold of a Hun I would disembowel him alive — or I feel I should. He merely said it was a great pity, because the Germans were very clever physiologists. We parted, saying *au revoir* at the Physiological Congress in Paris next summer! There won't be any Huns there I expect, if we have peace by then. . . .

Cambridge is now filled with a sad lot of cranks, who believe the war is a very sad thing and ought to be stopped. They talk a lot and make a devil of a fuss and won't do anything useful. The so-called Union of Democratic Control is run by some pure-mathematicians (and others of the same kidney) at Trinity, who fancy themselves cleverer than their fellows; and they held meetings in, and wrote letters addressed from, the college, until the Council came down and said they were to do it no more in college. Now they are whining about freedom of thought. But the pacifists in this country number about one thousand, all told, I should think,

and most of them are simply people who suffer from a constitutional inability to agree with their fellow-countrymen.

Yes, I am still at my job. I have invented an optical sight for the British service rifle, which seems fairly effective. The War Office has taken two hundred, and a good number are gone to the Dardanelles.

I am glad you and your friends sympathize with us. It gives one a greater sense of the justice of our cause; because one always feels one may be prejudiced one's self. Though how we could have avoided this with prudence and honor, I completely fail to see. Some day I hope we will shake hands about it again. In the meantime help us by investing *all* your spare cash in our loans, and if possible by selling American securities and buying British or French war loans with the proceeds. You really can help that way. And especially tell your friends to do it, too.

I don't think any one here thinks your people will join in this show, especially with your present administration, that is 'too proud (*sic*) to fight.' But dearly as I should love you to join in, it would n't help much for the next six to nine months, though I don't suppose it will be over for another eighteen, and during the last nine you could help. Yes, I reckon we are fighting your fight, too. Life would be a burden with the Prussian *Schützleute* to order one around, and your turn for *Blut* and *Eisen* and *Kultur* would soon arrive if we were done in. . . .

One can see no end in sight. And half the best fellows one knew getting blotted out! Still, we have to go on as if we liked it. I expect the Huns like it a lot less than we do by now. And we must win through in the end. Then what an orgy of Physiology and Physical Chemistry there will be! . . .

From A. V. Hill

March 14, 1916.

Thank you so much for your letter of sympathy for our good cause. I like Royce's speech very much and agree completely with the sentiments in it. There are a lot of d—d nincompoops in this country who are always braying about their rights, and never reflecting on their duties, and I personally hate them as much as I hate people who have 'conscientious objections' to doing their duty. I like the remarks about Cain. Have you heard of the German pastor who has been writing hymns lately and began a patriotic address to the Almighty with the words: —

Du, wer über Cherubinen,
Seraphinen, Zeppelinen . . .

I have n't much time to write now, so must wait for a better occasion. But if you will come here I will give you a job. . . .

P.S. The pin which catches these sheets together is a War-Office pin. Just like other pins, for a wonder! Most of their things are quite unlike other people's!

P.S. Your letter was opened by Censor. I don't know what he thought you could tell me that I was too young and innocent to read!

From A. V. Hill

June 18, 1916.

Very many thanks for your letter, which was 'opened by Censor' but not expurgated. I am here waiting for the clouds to go more than 2,000 feet up, and have been waiting these nine days. I want them, in fact, to go more than 16,000 feet up, as I have an important investigation on hand for the Director of Naval Ordnance; I am afraid I am sailing rather close to the wind already, so for fear of the Censor I will stop.

But they show no signs of going more than 2,000 feet up, as it is a steady north wind with sea-mists, so I look like being here for three months. It is also abominably cold.

Wish you could see this town now. As you know, it is on the border of hostilities. You will find white ensigns in abundance here. The Huns bombarded it once, but no serious harm was done. There is one fine ruin here, but that is the result of a fire three years ago, much to one's disappointment.

I am still attached to the Munitions Inventions Department. The Censor won't mind if I tell you one or two of the inventions we receive, for obvious reasons, unless he is as feeble-minded as the gentleman who expurgated the line from the 'Recessional,' 'the captains and the kings depart' by cutting out 'and the kings.' One very helpful one was from a lady who desired to exterminate Zeppelins. She argued: 'The clouds float in the air, and the clouds are made of water. Ice floats in water, so ice will float in air. Let us freeze the clouds, therefore, and *send up anti-aircraft guns in balloons to fire upon them.*' She admitted that she did not know exactly how to freeze the clouds, but she left that *to the experts*. They all leave practical details like that to the experts. A gentleman invented a circular gun which *shot round corners*, and not only provided working drawings of his invention, but also a beautiful water-color picture of the Huns being exterminated by its mediation. Another chap is blessed with 'perspective ideas' and thinks he can find ranges without a base by the aid of perspective. He wanders around with a certificate signed by an adjutant to the effect that he actually has found three ranges correctly. The number he has found incorrectly is not stated. I was warned against him months ago, and sure enough he turned

up. Then there are two Peruvians from your land who have a sort of kaleidoscope which they fixed at Jersey City and shot a few rooks with. This was paid for — I dare not tell you how much — and was sent here. Woolwich Arsenal reported on this device and their minute ran: 'If this is all that can be produced in the U.S.A. it is cheering to find that this country is already so far ahead of them.' I am afraid I shall be treading on the Censor's toes again soon, so had better shut up. *But* I may add that all our inventions are not like that, and I dare say we shall help to harry the Hun a bit.

It is my wedding day to-day, and I wanted to get home — a rare enough treat. . . . But I am much more fortunate than most of the poor devils by land and sea that are carrying on this blasted war. At any rate, there is no immediate prospect of being shot, which is gratifying to one's relations — perhaps not so gratifying to one's self.

I have some splendid people assisting me. A Fellow of Trinity, now a gunner officer, and a very able mathematician, who was in bed nine months after being wounded in Winston Churchill's picnic party to the Dardanelles. An ex-demonstrator in the Cambridge Engineering Laboratory, who has made a really valuable invention which is being adopted by us and the French army. For about one pound it accomplishes what has previously needed apparatus costing a hundred pounds. A boy who is the best mathematician of his year at Cambridge, very able and willing. An old mathematical Fellow of King's, who is gradually learning how to make himself useful; and another boy. Being a mathematician myself, I know how to deal with these chaps and to keep them in the paths of reason. When they are not

busy I find them calculating π on a slide rule using the series

$$\pi = \frac{2}{1} \times \frac{3}{2} \times \frac{4}{3} \times \frac{4}{5} \times \frac{6}{4} \times \frac{6}{7} \times \dots \text{to infinity.}$$

This series requires about a million terms to give π correct to the third place of decimals. It is a very good occupation while waiting for the clouds to go up a bit in this climate. They may succeed in proving that π is not $22/7$, as commonly assumed, which will be very valuable.

I am sure the Censor will not pass that, as no doubt the Huns assume that π is $22/7$, and giving them the tip that it is n't might help them greatly

in navigating. After their 'victory' in the North Sea (or German Ocean) they may desire to navigate farther afield, so may need a more accurate value of π to help them. So don't let it out.

I have just been working with a Lieutenant Commander Damant, R.N., who is a physiologist and a member of the Physiological Society. He is interested in *diving*, and therefore in air-pressures. Did you ever meet him? He remembers hearing me read papers on rats residing in thermos flasks, and on the heat-production of frogs' muscles, and on other pleasantries of my youth. . . .

BEHIND THE YSER

BY MAUD MORTIMER

THE EYE

CAN I ever forget that diamond eye! The owner of it was laughingly dubbed my best friend; and, truly, I think there was no day of his long weeks at the hospital when I was not uplifted by a sense of what lay behind that eye. It was really all that one could see of Mongodin, for the rest of his head and face, with the exception of a small hole left in the bandages round his mouth just big enough to pass his 'petit régime' through, was completely hidden from us.

It was in bed No. 20 of Salle I that he lay, or sat propped against his pillows, in a scarlet flannel bed-jacket—curious complement of the green eye through which alone he could establish relations with the world around him.

It could hardly be called a beautiful

eye. No customary tag or trimming could appropriately be applied to it. It was not even of a popular color,—blue, for instance, or violet or brown,—but just of medium size and uncompromisingly glittering green, with a small pupil and no lashes that I can remember, or lashes so scant and of so neutral a tint as to be insignificant.

He was in the hospital when I arrived; and having as yet not been promoted to sitting-up or to the distinction of the scarlet jacket, he was much too near the color of his bed, much too flat and lifeless, to attract general attention. At first his still fragile whiteness frightened me. I would sidle past him on tiptoe, fearing to add to his pain; but gradually, as it began to dawn upon me that the shining eye was responsive and could feel the comrade-

ship of a mere shy appreciative glance, I grew bolder, and, after a few more of its encouraging looks, became its slave.

Thus promoted, I would, when on my way past No. 20, pause for a moment and palely reflect the eye's brave smile, murmur my conviction that an eye of that quality could really see more than any other two, then turn brusquely away, that it should not know how moved I was to divine the measure of endurance buried in that small deep green pool with its glistening surface.

His wound was just above the left temple — a triangular-shaped hole almost an inch and a half long and yawning nearly an inch wide on its upper side. The projectile had passed behind the left eye, damaging it (whether finally we do not yet know), had opened a way down behind the nose and had lodged rather forward in the roof of the mouth. When I first knew him he could not speak; later, dark muffled nasal sounds came from him, darkened still further by the dialect of his province. No one but those constantly with him could make out the meaning of the struggling words, though they suggested a humorous and plucky philosophy, as native to my friend as the color of his eye.

The hour of his daily dressings was one for which I grew to time my visits to his ward. His nurse would then allow me to pass her what she needed and, while the ordeal lasted, to engage the eye in conversation. The ordeal consisted partly in the excruciating change of *mèches* and drains and in pouring through the gaping triangular temple wound streams of peroxide which would flow down behind the damaged left eye, behind the nose and be caught by Mongodin himself, sitting up against his bed-rest, in a little white enamel kidney-dish which he would hold, without so much as wincing or even giving vent to any of those strange animal-like

sounds, which for the time being stood him instead of speech.

Much later, the eye and these sounds together managed to make clear to me that at first the doctors had wanted to extract the cruel lump of lead — which, tied up in a piece of muslin dressing, was now fastened to the head of his bed — through a hole they proposed to make in his jaw just under his nose. 'But I, madame,' pointing to the spot, 'always felt the hard ridge in the roof of my mouth. And finally monsieur le majeur listened to me, et voilà.'

The first time he really spoke was to make some joking comment on the talk of his neighbors, which they repeated among themselves until his next gay sally. One day, two slightly wounded men near him were discussing decorations and saying how much, should their turn ever come, they would prefer the Military Medal to the Cross of Honor: for, 'does it not carry a hundred francs pension with it?'

Mongodin's dressing was going on at the time and the bandages loosened round his ears made him keenly alive to their conversation. Without removing his kidney-dish from his lips, he rolled out in his nasal drawl, between the streams of peroxide, 'I for one, *mres vieux*, much prefer the Cross of Honor.'

An eye is perhaps a small thing, and a green one at that. But when the general with his naked sword saluted Mongodin in the name of the Republic and pinned to the red flannel bed-jacket both the *Croix de Guerre* and the *Médaille Militaire*, we, the onlookers, had long guessed how the owner of two alert green eyes, look-outs of an unflinching spirit, had seen his chance and had sprung to take it.

THE BOOT

The sun rises at last on a glistening world. All night a furious cannonade

has broken the secretive silence of the falling snow. It has grown at times so violent that our shacks have creaked and rocked and our beds rumbled under us, as though sharply twitched and springing back with a vibratory movement, starting from the corner pointing toward the loudest noise.

High up, to the right, stodgily swings a *saucisse* keeping watch on the enemy lines, and aeroplanes, with their painted disks, red, white, and blue, buzz over us like great blow-flies. More and more of them speckle the distance, while little balls of smoke, now black, now white, materialize around them for a moment, then are unwound and dragged in long feathery wakes by the light breeze, until finally engulfed in the insatiable blue of the cloudless day.

Uninterruptedly the routine of the hospital runs on to the accompaniment of the continuous roar along the front. Up and down the wooden pathways the stretcher-bearers carry the wounded from their wards to the operating rooms and back again to their beds, the scarlet stretcher blankets showing up against the snow. There is plenty of time to-day to attend to them all. Between two mouthfuls of smoke a wounded soldier quietly remarks, 'On tape là-bas.'

In the afternoon our dapper general, in immaculate red trousers, dustless black coat, and braided cap, his hand on the shining scabbard at his side, pauses for a moment to listen. Then, looking along the suffering beds, he says exultantly, 'C'est moi qui tire!' All day long, bang and rattle, rattle and bang, a series of apparently disconnected explosions, or the continuous jarring sound of machine-guns, like long heavy chains dragged clanking through iron hawse-holes, the whole forming in my mind a rhythmic sequence to which a graphic form — linked loops and dots, domed curves and sharply pointed an-

gles, jerked from the point of some monster telegraphic needle—might perhaps be given.

For twenty-four hours no newcomers. The obsession of the thundering guns lifts from our spirits as we remember the general's words and begin to hope the damage done is all on the other side.

It is nearly dinner-time. Suddenly three whistles announcing the arrival of *blessés* sound shrilly. Off I speed, trying to keep my balance on the narrow paths now slippery in the evening frost. Standing at the door of the *salle d'attente* are two ambulances, the drivers with grave faces holding lanterns, while stretcher-bearers gently lift or help the wounded out of the cars. Two, four, six, seven — they are all in now.

I follow them into the long room round which, from lanterns, dim black-framed slices of light move unsteadily. Three men, variously bandaged, stand facing me, smiling 'Good-evening.' On stretchers on the floor are four shapeless heaps.

A second — to check a wave of sick apprehension at sight of them.

Whose need is the most pressing? We unwrap blankets, lift them one by one on to beds. But here is one who cannot be moved. He seems unconscious. The left trouser has been split open to the top leaving bare a leg, the knee a little raised, mottled blue by gunpowder. It lies queerly zigzag on the stretcher, in an un-leg-like way. The right leg is bandaged, as also the whole right arm and hand, of which the bandages are soaked with recent bleeding. The upper part of the left arm is bandaged too, and as for the head — tiny rivulets of blood from scalp, forehead, and nose have trickled down it like some ghastly wig combed over the face, leaving nothing familiarly human visible, and have spread to neck and chest as far as we can see through the partly open shirt.

Is this thing, lying there so still, alive? 'Hot-water bottles quickly!' I take the right boot off the frozen foot and am just beginning to cut the laces of the other heavy boot which still hangs on the end of the limp bare blue leg, when a clear firm voice says, 'Don't give yourself the trouble, madame, to remove that. When they cut off my leg the boot can come off with it.'

I look up and catch the glance of two steady bright young eyes peering at me through that lamentable mask.

THE NAME

'Eugène Sureau, 79th Territorials.'

That is all, written on a card over your bed and indelibly also written in my memory. Why do I so remember you, Eugène Sureau?

You came in the night when I was not even on duty. It did not fall to me to cut off the torn blood-soaked clothes to give you the first cheer, the first warmth after the wet, cold, unthinkable trenches and the torturing journey over rough roads in a poorly hung ambulance where, in the dark, you must have lain silently shrinking under each fresh jolt.

It snowed the night you came in and all the day following — a fine hard snow that sparkled on the little wooden ways that spanned the mud between our shacks. It sparkled, too, on the high-sitting old wind-mill which through so many sunsets I have seen turning, like Verhaeren's mill, on a sky *couleur de lie*. Even the color of the lees of wine was not in the sky on that evening when you found your place in my memory, Eugène Sureau. I did not see your wounds. Sometimes that gaping indecent horror photographs itself on the mind. They told me you had come in full of shrapnel wounds; but that was true of so many others.

Once or twice during the day, as I

passed your bed, I had smiled you a 'Comment allez-vous, mon ami?' and heard your patient 'Ça ne va pas très bien, ma sœur.' When at nightfall of that same white day I turned into Salle IV, you were not in my mind, Eugène Sureau. I had forgotten the big stretcher-bearer who lay so uncomplainingly in bed 6. The ward was darkened, and the day orderlies had gone off duty. Only the orderly whose watch held him there until midnight was noiselessly moving from bed to bed, preparing the men for their night of pain. But round bed 6 the screens were drawn, and, hearing me open the door, a nurse beckoned to me from a space between them.

'He has just died. I am alone. Will you help me to lay him out?'

There you were, the play of that patient smile still across your lips. The doctors had done what they could for you, but your wounds were too many and a terrible hemorrhage had left you too weak to bear more. Both your legs were bandaged from hip to heel.

'Take the forceps out of that wound and put on layers of wool and more bandages,' the nurse whispered.

And as I obey and add to the deforming bandages wool and yet more wool, you seem so little dead, so warm, that with a shame-faced sense of intrusion I expect to see your eyes turn on me or a look of pain tighten your lips. No muscle moves. We can do as we will with you. We cannot hurt you. You are warm, yet far away; you are warm, yet life, which your athlete's body and strong sweet face had perhaps made dear to you, has gone as capriciously, as mysteriously, as she came. Are you satisfied not to be, I vaguely wonder. Or is that quiet smile merely the tribute of the parting guest to his host, a well-bred acknowledgment of favors received, of discomforts too short-lived to be remembered?

We have wrapped you in your shroud, fastened the corner with its purple satin cross over your head. The nurse has stolen away through the hushed and now sleeping ward to call the stretcher-bearers. I stand beside you, becoming compassionately more and more aware of the fine strong lines of your body. Then suddenly I glance up and see the card over your bed: 'Eugène Sureau, 79th Territorials.' What are you to me but a name, a fine line, a thrill at one more turn of the screw among so many others heroically borne?

Yet from that moment you live for me. On some sunny countryside in France are your mother, your wife, your 'gosses' playing at soldiers, perhaps, and talking of your home-coming. All unconscious are they that you lie here shrapnel-torn in this darkened sleeping ward, still warm but dead, while I, stooping down, give you in their place the kiss of peace the living give the dead.

You have been dead since the beginning of the world, yet you are still warm, Eugène Sureau. Why does your name so echo in my memory? What were you, Eugène Sureau?

LE GROUX

When I arrived he was already one of the pets of the hospital and the pride of the doctors — not because of any show of health he made, poor lamb, but because he was still alive after all they had been allowed to do to him, and out of gratitude to him for all they thought they had learned to do against another time.

As a little boy he had been an acrobat, and his delicate grown-up boniness still gave one some idea of what that reedy childhood must have been. Then, weary of that hard life or kicked out of the company for some slip, he became

a waiter in a café. Never very communicative, he was as silent on that score as on others. We can only infer that something learned there or before led him to commit *le crime* — ever so little a one perhaps, such as many we know may have committed. Only, you see, he was so thin in body and environment, there was nothing with which to cover it up; while others less exposed, well padded with fortune and with place, sail virtuously on their ways all unsuspected. This crime then — he, as I have said, having nothing with which to hide it — lay not only naturally bare, but was dragged into a glittering artificial light by those whose interest it may have been to blacken and defame him and so gain another soldier for the not too popular African Light Infantry.

He was condemned, of course, and 'poured' (as they so forcibly say) into the *Bataillon d'Afrique* to be a *Zéphir* or *Joyeux* then and until his death. Brave boys, many of these *Joyeux* are. Their crimes forgotten when the war bugles blow, they are sent to the hottest corners; for, having nothing to lose but a trifling something of physical enjoyment and, perhaps, of physical comfort, they fight with a daring and a foolhardiness born of their adventurous, irresponsible lives. Their zealous lightheartedness wins for them their name; and, if good fighters, they are no less heroes under suffering as I, for one, happen to know.

There is always, of course, a chance of rehabilitation dangled before the eyes of any one of them who, more desperate than the rest, shall win a military laurel by some signal deed of daring. Once the cross or medal is pinned on his breast he can, if still whole, be 'poured' into a regiment of better social repute, whitewash his blackened name, and salve the old family sore that his backsliding may have caused. But, as one boy explained to me, the

grapes so gathered too often turn sour in the eating. It is sufficient for a theft or some unfathered act of insubordination to be committed in his new surroundings: presto, it is the *Joyeux* who is guilty.

Why go any further? We have all heard of the dog and his name. The *Joyeux*, even with his Cross of Honor, bought at a so much higher price than other people's crosses, generally prefers to remain in his own battalion, where there is honor even among thieves.

Our Le Groux then, Joyous One or Light Breeze, a bullet through the spleen and kidney, half-flayed, with stomach, liver, and part of his intestines laid impudically bare, drains in the abdominal cavity and in his back, was one of the pets of the hospital and of the medical staff. If the doctors cherished him and cherished themselves in him, he no less cherished the doctors — one especially, a fine figure of a man, all that Le Groux was not, who to real skill added the 'happy hand' so dear to those suffering men, and who in return was adored by them. 'Monsieur le majeur est un chic type,' Le Groux would say; and a happy look of confidence would flit across the emaciated face, lighting into significance the bright brown eyes, high hectic cheek-bones, and somewhat oblique thin nose.

Every one spoke of Le Groux and asked, after each dressing, how he was; glanced many times a day at the chart over his bed and speculated what he would be fit for when, rehabilitated by a decoration of which even a whisper would send his temperature speeding up to the danger-point, his wounds finally drained and cleaned, he should be handed on by us to a base hospital and thence mingle once more in his country's civil life. The gray hospital ambulance, with its prominent red cross,

never whirled one of us into the nearest town, there to buy provisions and other household necessities, without bringing back some dainty for Le Groux, — oysters, fish, *petits gâteaux*, or fruit, — in the hope of tempting his capricious appetite and winning for ourselves his thanks.

Yes, certainly he was one of the pets of the hospital. And not only did he adore his doctor, but he also adored his faithful friend the nurse, his nurse, to whom alone, by virtue of her skill and devotion, was entrusted the ceremony of his terrible dressings, and whose care came nearer to a true mother's than anything this boy had ever known. And yet his mother lived. How we found it out I do not know. That was one of the things that always set us thinking. At rare intervals, he would mention a sister, but never, never had any one of us heard him speak of his mother. Did he know her shamed and broken-hearted by that slip, that blot, that crime, by reason of which he was 'poured' into the *Bataillon d'Afrique*? We shall never know.

Here, then, you have his life with us, the slow dragging days colored only by his changing moods, mixture alike of fineness and coarseness, at moments pulling one up short with a sense of one's own inferiority, then again flashing too crude a light on that past of which we guessed so much and knew so little.

At the end of four months — by one of those brusque changes common, I am told, in all military hospitals (due, some say, to intrigue, others to a legitimate desire on the part of a paternal General Staff to give to all medical aspirants an equal chance of experience and practice at the front) — the general signed the papers and our medical staff was changed, the *chic type* among the number. 'Promotion' the authorities called it, though he thought other-

wise; and there was much heartburning and putting of heads together in our camp.

When Le Groux heard that his doctor was to go to another hospital he said brightly, '*Eh bien*, you will wrap me up well and take me with you.'

'Alas, no, *mon vieux*, you must wait until that bronchitis is better. Then I will come myself and fetch you. *Au revoir et sois sage*. You will, I hope, soon be well. The new doctor will be good to you.'

Le Groux lay still all that day and all the next. In the evening of the second day I stood looking down at his wan pinched face, with the tightening skin round nose and lips. He slowly opened his eyes. 'Is there nothing I can get for you? No? Not even prunes?' They were his favorite sweet. 'Things stick in my throat these days,' he whispered, 'but if you will cook them, to please you I will try to eat them.' A moment later he stretched out his hands to his nurse who folded him in her arms, her big hot tears falling on his white face.

Twenty minutes later the general, followed by the new *médecin-chef*, turned the handle of Salle I. The general held a Croix de Guerre and a Médaille Militaire in his hand.

'Where is Le Groux, *ma sœur*?'

'He is dead.'

'Dead!'

'Yes, he lived only on his courage. When they removed his doctor he lost hope and died.'

Without a word, his head bent, the general turned and left the ward, two little unopened boxes in his hand, his sheathed sword hanging impotently at his side.

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL

Out of the endless muddy plains of western Belgium choose some three hundred yards, rather more muddy

than the rest, and round them draw with a loose-jointed compass, so that the curve may wobble here and there and try more than once to escape at a tangent, a thick black line. Press on your point until it sinks into the soft mud and your outline becomes a ditch. Then, out of the sticky fertile inner rim of your ditch, draw up a hawthorn hedge, eight feet or so in height, and you have the site of our field hospital.

On one side of this sticky field is a space given up to cars and ambulances and known as the yard. It is bounded on its northeast side by low ramshackle wooden shacks, one, open in front, the car-shed, the others closed and serving severally as cabins for the chauffeurs, store-house, coal-bin, and mortuary chapel. Between the mortuary chapel and the next shack, there is a space roofed over with planks to form a covered way which, in turn, opens upon a margin of our field and, through a low wooden door in the hedge, out on to the deeply rutted village road.

The little chapel is hung all round and curtained in with unbleached calico haunted by a taint of gangrene. A plain wooden cross hangs on the east side, and in the centre are trestles on which the bodies awaiting burial are laid, first in their shrouds, later in their plain deal coffins. These coffins, the carpenter once boastingly told me, he could knock together in twenty minutes each—the lowest terms to which this, the last need of man, has been reduced.

On a gray day in early January as I passed along one end of the yard, I saw a group of *poilus*, their helmets on, their faded, mottled, horizon-blue overcoats looped back, their guns at rest with bayonets fixed. The supply-wagon that served us as a hearse stood under the covered way in front of them, while at one side, leisurely putting a stole on

over his uniform and preparing to officiate at a funeral, was one of our mobilized priests.

My favorite nurse, in her dark blue cloak, the small red cross on her white head-dress, stood a little apart from the rest, waiting.

'Laloux is to be buried,' she whispered, 'won't you stay with me?'

I have but lately come to the hospital and the edge of emotion is still cutting. Quietly we stand together, while the stretcher-bearers go behind the curtains and presently reappear, carrying the coffin, which they slide into the supply-wagon. On each of our coffins, for all decoration, is nailed a metal cross, and tenderly enough — allowing for the wear and tear of daily repetition — is laid a small wreath of yellow immortelles and a bunch of artificial, rain-proof Parma violets. Silently we fall into place: first, an orderly carrying a long thin plain deal cross; then, the soldier-priest in his stole, a half-open breviary in his hand, a finger in the burial service; then, three soldiers abreast, with guns and bayonets fixed; behind these, the improvised hearse drawn by two shabby horses, with three more soldiers, on each side, in single file, three abreast immediately following. Twelve soldiers in all, twelve guns, twelve bayonets fixed. Behind the soldiers the stretcher-bearers, followed by a solitary mourner who has come a twenty-four hours' journey to arrive too late, but not too late for death. After her walk the nurses, a few officials, orderlies, any one who likes, out of curiosity or piety, to join our straggling procession.

The gray desolate day seems grayer and more desolate as we pick our way across puddles and ruts, trying to catch a rhythm in twelve heavy marching feet and oscillating iron-bound wheels on rough-worn cobble-stones. On, past the diminutive wayside chapel outside

our farthest gate, round a bend in the road where a dilapidated wind mill stands, raised on its high platform against the sky, and drags ragged sails in monotonously repeated, jerky circles — on and on into the little village of one street, over the bridge that spans the canal, with its half-inundated banks turning broken gray mirrors up to a glowering gray sky. This canal is famous now, and will be famous as long as the history of Belgium is told, for the heroic resistance put up behind the scant refuge of its inhospitable banks to the untiring attacks of merciless hordes.

Most of our men, many of them old territorials ordered there to beat time, as they themselves would say, and because in that 'hot corner the less precious lives might best be thrown away,' were wounded within a few hundred yards of the bridge across which, to the heavy rhythm of tramping boots, we carry them dead.

On and on we go, meeting weary convoys who, as they trudge in an opposite direction, conscious their turn may be the next, pay tribute by their expressionless faces and the dire simplicity of their salute, to the elemental dignity of death.

We reach the little market at last, turn sharply to our left, and pass into the village church. There we pause for a part of our burial service — for the swung censer and the holy water sprinkled alike on living and on dead. Out and on through the north door to the farthest edge of the little churchyard, where, circling a third of the space, row on row, four abreast, rough black wooden crosses, high as a man, tell their tale.

On the back of each cross, the name, rank, and regiment are written. Over the upright stay of each hangs our little wreath of yellow immortelles. At the crossing of the arms the bunch of arti-

ficial violets which, if not fragrant as other violets are, give forth the faint perfume of man's sympathy, man's intention, struggling for expression. Row on row, four abreast, — and now we add another to the number, — with orange sand thinly sprinkled and tidily raked round each, lie our dead, each familiar name a high-water mark of human endurance, while around and above, behind, beyond and before, floats the immensity of flat gray desolation.

AU TÉLÉPHONE

He was a telephonist in the trenches and, they told me, the son of a country doctor. Twenty years old or so, with a thick crop of black hair worn rather long, and dark languid eyes. A beautiful boy and an only son — to the last so delicately careful of his person that the life of the rank and file could have been little less than a crucifixion to him.

He came in with typhoid fever and appendicitis. They operated. Days passed and he grew worse. Those who looked on called to his father, to his uncle, way-worn men to whom he was all the world. They came. Then a fistula developed and he lay there suffering, irritable, exacting and alien, while

those two forlorn men hung with anxious faces over his bed, — No. 9 it was, — on which the fight with death was fought by doctors, nurses, and by those two, to whom he was all the world. Another and more terrible operation relieved the strain for a time and gave him back to them, gentle, thoughtful, and full of tales through which flashed the heroism, humor, and patience of the trenches.

For six lagging weeks the sympathy and science of the hospital clung to the chance of saving him, of saving those three lives. But death held on hungrily to him. In his delirium he was back in the trenches again, the receiver in his hand, feverishly active as message after message reached him and had to be sent on.

Suddenly his excitement grew. He was in the fury of bursting shells. 'The Germans are coming! They come! They come! *Sauvez vous, camarades! Les Boches sont là . . . Allô. No. 129?* Yes, I'm still here. What was that? What! . . .' The pause was strained with the agony of attention. Then the muscles relaxed into a creeping smile and the lips moved again: '*Ah, ça y est, maintenant. Le bon Dieu est à l'appareil.*'

The boy was dead.

FROM SALONICA

BY ALBERT KINROSS

June 2, 1916.

I HAVE been here seven months now and am beginning to feel like an old inhabitant. We reached here early in November, and now it is June. One's main impression of this country, if one is a native of northern Europe, is sunshine and ever sunshine blazing over the slender whiteness of minarets. I speak now of the town and not of the moors beyond. Macedonia, like Caledonia, is 'stern and wild,' though I doubt much whether its inhabitants are 'romantic children.'

We came here in November and had to begin at the beginning. Luckily there was the harbor and three good quays. On them we poured our men, our stores and ammunition, to say nothing of our mules and horses, guns, ovens, and pontoons. How we sorted ourselves all out is still a mystery. Men slept literally anywhere, in the mud, in the cold, in passable hotels. I, as an old campaigner, had little to complain about. I slept in a bed (and quite a good bed too), after seeing to it that my men were under cover. They took it all good-humoredly, and so went the first night. The next day I had time to skirmish and constituted myself the unit's billeting officer. I found rooms for all my friends, and the mosquitoes took stock of us. They were on the wane, however, a dying race, and only Captain F——, a succulent morsel, was pretty properly attacked. Perhaps some of my own immunity was bought at the cost of a night's rest.

I was given a 'dump' of canned meat

and biscuit, a string of motor-lorries, a herd of native labor, and told to feed the division, more or less. My men and I and the native labor checked and filled up the lorries. We worked by some kind of artificial light fed by benzine. The native laborers were Greek refugees from Thrace and Asia Minor, and we shoved them along by signs and plentiful cursing. We were five Europeans to eighty of these enigmas. We half expected them to cut our throats in the dark and make off with the meat and biscuit. Why they did not do so, I have never discovered. However, about one o'clock in the morning the heavens began to open and the stormy winds to blow. Out went our flimsy lights, down came the rain. A lorry driver, returned from up country, reported a bridge carried away and all the rest of the lorries stuck. It seemed about time to close the shop. The piece of waste land which was the scene of this first act had now become a swamp, the darkness was illuminated only by flashes of lightning, we were all wet to the skin; so I gave the signal to retire, which was obeyed with alacrity. Home I floundered to bed, leaving the division to 'the unconsumed portion of its emergency ration.' Nor did the division take much hurt. I can see it bivouacked, huddled together, wet and muddled, snoring blissfully, too tired to 'grouse.'

So much for Chaos. To-day the swamp where I worked on that first night is drained and firm; good roads lead to it, good roads run away inland

and climb the hills; the flimsy bridges of yesterday are replaced by work unknown in Macedonia since the days of the Roman legionaries; and the legionaries of the Allies now repose in cities of wood and canvas, pitched in the shadow of prehistoric tumuli or covering hillsides more ancient still. Down in the dusty plain, too, are our legions, and even in the sun-baked marshland to the east — Serb, French, and British, and at one point scores of Canadians.

Mud and dust seem to be the leading products of this side of Macedonia. The soil is a friable, crumbling substance — limestone I fancy — which when dry is a powder, when wet a paste. On a dry, windy day your eyes are filled with the stuff; on a rainy day you flounder or your car skids and wallows. But mostly we have the sun, and now at noon a stillness. The heat pours down, your energy departs from you, and toward evening you revive. Such is June here. The winter was different — days of an English April, varied by sudden icy spells when the wind came down the Vardar valley. Inland among the mountains the cold was fierce. Our poor fellows had the worst of it just before and during the retreat.

The retreat and the four air raids are the only things that have happened since we came here, except for our troubles with the Greek government, which while I write (June 3) seem to be exceptionally flourishing. Outside this quiet room, Allied troops and marines are moving to positions before the Prefecture and Post Office, and I dare say that, by the time this letter is read, the administration of Greek Macedonia will be in the capable hands of General Sarraïl.

But to return to events that have happened. The retreat of the Allies from Serbia made most of us sit up. It was a very breathless business, of which

the full story will be told in time. The men that came down were pretty well spent — spent to the world, in fact, and rather relieved to find themselves alive.

Of the four air raids I have a somewhat closer knowledge. The first was just a pretty picture seen against a cloudless sky. The Taubes — we always call them Taubes — looked like wicked moths playing amid white puffs of shrapnel. They did little damage and soon retired. The first Zeppelin was a sterner foe. It came when we were all innocently asleep; and at two o'clock in the morning, waking or sleeping, a man's courage is not at its proudest.

I was billeted at that time in a little smelly house of three floors and six apartments. The house was packed with the original tenants, Jew and Greek, together with such lodgers as myself. In our flat of four rooms and a kitchen were the landlord and his lady, four sons and two daughters. The sons slept on the sitting-room floor, and if you came home in the dark you were likely to tread on them. Two French officers shared the best bedroom, while I slept alone in the second best. *Bang-bang-bang* went the bombs from the Zeppelin; the French officers cried, '*En bas!*' and the boys banged at my door yelling, '*Embros!*' which is Greek for '*Forwards!*' As it did n't seem to matter much where one went, the whole thing, failing dugouts, being purely a question of luck, I stayed in bed and touched wood. The crashes of the big bombs were terrifying. The house shook with each explosion; but as all things — good or bad — must come to an end, so too, after a while, ended this business. A wonderful orange-colored blaze lit up the world outside, and so I got out of bed and watched it, deciding at last to dress and see things at close quarters.

Three hundred yards from the house, in the middle of a road, was the first big hole. I turned on my electric torch and found a sergeant of my late unit, apparently looking for something he had lost.

'What is it, Cryer?' I asked. 'Money?'

'I'm after a souvenir,' he answered. And I left him groping for a relic to send home.

Most of the stragglers I met were looking out for fragments of the German bombs; and yet, a hundred yards farther on blazed one of the biggest and most lovely fires a man could wish to see.

At home I found all the tenants of the house assembled in a room on the ground floor, Jews and Gentiles, ladies and gentlemen, young and middle-aged and old. The invaded tenant made coffee, cigarettes were lit, and everybody discussed the visitor. Most of us were in a fine state of *déshabille*. This was my first appearance in Salonica society. They stayed up, so they told me afterwards, till daylight.

I was three months in this billet with the Jewish family and the French officers before I went under canvas. It was in rather a low quarter of the town, but handy for my work. The Florentins were poor but proud Jews; they had good blood, and had been better off. But Florentin Senior had lost his job shortly after the Greeks came in and ruined Salonica commercially, and ever since they had been living by expedients. The sons helped a little, but the two French officers and I were the best expedients of the lot. The war was really a stroke of luck for the Florentins. The old man is now the overseer of a gang of navvies who are employed on one of the new roads we have made and are continuing to make.

The children, of whom there were four little ones, were likable, and

fiercely intelligent, as is often the way with Jews. Niña, the fourteen-year-old girl, — her mother had married at fifteen, — used to say, 'I am not pretty — I am too thin.' She had no illusions about this world or the next. 'We believe in God,' she would chaff me, 'while you believe in Jesus Christ.' To believe in Jesus Christ was with her rather a piece of amiable folly than an act of faith. 'I'm not so sure that I believe in God after all,' she sometimes admitted. They all, however, believed whole-heartedly in a mythical person called 'Rothschild.'

'Rothschild,' so I learned, dwelt in London and spent millions on his lightest whim. He had a horse that cost a million, he had pleasures and palaces; in short, he was It. If I had told them that the present Lord Rothschild is a bearded giant with a passion for natural history and of a retiring and quiet habit, they would never have believed me. Out here he is a symbol rather than a human being. Even Eli, the third boy, who believed in nothing else, believed in Rothschild. Eli was a pro-German because he was a pro-Turk. As we grew more friendly he admitted it.

'When the Turks were here,' he used to say, 'everything was cheap. The Greeks have made everything dear.' He wished me no ill, but he would have been made entirely happy had the whole lot of us, and especially the Greeks, been driven headlong into the Ægean Sea. The Turks would come back then, so he fancied, and Turk and Jew have always been able to live together.

There was one exception to this rule. In Israel Zangwill's book, *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, you will find the story of Sabbatei Zevi. He was a Jew who wanted to convert the Turk to Judaism. This was going a bit too far. So Sabbatei — who incidentally was a

pseudo-Messiah with a large following — was given the choice between Islam and death. He chose Islam, and being a skillful theologian, naturally discovered most excellent reasons. These he revealed to his followers, and several thousands went over with him. They are called Deunmehs, meaning, 'the converted,' and are a feature of Salonica to-day. I should have said that Sabbatei's strange adventure happened three hundred years ago.

These Deunmehs are perhaps the strangest of the many strange people who inhabit Salonica. The men wear the fez, the women the veil, but not too strictly. Though publicly they profess the Mohammedan religion and their chief mosque is the richest in the town, in secret they are said to cling to Judaism, and in fact they marry only one wife, who is chosen from their own community, and they are an active, commercially prosperous people widely separate from the true Mohammedan. Once, by an accident, I had quite a conversation with two Deunmeh ladies. It was conducted in French, and was mainly about French literature and especially Pierre Loti. Their chaperon arrived, a yellow-skinned female with black eyes and a nose like a beak. Needless to say, she broke up the meeting and made the girls lower their veils. I had time to divine a busy fancy, a keen and entirely bookish speculation on life as it is lived in Europe.

A curious feature of Salonica is that everybody says 'Europe' when speaking of the countries outside the Balkans. Here, apparently, we are not in Europe, and there is some sense in the notion. Move away from the modern city which sprawls all white and stucco along the bay, and go inland to where the old town climbs the hill. Swiftly you enter another world.

Old Salonica is beautiful, new Salonica is tawdry, cheap, and garish. Up-

hill there are no sidewalks, no gas, no electric light, and water is drawn from wells or fountains.

Uphill, past the Roman road that runs from Durazzo to Constantinople, you find the quiet mosques and the secret, hidden houses. There are narrow, winding ways whose blank walls every now and again are pierced by the doors through which the veiled women of the Turkish quarter descend into the modern city. The life beyond those walls is hidden from the infidel. In a romantic mood you may conceive it as passionate and seductive; my own view is that it is tedious, depressing, and airless. The Turk in Europe is a played-out monster, hard up, shabby, with no one to squeeze or pillage — for he was ever a brigand or a parasite. Here he survives in greasy eating-houses, or as barber, porter, cobbler; and only in a few cases is he a merchant of any consequence. Yet though his day be spent, and his cemeteries — those acres of cemeteries! — are places of desolation that will soon be one with the moor and waste outside the walls, in his mosques and their courtyards he is memorable and even lovable. There alone in all Salonica may you find quiet, peace, and contemplation. You enter, and the Greeks, whose flag flies on the citadel, seem like a lot of chattering, noisy sparrows. A puny race, nervous, unstable, they seem in this quarter. I am told that the Greeks of the islands and the hills are more manly. The Cretan police who have been imported here in some number certainly testify to another strain: they are handsome fellows and carry themselves proudly.

Salonica, however, whether Greek, Turk, or Macedonian, is primarily a Jewish city: the bulk of its population and most of its enterprise are governed by that faith. On Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, the town keeps holiday. Exiled from Spain in the days of

the Inquisition, the Jews of Salonica still speak a language which, though written in Hebrew characters, is akin to pure Castilian. This Judæo-Espagnol, as it is called, is admixed with Italian and Turkish; and though it possesses no literature, it is eloquent in half-a-dozen periodicals, the chief of which no Spaniard would recognize, although the Hebrew letters when spelt out announce them as *El Liberal* and *El Avenir*.

The French language, thanks to several excellent schools and charitable foundations, is gradually replacing the dialect brought from Spain; and with it, too, will go the distinctive Jewish dress and headdress worn by the women, a hideous affair of greens, yellows, purple, scarlet, and seed-pearls. Already the younger generation looks to Paris, and if France, in addition to nice clothes and a congenial civilization, could only promise the material prosperity which went with the Sultans and the Turk, all Salonica Jewry would gladly embrace the tricolor.

Having read so far, you will perhaps recall my attention to the fact that we are at war, and that my business is to deal with this rather than with the larger fauna of Macedonia. Most of the year, however, the war has shifted from this quarter; and apart from the gunners, whose thunders punctuate the writing of these notes and sketches, we are all busy with routine-work which, save for a higher pressure, is very like the work of peace. Incidentally I may say that since I began this paper, I have shifted toward the Serbian frontier, a line of lake and hills, and am now encamped in a paradise of pied meadows, ever-changing butterflies, and plentiful tortoises. I sit out of doors, in the never-failing sunshine, and continue. *Bang* go the guns, and miles away in the Bulgar lines you see the smoke that follows the bursting of

the heavy shells. Our business all winter was to make this possible.

To me now, looking back, it was chiefly a matter of lost sleep, of lorries going endlessly up country, night and day, and of brother officers, here and there, getting very ragged about the nerves. Much of that time I was on 'night duty,' and an agreeable feature of my work was that it brought me into close contact with the Navy.

Our Senior Service, unlike our Army, was ready for war; was, indeed, seemingly ready for anything and everybody. Here no improvisation was needed: a sailor is a sailor, whether he belong to the Grand Fleet or be only the humble master of a trawler. Gunnery is but an added virtue; the discipline and craftsmanship are there already. The fleet out here — and by fleet I mean every conceivable kind of vessel — had mainly been switched on from Gallipoli, and from lighter to battleship was full of stories and escapes that now are history. The transports interested me more than the fighting units; they came and went so pluckily, with but the slightest means of defense. Hardly one that had not its tale of a submarine, and often of several. Here and there one met the submarined now serving on another vessel. Out again they would go, making strange courses, running through the darkest nights without a light. Coming here, I had ten days of similar expectancy, enough to last me a lifetime. These seamen take such journeyings as the normal, with loads of responsibility and possible Boards of Enquiry that may cost them their career as an added burden.

Before I leave these seamen and their quiet heroisms, splendid efficiency, and freedom from red tape, I would like to thank them for the many glimpses they gave me of Salonica by night. Seated or lounging on their decks, or even strenuously employed, I was forever

aware of the old city sprawling uphill and pricked out with its little clusters and constellations of oil-lamps. These were always beautiful, and patterned like another sky of stars; a smaller sky, enclosed like a garden by the battle-mented walls of the historic town, and falling into all kinds of designs that varied with the hour as the oil ran down and lamp after lamp expired. Below on the sea-front were gas and electricity, particularly emphatic on the faces of the cinema theatres and other halls and palaces of extremely sophisticated delight, while to and fro ran well-lit electric trams; yet somehow my eyes would always go uphill to the oil-lamps and the curious twists and curvings of the Turkish streets whose lines they followed and explored. Here, under the velvet Eastern sky, was the true *nocturne*; the gas-lamps and the electric bulbs belonged to Europe.

More seriously interesting than these personal fancies is the active quality of the Entente which one discovers in Salonica. In France the two armies were separated; here they mingle. On the Western front, the Belgians held their section of the line, then came the British, and below them was the great French section; one hardly met a Belgian or a French soldier except by accident. Here in Macedonia we mingle freely, in fact are arriving at friendships that must survive the war; and the ridiculous thing out here is the way we go discovering one another. From a hundred British mouths I have heard what a wonderful army is that of our Ally, and that if *we* were one tenth part as efficient, and so forth, and so forth; and again, from my French friends I hear how wonderfully organized is the army of Great Britain, and if *theirs* were one tenth part as well equipped and found, and so forth, and so forth. Both parties are quite sincere; in some points each army takes the lead, and

it is on a few such points that we fasten. Nor must it be forgotten that the art of war is essentially a French art, and that in the mathematical side of war, as exemplified, let us say, by gunnery and fortification, the world has never known their betters. This scientific intensity of the good French soldier has rather surprised us of the New Armies, as it must surprise any other body of amateurs, be they British, Chinese, or American. In aviation, too, the Frenchmen win our unstinted admiration, partly because they have taken over the whole of that side of our common effort, and partly on account of the splendid human material which they employ in this heroic arm. It interested me vastly to discover that many of the French 'observers' were young painters in normal times, and really far more preoccupied with art than with aerial duels. Young Boutet de Monvel, for instance, is such an one: he has accounted for two Taubes, and will, I hope, account for more. 'If you don't get the other fellow, the odds are he gets you'; yet when we dined together the other night the conversation was mostly about — CUBISM!

This was shortly after the naval gunners had brought down the Zeppelin. I assisted at that strange spectacle, and have since lost all faith in such engines of terror. It is rather tempting Providence to say so, for while I write, the anti-aircraft guns on the other side of the hill are popping away at *Herr Taube*, who may take a fancy to the half mile of infantry going by on the road in column of four, bands playing, and totally indifferent to the hovering pursuer. The Zeppelin, however, is a different proposition. The first time it came we all stood by helpless and gasped. The second time we were ready; and then all we had to do was to blind it with a sun of searchlights that stabbed it straight in the

eye — the rest was easy marksmanship and a great blaze.

A few such exciting moments have varied the monotony of our lives during these seven months. The only other diversion — and I speak for most of our officers who are entrusted with the Army's rationing and equipment — has been the thieving propensity of the ordinary Greek. At first we were angry with them, especially when most of our motor-lorry drivers, who live and sleep in their old 'buses, had their kits stolen in an unguarded moment. We were then surrounded by a badly clad and half-fed Greek soldiery who later were ordered out of our lines. By night these brigands were a positive danger. In the wild country outside the town, one would scale the tailboard of a lorry, throw a fifty-pound case of jam overboard to his comrades, and follow after it himself; or it might be corned beef, or a bale of compressed forage. Several subalterns have told me how, returning to camp late at night by this simple method, they were startled by voices, and their electric torch showed them the swarthy face of a Greek Evzone peering over the tailboard. A good punch with the fist or the butt of a revolver sent the thief back into the darkness, whence a rifle-shot or two would follow the lorry as it jogged on to its supply depot or ordnance store. Such incidents led to armed guards and less eventful journeys.

I have said that at first we were angry, but gradually we came to recognize that thieving is a form of sport in this country, and that if found out the player will take his beating like a man. He simply shrugs his shoulders, as much as to say, 'The luck was against me this time; I must try again.' He gets no sympathy from the spectators. These regard his misfortune as an excellent joke and chuckle over the summary punishment inflicted. It was

once my luck to detect a robber of a higher type — indeed, an acquaintance whose house stood in our lines and whose knowledge of French made conversation easy. He was a very particular little man, and had first come to me with a complaint about the filthy habits of our Greek laborers. After that we chatted often and I did what I could for him. Nominally he had a brick-and-tile business, and parcels of these goods seemed to leave his house each day. However, at a time when I was on night duty and had (1) arrested a Greek corporal for stabbing one of our workmen who had declined to steal; (2) gone through said corporal's guard and guard-room and relieved these gentry of a barrow-load of our property; (3) got most fanatically savage with the whole Hellenic population — I noticed a light or two burning in the home of my friend the brick-and-tile merchant. 'Now what is he up to at 1 A.M.?' I asked myself; and determined to go inside and see.

I banged at his door and stood on his doorstep. Presently his bald head looked out of a first-floor window. 'Ouvrez!' I commanded. As he hesitated and wished to argue, I sent for our guard, five good men with gleaming bayonets — then down he came. The door opened, and I set eyes on thirteen cases, each of fifty tins, of raspberry jam, to begin with. There were three men, two women, and some children in the house. I had a good acetylene lamp and could see everything. In the business part of the house I discovered enough of our property to fill a large van — provisions, shirts, breeches, and even barbed wire. Going upstairs into the living rooms, it occurred to me that the three men might lose their heads and knife me. I had seen such things done in panic before. However, they were merciful; indeed, the respectable little man's nerve was so far gone

that instead of answering me in French, he began jabbering away in Greek. It was all too ludicrous. Every corner and cupboard of those living-rooms was stuffed with British rations. The ladies slept on beds raised from the floor on a neat layer of packing-cases stamped 'Wheatmeal Biscuit, 50 lbs.' They had Heinz's pickles and Black Cat cigarettes, Clarifying Powder and Oxo Cubes. There was no end to the stuff, and when I had made my host unlock the last cupboard, I simply sat down on a packing-case and shook with laughter; and to make matters worse he was explaining everything away in a series of lies that would not have deceived a cinema audience. I left him and his associates under a guard, and neither of the two ladies seemed to appreciate having these honest British rustics in the house at such an hour of the morning. Except the men doing patrol work on the frontier, and those directly affected by air-raids, very few of my acquaintances have had a more engrossing night than the one I have attempted to describe.

To tell the truth, this Salonica campaign, always barring the retreat, is child's play to what most of us underwent in France. What we actually have done, and that in itself is a notable feat, has been to turn a wilderness into a country fit for settlement and permanent occupation. Each day now I ride out on new-made roads, planned by the Allied engineers and made by the Allied infantry. The villages I pass are tragic with ruined houses and the

desolation wrought by Turk and Comitadjî. There are villages made dead by massacre and fire, and others half-standing and half-destroyed. In some new houses have been built since the Greeks took over, and in almost all, at this season, you see that great bird, the stork, sitting on her huge nest. Really, once the mountains overpassed, it is a beautiful country, fine in climate, rich in soil, with splendid pasturages, and now so full of good roads, new light railways, and other connections as to be within easy access of the town and sea.

The sun is setting as I end these random notes. I am, as usual, outdoors, sitting on one biscuit box and writing on two others. I have found an elm tree that is shady and is moreover full of bluebirds — jays. Over the great plain I look out to Kilindir, which is being bombarded, and the three lakes. Of Lake Doiran I have only a glimpse through the broken hills. Behind the lake is an inaccessible wall of mountain which looks like the end of the world. It is the boundary of New Serbia, and there the Bulgars are perched. Sausage-shaped observation balloons go up and we pound away at one another, trying to locate and destroy gun-positions for the most part. Every other day a few deserters dribble in from the other side, looking very cheerful and full of *vin ordinaire* and information — the French very wisely induce the one by the other. Such is the war as we are seeing it just now. By the time this reaches you the kaleidoscope may have taken another turn.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE LIER IN BED

IF I had to get on with but one article of furniture, I think I would choose a bed. One could if necessary sit, eat, read, and write in the bed. In past time it has been a social centre: the hostess received in it, the guests sat on benches, and the most distinguished visitor sat on the foot of the bed. It combines the uses of all the other articles in the '\$198 de luxe special 4-room outfit' that I have seen advertised for the benefit of any newly married couple with \$20 of their own for the first payment. Very few houses, if any, nowadays are without furniture that nobody uses, chairs that nobody ever sits on, books that nobody ever reads, ornaments that nobody ever wants, pictures that nobody ever looks at; an accumulation of unessential objects that does credit chiefly to the activity of manufacturers and merchants catering to our modern lust for unnecessary expenditure. Not so many centuries ago one or two books made quite a respectable library, dining-room tables were real banqueting boards laid on trestles and taken away after the banquet, one bench served several sitters, and a chair of his own was the baron's privilege. To-day the \$198 de luxe special 4-room outfit would feel naked and ashamed without its '1 Pedestal' and '1 Piece of Statuary.' Yet what on earth does a happy couple, bravely starting life with \$20, want of a pedestal and a piece of statuary? And I notice also that the outfit — 'a complete home,' says the description — makes no provision for a kitchen: but perhaps they are no longer de luxe.

It is impossible, at this time, to recover with complete certainty the antiquity of the bed. Presumably the Neanderthal man had a wife (as wives were then understood) and maintained a kind of housekeeping which may have gone no further than pawing some leaves together to sleep on; but this probably was a late development. Earlier we may imagine the wind blowing the autumn leaves together and a Neanderthal man lying down by chance on the pile. He found it pleasant, and, for a few thousand years, went out of his way to find piles of leaves to lie down on, until one day he hit upon the bright idea of piling the leaves together himself. Then for the first time a man had a bed. His sleep was localized; his pile of leaves, brought together by his own sedulous hands, became property. Monogamy was encouraged, and the idea of home came into being. Personally I have no doubt whatever that the man who made the first bed was so charmed with it that the practice of lying in bed in the morning began immediately; and it is probably a conservative statement that the later Pliocene era saw the custom well developed.

One wonders what the Neanderthal man would have thought of a de luxe 4-room outfit, or complete home, for \$198.

Even to-day, however, there are many fortunate persons who are never awakened by an alarm-clock — that watchman's rattle, as it were, of Policeman Day. The invention is comparatively recent. Without trying to uncover the identity of the inventor, and thus adding one more to the Who's Who of Pernicious Persons, we may as

sume that it belongs naturally to the age of small and cheap clocks that dawned only in the nineteenth century. Some desire for it existed earlier. The learned Mrs. Carter, said Dr. Johnson, 'at a time when she was eager in study, did not awake as early as she wished, and she therefore had a contrivance that, at a certain hour, her chamber light should burn a string to which a heavy weight was suspended, which then fell with a sudden strong noise: this roused her from her sleep, and then she had no difficulty in getting up.'

This device, we judge, was peculiar to Mrs. Carter, than whom a less eager student would have congratulated herself that the sudden strong noise was over, and gone sweetly to sleep again. The venerable Bishop Ken, who believed that a man 'should take no more sleep than he can take at once,' had no need of it. He got up, we are told, at one or two o'clock in the morning 'and sometimes earlier,' and played the lute before putting on his clothes.

To me the interesting thing about these historic figures is that they got up with such elastic promptness, the one to study and the other to play the lute. The Bishop seems a shade the more eager; but there are details that Mrs. Carter would naturally have refrained from mentioning to Dr. Johnson, even at the brimming moment when he had just accepted her contribution to the *Rambler*. For most of us — or alarm-clocks would not be made to ring continuously until the harassed bed-warmer gets up and stops the racket — this getting out of bed is no such easy matter; and perhaps it will be the same when Gabriel's trumpet is the alarm-clock. We are more like Boswell, honest sleeper, and have 'thought of a pulley to raise me gradually'; and then have thought again and realized that even a pulley 'would give me pain, as it would counteract my internal dis-

position.' Let the world go hang, our internal disposition is to stay in bed: we cling tenaciously to non-existence — or rather, to that third state of consciousness when we are in the world but not of it.

There are those, no doubt, who will say that they have something better to do than waste their time wondering why they like to stay in bed, which they don't. They are persons who have never been bored by the monotony of dressing or have tried to vary it, sometimes beginning at one end, sometimes at the other, but always defeated by the hard fact that a man cannot button his collar until he has put on his shirt. If they condescend so far, they will say, with some truth, that it is a question of weather, and any fool knows that it is not pleasant to get out of a warm bed into a cold bedroom. The matter has been considered from that angle. 'I have been warm all night,' wrote Leigh Hunt, 'and find myself in a state perfectly suited to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold — from fire to ice. They are "haled" out of their "beds," says Milton, by "harpy-footed furies" — fellows who come to call them.' But no man, say I, — or woman either, — ever lay in bed and devised logical reasons for staying there — unless for the purposes of an essay, in which case the recumbent essayist, snuggle as he may, is mentally up and dressed. He is really awake. He has tied his necktie. He is a busy bee — and I can no more imagine a busy bee lying in bed than I can imagine lying in bed with one. He is no longer in the nice balance between

sense and oblivion that is too serenely and irresponsibly comfortable to be consciously analyzed; and in which, so long as he can stay there without getting wider awake, nothing else matters.

Lying in bed being a half-way house between sleeping and waking, and the mind then equally indifferent to logic and exact realism, the *liar* in bed can and does create his own dreams. If his bent is that way he becomes *Big Man Me*: Fortunatus's purse jingles in his pocket; the slave jumps when he rubs the lamp; he excels in all manly sports. If you ask with what authority I can thus postulate the home-made dreams of any *liar* in bed but myself, the answer is easy. It is common knowledge that the half-awake minds of men thus employ themselves, and the fashion of their employment may be reasonably deduced from observation of individuals. The ego even of a modest man will be somewhat rampant; the ego of a conceited one would, barring its capability for infinite expansion, swell up and bust. But this riot of egoism has as little relation to the *Fine Art of Lying in Bed* as a movie play has to the fine art of the drama. The true artist may take fair advantage of his nice state of unreason to defy time and space, but he will respect essential verities. He will treat his ego like the child it is; and, taking example from a careful mother, tie a rope to it when he lets it out to play. Thus he will capture a kind of immortality; and his lying in bed, a transitory state itself, will contradict the transitory character of life outside of it. Companions he has known and loved will come from whatever remote places to share these moments, for the *Fine Art of Lying in Bed* consists largely in cultivating that inward eye with which Wordsworth saw the daffodils.

Whether this can be done on the wooden pillow of the Japanese I have no way of knowing, but I suspect there

were some admirable *liars* in bed among the Roman patricians who were grossly accused of effeminacy because they slept on feathers. The north of China, where bedding is laid in winter on raised platforms gently heated by little furnaces underneath, must have produced some highly cultivated *liars* in bed. The proverbial shortness of the German bed (which perhaps explains *Kultur*) may have tended to discourage the art and at the same time unconsciously stimulated a hatred of England, where the beds are proverbially generous. One can at least hope, however, that all beds are alike in this matter, provided the occupant is a proper *liar*, who can say fairly, —

My bed has legs
To run away
From Here and Now
And Everyday.
It trots me off
From slumber deep
To the Dear Land
Of Half-Asleep.

CHURCH WORK

'MISS MARY, does you want to punch my cyard?' Mammie, having made her usual noiseless entrance, stood beside me with hands extended; a very grimy card with a number of stars printed on it in one hand, and in the other a large pin.

'You does like dis. Punch a hole in de middle of one of dese stars; so! Den gimme fi' cents for my church. De baby done punch fo' times dis mornin', an' dat meck you owe me twenty cents.'

I handed over the quarter. 'This is for the baby and myself, Mammie. But please don't let him play with pins.'

Mammie tossed her head indignant-ly. 'When is I ever let no baby play wid pins? My goodness, Miss Mary, I ain't gwine let him ever *tech* no common pin. Dis here is a church pin, wid a deep black mournin' haid; an' I ain't

gwine trus' Billy wid it no mo', 'kase he might lose it likely as not.'

The old woman looked very much offended; and fearing that I had hurt her feelings, I encouraged her to talk of her church, knowing from past experience that it was a most soothing topic. 'Are you raising money for any special purpose, Mammie?'

'Money, Miss Mary,' she replied sentimentiously, 'is what everybody's 'bleege to have. An' folks done talk so much 'bout hard times, de niggers feel like dey ain't got nothin'. Now our Pasture he ain't never had all dat de deacons promuss him dis year; but what wid poundin' ¹ him an' envitin' of him out to meals, an' 'cludin' what his white folks what he used to work for 'fore he tuk ter preachin' give him, he is got on right well. But now he says he jus' pintedly got ter go ter some contention er 'nother wid a whole passel of other preachers; so we members is boun' ter do all kinds of things ter git some cash money, 'kase everybody knows you can't git no credit on a railroad ticket. You got ter teck yo' money wid you, an' spend it 'fore you starts, when you travels on de train. Us old folks what goes out in service 'mongst de white people, we got cyards; an' de gals an' boys dey got de church all festooned wid tissue paper, an' is aholdin' of a fair. You ought ter see how dey done fix it up wid a big table front of de pulpit all laid out wid what dey calls numbered prizes. An' at one end is a pile of sharp sticks, an' a wash-tub of bluein' water wid all kinds of numbers in it. You got ter pay fi' cents to poke fer a number. I poked several times, but I did n't teck none of de prizes 'kase most of dem come frum de tea sto', an' I had give a heap of dat li'l trash to

de fair myself 'kase I did n't have no use for it.'

'Were many people there, Mammie?'

'Yes, *mam*, dat dey *was*! You know John?'

I shook my head. 'Do you mean Mary's son? The one whose husband's funeral you went to the other day?'

'Naw *indeed*, Honey. Dis dat big black John wid a knot on his haid. His mother's a ol' maid. Her name's Frances. She used to do washin' fo' yo' ma. She is a mighty good religious woman; an' it worried her 'kase John did n't waste no time in church work. But las' night, when he see all dem niggers crowdin' roun', he come in de church to look at de fun. Den he see de tub, an' he study a li'l. Den he come up, an say — Let *him* fix a number. He gwine show um sumpin'. So he meck a mighty fixin' of a number in de tub. Den he reach down in his pocket, an' teck out a dollar bill, an' laid it on de table wid a number. Den he stan' back, an say, "Step up, ladies an' gent'men, an' poke fo' de dollar."'

Mammie waved her hands enthusiastically. 'He did n't need to say dat word! My King! Every nigger was mos' fightin' ter poke! John had ter teck off his coat an' his collar. He was sweatin' same as a horse; wid such a crowdin' an' scufflin' an' excitement as you never see. It ain't been a half an hour 'fore he took in mo' den fo' dollars. De niggers push an' shove till he was wore out aholdin' of um back. But dey was suttinly nice behavior, for I ain't seen nair lick struck, though in all the hullabaloo of stirrin' an' pokin' mos' all de water got sloshed outen de tub. John, he got a mighty bad cold in de excitement; but Frances say she don't mind dat, she feel so proud 'kase he done teck some intrus' in church work at las'.' Mammie was turning away — 'What dat you say? Who done git de money? Lord, Honey, you

¹ Each member of a colored congregation will bring to the pastor at different times a pound of some supply, such as sugar, coffee, salt, etc. This custom is called 'pounding.'

ain't think John gwine let dem niggers git *his* money, is you? He done *tack* dat number in de bottom of de tub.'

LITERATURE AND THE SKY-SIGN

A FRIEND of mine produces literature under the inspiration of nightly electric-light advertisements on Broadway, which emblazon, in letters twenty-feet high, his name and accomplishments. How he can possibly get those signs out of his mind, when he sits down to write, is more than I can understand. I am sure that I could never write up to that sign. Yet his case is not so very different from that of the common run of magazine and book writers of the present day, whose names, qualities, and portraits are proclaimed over the whole land in the announcement leaves of the magazines; and that has to be, of course, under present circumstances. The public wants to know just who is writing for it, and why — and how. The strong light of public curiosity beats even on the garret in Grub Street. If you do not like it, you must not write books or stories that are in the smallest danger of becoming popular. It is still possible to get along without doing that; but if you *will* write, you must write in the glare. To be advertised, it is not even necessary to exist. Certainly biographies, and, I believe, portraits, of Fiona Macleod had to be published, though there wa'n't no sich a person.

It was not always so. We find it difficult to imagine Thoreau taking secret satisfaction in reading the words, 'DO YOU KNOW THAT HENRY DAVID THOREAU WRITES FOR THE BLAZER?' on an electric sign twenty feet high on Broadway, or deriving a subtle pleasure from seeing his distressingly plain features pictured gloriously on the advertising leaves of a magazine. He was not working, in his day, to put

Concord on the map. When Thoreau was contemplating the lecture platform he wrote in his journal, 'How I have thriven on solitude and poverty! I cannot overstate this advantage. I do not see how I could have enjoyed it if the public had been expecting as much of me as there is danger now that they will.'

Happy Thoreau! he failed as a lecturer, and his obscurity was not broken into. He would have withered away into silence under that artificially aroused expectation of something perennially smart — that bellows-blown curiosity which is never allowed to die down, which is the ordinary accompaniment of literary production nowadays.

However, not all authors yearn for solitude and poverty and neglect as Thoreau did. Some of them, if I remember right, have shown a certain kindness of mind and feeling toward the limelight. I could mention the name of at least one who subscribes to all the clippings bureaus, and whose face, when the packages of press extracts referring to him come in and are opened, resembles, in its expression of refined satisfaction, the face of Narcissus as he contemplates his image in the fountain. I have heard of one author who spends almost as much time in getting his name into print, in one way and another, outside of his signed productions, as he spends in literary composition.

Literary vanity is nothing new, either. Dr. Johnson's was insufferable. Byron had a pleasant habit of carving or scribbling his name in conspicuous places; he carved it in Tasso's cell, and it is there yet, seeming to say, 'When you think of Tasso, do not forget the well-known English poet called Byron.' Carlyle dingdonged his manly vanity all over Britain.

If an author is obscure, does he not always resent it? I do not think, really,

that the sky-sign would irk the usual author so deeply as public neglect. Under the glittering pressure of the twenty-foot letters, most of us would probably be heard murmuring to ourselves, with Emerson, 'Don't be so troublesome modest, you vain fellow!'

After all, one's repugnance to publicity, if one has it at all, must be to this positive kind of advertising, not to the negative sort. I mean to say that if one does not wish to see one's name on a sky-sign, or one's portrait emblazoned day after day at the head of a newspaper column, one nevertheless does very much prefer that one's honest merit shall be recognized. Spare us the laudatory blare of the trump of fame, but vouchsafe, O Pierides! a decent attention to the immortal offspring of our brains. It is not notoriety for ourselves that we want, it is merely a proper meed of praise for the clever things we say and do!

SOME REASONS FOR BEING REJECTED

I SOMETIMES wonder by what wire-less communication editors attain their unanimity of attitude and phrase. Presumably seated in many several offices, how do they so often contrive to say the same thing at the same time? A year or two ago illustrated magazines exhibited a brief but conspicuous identity in cover designs, all showing infamy in bedtime costume. For a while children in nighties and pajamas capered in droves over the counters of all stationers. Now, how did every artist know that every other artist was going to the night nursery for models?

Looking back over a dozen years of Grub Street, I find that the fashions for editors are just as contagious as those for illustrators. By seeing the date alone of a rejection, I can give the editorial reasons without further investi-

gation as to what editor or what magazine. I write as one who has attained the doubtful dignity of the personal letter of refusal. I find that ten years ago editors very generally rejected me because my manuscripts did not 'quite compel acceptance.' Now this is an over-civil statement of the over-civility of my gentle little sketches and tales. The truth is they grew up in New England and were never trained in cowboy manners. 'Compelling acceptance' always suggests to my mind a mustachio'd ranchman presenting a pistol and a check to some lone bank clerk and demanding gold in exchange. This money-or-your-life method of 'compelling acceptance' is as impossible to my stories as it would be to the ladies, fragrant with boxwood and lemon verbena, about whom I like to write.

A few years later the phrase polite for 'no admittance' changed. The buffet became more robust and ringing. Editors at this period asked for 'a little more ginger.' Six or seven years ago all editors were crying for 'ginger.' I could not give it to them, but so many other people could and did, that presently they had enough ginger and were passing on to demand stronger condiment: they no longer wanted ginger, but 'a little more pep, please.' Editors at this stage were becoming less gentle in language as well as in desires. At first I merely could not 'quite compel acceptance,' but later rebuff was administered in figurative speech that became constantly more arresting. 'Ginger' and 'pep' were mild and gastronomic in suggestion, but from the 'pep' period on, editorial imagery has been becoming more and more vigorous.

For a long time 'punch' dominated the vocabulary and intentions of all periodicals. It made no difference what other accomplishments a manuscript might possess: if it could not 'punch,' it might as well stay at home. A writer

had no choice but to drop contemplation, remove his coat, hand his spectacles to his wife, adopt the language of the prize-ring and 'punch' his reader — an audacious enterprise and productive of more unanimity in rejection than any other course I have pursued.

My literary career under enforced editorial guidance has steadily advanced from suavity to violence. At first I tried merely to 'compel attention'; next I obediently served 'ginger' and 'pep'; after that, weakly and mildly, have I endeavored to 'punch,' but there are progressive ordeals yet before me. To 'punch' in the prize-fight there is allowed a degree of decorum; there are still rules for the game in 'punching,' but I discover that even 'punch' is obsolescent. This morning an editor returns my offerings with the comment, 'Excellent of their kind, but I prefer stories with more "*kick*"!' Can I, must I, 'kick'?

According to the cumulative demand of editors for ferocity, after 'kick,' what? Next week shall I be requested to 'stab'? To make a stiletto of the innocent pen whose first efforts were taught manners by Sir Roger de Coverley? I wonder how Addison and Irving would have responded if they had been asked to 'kick.' My pained imagination looks forward into the years of bread-winning still before me, to read in fancy the reasons for future rejection, as editors become more frenzied and more figurative. Will it be: —

'We are under orders to accept no freight at this dépôt except high explosives'; or, 'No magazine can keep on the market to-day that is not prepared to blow the reader's brains out.'

Two things I am pondering. Does the reader never long to be approached by methods of peace and propriety? Even if he is that ogre of the artist, the Tired Business Man, is drubbing my sole manner of meeting him? If it is

not, it is high time you said so, reader, to ears having authority. If you do not speak out, the treatment in store for you is no exaggeration on my part. I am behind the scenes, and I know. I have it straight from Cæsar that I must 'kick' you, so impervious are you to ways of pleasantness.

The other thing I am pondering is, what will be the editorial reason for rejecting this essay.

A WORD TO THE NEW WOMAN

SHE will not heed it. She is too busy. The little tablet on her desk is scribbled full of tasks for to-morrow. If she can hold herself to that strenuous schedule, she will rise at seven, follow up her shower-bath with corrective dancing to the victrola, thereby effectively arousing the rest of the household, devote the forenoon to culture (not with a K), the afternoon to Red Cross benevolence (with a bee), speak at a suffrage meeting in the evening, and read the Boston *Transcript* before she goes to bed. There is a lack of romance in this programme, but the New Woman is not dependent on romance. 'Be not idle, and you shall not be long-ing.' There is, however, a 'memo. pad' on record, with the entry by date and hour, set in the midst of other sundries: 'Marry Mr. R.'

For sometimes the New Woman marries and proceeds to modernize Arcadia. Here she has her special trials, and her Corydon has his. But the New Woman I address is the unwedded woman who, whether young by the calendar or not, feels herself young and will bear herself as young till the ambushed years leap out upon her with bayonets of rheumatism and other mortal ills. The younger she actually is, the less is the likelihood that she will heed my warning. She never does. There was the small schoolgirl, for in-

stance, with yellow braids in defiant crinkles down her back, who remained unmoved by my remonstrance against her summary abandonment of the study of arithmetic. 'What's the use? All the rest of the book is about interest and per cent and banking and insurance. If I have a husband, he'll do all those things for me, and if I don't, they won't have to be done at all.'

There was the brand-new college graduate, an orphan, whose guardian, a laconic banker on the other side of the Continent, had just turned over to her the inheritance on which he had already drawn with a free hand for her expensive run of boarding-schools and summer trips abroad.

'He has always sent me whatever I have asked for,' she said, 'but now that my money is in my own hands, I intend to make it fly. I'm just twenty and I'm going to Rome to study art, and by the time I'm thirty I don't mean to have a dollar left.'

'And what is to become of you then?'

'I suppose I'll be married. Girls are. And if I'm not, I'll be an old maid, and it does n't matter the least bit in the world what becomes of an old maid.'

The remarkable thing about this young prodigal was that she literally carried out her preposterous scheme of life. A few years later, I met her by chance in a foreign city and found her the most innocent and thoroughgoing of spendthrifts. The day we met, she had just given a thousand dollars to a fellow art-student to ease some domestic stringency. Her studio was open house for all Bohemia. My protests might as well have been whistled to the idle wind. She was penniless at twenty-nine and has been fighting the wolf ever since; but unlike Timon of Athens, on whom her youthful career seemed to be modeled, she has retained her happy buoyancy of temper and keeps up the fight, not only with uncomplaining

pluck, but with ingenuity and resource. When her pictures proved 'too good for the public,' she fell back on dainty handicrafts, and sturdily maintains that poverty is the best fun yet. Hers is not a tragedy — so far.

There are tragedies, many and many, as the young New Woman grows old. Let an instance or two suffice.

One dark December afternoon a friend of my girlhood, so changed that she might have been a ghost, blew in out of a blizzard, drenched and gasping, her gray hair straggling in wild wisps about a face into whose sunken cheeks not even the fierce wind had whipped a trace of the bright color I remembered. She came in grim anger, in bitter mirth of desperation, to state, without appeal, that she was down and out. I knew her life. She had worked hard and well for forty years. Here and there her achievement had been notable. She had been lavish of her strength, at once self-sufficient and self-sacrificing. Hers had been the pioneer courage of enterprise and experiment. She had poured effective energy into the initiation of movements that are potent in the community to-day. But she had come in mid-career to a crucial choice — a choice between a generous risk for the sake of others and a prudent self-protection. She had thrown up a promising position and already liberal salary to bring all her savings, all her faculties, all the help that was in her to an intimate and sacred need. Her efforts, not altogether unavailing, steadfastly sustained through a decade, have brought her hostility instead of gratitude. She has worn her nerves to tatters in the long, dark struggle. Her task is done so far as she can do it. Bodily infirmities are on her. With all her gifts and powers, she can no longer summon the force for expert work in her own field. In other attempted employments, pitifully

simple, which demand only dexterity of hand, quick hearing, and charm of address, she cannot hold her own against the push of young competitors. She has no money, no home, no plans. 'It's up to God,' she said, with her new, twisted smile. 'I have always tried to do my duty. If He wants me to keep on living, He knows I must have something to eat and wear and a place to sleep. But He may attend to all that, if He cares about it. I don't. I've done all I can. I'm tired out.'

The more violent agonies to whose tumultuous outpourings I listen, unable to help, ashamed to hear, are not due to lack of funds. In many a woman, when the mating season is past, springs a sudden, maddening longing for love, for children, for somebody all her own, somebody to whom she is essential, supreme, the very all of all. One of the most richly endowed women I have ever honored, — for to know her is to honor, — magnetic, tingling with human genius, is suffering that convulsion of the heart. A quarter of a century ago, she was beset by the importunities of ardent lovers. I have never forgotten the gaze I surprised once in a lad's black eyes yearning upon her, adoring, imploring, all in vain. Nor does memory, which makes such freakish selections, let go the blundering eloquence of another of her suitors, in mature manhood and something of a personage, but stumbling over his words like a schoolboy as he strove to enlist my intercession. 'Tell her if only I could *do* something — to show her — *anything* — to prove to her — if only I could — if I could *run for her!*' He had been a famous sprinter in his college days. Absurd he was and pathetic in his New York elegance of trim, the honest sweat beading out on his forehead in his mighty wrestle with the unutterable. There were others, more or less picturesque, all impassioned, all

vowing eternal constancy, a lifelong waiting — all married long ago. Not one of them was her peer. Glowing with the joyous adventure of life, she did not want them then. Now, in the grip of an almost frantic craving, the void in her heart cries out for what the devotion of one or another of these would so eagerly have given. But — cruel discovery of experience! — it is not need that calls forth love. 'What others claim from us is not our thirst and our hunger, but our bread and our gourd.'

These are individual problems. There is no offhand solution. But if only the New Woman, vigorous, capable being that she is, would drop a grain of foresight into her decisions! It is not easy for the divine recklessness of youth to have respect to the plain, prosaic virtue of thrift; but life is not all youth.

'I always keep a thousand dollars on hand in the bank,' said an open-handed giver the other day, 'for my operation.'

'You! An operation!'

'Oh, I am quite well, but I observe that many women in middle life have operations, and so, often as I want to use it for this or that, I keep my thousand dollars in the bank.'

Are there any banks for the heart? Few without their risks, but life itself is a risk. Whatever may be thought of marriage as an investment for protection, affection, family, there are winsome waifs in countless orphanages starving for mother-love.

It is Nature herself that urges upon us, in every sunset, in every autumn, the far outlook, provision for the waning time, that simple wisdom of the wayfarer best voiced by ancient Egypt: 'When thou journeyest into the shadows, take not sweetmeats with thee, but a seed of corn and a bottle of tears and wine, that thou mayest have a garden in that land whither thou goest.'

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LIVING IN HISTORY

BY AGNES REPPLIER

WHEN Mr. Bagehot spoke his luminous word about 'a fatigued way of looking at great subjects,' he gave us the key to a mental attitude which perhaps is not the modern thing it seems. There were, no doubt, Greeks and Romans in plenty to whom the 'glory' and the 'grandeur' of Greece and Rome were less exhilarating than they were to Edgar Poe — Greeks and Romans who were spiritually palsied by the great emotions which presumably accompany great events. They may have been philosophers, or humanitarians, or academists. They may have been conscientious objectors, or conscienceless shirkers, or perhaps plain men and women with a natural gift for indecision, a natural taste for compromise and awaiting developments. In the absence of newspapers and pamphlets, these peaceful pagans were compelled to express their sense of fatigue to their neighbors at the games or in the market-place; and their neighbors — if well chosen — sighed with them over the intensity of life, the formidable happenings of history.

To-day the turmoil of the world has accentuated every human type — heroic, base, keen, and evasive. The strain of two terrible years has been borne with unflinching hardihood, and sympathy has kept pace with suffering.

But the once clear outlines are growing strangely blurred. We forget that, if history in the making is a fluid thing, it swiftly crystallizes. Men, 'living between two eternities, and warring against oblivion,' make their indelible record on its pages; and other men receive these pages as their best inheritance, their avenue to understanding, their key to life.

Therefore it is unwise to jibe at history because we do not chance to know it. It pleases us to jibe at anything we do not know, but the process is not enlightening. The *English Nation* commented approvingly last June upon the words of an English novelist who strove to make clear that the only things which count for any of us, individually or collectively, are the unrecorded minutiae of our lives. 'History,' said this purveyor of fiction, 'is concerned with the rather absurd and theatrical doings of a few people, which, after all, have never altered the fact that we do all of us live on from day to day, and only want to be let alone.'

'These words,' says the *Nation* heavily, 'have a singular truth and force at the present time. The people of Europe want to go on living, not to be destroyed. To live is to pursue the activities proper to one's nature, to be unhindered and unthwarted in their

exercise. It is not too much to say that the life of Europe is something which has persisted in spite of the history of Europe. There is nothing happy or fruitful anywhere but witnesses to the triumph of life over history.'

Presuming that we are able to disentangle life from history, to sever the inseverable, is this a true statement, or merely the expression of mental and spiritual fatigue? Were the great historic episodes invariably fruitless, and had they no bearing upon the lives of ordinary men and women? The battles of Marathon and Thermopylæ, the signing of the Magna Charta, the Triple Alliance, the Declaration of Independence, the birth of the National Assembly, the first Reform Bill, the recognition in Turin of the United Kingdom of Italy — these things may have been theatrical, inasmuch as they were certainly dramatic, but absurd is not a wise word to apply to them. Neither is it possible to believe that the life of Europe went on *in spite* of these historic incidents, triumphing over them as over so many obstacles to activity.

When the *Nation* contrasts the beneficent companies of strolling players who 'represented and interpreted the world of life, the one thing which matters and remains,' with the companies of soldiers who merely destroyed life at its roots, we cannot but feel that this editorial point of view has its limitations. The strolling players of Elizabeth's day afforded many a merry hour; but Elizabeth's soldiers and sailors did their part in making possible this mirth. The strolling players who came to the old Southwark Theatre in Philadelphia interpreted 'the world of life,' as they understood it; but the soldiers who froze at Valley Forge offered a different interpretation, and one which had considerably more stamina. The magnifying of

small things, the belittling of great ones, indicate an exhaustion of spirit which would be more pardonable if it were less self-assertive. 'A great country in the hour of her conflict,' said Lockhart, 'should not hear the voice of despondency from her children.'

Many smart things have been written to discredit history. Mr. Arnold called it 'the vast Mississippi of falsehood,' which was easily said, and has been said a number of times in a number of ways since the days of Herodotus, who amply illustrated the splendors of unreality. Mr. Edward Fitzgerald was wont to sigh that only lying histories are readable, and this point of view has many secret adherents. Nevertheless, all that we know of man's unending efforts to adjust and readjust himself to the world about him we learn from history, and the tale is an instructive one. 'Events are wonderful things,' said Lord Beaconsfield. Nothing, for example, can conceal, or even obscure, the event of the French Revolution. We are free to discuss it until the end of time; but we can never obliterate it, and never get rid of its consequences.

The lively contempt for history expressed by readers who would escape its weight, and the neglect of history practiced by educators who would escape its authority, stand responsible for much mental confusion. American boys and girls go to school six, eight, or ten years, as the case may be, and emerge with a misunderstanding of their own country, and a comprehensive ignorance of all others. They say, 'I don't know any history,' as casually and as unconcernedly as they might say, 'I don't know any chemistry,' or 'I don't know metaphysics.' A smiling young freshman in the most scholarly of women's colleges told me recently that she had been conditioned

because she knew nothing about the Reformation.

'You mean, —' I began questioningly.

'I mean just what I say,' she interrupted. 'I did n't know what it was, or where it was, or who had anything to do with it.'

I said I did n't wonder she had come to grief. The Reformation was something of an episode. And I asked myself wistfully how it happened she had ever managed to escape it. When I was a little schoolgirl, a pious Roman Catholic child with a distaste for polemics, it seemed to me I was never done studying about the Reformation. If I escaped briefly from Wycliffe and Cranmer and Knox, it was only to be met by Luther and Calvin and Huss. Everywhere the great struggle confronted me, everywhere I was brought face to face with the inexorable logic of events. That more advanced and more intelligent students find pleasure in every phase of ecclesiastical strife is proved by Lord Broughton's pleasant story about a member of Parliament named Joliffe, who was sitting in his club, reading Hume's *History of England*, a book which well deserves to be called dry. Charles Fox, glancing over his shoulder, observed, 'I see you have come to the imprisonment of the seven bishops'; whereupon Joliffe, like a man engrossed in a thrilling detective story, cried desperately, 'For God's sake, Fox, don't tell me what is coming!'

This was reading for human delight, for the interest and agitation which are inseparable from every human document. Mr. Henry James once told me that the only reading of which he never tired was history. 'The least significant footnote of history,' he said, 'stirs me more than the most thrilling and passionate fiction. Nothing that has ever happened to the world finds me indifferent.' I used to think that

ignorance of history meant only a lack of cultivation and a loss of pleasure. Now I am sure that such ignorance impairs our judgment by impairing our understanding, by depriving us of standards, of the power to contrast, and the right to estimate. We can know nothing of any nation unless we know its history; and we can know nothing of the history of any nation unless we know something of the history of all nations. The book of the world is full of knowledge we need to acquire, of lessons we need to learn, of wisdom we need to assimilate. Consider only this brief sentence of Polybius, quoted by Plutarch: 'In Carthage no one is blamed, however he may have gained his wealth.' A pleasant place, no doubt, for business enterprise; a place where young men were taught how to get on, and extravagance kept place with shrewd finance. A self-satisfied, self-confident, money-getting, money-loving people, honoring success, and hugging its fancied security, while in far-off Rome Cato pronounced its doom.

There are readers who can tolerate and even enjoy history, provided it is shorn of its high lights and heavy shadows, its heroic elements and strong impelling motives. They turn with relief to such calm commentators as Sir J. R. Seeley, for years professor of modern history at Cambridge, who shrank as sensitively as an eighteenth-century divine from that fell word enthusiasm, and from all the turmoil it gathers in its wake. He was a firm upholder of the British Empire, hating compromise, and guiltless of pacificism; but, having a natural gift for aridity, he saw no reason why the rest of the world should not be content to know things without feeling them, should not keep its eyes turned to legal institutions, its mind fixed upon political economy and international law. The

force that lay back of Parliament annoyed him by the simple primitive way in which it beat drums, fired guns, and died to uphold the legal institutions which he prized; also because by doing these things it evoked in others certain simple and primitive sensations which he strove always to keep at bay. 'We are rather disposed to laugh,' he said, 'when poets and orators try to conjure us with the name of England.' Had he lived a few years longer, he would have known that England's salvation lies in the fact that her name is, to her sons, a thing to conjure by. We may not wisely ignore the value of emotions, nor underestimate the power of the human impulses which charge the souls of men.

The weariness engendered by the great war in the minds of lookers-on is a natural, but ignoble sentiment. Unpurged by calamity, unchastened by sorrow, unhallowed by duty, we resent the long-continued appeal to our sympathies, the severe strain upon our understandings. We want to be as comfortable in soul as we are in body, we want to go unmolested to Paris and to Switzerland, we want the world to be at peace. Above all, we are tired of heroics. A recent contributor to the *Unpopular Review* strikes a popular note by expressing with admirable perspicuity the resentment of one who dislikes to think about fighting, and who finds herself unable to think about anything else. War, she reminds us sharply, is not the important and heroic thing it assumes to be. We are all misled as to its qualities because we studied American history out of canary-colored schoolbooks which laid undue stress on the 'embattled farmers' of the Revolution, and the volunteers of the Civil War. We were taught so much 'false patriotism' when we were little, that 'more widely directed studies in maturer years have not dispelled

these distorted impressions of our childhood.' She quotes a 'well-known educator' who asks that, if war is to figure in history at all, 'the truth ought to be told, and its brutalities as well as its heroisms exposed.' She professes a languid amusement at our attempts to distinguish between aggressive and defensive warfare, dismissing the subject with a light laugh about the 'rainbow of official documents' which prove every nation in the right. And she is sure that her 'Uncle John,' who died looking after 'tenement people' in an epidemic, was as much of a hero as any soldier whose grave is yearly decorated with flowers.

This is the clearest possible presentment of the annoyance engendered in reluctant minds by the pressure of great events. None of us are prepared to deny that an Uncle John who served the sick and suffering was a hero, or that an Aunt Maria who nursed her neighbor's diphtheritic children was a heroine. But Grandfather Jones who died at Antietam was also, in his humble way, heroic. After all, if none of our grandfathers had been willing to do the plain, rude fighting, we should now be a divided, unfriendly, slave-holding people. Therefore we feel that to put a flag or a flower upon a soldier's grave is a not too exuberant recognition of his service.

As for the brutalities of war, who can charge that history smooths them over? Certain horrors may be withheld from children, whose privilege it is to be spared the knowledge of uttermost depravity; but to the adult no such mercy is shown. Motley, for example, describes cruelties committed three hundred and fifty years ago in the Netherlands, which equal, if they do not surpass, the cruelties committed two years ago in Belgium. Men heard such tales more calmly then than now, and seldom sought the coward's refuge

— incredulity. The Dutch, like other nations, did better things than fight. They painted glorious pictures, they bred great statesmen and good doctors. They traded with extraordinary success. They raised the most beautiful tulips in the world. But to do these things peacefully and efficiently, they had been compelled to struggle for their national existence. The East India trade and the freedom of the seas did not drop into their laps. And because their security, and the comeliness of life which they so highly prized, had been bought by unflinching courage and great sacrifice, they added to material well-being the 'luxury of self-respect.'

To prate about the nobility of war *per se* would be as childish as to prate about its iniquity. Why, the invasion of Belgium was war, and so was its defense. Unless history can help us draw some line of demarcation, we may as well read *Gulliver's Travels*, or the *Abrabian Nights*. To overestimate the part played by war in a nation's development is as crude as to ignore its alternate menace and support. It is with the help of history that we balance our mental accounts. Voltaire was disposed to think that battles and treaties were matters of small moment; and John Richard Green pleaded, not unreasonably, that more space should be given in our chronicles to the missionary, the poet, the painter, the merchant, and the philosopher. They are not, they never have been, excluded from any narrative comprehensive enough to admit them, but the scope of their authority is not always sufficiently defined. Man, as the representative of his age, and the events in which he played his vigorous part — these are the warp and woof of history. We cannot leave John Wesley, any more than we can leave Marlborough or Pitt, out of the canvas. We know now that the

philosophy of Nietzsche is one with Bernhardt's militarism.

As for the merchant — Froissart was as well aware of his prestige as was Mr. Green. 'Trade, my lord,' said Dinde Desponde, the great Lombard banker, to the Duke of Burgundy, 'finds its way everywhere, and rules the world.' As for commercial honor, — a thing as fine as the honor of the aristocrat or of the soldier, — what can be better for England than to know that after the great fire of 1666 not a single London shop-keeper evaded his liabilities, and that this fact was long the boast of a city proud of its shop-keeping? As for jurisprudence, — Sully was infinitely more concerned with it than he was with combat or controversy. It is with stern satisfaction that he recounts the statutes passed in his day for the punishment of fraudulent bankrupts, — whom we treat so leniently; for the annulment of their gifts and assignments, — which we guard so zealously; and for the conviction of those to whom such property had been assigned. It was almost as dangerous to steal on a large scale as on a small one under the leveling laws of Henry of Navarre.

In this vast and varied chronicle, war plays its appointed part. 'We cannot,' says Walter Savage Landor, 'push valiant men out of history.' We cannot escape from the truths interpreted, and the conditions established by their valor. What has been slightly called the 'drum-and-trumpet narrative' holds its own with the records of art and science. 'It cost Europe a thousand years of barbarism,' says Macaulay, 'to escape the fate of China.'

The endless endeavor of states to control their own destinies, the ebb and flow of the sea of combat, the 'recurrent liturgy of war,' enabled the old historians to perceive with amazing

distinctness the traits of nations, etched as sharply then as now on the imperishable pages of history. We read Froissart for human delight rather than for solid information; yet Froissart's observations — the observations of a keen-eyed student of the world — are worth recording five hundred years after he set them down.

'In England,' he says, 'strangers are well received'; yet are the English 'affable to no other nation than their own.' Ireland, he holds to have had 'too many kings'; and the Scotch, like the English, 'are excellent men-at-arms, nor is there any check to their courage as long as their weapons endure.' France is the pride of his heart, as it is the pride of the world's heart to-day. 'In France also is found good chivalry, strong of spirit, and in great abundance; for the kingdom of France has never been brought so low as to lack men ready for the combat.' Even Germany does not escape his regard. 'The Germans are a people without pity and without honor.' And again: 'The Germans are a rude, unmannered race, but active and expert where their own personal advantage is concerned.' If history be 'philosophy teaching by example,' we are wise to admit the old historians into our counsel.

The past two years — sorrowful years in which all sensitive men and women have borne their share of pain, glorious years to which all resolute men and women have paid their tribute of homage — demand also of all intelligent men and women clear thinking based on accurate information. It has come to us to witness history in the making, to live through a world's tragedy, to feel the crushing burden and the noble stimulus of hard heroic life; and the first duty we owe to ourselves and to our brother men is to look facts squarely in the face. No word spoken

to Americans since the beginning of the war was more timely or more urgent than the appeal to our intelligence made by Professor Neilson of Harvard in his Phi Beta Kappa address at Columbia College last June. He did not bid his hearers sympathize with Germany or with England; he bade them to clear their own minds of doubt and confusion, to get at the truth by every avenue within their reach, to know what they thought, and what were their reasons for thinking it. Honesty and courage are never too much to ask, and sagacity is not always too much to hope for.

The 'mental neutrality' which is born of ignorance or of lassitude is unworthy of reasoning beings. We have no intellectual right to be ignorant when information lies at our hand, and we have no spiritual right to be weary when great moral issues are at stake. To jest at rainbow documents is easier than to read them, and yet such reading does not lie so far beyond our scope. Because this war is greater and more terrible than all preceding wars, and because the civilized world is presumably concerned with its causes and results, a wealth of testimony has been laid before the nations. Papers, which were formerly the exclusive property of ministers and cabinets, have been printed for all who choose to read them. They are neither too many for our patience, nor too involved for our comprehension. The Vatican Library would hardly hold the books that have been written about the war during the past two years; but the famous five-foot shelf would be too roomy for the evidence in the case, for the material which will be the foundation of history.

A single volume of but five hundred and fifty pages contains the collected documents relating to the outbreak of hostilities. In it we may find the British Diplomatic Correspondence,

the French Yellow Book, the Russian Orange Book (commendably clear and terse), the Belgian Grey Book, with an appendix containing the much talked-of correspondence with Great Britain, defining Belgium's attitude toward her own threatened neutrality, the Serbian Blue Book, the German White Book, and the Austro-Hungarian Red Book, which is very discursive, and drops into poetry, like Silas Wegg.

The volume also contains the final sheaf of letters and telegrams which were given officially to the press by the governments of Great Britain, Russia and Germany. These fill nine pages only, and they pulse with the swift current of approaching calamity. No reading in the world can ever equal them in sustained and awful interest, and no one who has read them can ever again refer to the 'obscure' causes of the war. The telegram sent by Russia to Great Britain, August 1, 1914, is a search-light upon the troubled waters of Europe. The telegram sent by Prince Henry of Prussia to King George, July 30, 1914, is a revelation of arrogance, cloaked by suave and beautiful phrases. The telegram sent by Emperor William to King George, August 1, 1914, supplies an element of ironic humor in its politely expressed hope that France 'will not be nervous.' The telegram sent by Sir Edward Grey to the Imperial Government at 5.30 P.M. August 1, 1914, sweeps aside all subterfuges, and clears the ground for action. These telegrams were exchanged within three days, while the world held its breath. They lay bare national designs and determinations for every eye to see.

Besides the volume of collected documents we have the correspondence which preceded the entrance of Turkey into the war, the correspondence between Great Britain and the United States concerning the rights of belligerents, a mass of correspondence relating to the condition of prisoners, and the official reports which deal exhaustively with the treatment of civilians in conquered towns and provinces. We have copies of the papers found in the possession of Captain von Papen; and if the von Igel papers are withheld from us, it must be because a paternal government at Washington finds them too bad for an innocent public to read. Like children, we are forced to guess at things beyond our artless cognizance. These hidden documents and the mysterious journeys of Colonel House across the estranging sea are the war-riddles presented to Americans. Some day we may know von Igel's shameful secrets as well as we know von Papen's. Some day we may be as sadly familiar with Colonel House's mission to Europe as we are with Mr. Lind's mission to Mexico, and Lord Haldane's mission to Berlin. Unofficial emissaries, who are beyond the pale of accredited representation, play a puzzling and perilous part in the welter of diplomacy.

The insignificant gaps in the information proffered us from every side hardly suffice to extenuate a confused and contented ignorance. Differences of opinion must always exist in a thinking world; but the lack of any opinion means only the absence of any thought. If, after studying the ascertained facts, a man is able to say with Professor Kuno Francke that Germany is a democratic country, wholly and happily free from military autocracy, or from any autocracy, 'save that of the intellect'; if he can say with Professor Walz that Germany has befriended Belgium, and emancipated the Flemish race; if he can say with Dr. Barthelme that Germany did not break the peace of the world; if he can echo the words of a German journalist who speaks of the conflict as 'France's unsuccessful war for vengeance,' — then, in God's

name, let him formulate his beliefs, and present his evidence. He will be listened to, and will find sympathy. He will know where he stands, and by dint of looking around him, he may come to recognize the obstacles in his path.

The disintegrating influence in our country is that which assumes that there is no evidence on which to build a conviction, and that a clean-cut point of view is not in this great crisis an intellectual and moral obligation. When Cardinal O'Connell, in an address before the Archdiocesan Federation of Catholic Societies, said that it was not possible for fair-minded men to disentangle truth from falsehood, and place the burden of blame on any nation's shoulders, he specifically denied our intellectual obligation. When President Wilson, in an address before the League to Enforce Peace, said, 'With the causes and objects of the war we are not concerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore'; he specifically denied our moral obligation. The Cardinal, in his address, condemned with vehemence, not only those who misrepresented the historical position of the Catholic Church, but those who accepted such misrepresentations without ascertaining their inaccuracy. If we are compelled in justice to search for the truth concerning the Church, we are compelled in justice to search for the truth concerning the war. We cannot in either case evade the duty we owe to our reason. 'The inquiry into the truth or falsehood of a matter of history,' said Huxley, 'is just as much an affair of pure science as is the inquiry into the truth or falsehood of a matter of geology; and the value of the evidence in the two cases must be tested in the same way.'

That the President of the United

States should have told American citizens they were not concerned with the causes and objects of the war is inconceivable. The greatest, or at least the most far-reaching, moral issue which has arisen in nineteen hundred years is offered to the judgment of the world, and we are bidden to ignore it. The rights and wrongs of uncounted millions are at stake, agonies unutterable have dimmed the light of heaven, the whole fabric of civilization rocks in the blast; and our President assures us we are not even interested in knowing where the guilt lies, that it is not our province to sever truth from falsehood! For the first time in our lives we have been offered release from the responsibilities inseparable to man's estate.

The mental and spiritual isolation of a great neutral nation is a heavy asset for the aggressor. When Germany says plainly that she will consider no offer of mediation, and no peace negotiations which seek to take into account the blame for the outbreak of the war, she places a fond but uneasy reliance upon lassitude and bewilderment. Hers is the thief's bargain, 'No questions asked.' She forgets that while she may soothe some of her contemporaries into acquiescence, she can never silence the implacable voice of history. If Darius had said that Greece was invading Persia, and strangling her liberties; if King John had said that he forced the Magna Charta upon his reluctant subjects, history would have corrected these statements before they reached the world. The amazing assertions of Germany regarding the Lusitania's guns, and her amazing denial that she sank the Sussex, were so speedily corrected as to have been hardly worth the venturing. The amazing depositions of the ninety-three German professors were a challenge to history, and these learned men are beginning to realize the hazardous nature of their

defiance. Their attitude toward evidence was the dauntless attitude of Huxley's milk-woman, who, when confronted with a stickleback in the milk, said compassionately, 'Sure then, it must have been bad for the poor cow when that came through her teat.'

That an educated, if befuddled, German should permit himself to speak of 'France's unsuccessful war for vengeance,' staggers the reader. Fifty years ago Mr. E. S. Dallas said in that most agreeable of unpopular books, *The Gay Science*, that German criticism 'begins with hypothesis, and works downward to the facts.' But how far would a man need to burrow to reach the bed-rock of an illusion? A German cartoonist, with a different set of fantasies, depicts England as a huge spider, which, having drained Belgium of her life-blood and flung aside the carcass, is now engaged in the slaughter of France. It would be interesting to study the psychology which makes possible such a conception of the war. As well imagine a cartoon of the little princes in the tower strangling their good and kind Uncle Richard, or of Columbia crucifying Cuba, to the distress of Spain.

The cynicism which affects unconcern when history's greatest and saddest page is being turned is a revelation of uttermost self-indulgence. The impatience expressed for simple, primitive emotions (as childish things which the world should have long since outgrown) betrays ignorance of the human hearts upon which are built the honor and the glory of a nation. When a writer in the *Survey* alludes brutally to the 'cockpit of Verdun,' he steps outside the circle of humanity. There are men, like Coleridge, to whom 'strong

convictions give the cramp'; and they are as weary of heroism as of sorrow. They are sick of living in history, and of the obligation it involves, — the obligation of holding an ideal of truth and justice inviolate in a warring world. The noble words of Cardinal Mercier define this duty for his injured people, and counsel them to spiritual freedom. 'Justice,' he tells them, 'formulates the essential relation of man with man, and of man with God. Patriotism is a sacred thing; and a violation of national rights is in a manner a profanation and a sacrilege.'

These are the words which history will ceaselessly echo, while she tells the story of the great war in pitiless detail, and with blinding truth. We may evade, we may ignore, we may deny; but 'events are wonderful things,' and they are being written on indestructible scrolls for coming ages to read. Not with sorrow and shame only will they be read; but with elation, with the thrill of pride, with humble reverence of soul. There is a stately passage of Landor's, challenging historians to reveal in their true significance the measured movements of men, the splendid and terrible story of the centuries.

'Show me,' he says, 'how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost that I may honor them; tell me their names that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. . . . Place History on her rightful throne, and on either side of her, eloquence and war.'

SOME NOTES ON MARRIAGE

BY W. L. GEORGE

THE questioning mind, sole apparatus of the socio-psychologist, has of late years often concerned itself with marriage. Marriage always was discussed, long before Mrs. Mona Caird suggested in the respectable eighties that it might be a failure; but it is certain that with the coming of Mr. Bernard Shaw the institution which was questioned grew almost questionable. Indeed, marriage was so much attacked that it almost became popular, and some believe that the war may cut it free from the stake of martyrdom. Perhaps; but setting aside all prophecies, revolts and sermons, one thing does appear: marriage is on its trial before a hesitating jury. The judge has set this jury several questions: Is marriage a normal institution? Is it so normal as to deserve to continue in a state of civilization — given, that civilization's function is to crush nature?

A thing is not necessarily good because it exists, for scarlet fever, nationality, art critics, and black beetles exist, yet will all be rooted out in the course of enlightenment. Marriage may be an invention of the male to secure himself a woman freehold, or, at least, in fee simple. It may be an invention of the female designed to secure a somewhat tyrannical protection and a precarious sustenance. Marriage may be afflicted with inherent diseases, with antiquity, with spiritual indigestion, or starvation; among these confusions the socio-psychologist, swaying between the solidities of polygamy and the shadows of theosophical union, loses all idea of the

norm. There may be no norm, either in Christian marriage, polygamy, or Meredithian marriage leases; there may be a norm only in the human aspiration to utility and to happiness.

For we know very little save the aimlessness of a life that may be paradise, or its vestibule, or an installment of some other region. Still there is a key, no doubt: the will to happiness, which, alas! opens doors most often into empty rooms. It is the search for happiness that has envenomed marriage and made it so difficult to bear, because in the first rapture it is so hard to realize that there are no ways of living, but only ways of dying more or less agreeably.

Personally, I believe that with all its faults, with its crudity, its stupidity shot with pain, marriage responds to a human need to live together and to foster the species, and that though we will make it easier and approach free union, we shall always have something of the sort. And so, because I believe it eternal I think it necessary.

But why does it fare so ill? why is it that when we see in a restaurant a middle-aged couple, mutually interested and gay, we say, 'I wonder if they are married?' Why do so many marriages persist when the love-knot slips and bandages fall away from the eyes? Strange cases come to my mind: M6 and M22, always apart, except to quarrel, meanly jealous, jealously mean, yet full of affability — to strangers. M4 and many others, all poor, where at once the wife has decayed. When you

see youth struggling in vain on the features under the cheap hat, you need not look at the left hand: she is married. It is true that, however much they may decay in pride of body and pride of life, when all allowances are made for outer gayety and grace, the married of forty are a sounder, deeper folk than their celibate contemporaries. Often bled white by self-sacrifice, they have always learned a little of the world's lesson, which is to know how to live without happiness. They may have been vampires, but they have not gone to sleep in the cotton wool of their celibacy. Even hateful, the other sex has meant something to them. It has meant that the woman must hush the children because father has come home, but it has also meant that she must change her frock, because even father is a man. It has taught the man that there are flowers in the world, which so few bachelors know; it has taught the woman to interest herself in something more than a fried egg, if only to win the favor of her lord. Marriage may not teach the wish to please, but it teaches the avoidance of offense which, in a civilization governed by negative commandments, is the root of private citizenship.

For the closer examination of the marriage problem, I am considering altogether 150 cases; my acquaintance with them varies between intimate and slight. Having been attacked because in a previous article I used this method, I may remark that I have thrown out 116 cases where the evidence is inadequate; the following are therefore not loose generalizations, but one thing I assert: those 116 cases do not contain a successful marriage. From the remaining 34, the following results arise: —

Apparently successful.....	9
Husband inconstant.....	5
Wife inconstant.....	10
Husband dislikes wife.....	3
Wife dislikes husband.....	7

Success is a vague word and I attempt no definition, but we know a happy marriage when we see it, as we do a work of art.

It should be observed that when one or both parties are unfaithful, the marriage is not always unsuccessful, but it generally is; moreover, there are difficulties in establishing proportion, for women are infinitely more confidential on this subject than are men; they also frequently exaggerate dislike, which men cloak in indifference. Still, making all these allowances, I am unable to find more than nine cases of success, say six per cent. This percentage gives rise to platitudinous thoughts on the horrid gamble of life.

Two main conclusions appear to follow: that more wives than husbands break their marriage vows, and (this may be a cause as well as an effect) that more wives than husbands are disappointed in their hopes. This is natural enough, as nearly all women come ignorant to a state requiring cool knowledge, and armored only with illusion against truth, while men enter it with tolerance born of disappointment. I realize that these two conclusions are opposed to the popular belief that a good home and a child or two are enough to make a woman content. (A bad home and a child or nine are not considered by the popular mind.)

There is no male clamor against marriage, from which one might conclude that man is fairly well served. No doubt he attaches less weight to the link; even love matters to him less than to woman. I do not want to exaggerate, for Romeo is a peer to Juliet — but it is possible to conceive Romeo on the Stock Exchange, very busy in pursuit of money and rank, while Juliet would remain merely Juliet. Juliet is not on the Stock Exchange. If business is good she has nothing to do, and if Satan does not turn her hands to evil works, he may

turn them to good ones, which will not improve matters very much. Juliet, idle, can do nothing, but seeks a deep and satisfying love: mostly it is a life-long occupation. All this makes Juliet very difficult, and no astronomer will give her the moon.

Romeo is in better plight, for he makes less demands. Let Juliet be a good housekeeper, fairly good-looking, and good-tempered; not too stupid, so as to understand him; not too clever, so that he may understand her; such that he may think her as good as other men's wives, and he is satisfied. The sentimental business is done; it is

Farewell! Farewell! ye lovely young girls, we're off to Rio Bay.

So to work — to money — to ambition — to sport — to anything, but Juliet. While he forgets her, the modern woman grows every day more attractive, more intellectually vivid. She demands of her partner that he should give her stimulants, and he gives her soporifics. She asks him for far too much; she is cruel, she is unjust, and she is magnificent. She has not the many children on whom in simpler days her mother used to vent an exacting affection, so she vents it on her husband.

Yet it is not at first sight evident why so easily in England a lover turns into a husband, that is to say, into a vaguely disagreeable person who can be coaxed into paying bills. I suspect there are many influences corrupting marriage and most of them are mutual in their action; they are of the essence of the contract; they are the mental reservations of the marriage oath. So far as I can see, they fall into 16 classes:—

1. The waning of physical attraction.
2. Diverging tastes.
3. Being too much together.
4. Being too much apart. (There is no pleasing this institution.)
5. The sense of mutual property.
6. The sense of the irremediable.

7. Children.
8. The cost of living.
9. Rivalry.
10. Fickleness in men and 'second blooming' in women.
11. Talkativeness.
12. Sulkiness.
13. Dull lives.
14. Petty intolerance.
15. Stupidity.
16. Humor and aggressiveness.

There are other influences, but they are not easily ascertained; sometimes they are subtle. M28 said to me, 'My husband's grievance against me is that I have a cook who can't; my grievance against him is that he married me.'

Indeed, sentiment and the scullery painfully represent the divergence of the two sexes. One should not exaggerate the scullery; the philosopher who said, 'Feed the brute,' was not entirely wrong, but it is quite easy for a woman to ignore the emotional pabulum that many a man requires. It is quite true that 'the lover in the husband may be lost,' but very few women realize that the wife can blot out the mistress. Case M19 confessed that she always wore out her old clothes at home, and she was surprised when I suggested that, although her husband was no critic of clothes, he might often wonder why she did not look as well as other women. Many modern wives know this; in them the desire to please never quite dies; between lovers, it is violent and continuous; between husband and wife it is sometimes maintained only by shame and self-respect: there are old slippers that one can't wear, even before one's husband.

The problem arises very early with the waning of physical attraction. I am not thinking only of the bad and hasty marriages so frequent in young America, but of the English marriages, where both parties come together in a state of sentimental excitement born of ignorance and rather puritanical restraint.

Europeans wed less wisely than the Hindoo and the Turk, for the latter realize their wives as Woman. Generally they have never seen a woman of their own class, and so she is a revelation; she is indeed the bulbul, while he, being the first, is the King of men. But the Europeans have mixed too freely; they have skimmed, they have flirted, they have been so ashamed of true emotion that they have made the Song of Solomon into a vaudeville ditty. They have watered the wine of life. So when at last the wine of life is poured out, the draught is not new, for they have quaffed before many an adulterated potion and have long pretended that the wine of life is milk. For a moment there is a difference, and they recognize that the incredible can happen; each thinks that the time has come, —

Wenn ich dem Augenblick werd sagen:
Verweile doch, du bist so schön . . .

Then the false exaltation subsides. Not even a saint could stand a daily revelation; the revelation becomes a sacramental service, the sacramental service a routine, and then, little by little, there is nothing. But nature, as usual abhorring a vacuum, does not allow the newly opened eyes to dwell upon a void; it leaves them clear, it allows them to compare. One day two demi-gods gaze into the eyes of two mortals and resent their fugitive quality. Another day two mortals gaze into the eyes of two others, whom suddenly they discover to be demi-gods. Some resist the trickery of nature, some succumb; some are fortunate, some are strong. But the two who once were united are divorced by the three judges of the Human Supreme Court: Contrast, Habit, and Change.

Time cures no ills; sometimes it provides poultices, often salt for wounds. Time gives man his work, which he always had, but did not realize in the days

of his enchantment; but to woman time seldom offers anything except her old drug, love. Oh! there are other things, — children, visiting cards, frocks, skating rinks, Christian Science Teas, and Saturday anagrams, — but all these are but froth. Brilliant, worldly, hard-eyed, urgent, pleasure-drugged, she still believes there is an exquisite reply to the question, —

Will the love you are so rich in
Light a fire in the kitchen,
And will the little God of Love turn the spit,
spit, spit?

Only the little God of Love does not call, and the butcher does.

It is her own fault. It is always one's own fault when one has illusions, though it is, in a way, one's privilege. She is attracted to a strange man because he is tall and beautiful, or short and ugly and has a clever head, or looks like a barber; he comes of different stock, from another country, out of another class — and these two strangers suddenly attempt to blend a total of, say, fifty-five years of different lives into a single one! Gold will melt, but it needs a very fierce fire, and as soon as the fire is withdrawn it hardens again. Seldom is there anything to make it fluid once more, for the attraction, once primary, grows with habit commonplace, with contrast unsatisfactory, with growth unsuitable. The lovers are twenty, then in love, then old.

It is true that habit affects man not in the same way as it does woman; after conquest man seems to grow indifferent, while, curiously enough, habit often binds woman closer to man, breeds in her one single fierce desire: to make him love her more. Man buys cash down, woman on the installment plan, horribly suspecting now and then that she is really buying on the hire system. A rather literary case, case M11, said to me, 'I am much more in love with him than I was in the beginning; he

seemed so strange and hard then. Now I love him, but — he seems tired of me; he knows me too well. I wonder whether we only fall in love with men just about the time that they get sick of us.'

Her surmise may be correct: there is no record of the after-life of Perseus and Andromeda, and it is more romantic not to delve into it. Neither they nor any other lovers could hope to maintain the early exaltations. I am reminded of a well-known picture by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, showing two lovers in the snow by the sea. They are gazing into each other's eyes; below is written, 'They began saying good-bye last summer.' Does any one doubt that a visit to the minister, say, in the autumn, might have altered the complexion of things? And no wonder, for they were the unknown and through marriage would become the known. It is only the unknown that tempts, until one realizes that the unknown and the known are the same thing, as Socrates realized that life and death are the same thing, mere converses of a single proposition. It is the unknown that makes strange associates, attracts men to ugly women, slatterns to dandies. It is not only contrast, it is the suspicion that the unexpected outside must conceal something. The breaking down of that concealment is conquest, and after marriage there is no conquest, there is only security. Who could live dangerously in Brooklyn?

Once licensed, love is official; its gifts are doled out as sugar by a grocer, and sometimes short weighed. Men suffer from this, and many go dully wondering what it is that they miss that once they had; they go rather heavy, rather dense, cumbrously gallant, asking to be understood, and whimpering about it in a way that would be ridiculous if it were not a little pathetic. Meanwhile, their wives wonder why all is not as it

was. It is no use telling them that nothing can ever be as it was — that as mankind by living decays, the emotions and outlook must change; to have had a delight is a deadly thing, for one wants it again, just as it was, as a child demands always the same story. It must be the same delight, and none who feel emotion will ever understand that 'the race of delights is short and pleasures have mutable faces.'

It is true that early joys may unite, especially if one can believe that there is only one fountain of joy. I think of many cases: M5, M33, where there is only one cry: 'It is cruel to have had delights, for the glamour of the past makes the day darker.' They will live to see the past differently when they are older and the present matters less. But until then the dead joy poisons the animate present, it parts by contrast; the man must drift away to his occupation, for there is nothing else, and the woman must harden by wanting what she cannot have. She will part herself from him more thoroughly by hardening, for one cannot count upon a woman's softness; it can swiftly be transmuted into malicious hatred.

This picture of pain is the rule where two strangers wed; but there are some who, taking a partner, discover a friend, many who develop agreeable acquaintanceship. Passion may be diverted into a common interest, say in conchology; if people are not too stupid, not too egotistic, they very soon discover in each other a little of the human goodwill that will not die. They must, or they fail. For whereas in the beginning foolish lips may be kissed, a little later they must learn to speak some wisdom. In this men are most exacting; they are most inclined to demand that women should hold up to their faces the mirror of flattery, while women seem more tolerant, often because they do not understand, very often because they do

not care, and echo the last words of Mr. Bernard Shaw's Ann: 'Never mind her, dear, go on talking'; perhaps because they have had to tolerate so much in the centuries that they have grown expert. One may, however, tolerate while strongly disapproving, and one must disapprove when one's egotism is continually insulted by the other party's egotism. There is very little room for twice 'I' in what ought to have been 'We,' and we nearly all feel that the axis of the earth passes through our bodies.

So the common interests of two egotisms can alone make of these one egotism. The veriest trifle will serve, and pray do not smile at case M4, who forgive each other all wrongs when they find for dinner a *risotto à la Milanaise*. A slightly spasmodic interest, and one not to be compared with a common taste for golf, or motoring, or entertaining, but still it is not to be despised. It is so difficult to pick a double interest from the welter of things that people do alone; it is so difficult for wives truly to sympathize with games, business, politics, newspapers, inventions; most women hate all that. And it is still more difficult, just because man is man and master, for him really to care for the fashions, for gossip, for his wife's school friends, and especially her relations, for tea-parties, tennis tournaments at the Rectory, lectures at the Mutual Improvement Association, servants' misdeeds and growths in the garden. Most men hate all that. People hold amazing conversations: —

She: Do you know, dear, I saw Mrs. Johnson again to-day with that man.

He (trying hard): Oh, yes, the actor fellow you mean.

She (reproachfully): No, of course not, I never said he was an actor. He's the new engineer at the mine, the one who came from Mexico.

He: Oh, yes, that reminds me, did

you go to the library and get me Roosevelt's book on the Amazon?

She: No, dear, I'm sorry I forgot. You see I had such a busy day and I could n't make up my mind between those two hats,—the very big one and the very small one,—*you* know. Now tell me what you *really* think.

And so on.

It is exactly like a Tchekoff play. They make desperate efforts to be interested in each other's affairs, and sometimes they succeed, for they manage to stand each other's dullness. They assert their egotism in turns. He tells the same stories several times. He takes her for a country walk and forgets to give her tea, and she never remembers that he hates her dearest friend Mabel. Where the rift grows more profound is when trifles such as these are overlooked, and particularly where a man has work that he loves, or to which he is used, which is much the same thing. In early days the woman's attitude to a man's work varies a good deal, but she generally suspects it a little. She may tolerate it because she loves him and all that is his is noble. Later, if this work is very profitable, or if it is work which leads to honor, she may take a pride in it, but even then she will generally grudge it the time and the energy it costs. She loves him, not his work. She will seldom confess this, even to herself, but she will generally lay down two commandments: —

1. Thou shalt love me.

2. Thou shalt succeed so that I may love thee.

All this is not manifest, but it is there. It is there even in the days of courtship, when a man's work, a man's clothes, a man's views on bimetallism, are sacred; in those days, the woman must kowtow to the man's work, just as he must keep on good terms with her pet dog. But the time almost invariably comes when the man kicks the pet

dog, because pet dogs are madly irritating sometimes — and so is a man's work. There is something self-protective in this, for work is so domineering. I should not be at all surprised to hear that Galatea saw to it that Pygmalion never made another statue. (On second thoughts it strikes me that there might be other reasons for that.)

It is true that Pygmalion was an artist, and these are proverbially difficult husbands: after an hour's work an artist will 'sneer, backbite and speak daggers.' Art is a vampire, and it will gladly gobble up a wife as well as a husband, but the wife must not do any gobbling. She does not always try to, and there are many in London who follow their artist husbands rather like sandwichmen between two boards; but they are of a trampled breed, indigenous I suspect to England. I think they arise but little in America, where, as an American said to me, 'Women labor to advance themselves along a road paved with discarded husbands.' (This is an American's statement, not mine, so I ask that I may be spared transatlantic denunciations.)

But leaving aside such important things as personal pettinesses, which too few think important, it must be acknowledged that women seldom conceive the passion for art that can inflame a man. They very seldom conceive a passion for anything except passion. An admirable tendency, for which they blush as one does for all one's natural manifestations. They hardly ever care for philosophy; they generally hate politics, but they nearly always love votes. They are quite as irritating in that way as men, who almost invariably adore politics and detest realities, sometimes love science and generally prefer record railway runs. But where such an interest as a science or an art has reigned supreme in a man, and reasserts itself after marriage, she

recognizes her enemy, the serpent, for is he not the symbol of wisdom? Invariably he rears his head when the love fever has subsided. Woman's impulse is more artistic than man's, but it seldom touches art; her artistic impulse is not yet one of high grade; she is the flower-arranger rather than the flower-painter, the flower-painter rather than just the painter. But this instinct that is in all women and in so few men avails just enough to make them discontented, while the great instinct that is in a few men is always enough to make them wretched.

It would not be so bad if they had not to live together, but social custom has decided that couples must forsake their separate ways and ever more follow the same. Most follow the common path easily enough, because most follow the first path that offers; but many grumble and cast longing eyes at side tracks or would return to the place whence they came. They cannot do so because it is not done, because other feet have not broken paths so wide that they shall seem legitimate. When husband and wife care no longer for their common life, the only remedy is to part: then the contradictory strain that is in all of us will reassert itself and make them rebound toward each other. If the law were to edict that man and wife should never be together for more than six months in the year, it would be broken every day and men and women would stand hunger and stripes to come together for twelve months in twelve; if love of home were made a crime, a family life would arise more touching than anything Queen Victoria ever dreamed. But from the point of view of a barbarous present, this would never do, for the very worst that can happen to two people is to reach the fullness of their desire. The young man who raves at the young woman's feet: 'Oh! that I were by your side day and night! Oh!

that ever I could watch you move! I grudge the night the eight hours in which you sleep,' — well, that young man is generally successful in his wooing and gets what he wants; a little later he gets a little more. For proximity is a dangerous thing: it enables one to know another rather well; full knowledge of mankind is seldom edifying. One sees too much, one sees too close. A professional Don Juan who honors me with his friendship told me that he has an infallible remedy against falling in love more often than three times a day: 'Stand as close to your charmer as you can, look at her well, very well, at every feature; watch her attitudes, listen to every tone of her voice — then you will discover something unpleasant, and you will be saved.' That is a little what happens in marriage; for ever and ever people are together, hearing each other, watching each other. Listen to M14:—

'I really was very much in love with him, and only just at the end of the engagement did I notice how hard he blew his nose. After we were married I thought, "Oh! don't be so silly and notice such little things, he's such a splendid fellow." A little later, "Oh! I do wish he would n't blow his nose like that, it drives me mad." Now I find myself listening and saying to myself with an awful feeling of doom, "He's going to blow his nose."' "

She never tells him that he trumpets like an elephant. She fears to offend him. She prefers to stand there, exasperated and chafed. One day he will trumpet down the walls of her Jericho.

There are awful little things between two people. Here are some of them:—

M43. When tired, the wife has a peculiar yawn, roughly: 'Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!' The husband hears it coming and something curls within him.

M98. Every morning in his bath the husband sings, 'There is a foun-

tain fill'd with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins' — always the same.

M124. The wife buys shoes a quarter size too small and always slips them off under the table at dinner. Then she loses them and develops great agitation. This fills her husband with an unaccountable rage.

M68. The wife is afflicted with the *cliché* habit and can generally sum up a situation by phrases such as: 'All is not gold that glitters.' Or, 'Such is life,' or, 'Well, well, it's a weary world.' The husband can hear them coming.

There are scores of these little cruel things which wear away love as surely as trickling water will wear away a stone. (Observe how contagious *clichés* are!) The dilemma is horrible; if the offended party speaks out, he or she may speak out much too forcibly and raise this sort of train of thought: 'He did n't seem to mind when we were engaged. He loved me then and little things did n't matter. He does n't love me now. I wonder whether he is in love with some one else. Oh! I'm so unhappy.' If, on the other hand, one does not speak out forcibly, or does not speak at all, the offender goes on doing it for the rest of his or her life, and there is nothing to do except to wait until one has got used to it and has ceased to care. But by that time one has generally ceased to care for the offender.

There are ideal marriages where both parties aim at perfection and are willing to accept mutual criticism. But there is something a little callous in this form of self-improvement society. People who are too much together are always making notes, adding up in their hearts bitter little adverse balances with which they will one day confront the fallen lover. Some slight offense will bring up the bill of arrears. A quarrel about a forgotten ticket will give life to the cruel thing he said seven years before about her mother's bonnets, or

her sudden dismissal of the cook, or the dreadful day when he sat on the eggs in the train. (Clumsy brute!)

All these things pile up and pile up till they form a terrible, towering cairn, made up of tiny stones, but of great total weight, just as an avalanche rests securely upon a crest until a whisper releases it. Nearly all marriages are in a state of permanent mobilization. There is only one thing to do — to remember all the time that one could not hope to meet one quite great enough to be one's mate, and that this is the best the world can do. The thought that nobody can quite understand one or quite appreciate one arouses a delicious sorrow and an enormous pride.

Too much together is bad, and too much apart may be worse. As I suggested before, there is no pleasing this institution.

It is easier to live too separate than too close, for one comes together freshly and marriage feels less irremediable when it hardly exists. There really are couples, who care for each other very well, who meet in a country house and exclaim, 'What! you here! How jolly!' That is an extreme case. In practice, separateness means conjugal acquaintanceship. Different pleasures, different friends, perhaps different worlds; indeed, one is mutually fresh, but traveling different roads one may find that there is nothing in common. Of two evils, it is better perhaps to be too intimate than too distant, because there are many irritating things that with reminiscence become delightful. The dreadful day when he sat on the eggs in the train is not entirely dreadful, for he looked so silly when he stood up removing the eggs, and although one was angry, one vaguely loved him for having made a fool of himself. (There are nine and sixty ways of gaining affection, and one of them is to be a good-tempered butt.)

Separateness, naturally, cannot coincide with the sense of mutual property. This is, perhaps, the cause of the greatest unhappiness in marriage, for so many forget that to be married is not to be one. They do not understand that, however much they may love, whatever delights they may share, whatever common ambitions they may harbor, whatever they hope, or endeavor, or pray, two people are still two people. Or if they know it, they say, 'He is mine.' 'She is mine.' If one could give one's self entirely, it would be well enough, but however much one may want to do so one cannot, just because one is the axis of the earth. Because one cannot, one will not, and he that would absorb will never forgive. He will be jealous, he will be suspicious, tyrannical, he will watch and lay traps, he will court injury, he will air grievances, because the next best thing to complete possession is railing at his impotency to conquer. That jealousy is turned against everything, against work, against art, against relatives, friends, dead loves, little children, toy dogs. 'Thou shalt have none other gods but me' is a human commandment.

Men do not, as a rule, suffer very much from this desire to possess, because they are so sure that they do possess, because they find it so difficult to conceive that their wife can find any other man attractive. They are too well accustomed to being courted, even if they are old and repulsive, because they have power and money; only they think it is because they are men. Beyond a jealous care for their wives' fidelity, which I suspect arises mainly from the feeling that an unfaithful wife is a criticism, they do not ask very much. But women suffer more deeply because they know that man has lavished on them for centuries a condescending admiration, that the king who lays his crown at their feet knows that his is the crown

to give. While men possess by right of possession, women possess only by right of precarious conquest. They feel it very bitterly, this fugitive empire, and their greatest tragedy is to find themselves growing a little older, uncertain of their power, for they know they have only one power; they are afraid as age comes of losing their man, while I have never heard of a husband afraid of losing his wife, or able to repress his surprise if she forsook him.

It would not matter so much if the feeling of property were that of a good landlord, who likes to see his property develop and grow beautiful; but mutual property is the feeling of the slave owner. Sometimes both parties suffer so, and by asking too much lose all. Man seldom asks much: if only a wife will not compromise his reputation for attractiveness while maintaining her own by flirtation; if she will accept his political views, acquire a taste for his favorite holiday resorts, and generally say, 'Yes, darling,' or 'No, darling,' opportunely, she need do nothing, she has only 'beautifully to be.' He is not so fortunate, however, when she wants to possess him, for she demands that he should be active, that the pretty words, caresses, the anxious inquiries after health, the presents of flowers and of stalls, should continue. It is not enough that he should love her: he must still be her lover. When she is not sure that he still is her lover, a madness of unrest comes over her; she will lacerate him, she will invent wishes so that he may thwart them, she will demand his society when she knows it is mortgaged to another occupation, so that she may suffer his refusal, exaggerate his indifference.

Here are cases: —

M21

She: He used to take me to dances. The other day he would n't come, he

said he was tired. He was n't tired when we were engaged.

The Investigator: But why should he go if he did n't want to?

She: Because I wanted to.

The Investigator: But he did n't want to.

She: He *ought* to take pleasure in pleasing me.

(The conversation here degenerates into a discussion on duty and becomes uninteresting.)

M4

The husband is a doctor with a very extended city practice. He is busy eleven hours a day and has night calls. His marriage has been spoiled because in the first years the wife, who is young and gay, could not understand that the man, who was always surrounded by people, in houses, streets, conveyances, should not desire society. She resented his wish to be alone for some hours, to shut himself up. There were tears, and like most people she looked ugly when she cried. She was lonely, and when one is lonely it is difficult to realize that other people may be too much surrounded.

A great deal of all this, however, might pass away if one could feel that it would not last. Nothing matters that does not last. Only one must be conscious of it, and in marriage many people are dully aware that they have settled down, that they have drawn the one and only ticket they can ever hope to draw, unless merciful death steps in. There will be no more adventures, no more excitements, no more marsh fires, which one knows deceptive yet loves to follow. It will be difficult to move to other towns or countries, to change one's occupation; it will even be difficult to adopt new poses, for the other will not be taken in. One will be forever more what one is. True there is elope-

ment, divorce; in matters of art, there is the artist-courage that enables a man to see another suffer for the sake of his desire. But all this is very difficult and few of us have courage enough to make others suffer; if one had the courage to do no harm at all, it might not be so bad, but not many can follow Mr. Bernard Shaw: 'If you injure your neighbor, let it not be by halves.' They almost invariably do injure by halves: he that will not kill, scratches. There is no refuge from a world of rates, and taxes, and bills, and houses overcrowded by children, and old clothes, dull leaders in the papers, stupid plays, the morning train, the unvarying Sunday dinner. It is so bad sometimes that it causes willful revolt.

I sincerely believe that a great many men would be model husbands if only they were not married. Only when everything is respectable and nice there is a terrible temptation to introduce a change; the wild animal in man — which is in a few a lion, in most a weasel — reacts against the definite, the irremediable, the assured. He must do something. He must break through. He must prove to himself that he has not really sentenced himself to penal servitude for life. That is why so few of the respectable are respectable, and why reformed rakes do make good husbands. (Generally, that is, for a few rakes feel that they must keep up their reputation; on the other hand a really respectable man knows no shame.)

Curiously enough, children seem to act both against and in favor of these disruptive factors. It is difficult to deprive children of influence; they must part or they must unite. They are somebody in the house; they make a noise, and it all depends upon temperament whether the noise exasperates or delights. Parents are divided into those who love their children and those who bear with them; generally, men dislike

babies, unless they are rather strong men whom weakness attracts, or unless they feel pride of race; while women, excepting those who live only for light pleasures, give them a quite unreasoning affection. Children are a frequent source of trouble, for the tired man's nerves are horribly frayed by screams and exuberances. He shouts, 'Stop that child howling!' and if his wife assumes a saintly air and says that she 'would rather hear a child cry than a man swear,' the door opens toward the club or public house. Likewise, a man who has given so many jewels that the mother of the Gracchi might be jealous will never understand the appalling weariness that can come over the mother in the evening, when she has administered, say, twelve meals, four or eight baths, and answered several hundreds of questions varying between the existence of God and the esoterics of the steam-engine. Loving the children too much to blame them, she must blame some one, and blames him.

People do not confess these things, but the socio-psychologist must remember that, when a man quietly picks up a flower-pot and hurls it through the window, the original cause may be found in the behavior of the departmental manager six hours before. The irritation of children can envenom two lives, for it seems almost inevitable that each party should think that the other spoils or tyrannizes. It is not always so, and sometimes children unite by the bond of a common love; very much more often they unite by the burden of a common responsibility. Indeed, it is this financial responsibility that draws two people close, because tied together they must swim together or sink together, until they are so concerned individually with their salvation that they think they are concerned with the salvation of the other. That bond of union is dangerous because

marriage is expensive, and because one tends to remember the time when bread was not so dear and flesh and blood so cheap.

There is affluence in bachelordom; there is atrocious discomfort too, but when one thinks of the good old times, one generally forgets all except the affluence. Of the present one sees only that one cannot take the whole family to the Yellowstone; of the past one does not see the sitting-room, on the hangings of which the landlady merely blew. The wife thinks of her frocks, garlands of the sacrificial heifer; the husband of the days when he could afford to be one of the boys. And, as soon as the past grows glamorous, the present day grows dull; always, because one must blame something, one blames the other. It is so much more agreeable to spend a thousand dollars than to spend a hundred, even if one gets nothing for it. It is power. It is excitement. One thinks of money until one may come to think of nothing but money; until, as suggested before, a husband turns into a vaguely disagreeable person who can be coaxed into paying bills. In the working class especially there is bitterness among the women, who before their marriage knew the taste of independence and of earned money in their purses. It is a great love that can compensate a woman for the loss of freedom after she has enjoyed it.

Nothing, indeed, can compensate a woman for this, except a lover — that is to say, a return to an older state. That is what she turns to, for, strange as it may seem, marriage does not vaccinate against the temptations of love. She does not easily love again, for she has been married, and while it is easy to love again when one has been atrociously betrayed, just because one invests the new with everything that the old held back, it is difficult to love again

when the promised love turned merely to dullness. There is nothing to strike against. There is no contrast, and so women slip into relationships that are silly, because there is nothing real behind them. Boredom is the root of all evil, and I doubt whether busy and happy women seek adventure, for few of them want it for adventure's sake: they seek only satisfaction. That is what most men cruelly misunderstand; they blame woman instead of searching out their own remissness. Sins of omission matter more than sins of commission, more even than infidelities, for love, which is all a woman's life, is only a momentous incident in that of a man. Love may be the discovery of a happiness, but man remains conscious of many other delights. Woman is seldom like that. You will imagine a man and a woman who have blundered upon mutual comprehension, standing on the hill from which Moses saw Canaan. The woman would fill her eyes with Canaan, and could see nought else, while the man gazing at the promised land would still be conscious of other countries. In the heart of a man who is worth anything at all, love must have rivals, art, science, ambition, and it is a delight to woman that there are rivals to overcome, even though it be a poor slave she tie to her chariot wheels.

Marriage does not always suffer when people drift away from their allegiance; in countries such as France notably, where many husbands and wives do not think it necessary to trust, or tactful to watch, each other, the problem does not set itself so sharply. It is mainly in Anglo-Saxon countries, where the little blue flower has its altars, that the trouble begins. A rather fascinating foreigner said to me once, 'Englishwomen are very troublesome; they are either so light that they do not understand you when you tell them you love

them, or so deep that you must elope every time. This is a difficult country.' I do not want to seem cynical, but the mutable nature of man is so ill-recognized and the boredom of woman such a national institution that, when it is too late to pretend that that which has happened has not happened, most of the mischief has already been done. Why a husband or wife who has found attraction in another should immediately treat his partner abominably is not easily understood, for falling in love with the present victim did not make him rude or remiss to the rest of the world. But the British are a strange and savage people. Also, when in doubt they get drunk, so I fear I must leave a clearer recognition of polygamous instincts to the slow-growing enlightenment of the mind of man.

He is growing enlightened; at least he is infinitely more educated than he was, for he has begun to recognize that woman is, to a certain extent, a human being, a savage, a barbarian, but entitled to the consideration generally given to the Hottentot. I do not think woman will always be savage, though I hope she will not turn into the clear-eyed, weather-beaten mate that Mr. H. G. Wells likes to think of — for the future. She has come to look upon man as an equation that can be solved. He too, in a sense, and both are to-day much less inclined than they were fifty years ago to overlook a chance of pleasing. It is certain that men and women to-day dress more deliberately for each other than they ever did before; that they lead each other, sometimes with dutiful unwillingness, to the theatre or the country. It is very painful sometimes, this organization of pleasure, but it is necessary because dull lives are bad lives, and better fall into the river than never go to the river at all. It is dangerous and vain to take up the attitude, 'I alone am enough.' Yet many

do: as one walks along a suburban street, where every window is shut, where every dining-room has its aspidistra in a pot, one realizes that scores of people are busily heaping ashes on the once warm fire of their love.

The stranger is the alternative; he obscures small quarrels; if the stranger is beautiful, he urges to competition; if he is inferior, he soothes pride. But above all, the stranger is change, therefore hope. The stranger is an insurance against loss of personal pride; he compels adornment, for what is 'good enough for my husband' is not good enough for the lady over the way. The stranger serves the pleasure lust, this violent passion of man, and cannot harm him because the lust for pleasure, within the limits of hysteria, involves a desire for good looks, for elegance, for gayety; above all, love of pleasure was reviled of our fathers: whatever our fathers thought bad is a good thing. Our fathers did not understand certain forms of pride: there is more than pride of body in good looks, good clothes, and showing off before acquaintances: there is achievement, which means pride of conquest. I imagine that the happiest couple in the world is the one where each lives in perpetual fear that somebody will run away with the other.

Looking at it broadly, I see marriage as a Chinese puzzle, almost, not quite, insoluble. Spoiled by coldness, spoiled by ardor, spoiled by excess, spoiled by indifference, spoiled by obedience, by stupidity, by self-assertion, spoiled by familiarity, spoiled by ignorance. Spoiled in every possible way that man can invent. Spoiled by every ounce of influence a jealous or ironical world can muster, spoiled by habit, by contrast, by obtuseness quite as much as by overclose understanding. And yet it stands. It stands because there is nothing much to put into its place, because marriage

is the only road that leads a man away from his dinner when he is forty-five, or teaches a woman to preserve her complexion. It stands, like most human things, because it is the better of two bad alternatives. Only, because it stands we must not think that it will never change. All things change, otherwise one could not bear them. I suspect that marriage, which was once upon a time the taking of a woman by a man, which has now grown legalized, and may become courteous, will turn into a very skilled occupation. It will be recognized still more than now that all freedom need not be lost after putting on the wedding ring. As legal right and privilege grow, as women develop private earnings, a consciousness of worth must arise. Already women realize their value and demand its recognition. If they demand it long enough, they will get it.

I suspect that the economic problem is at the root of the marriage problem, for people are not indiscriminate in their relationships, and even Don Juan, after a while, longs to be faithful, if only somebody could teach him how to be it.

Marriage can be made close only by making divorce easy, by extending female labor. For labor makes woman less attractive and to be attractive is rather a trap: how much higher can a woman rise? But the economic freedom of woman will mean that she need not bind herself; she will be able to break away, and in those days she will be most completely bound, for who

would run away from a jail if the door were always left open?

I detest Utopia, and these things seem so far away that I am more content to take marriage as it is, in the hope that unhealthy novels, unnecessary discussions, unwholesome views, and unnatural feelings may little by little reform mankind. Meanwhile, I hold fast to the private maxim that hardly anything is unendurable if one sets up that all mankind could not give one a quite worthy mate. But there is another alleviation: understanding not only that one is married to somebody else, but also that somebody else is married to one's self, and that it is quite as hard for the other party. There are many excellent things to be done; here are a few:—

(1) Do not open each other's letters. (For one reason you might not like the contents.) And try not to look liberal if you don't even glance at the address or the postmark.

(2) Vary your pursuits, your conversation, and your clothes. If required vary your hair.

(3) If you absolutely must be sincere, let it be in private.

(4) (Especially for wives.) Find out on the honeymoon whether crying or swearing is the more effective.

(5) Once a day say to a wife, 'I love you';— to a husband, 'How strong you are!' If the latter remark is ridiculous say, 'How clever you are!' for everybody believes that.

(6) Forgive your partner seventy times seven. Then burn the ledger.

THE BULU AND HIS WOMEN

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE tribes of our neighborhood in the Southern Kamerun belong to the Bantu race. If, as is supposed at this writing to be the case, the Bantu-speaking tribes occupy the southern half of Africa from the seventh degree north of the equator, our neighborhood is in the northern limit of their present occupancy. They are migratory; their drift has been south and west from the heart of Central Africa. Sir Harry Johnston fixes the approximate date at which the Bantu negro left his primal home as not more than two thousand years ago, and notes that he has over-run in his migrations the forest negro, the Nilotic negro, the Hottentot, and the Bushman.

The Bantu is betrayed entirely by his speech. He has no history except as traced and exhibited in his speech; he has no physical distinction or type — only a typical language, and no cohesion except the cohesion of language.

He has wandered, spear in hand, and the spotted skin of a leopard on his shoulder, not in a horde but in broken companies — through the forests and in the grass countries of Africa — these two thousand years. At the crossings of rivers tribes have divided; clans have divided; even families have divided as the bolder members have dared to make a crossing which the weaker ones have evaded; until to-day there are unnumbered tribes, speaking unnumbered dialects, differentiated by local customs, and governed in minor matters by dissimilar traditions. They see each other through a glass darkly.

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But the white man is a mighty hunter and has tracked them to many a secret lair by his instinct for the spoken word. By him they, who have no care beyond the tribe, are discerned as a race and are endowed with a history; and this constructive work is based, not upon a written word, or a system of hieroglyphics, but upon a spoken word. None of them but carried in those long wanderings a word — a construction — an idiom — that should betray them, the root of them, to the wise white man.

In our neighborhood there are more than ten tribes; we are speaking of the Bulu, one of the Fang divisions of the Bantu people. These, and all West Coast Bantu tribes, have been preserved until a very recent date from that Arab influence which has so much modified the custom of the Bantu people to the East. Our neighbors exhibit that 'culture most characteristically African' which is to be found, Sir Harry Johnston believes, in the forests of the Congo and among the lagoons and estuaries of the Guinea Coast.

The migrations of the Bulu draw near the coast. Other Fang tribes have reached the coast and the ultimate barrier of the sea.

You must not think of our migrations as an agitation — or a definite campaign. There is no sense of encampment in the little brown villages strung on the thread of the forest paths. Only this: ask any aged Bulu where 'his father bore him,' and he will say that he was born in a town toward the rising sun, beyond a river so

many days' journey inland, and deserted now, he will tell you. Ask him where he himself lived when he married his first wife, and he will tell you of a clearing deserted now, or occupied by another tribe — a lesser number of days' journey to the east. Ask of the whereabouts of the young of his clan, and you will find them making clearings along the path toward the sea. Westward and a little south of west drift the Bulu, the tribe of our neighborhood.

The Bulu people are not among the flower of the Bantu. But their language — with its idiom, its irony, its aptness at self-defense, its richness in the expression of sense-perception, — fits the Bulu like their skin. The staccato music of the Bulu tongue is an adequate expression of the Bulu mind. And the man of this neighborhood and of this dialect has a pride in his colloquialisms. Bulu friends of mine have grieved to hear my Bulu corrupted by a journey among the tribes to the north, where the letter *g* fills the pause of our local elision, and have corrected my accent after a journey among tribes to the south — where the letter *k* is articulate in the elision decreed by the Bulu. 'We Bulu,' they have reproached me, 'speak the real talk, — don't spoil it!' And those who have seen the Word of God redress itself in the Bulu (or, I am thinking, in any dialect of the Bantu) have agreed that it is indeed a 'real talk,' not to be lightly spoiled. It is not for nothing that the Bantu negro has conserved in long wanderings the treasure of his unique speech.

And if this negro has been linguistically consistent along so many paths of the grass country and the forest country and the beach, he has been consistent too in his subjection to three great racial ideas: he has everywhere been dominated by the lust of

gain, the lust of women, and the yoke of fetish. Gain and women and fetish, — it is the old trilogy of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Naked and unashamed this trio has walked in all the caravans of all the wanderers of these age-old migrations, until this day, when the supreme religious adventures of the Bantu have to do with the impact of the things of God upon the 'things of goods,' the 'things of women,' and the 'things of fetish.'

Our Bulu, the man, is first and always a master. The white man does not think of him so, but so does the Bulu and so perhaps does the Bantu in general think of himself. In every tribal relation he is, or he purposes to be, a master. He dresses to the part, beach or bush, and the details of his attire (that vary with time and place) have an intentional and recognized significance. That passer-by, netted in tattoo, braceleted with ivory or with brass, armed with a spear, and followed by a retinue of arrogant young bucks, is in his degree a master. As such he moves, he advertises his function in his posture. Whether he be young and beautiful, or old and fat as headmen often are; whether hung with the traditional leopard-skin or coated in a cast-off white man's uniform; whether he be a lesser headman over an obscure village, or a personage of intertribal fame and great possessions, he speaks and moves as master. And this he is by merit — the merit of wisdom in the things of women, the things of goods, and the things of fetish. I think of major headmen known to me, and some inherited from their fathers, and some crept up as parvenus do, but not one could hold his own among the true Bulu if he were not versed in the triple lore of women and goods and fetish.

And if he dresses the part, so does he build his town to the part. The two parallel rows of huts with the clearing

between: these are the houses of the women — the many women owned by the headman, the lesser — how shall I say — flocks or herds, owned by his town-brothers, and the ewe lambs owned by the younger men, or the less successful, or the man whose wives always run away. And at either end of the clearing, across the one and the other opening of the commons, are the palaver houses — the great houses where the men of the village sit, where they eat, where they buy and sell women and ivory — the one with the other. Big towns and little towns, villages of ten houses and great settlements of two hundred, the huts of the Bulu are so disposed; the little bark huts, eight by twenty, or ten by thirty, thatched with leaves, are built in rows with the commons between; and at the entrance of the town the palaver house rises, higher, longer, wider, but built of bark like the little huts, and thatched with leaves. Be sure that the masters sit in the cool brown shade of the palaver houses, with their eyes upon their own. It is for this that the palaver house is so placed in the village.

And if they dress the part of masters, and build to the part, they express the part. Our Bulu is ruthless and cruel, he is dignified and courteous and hospitable, and this because he is a master. The town is his, as headman, or he has, as town-brother of the headman, his portion in authority. An authorized guest will be welcomed, fed, and detained, courteously and with dignity. 'Before we knew the white man,' said old Minkoe Ntem to me, 'we knew friendship and the things of friendship.'

And in years of contact with many tribes of the beach and the bush I have met with how many of the things of friendship; and with discourtesy I have met but once, and that from a negligible source. I see in my heart old Mbité

Kumbale, master of one hundred and eighty women and for unnumbered years headman of his village, sitting of a morning in the brown gloom of his great old palaver house, stripping long ribbons from green reeds, and looking curiously wise, curiously maternal — and like the great god Pan. To the little Bulu pipings of the white woman he lent a courteous ear, speaking of his past when that seemed to please her, and polite to whatever idiosyncrasy of his guest. His long village slept in the morning sun; his able-bodied women were away in their gardens; their old and wise and cruel master was at leisure for the amenities.

For he is a cruel old man. The Bantu men are cruel because they are masters. I am not speaking of cannibalism, although it exists among the Bantu of our neighborhood, in some tribes not at all, in some tribes hardly at all, in other tribes to an appreciable degree — as among the Yebekolo, of whose headmen five were executed by the German government in one year on the ground that they had fostered cannibalism. Of this vice I will not speak at length because, however interesting it is to the white man (and it seems to possess a peculiar fascination), or however dark a shade it has cast upon the Bantu past, — and does still cast upon the Bantu present, — that shadow is in the main upon the past; the vice is a hidden and a vanishing shame. It is quick to disappear among those tribes which come under the observation of the white man. Of all the vices of the negro this most hideous vice least resists its doom, and is a thing remembered with shame long before lesser vices, cruelties, obscenities give way. The cruelties, the vices, the obscenities of the Bantu — there might be a book about these, and there have been books. This paper is an attempt to depict among the Bulu the 'new things.'

It is our custom to think of the Bantu as childlike: he so speaks of himself to the white man, and to the white man he so seems. His limitations are more obvious than the secret trend of his nature. But the Spirit of God takes account of this element of his power and of his weakness — that he is a master. I think that this is so. In how many palaver houses where the masters sit, their eyes upon the sun-struck street of the village, supreme abnegations are taking place. How many men, great in their tribe, rich in the sleek bodies of women, wise in the dark secrets of their race, have stripped themselves of the things of this world, and an exceedingly precious weight of glory; have bent their necks to the yoke of the Ten Commandments, and by the Spirit call Jesus Lord. I have seen a Bulu headman, a leopard skin hanging from his shoulders, go to do obeisance to a white man who was his governor. And arrogance walked with him upon that enforced journey until timidity — that emanation from the presence of the white man — should strike it down. And I have seen three brothers of this headman, any one of whom might have been his successor, pass the broken bread at the communion service — the servants 'with one heart' of a common Lord. The mark of his yoke was upon each of these young men, as upon how many others of their race, who become for his sake poor, and have laid aside their beautiful and terrible arrogance for the garments of humility. Our racial prejudices and the standards of civilization may blind us in this present life to the coming of many masters to the brightness of our Lord's rising. These poor bodies laced in tattoo, these poor black hands that number the things of the world on their ten fingers, bring a kingly oil in the broken boxes of their abnegation.

'I am Nkolenden,' says an old headman to me, 'once the owner of many women, a glorious person, now a servant of God. I will beat the drum for the service.' And so on that Sabbath morning he did; a fantastic figure, not ignoble, in a loin-cloth and a brass-buttoned coat cast off by an army officer. Himself he beat the great call drum, his coat-tails flying, hard at work in the familiar frenzy — a figure for the common herd to gape upon. The headmen in our neighborhood have no great possessions; they are among the lesser fry of African headmen, with no more than a local fame. To such an one as Mackay's Mtesa, or the glorious Khama, or Chaka of the Ngoni, to whose activities in the early part of the nineteenth century over a million enemies owed their death — to such as these the greatest of our headmen is 'as the little finger to the thumb.' But our neighborhood is all their world, and the heart of a headman is a headman's heart. Nkolenden saw himself a king, and his menial act was between him and God, a symbol and a surrender.

And if the Bantu is master, his woman is slave. She is slave to the Bantu triple obsession of goods and sex and fetish. 'A girl,' says the Bulu proverb at her birth, 'is goods.' She may be, among certain tribes, the subject of a tentative bargain before she is born. 'A girl is not known,' says another proverb, 'till the day of her dowry.'

Ask of that little nine-year-old, who is not yet tattooed, whose young head is shaved in designs, — the headdress of the little girl, — whose sleek body is belted with beads, tailed with dried grasses, and aproned with leaves, ask of that childish creature, 'Who is giving goods on you?' and she will know. How many goats have been given, how many dogs and dog-bells, how many sheets of brass, and whether an ivory.

Or if she is to be given in exchange for another woman, — a wife for her father, or a little girl for her brother who must be set up in the world, — she will know that. The name of her tentative master she will know, who comes to consider his bargain from time to time. There he will sit in the palaver house with her father. There will be long talk of dowry, arguments for more or less.

The little girl comes in out of the sun-smitten street with food that her mother has cooked for her father and his guest, — a peanut porridge steamed in a great leaf, a roll of cassava bread, mashed plaintains. She will put her wooden tray at the feet of her masters. She is a precocious child, born to the language of sex. If the buyer is old she will hate him. She need make no secret of this, she may tell whom she pleases that, having 'come to her eyes,' she hates the man who buys her. All but her mother will laugh at the venom of the little tongue, the heavings of the little chest. And the day when her master brings the ivory, or the woman, or the last articles of barter, that day there will be a feast in her father's town and the songs of marriage. If the little girl weeps — why, so they always do, the hearts of children are thus. And in the evening, when the sun goes down the path to its setting and she moves away in the caravan of her husband's people, you will not ask which of the children in that caravan is the little bride; you will know because she weeps.

In her husband's town they will be dancing the marriage dances, they will be singing the songs of marriage. Her husband's kin will be singing little songs of mocking:—

'There is a little goat capering in the clearing, —
A neglect of cooking,
A neglect of work!
There is a little kid capering in the clearing!'

'O little bride, hurry in the house and grind the meal! — hurry!
Hurry and get your hoe, hurry!
O little bride, hurry!'

'While the boiled greens are still quaking she hides the kettle behind the bed!
Hé yé — é!
While the hot greens are still quaking!'

'You come to steal — Hé yé — é!
You come to grudge — Hé yé — é!
You come to deceive — Hé yé — é!'

'There is a weed in this town, there is a little weed — hé!
There is a child with sharp eyes in this town — Hé!'

So sing the husband's kin. And the bride's mother sings too, little conventional petitions that the child be adequately fed, that the tender child be spared — little phrases of maternal solicitude:—

Don't send my child to fish
in the stream
There are little snakes — O!
Don't send my child to fish
in the stream!'

'They count the bananas they feed my child —
They count them!
One, two bananas as they feed my child,
They count them!'

So sings the mother, and the child's kinfolk before they leave her in the care of strange women; and the little girl stands bewildered at the heart of the circling dances.

Or if it be her father's pleasure to delay the delivery of the goods, do not think that the girl is bred in innocence under her mother's roof. She was not born to the possession of her body; this is hired out to her father's material advantage among young bucks — prospective purchasers, men who bring wealth to the town. Not her father only, and her elder brother, may thus make profit of her person, but her husband will do so, in the times of the great clearings when a new town is to be

built, or a great garden planted — she will then serve as hire to strong young men. Through her use a successful hunter may be attached to her husband's service, and she, if she is desirable, may be a token of hospitality to an honored guest. By way of being security she may be lodged with her husband's creditors. How many women wear out weary years in this friendless bondage! Or, not having borne children to her husband, she may be sent on a visit to the town of his tribal brother.

But her children, born of whatever connection, belong not to herself, nor necessarily to their father, but to the man who owns her. To her own father, or other male guardian, if born before marriage, and to her husband if born after marriage. As she is not born to the possession of her body, so she is not born to the possession of her children. Women who have been sold from marriage to marriage may leave little children at every station of that aimless wandering. Thus the slave is branded on the heart.

And it is by way of the heart that the woman is slave to fetish. By her body she is slave to goods, and alas, by the consent of her body, to sex. But by her heart — the pangs of it, its maternal pangs, its hunger for permanent affections, its need to cast anchor in some certain good — by that she is slave to fetish. To keep her husband's love, what love-potions! To ease her jealousies, what evil charms! To safeguard her little one, what plaitings of grass anklets and bracelets, what desperate hopes tied up in little amulets, in little things of magic! And if she die — this slave to fetish — they will tie a belt of bells about her baby's middle, and the sound of these bells will continually drive away that maternal spirit — still a slave.

To such as these in a very definite

sense Christ is a liberator. It is not for nothing that, of the women who have come under my hand, many have fastened with a peculiar tenacity on the verses that say for them, 'He has made the captive free'; 'The truth has made you free.'

This African woman has a bald knowledge of her enslaved state. She is violent, undisciplined; her tongue is a fire and a sword; she is unmoral, unreliable; but she is humble-minded. In the Biblical sense this violent creature, caught in a net of tattoo, bridled and belted with beads, collared and braceleted with brass, this woman — so harnessed in barbarous ornament — is meek and poor in spirit. She is poor in the most conscious and the most pitiable sense. Christ's act of redemption has a tangible and obvious application to herself. I have seen the first words of the Gospel arrest a young Ntum woman so abruptly that you would have said a hand had been laid upon her, and back of her harness of tattoo and of beads her woman face, so soft and mutable, was stricken to the most profound, the most personal attention. That being, enslaved to goods and sex and fetish, received with what astonishment in that word of the Word of God, her first intimation that there is any escape from the prison of material circumstance! Until she heard that word she was never at any time conscious of a self which could not be bought and sold. Until then she had never conceived of a personal possession of any sort, however humble; and how far she had been from any 'self'-possession! Never before had her self been addressed. And in the moment of that Divine address there was a pause in her universe; the things of the body were smitten to a perceptible arrest. She had been grinding meal; her hand, with the upper stone, lay idle on the nether stone; her eyes were

fixed; in all her hut nothing stirred while that Ntum woman experienced the obscure shock of her first spiritual summons.

To an extraordinary degree there is among the Bulu a solidarity of sex. 'God created all people of two tribes,' the women tell me, 'the tribe of man and the tribe of woman.' The things of one tribe are hidden from the other tribe. There is 'a wisdom of men and a wisdom of women,' though the wisdom of women is a small matter, a matter to laugh at among men. And women, for all they have a housewifely and maternal contempt for men, yet are humble before them, ashamed before them of their age-old accumulation of wisdom, not displaying before them their little treasure of verity garnered from their labors and their loves and their sorrows, 'since the birth of men.' 'I am as stupid as a hen,' is the common feminine self-analysis.

A peculiar shame attaches to the performance of a woman's work by a man; the division of labor is determined by the most rigid custom. None but women grind meal, none but men sew the strips of beaten bark-cloth into squares. And about every handicraft of the tribes there is the law of sex, and the understood element of nobility or ignobility. 'Am I a woman that I should bring in food from the garden? I will starve first.'

And if in the things of labor the customs of sex are very strong, they are much stronger in the matter of fetish. Woe to those who are ignorant in these matters — who confuse the food, the acts, the liberties, which are the privilege of men, with the food and the acts and the liberties which are the forbidden things for women! It is a very literal instance of the one man's meat and the other's poison. I have seen a young Christian woman almost faint away when she came to this crucial

question: 'Do you believe that God created men and women equal?' Back of her stood her Christian husband. She turned her face about until she met his eye; there she received the grave command of his gaze; her arm went up slowly in sign of assent. It was with great timidity that she stepped off into that nobler thought of herself as woman.

'All people are of two tribes,' I am told; and yet again I am told, 'Every man a son of man.' This is the proverbial expression of an understood common humanity. Man and woman, master and slave — every person is a son of man, born to a common lot. Over human foible and error is cast the cloak of this proverb. Sorrow is commiserated in these words. And most this is true in the things of custom and in the things of fear.

To the things of custom the man as well as the woman is slave. 'We Bulu, we do so.' 'It is our custom.' 'Who would question the things to which we are born?' 'From the birth of men we have done thus, not otherwise.' So much for the iron bond of the things of custom.

There is a common enslavement to the things of fear: 'Every man a son of man' is true in the things of fear. In these dim forests every son of man is born to fear. Temporal and material fears he does indeed suffer, but these minor fears are as 'the little finger to the thumb' in comparison with the major fears that are not material fears. Here is the sum of his terrors: fear of other-worldly things as they impinge upon the sunny open of this life, and fear of the unknown adventure 'beyond death.' The white man cannot see how thick they gather about his haunted brother, these 'millions of strange shadows' that tend upon him. We who are born to a singular freedom in the natural world — what can we

know of the relentless pressure upon the human heart of the crowded world of the animist? To him the rocks of this world, its rivers, its forests, all the structure of it and all its ornaments, are not sufficient to afford lodging for the spirit tenants. These inhabit and overflow all material accommodation. These pack the world; and there is a Bulu proverb which says, 'A shadow never falls but a spirit stands.' There are housed spirits and nomad spirits; spirits that are content with their lodging in a fallen tree, in a rock, easy to be propitiated with little offerings of leaves, of shells, of seeds; and there are spirits of an untiring malevolence: wanderers, going to and fro seeking whom they may devour in subtle spirit fashion, open to suggestion from evil men, servants of your enemy, fathers to inhuman cruelties implanted in the human mind, princes in the realms of fear. 'Go,' say these spirits; and alas, the son of man — he goeth! 'Come!' and he cometh! How can the white man know of these things; and knowing in part, how can he tell other white men?

I will tell you of Ndongo Mbé's father and his exile. Ndongo Mbé's father, says Ndongo Mbé, was named Mabalé. And when Ndongo Mbé was little, no bigger than your wrist, Mabalé was caught by a strange sickness, so that he was near death. In those days there was a wise man, a 'witch doctor,' in our neighborhood, — himself he is dead now, but in those days he still breathed, — and the brothers of Mabalé sent for him to come and heal Mabalé. This thing he certainly did, he healed him. And he healed him by a taboo, a very strong taboo. Mabalé recovered from his sickness, but he was 'tied' by the medicine man to this thing: that he must never see a grandchild of his. That he must certainly never do. And so it was that, when

Ndongo Mbé began to be a young man, the heart of Mabalé was hung up; he feared very much lest he see a grandchild — who knew? And that thing would be death. So he took leave of the people of his own house, and of the village where he was headman, — yes, and even of his tribe, — and alone he went away by the paths that go toward the rising of the sun. Alone he went away, to the unfriendly tribes that build their towns far back that way. And in one of those strange towns he built a house for himself. Sometimes one of the men of our neighborhood, going that way to hunt an ivory, has seen Mabalé. He has asked the news of his town and of his family; he has asked news of his grandchildren. All night he and his tribesmen have talked, and in the morning they have parted. But this thing always happened — that Mabalé was quick, after such a visit, to go away from that town. He said in his heart, 'Lest my townspeople, knowing this path, show the way to a grandchild of mine.' Until at last he died in a town far away on the paths to the rising of the sun. And when a passer-by from that strange country told Ndongo of that death in exile, there was a peculiar sorrow in the hearts of that family. The wife of Mabalé turned to the wall and wept. The children and the grandchildren greatly desired to look upon the grave of their father, but they might not, for the many days' journey.

So much for a life wrecked by fear. This story is one of a thousand and is chosen for its lack of gross detail — its freedom from the element of physical torture so common to the Bantu dramas of fear, and so degrading to the ears of a white man.

And of fear of things beyond death I will tell you that here, too, every man is a son of man. 'Death,' say the Bulu, 'does not pity beauty.' 'You till the

ground,' they say, 'that will cover you.' 'There is no limit to death,' they say. And many black men have told me, 'My father died, and when he was near death he said, "Put my spear in my hand, for the path before me is unknown, and it is a bad path."' Look, I pray you, with compassion upon this black man who must venture upon such adventures so equipped! And when you come upon the dead man's little clay pipe and the rusting head of his spear laid out under the sun and the rain at the limit of the village, understand a little why it is that his exiled spirit, so unequipped for the hardships of the way, must return to familiar places and to serviceable things.

For he has a spirit. In his world — overpopulated with spirits — the son of man has his portion. He is conscious of his dual life. There are for him 'the things of the body,' and 'the things of the spirit.' Pain is a thing of the body; grief is a thing of the spirit. The body dies and the spirit survives.

There is a thrilling Bulu word, the word 'Énying.' It is the word for life, and on the lips of the natural Bulu there is an immemorial thrilling phrase, 'I desire life.' For our Bulu conceives himself as a vessel for the fluid manifestations of life. He is filled, or he is emptied, of life; as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth our Bulu after 'life.' This is his problem — how to acquire 'énying,' or life; how to appropriate a share, or, if may be, a double share, in that precious commodity which he conceives as an element, immanent and manageable if one but knew the secret! For his little vessel — the vessel of his body, with its content of life — is without protection, without, let us say, a lid. His treasure is in a violable vessel. There is more life and there is less; there are thieves of life, and acts of theft; spirit thieves and mortal thieves. There is

a flux of the precious essence. Mabalé on his wanderings was doing all that man could do against a threatened division, to 'hold body and soul together.'

This soul, — this ultimate human portion of the element of life, — what is its substance?

These things are obscure. Elmsie says that among the Ngoni they say, 'His shadow is still present,' meaning that, though on the point of death, the man's spirit is still with him. The wisest Bulu woman I ever knew told me that she was born in the town of Moon-da, where they certainly said that this thing on the wall that followed a man's body — the shadow of him — was the *man*. For certainly his *flesh* was not the man. And in their ignorance they thought, why not the shadow?

All students of the Bantu people are familiar with this solution of the ultimate human problem. Many other Bulu have offered me, timidly, the theory that the spirit of man and his shadow were — perhaps, who knew — one substance. And I was once in a house of mourning where one of the young widows sitting among the ashes took courage from desperation to show me the root of a consuming fear: she had three shadows! The cross lights in that little hut cast a shadow of that terror-stricken child of man on three walls. What were her thoughts of that possession? I cannot say. 'The heart,' say the Bulu, 'goes to hide in the dark.' Only of Christ it is said, 'He did not hunt a man to give Him news of men, because Himself He knew the things that are in the heart of man.' And to that thrilling Bulu cry, — 'I desire life,' — Christ alone answers, 'I have come to give you life and to give it more abundantly!'

[Miss Mackenzie's second article will deal with the Bulu and the Ten Commandments.]

THE NATION'S CRIME AGAINST THE INDIVIDUAL

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

THE incurable optimists who feel called upon to find a saving virtue in every evil and in every loss a compensation have been comforting the world since the outbreak of the great war with the assurance that the nations of Europe would arise purified and ennobled from the ashes of the war's destruction. It is not difficult to share this hope, but it gives us little comfort if we have any sense of proportion and are able to see what the individual is paying for a possible ultimate gain to the nations. We cannot help but think of the thousands of graves on the countryside of Europe that are mute testimonies to the tragedy of individual life as revealed in this war, when we are asked to accept these optimistic assurances. The heroes and victims will not arise from their graves, though Europe may rise from its destruction.

This war presents a tragic climax to a pathetic history of individual life in its relation to the nation. The history is a pathetic one because the individual has held a pitiful place in society from the very beginning. The race has never had an adequate appreciation of his unique worth, and has always been too ready to claim his loyalty for petty ends. In primitive society the individual owned no property that the tribe could not claim, and he dared no action that its customs did not sanction. His life was valuable only in so far as it could be used to realize tribal and national ambitions. Since primitive society lacked the direction of public opinion, these ambitions were

dictated by the caprice of the rulers. Whether the ruler was a tribal chieftain, racial king, builder of empires, or feudal lord, he sacrificed the individual's life in any venture or adventure to which he was prompted by his jealousy or avarice, his pride or passion. No cause was too petty to be advanced by blood; no price in human values too high to be paid for its advancement. History is not lacking in national ventures that can be morally justified, but on the whole it presents a dismal succession of petty jealousies, often more personal than national, of cheap ambition and unrighteous pride, all of which claimed the individual as a victim.

To this history of individual life this war is a tragic climax, because it convinces us that the forces of history have not favored individual life as much as we thought. Before the war there was a general tendency to regard the moral weaknesses and injustices of nationalism as relics of primitive days which the forces of modern civilization were gradually overcoming and eliminating. But the war has taught us that the nationalism of to-day is distinctly modern in some of its aspects, in its faults as well as in its virtues.

To begin with, the nation has never been so powerful as it is now. Two forces have contributed to its power. One is the rise of racial self-consciousness which began with the fall of the Roman Empire, or, to be more exact, with the disintegration of the Empire of Charlemagne. The development of nations upon the basis of racial unity

proceeded slowly during the Middle Ages, hampered as it was by the power of feudal lords and by the custom of dividing a kingdom among all the heirs of the king. Nevertheless, racial solidarity gradually became the basis of political power. Among the nations of to-day Germany is perhaps the best example of national power based on racial solidarity. It is not an empire of peoples, and, popular opinion notwithstanding, it seems not to cherish the imperial ideal; it feels that its power is derived from the intense self-consciousness of a single race. That is more or less true of all modern nations, although most of them control several minor races without absorbing them.

The other, and even more potent, cause of modern nationalism is the advance of democracy. There is a peculiar irony in this fact. Democracy, we rejoiced to believe, favored the individual. It is indeed based upon a greater appreciation of personal and individual values, and has resulted in their development. But, although it may have espoused the cause of the individual, it has strengthened the power of the race with even greater success. The democratic tendencies of modern history have done more to free the race from the tyranny and caprice of its rulers than to free the individual from exploitation by the race. They have taken the supreme power of history out of the hands of the few and lodged it with the many, but they have done less to secure the liberty of the one against the power of the many. Democracy has trodden in the paths of constitutionalism and constitutionalism gives stability to the state. A government established upon law and deriving its power from the people is naturally more stable than were the governments that lived by the power and fell with the weakness of individual rulers. Its power to exploit the in-

dividual is correspondingly enhanced.

The accumulation of national debts is a striking example of this development. Primitive states would not have dared to make unborn generations responsible for stupendous national debts in the making of which they had no part. They refrained from this policy of modern states, not because they had more conscience but because they possessed less power. They lacked the credit to amass large debts. When constitutions did not fix the order and mode of succession, kings could not guarantee the payment of debts by their successors and therefore quit fighting when their exchequer was empty. The enormous national debts of to-day are obviously by-products of constitutionalism. The stability of modern governments is making the nation more powerful than it has ever been in history. There was a time when other communities disputed the nation's claim to the loyalty of the individual. In the Middle Ages the church, the empire, and the fief competed with the nation for supremacy; and in more recent times the class tried to establish itself as the ultimate community. But when this war broke out, class consciousness, so carefully nurtured before the war, was impotent before the passion of patriotism and the superior organization of the nation. The ruthless manner in which the belligerent nations have been able to suppress opinions that differed from the national policy, arouses the suspicion that the latter is a more potent factor in modern nationalism than the former.

The possession of power does not necessarily imply its unrighteous or oppressive use, although it generally awakes suspicion. We have no right to assume, therefore, that the nation is oppressing the individual because it is powerful enough to do so. However, if a strong nationalism is not in itself

oppressive of individual life, certain conditions of contemporary civilization seem to have conspired to make it so. One of these is the development of individual life and personal values. The individual soul stands for more than it once did, both in its own eyes and in the esteem of its fellows. The German scientist Haeckel contended in a recent article on the war that his nation was bringing greater sacrifices than any other belligerent because the personal life-value of the German soldier was higher than that of the black and yellow fighters in the ranks of the Allies. This claim is based upon a significant truth, though Haeckel's partisan application of it is rather far-fetched. Civilization has increased the value of the individual soul. More and more man emerges from the mass and takes a distinctive place among his fellows. Education has given him the independence of his own opinions. His Christian faith has made his happiness the very goal of history and his destiny independent of the future of his race. Science has tamed the hostility of his bitterest enemy, nature. Nature has always favored the race against the individual.

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

But the ingenuity of man has bent many of her forces to his own uses. All of these factors have given the single life a higher value and a more unique worth. When a nation demands these lives it is asking for greater sacrifices and is inflicting more acute pains and agonies than did the primitive state when it summoned its men. The artisans and professional men, the business men and thinkers who are manning the trenches of Europe and whose blood is drenching its battlefields, mean more or meant more to their friends, stood for more in their communities, and

added more to the sum total of human values than the soldiers of ancient armies who could follow the standards of their leaders and espouse their country's cause without forsaking any particular task or abandoning any distinctive place in their community. Were modern nationalism no stronger than of old, this development of personal values would make its demands upon them more cruel and painful.

The methods of modern warfare serve to aggravate the pain of sacrificing individual values for racial ends. In the face of the development of individual life modern warfare demands an unprecedented suppression of individuality and sacrifice of personal values. Modern armies still need men, more than ever before, but the very qualities that make their lives worth while in civic life and endow their personalities with a unique distinction are least needed in the modern army. Both the ascendancy of the machine, of modern artillery, in warfare, and the machine-like character of the army itself have caused this state of affairs.

So impersonal is the modern machinery of war that not even the individuality of its manipulators stands out distinctly. The greatest war of all history has produced very few heroes and great personalities. Courage is still an asset in the army of to-day, but not that romantic valor, so celebrated in ancient histories, in which the qualities of personal prowess and initiative predominated. The courage that is needed to-day is the submissive courage that executes strategical plans without understanding them and obeys commands without fathoming their purpose. Thus grimness is overshadowing the romance of war, and machine-like precision has become more necessary than spectacular heroism. This is the reason why modern warfare is so fruitful of mental agony as well as

of physical pain. The individual, never more eager for a unique distinction among his fellows, has never been more completely lost in the mass than in the modern army.

The development of military methods that has made this suppression of individuality necessary has proceeded in the face of diametrically opposite tendencies in civil life. There was a time when the trumpets of war were a signal of relief from the benumbing ennui of peace. At that time the pursuits of peace were in the hands of slaves, and it was the business of gentlemen to fight — for war presented these gentlemen with the largest opportunities to distinguish themselves and gain 'immortality.' But since then the hazards and problems that make life interesting and the tasks that make it worth while have multiplied as rapidly in civil life as they have decreased in military pursuits. Thus to-day the nation at war not only fails to satisfy the desire of man for a 'place in the sun,' but actually robs him of the place which he enjoyed in civil life. Modern warfare is cruel, not only because of its extravagant waste of human life, but because of its barbaric indifference to personal values. Not only the *Massengrab* is symbolical of the tragedy of individual life in war. In one sense the uniform is as truly, though not as vividly, symbolical of that tragedy which consists as much in the suppression of individuality as in the sacrifice of individuals.

But the final indictment of modern nationalism is not that it demands such great sacrifices. If modern warfare did nothing more than demand greater sacrifices and inflict more cruel pain than before, it might be endured. Mankind has not outgrown its capacity for sacrifice or outlived its need of it. This war has taught us that prosperity has not made men as flabby

and complacent as we thought it had. We see the individual wronged by the nations, not because they demand so much of him, but because they demand so much to so little purpose. We are grieved, not because democracy has given the nation so much power, but because it has endowed it with too little conscience. Though democracy may have freed us of the capricious adventures of tyrants, it does not seem to have delivered us from the unrighteous pride and avarice of the race. This does not mean that the moral character of the race has not developed as well as that of the individual, but the former does not seem to have held pace with the latter. At any rate, too many of the purposes involved in national ambitions and of the issues involved in national struggles are of a kind that will not and should not appeal to the conscience of the individual, if he is permitted to regard them sanely and is not blinded by the chauvinistic passion that national crises so easily unloose. Man is not unwilling to make sacrifices, but he has never longed more for issues that will hallow his sacrifices and make them worth while.

The nations of to-day are hard pressed to meet this demand. Perhaps this is true, not so much because they lack conscience, but because conditions over which they have no control have robbed their issues of their ultimate character. There was a time when the nation was man's ultimate community and he had no higher obligation than to serve its interests. But he no longer lives in his country alone. He is a citizen of the world. He draws his spiritual sustenance from all the races. Their geniuses instruct him in their wisdom and their moral struggles enrich his spiritual life. All humanity serves the modern man and puts him under obligations by that service. He does violence to his conscience if he presses

the interests of his race against the interests of the wider spiritual community in which he lives.

Of course, this larger community is poorly organized and its claims upon man's loyalty are not put with the force with which the nation can put them. Its interests are, moreover, so varying that the individual may never be certain that he is seeking the greatest good of the greatest number. Altruism does not easily lend itself to quantitative tests. But it can be tested qualitatively. The individual may not be able to judge whether the purposes of his nation will ultimately serve humanity, but he can determine with reasonable certitude whether they will serve the ends of justice. Perhaps this is why devotion to moral principles has been a more potent motive of altruism than loyalty to communities. Mediæval history offers a striking example of this fact. The different communities of the Middle Ages which competed with each other in claiming the loyalty of men were not unsuccessful, and their petty enterprises never failed to enlist supporters; but the altruism and courage manifested in national and feudal struggles was eclipsed by the unmatched moral fervor and romantic altruism of the Crusades, whose supreme motive was not loyalty to a community but devotion to moral and spiritual principles.

The modern nations have not been slow to appreciate this desire for principles that transcend man's obligation to the nation, through which he might judge and with which he might justify his loyalty to a limited community. That is why most of them have been trying to play the rôle of champions of righteousness and civilization. Unhappily, however, they cannot play their rôles convincingly except for those who want to be duped to ease their consciences or to save their opti-

mism. Their claims do not breed conviction, not only because in this particular war moral issues were afterthoughts that did not dictate the contending alliances, but also because it is no longer possible for any nation to claim sole championship of any particular cause or principle. The fundamental things of life transcend national limitations and outrun national barriers more easily than ever before. If a nation has contributions to make to civilization it is no longer necessary, if indeed it ever was, that it force them on an unwilling world through the sword or prove their merit by the force of arms. We can go to school with the different nations and appropriate some of their unique achievements without being their political slaves. There was a time when national provincialism did set some limits to the propagation of ideals and principles which a particular nation has conceived, and made it necessary and defensible, to an extent, that it propagate these by extending its dominion. For that reason the Roman legionary could regard himself more truly a champion of civilization than the German soldier; and the citizen of Athens could more justly claim to be the protagonist of democracy than the soldier of England. The internationalizing of most of the higher values of civilization has robbed the nation of the right to dignify its struggles by declaring these to be involved. Thus the modern soldier's hope of finding some universal values and transcendent principles involved in his nation's struggle and hallowing it, is more certain of disappointment than ever before.

It is unnecessary to establish here that the principal cause of modern warfare is commercial rivalry. Economic issues underlie practically all national animosities. Nations have other and worthier ambitions than the

one to be prosperous; but only their economic ambitions seem to call for physical combat with their neighbors. The others they can realize in peace. There may be exceptions, but to enumerate them would lead us too far astray. We are speaking generally, and in that sense it is true that commercial supremacy—or, to put it more broadly, prosperity—is the end for which the modern nation demands the sacrifices of its citizens. This, then, is the stuff that modern nationalism is made of, at least in so far as it is manifested in modern warfare. What a pitiful thing it is that the Pomeranian peasant or the miner of Wales is asked to sacrifice his life in a struggle that is to determine whether future generations of Hamburg or Liverpool merchants shall wax rich from overseas commerce and the exploitation of undeveloped countries! That is the tragedy of modern nationalism—it offers the modern man, with all his idealism and sensitive moral instincts, no better cause to hallow his sacrifices than the selfish and material one of securing his nation's prosperity.

It is, by the way, a sad commentary on contemporary civilization that commercial competition is so strongly national. We try to be international in our spiritual interests, and send missionaries to other lands to bestow our spiritual possessions on other nations; but we build tariff walls and develop national commerce at the risk of bloodshed, in order to keep our material possessions strictly for ourselves and if possible develop a prosperity beyond that which other nations enjoy.

If the purposes for which the nation claims the sacrifices of its citizens are not worthy ones, the question arises why these sacrifices are still so successfully demanded and so readily made. One answer is that the nation is still powerful enough to claim, though its

purposes are not always great enough to deserve, the individual's sacrifices. Another answer is that the average man is not able to fathom the real motives that underlie national policies and cause national struggles. But the principal reason for the satisfaction which the modern soldier is still able to find in the sacrifices he makes, is that in times of war loyalty and courage are made ultimate virtues for which men are honored without regard to the ends which these virtues may serve. But by peculiar irony, history applies other standards to the actions of men than those of the tribunals of contemporary opinion. It sees many men as fools who were heroes in their own time. For it loyalty is not an end in itself. It looks to the ends that this virtue may serve. That is the reason posterity often honors men for their non-conformity, while contemporary opinion respects them for their conformity; that is why there are as many rebels as patriots on the honor rolls of history. The state owes man issues that will hallow his sacrifices, not only in his own eyes and in those of contemporaries, but in the estimation of history; it owes him issues that have a value for civilization and through which he may perpetuate his life in history.

The individual of to-day feels that the nations are not fulfilling this obligation and that he is being wronged by them. But the cause of the nation is no more righteous if he does not feel this and is duped by pretexts that hide the real issues. The willingness of men to die in struggles that effect no permanent good and leave no contribution to civilization makes the tragedy of individual life all the more pathetic. The crime of the nation against the individual is, not that it demands his sacrifices against his will, but that it claims a life of eternal significance for ends that have no eternal value.

CHILDREN WANTED

BY LUCY PRATT

THEY were sitting at the breakfast table when the morning mail came in. There was something for Mr. Henry Tarbell — there was always something for him; there was something for Mrs. Henry Tarbell — there was usually something for her. The only thing at all unusual was that there was something for Master Crosby Tarbell. It was rather a strange-looking document, too. Beside the address was a picture of a pony with a long, sweeping tail, and just under the pony were some words. Crosby was learning to read in a school which was proud of its 'phonetic method,' and he read the words slowly, with many little lip sounds to help him on.

'Would you like a pony for your vacation? You can have her free.'

His father's glance fell on the picture.

'Hullo, where does all that come from?'

'It says I can have her free,' began Crosby, with a characteristic pause in the middle of his sentence which always gave the effect of steadying the inclination to a slight tremble in his small, earnest voice; 'it says — I can have her free.' His face flushed. 'Can I — have her, father?'

'Where would you keep her?' inquired his father casually, opening a letter. 'In the kitchen?'

'No, in the — in the barn! They used to keep a horse there — before we lived here! I — I could keep her in the barn!'

'M—m, barn? I'm afraid she would n't recognize it.'

'But there's a stall there! A nice stall! *Could n't* I have her?'

His father looked up again.

'What's this? A prize contest? Oh, I see.' He smiled absently as he went on with his mail. 'Yes, it's safe to say you can have her — if you can get her.'

Crosby's face flushed slowly again, and his eyes looked very bright.

'If you can get her,' repeated his father, pushing his chair back and looking at his watch, 'but you can't, Crosby. There isn't a chance in a thousand that you could.' He put his watch in his pocket and looked at his wife. 'Well, I must go. Come on, old man. Better take your pony correspondence outside! Too good a day for the house.'

From the low porch-steps Crosby waved an absent good-bye, his eyes still on the pictured pony. As he tore away some yellow seals a letter fell out, and he creased the big folder again and cautiously sat down on it so that it would n't blow away. Then he spread the letter across his knees.

It was more than half an hour later that he looked up and drew a long breath of relief. It was the first really full-sized breath that he had taken since he began the letter — and he had just finished it. His eyes dwelt on the last sentences again, and as he pulled the folder from under him, they traveled back to the beginning.

'I have some good news for you!' It read more easily this time. 'What would make you happier than anything else you can think of? To have me tell you that you can have a pony

of *your own*?' The characteristic, slow flush came into his cheeks. 'Well, that is just what I *am* going to tell you! Because on the twentieth of August we are going to give away to some boy or girl, one of the prettiest little Indian ponies you ever saw. Her name is "Lightfoot," and *you can have her if you get started right away*: The thing is to start right out — ' Oh, he understood the rest perfectly! He was simply to get subscriptions for *the most delicious breakfast food that had ever been boxed for the public market!* Its name? Buttercup Crisps! He was simply to get the names of people who were willing to put their names down for one order or more of Buttercup Crisps!

'Buttercup Crisps!' he whispered, and caught another deep breath at the mere sound of it, as he opened up the big folder. '*A Prize for Every Contestant!*' It stared at him in huge letters, and his eyes traveled swiftly from the shining bicycle to the little mahogany writing-desk, to the violin, to the beautiful gold watch — then rested again gently, lingeringly, on THE PONY. Just once again his glance shifted to the sentence which seemed to shine out from all the others. '*Her name is "Lightfoot," and you can have her if you get started right away.*'

He gathered up all his papers and went in.

'Mother — ' he began, but he found that he needed a steadying pause at the very beginning. 'Mother — can I go out — for a little while? I want to — do something.'

She looked at the folded sheets in his hand.

'Oh, Crosby, that's so foolish!' she protested. 'You know you could n't get that pony, no matter how hard you tried.'

'Well, can I go?' he repeated, sticking characteristically to the original question.

'Oh, yes, I suppose so. But I would n't waste my time over *that*, if I were you. It's too warm a day.'

He was already storing all the papers and pictures inside his waist for safe keeping, and as he marched steadily down town toward 'the centre,' he kept one hand of protection upon them and made out a careful plan of campaign. He must go to every house in town, beginning with the one right there, next the post-office. But it was n't a house. It was a store. Never mind, he would begin with the store. He felt very strange, though, as he stood before the counter, while the man behind it waited, flirting some string which hung down from a suspended ball, and evidently quite ready for business.

'Would you like — ' began Crosby, his voice growing so faint that he had to swallow to get it back again; 'would you like — some Buttercup Crisps?'

'Like some *what*?' bawled the man.

Crosby had an idea that he might get arrested if he asked that again, at least if he did n't make some variation, so he launched desperately into another construction.

'It's something — to eat! For breakfast! Buttercup Crisps! It comes — in boxes.'

'Well, what about it?' questioned the man behind the counter distractedly.

'I — do you — do you want some?' continued Crosby bravely.

'No, I don't,' declared the man behind the counter with both strength and finality. 'T would n't make any difference *what* it came in! I'm so over-run now with these breakfast concoctions that there ain't room left for anything else!'

'Yes, sir,' returned Crosby politely, and walked out to the street again.

It was n't a very promising beginning, to be sure, but it was a relief to have that first dreadful plunge over.

Perhaps it would n't be so bad after that. And he marched on to the next house, which *was* a house and not a store. A middle-aged colored woman, in an ample white apron, came to the door and stood smiling at him while he screwed his courage into words again.

'Would you like — would you like — to try a few Buttercup Crisps?' he asked, with a fleeting consciousness that he had made a really elegant effort.

'W'at's dat, chile?' inquired the woman of color in kindly tones.

'Buttercup Crisps!' stammered Crosby. '*Crisps!* A few —'

'One o' dese yere breakfus' fancies, I s'pose?' came the kindly encouragement. 'An' it soun' good, too, doan't it? But' — she lowered her voice to a note of confidential intimacy — 'dey doan't 'low me ter transac' no business at de do', chile, no matter *w'at* yer offers. Dey would n' trus' it!'

'Yes 'm,' returned Crosby faintly, and walked down the steps. It made him positively dizzy to think of asking that question again. But his hand rose mechanically to the folded papers under his waist, and once more a vision of a beautiful, long-tailed pony swept before his eyes.

'It said I could have her if I got started right away,' he reasoned steadily, 'and I have got started right away, so I — I guess I better keep right on.'

He looked so hot and tired when he came in to dinner that his mother glanced at him questioningly.

'Why, Crosby, where *have* you been? You look perfectly roasted. Is it so hot in the sun? Well, don't go out again this afternoon until it's cooler.'

'I'm not — so very hot,' he assured her. But he thought, himself, that he would n't go out again right away. He had been to a good many houses that morning, but for some reason he had not a real name to show for it. He had

not seen the right people! Most of them had been servants, and of course they could n't have bought Buttercup Crisps — if they had wanted to. No — he must begin asking for 'the lady of the house.' And he must become more familiar with the literature of his folder. Its advertising value was his chief asset.

He set forth the next morning with new hope and confidence. And something very exhilarating soon happened. The very first 'lady of the house' who smiled down at him from her doorway, as he explained with conscientious, steadying pauses, the full meaning of his call, and then, pointing to the pictured pony, explained, with even longer steadying pauses, that he wanted to get her for a prize — why, that very first generous lady decided that she would give him her name for six boxes of Buttercup Crisps! Crosby fairly tottered with the monstrous significance of it. But as he drew more papers out from under his waist and found the page where subscribers' names were to be written, she glanced it hastily over.

'Yes, now I am to give you seventy-five cents,' she explained kindly, as she wrote her name, 'and it tells you in this little notice here that that counts you one point. It says, too, I see, that it takes six points to become a contestant.'

'Everybody gets a prize,' explained Crosby; and he unfolded the beautiful folder again with its large and frequent letters of assurance still staring joyously.

'Yes, but —' She looked down at his small, upturned face, and flushed with a kind of helpless shame, — 'but don't you see, dear child — it tells you here, in fine print, that it takes *six points* to become a contestant?'

Crosby looked puzzled. 'Every contestant gets — a prize,' he repeated

slowly. 'Does that mean that if you work—and get names—that perhaps you won't get a prize either?'

'That's just what it means, and I would n't bother with it if I were you. You see it means so much work for you—and it's so uncertain.'

'But the letter—was written to me,' explained Crosby. 'And the Pony Man says—I can't lose!'

'Well, then he's saying what is n't so. Because you can lose very easily, and I'm very much afraid that you will. But if you want to keep trying,'—she just touched his cheek with her hand,—'I—I hope that you will be successful!'

He went down the steps with a troubled face, tying three silver quarters into the corner of his handkerchief. So he did not yet understand all those printed documents! He looked up and down the warm, tree-lined street, and sat down under the first tree, spreading them all carefully out upon the grass. When he got up and started on again, he still looked troubled, but there was, too, a look of patient determination about him—entirely characteristic. He understood it all now. He understood about the points.

At dinner-time his eyes looked very bright. He had six names on his list for varying and assorted orders of Buttercup Crisps! As he brought out all his money and showed it to his mother, she smiled at him and told him that he was wasting his time. But he looked back at her with bright, confident eyes, as he went out again, his precious papers still buttoned under his waist.

As his campaign went on with steadily growing success, he trudged off as regularly as possible every morning, back again at noon and again at night. His mother listened and smiled at explanations of wonderful progress, at the growing list of names, and occa-

sionally his father half listened, and smiled too. After perhaps three weeks of it, there came a day when Crosby's most confident hope, at all times unwavering, became a thing which seemed to soar away with him into a kind of pony heaven, where he heard only the word 'Lightfoot,' and saw only one beautiful animal with a long, sweeping tail, because it kept flashing so continuously before his eyes. That was the day when he was obliged to send for a new subscription blank. That was the day when his hope, if it had ever in the past wavered even unconsciously, became a thing of absolute fixedness. And when there were seven new names on the new blank, and his little bag of money was so fat and heavy that he doubted whether it would hold any more, anyway, he had a conference with his mother about dates, and decided that it was time—it was the *day* to send everything—all the returns—to the Pony Man. She helped him, with the same smile of forbearance, about the money-order, made out with such dashing effect by the man at the post-office, and together they got off an impressive-looking envelope full of impressive-looking matter. It gave just the last touch of safety and surety to it all to have his mother helping, and Crosby looked up at her with shining eyes.

'You can ride in the pony-cart—after the pony comes—can't you?'

It took longer pauses than usual to keep things steady that time, and her glance wandered to his bright eyes.

'Would you be very much disappointed if it did n't come?'

A puzzled reproach crept over his face. She felt guilty of an unwarrantable suspiciousness of nature as he looked back at her—and then hurried off to the old stall in the barn. It seemed so strange not to have to think about names any more. He could give

all his time to the barn now. He wished that it was a nicer one, but with a little well-spent labor he thought he might make it very presentable, after all.

It was the next morning, after he had been working there with a fixed, concentrated pucker between his eyes for almost three hours, that a small boy from the next house appeared.

'Say, Crosby,' he began, 'there's a lady lives up there on the hill road — you know, after you've crossed the long bridge and turned up on the hill road?' Crosby nodded. 'Well, there's a lady lives up there says she'll be glad to help you. You know, for the pony you're trying to get. I was telling her about it yesterday, and she said she did n't know anything about the breakfast food, but she'd be glad to help you just the same.'

'But I've sent the names already,' explained Crosby, looking perplexed with fortune's almost immoderate favors.

'Well, send hers alone. Can't you do that?'

Crosby meditated. 'What house did you say she lived in?'

'It's the only house up there on the hill road. You know! The big, white house. You could n't miss it.'

'I guess I better go up there then,' He glanced out to the street, where the sun simmered on the white, hot road, and wiped some little beads of perspiration from his forehead. Then he walked slowly out through the yard.

When, what seemed a long time afterwards, he dragged himself in from the simmering, white street again, his legs pulling listlessly behind him, he even forgot, for the time being, what the walk had all been about, and sat down vacantly on the cool step in the shade, his cheeks burning a deep, dull red. Then he remembered and pulled himself up again. And that evening

another letter started on its way to the Pony Man.

The next morning he waked up with a confused consciousness that something important was hanging over him. Gradually it came back quite clearly. It was the twentieth. And then, for the first time, he became aware of facing a quite unheralded question of challenge. *Was there any doubt about the pony's coming?* His long list of subscription names flashed before his eyes, his big, shining pile of money, his mother's smile, the post-office man's 'whew!' of admiration before he made out the money-order, the promises in the letter if he began 'right away' and worked — and he had worked all the time ever since! There was but one possible answer to that question. The pony would come — to-day — before night.

He stumbled gayly down the stairs as he thought of all that he was going to do that morning in the barn. It was such a strange, rickety little affair, that barn; it did seem to look so much more like a shed than anything else, that he was continually haunted by his father's words: 'Barn? I'm afraid she would n't recognize it.' But he could make it clean, anyway, if it was n't new — He looked up at the battered manger, from his kneeling position on the floor, as he scrubbed with soap and water, and wondered what he could do about that. Something he was sure. Why, there were plenty of ways to do things if you only had sense. He thought he must be mistaken when he heard his mother calling him to dinner; but then, when he stopped and looked around, he felt a tired glow of satisfaction. The walls and floor of the old stall had not changed color, as he had hoped they would by washing, but they looked damp, and clean, too. Across the battered front of the manger was tacked a shining but crooked piece of clean,

brown paper, and inside was a fresh little pile of grass and three large, round ginger-cakes beside it. But Crosby's eyes traveled most lovingly to a small row of implements which hung down from the wall, at one side, from nails which he had pounded in. Of course ponies had to be groomed, and he looked up proudly at the small, clean brush, hanging by a string and suggestive no longer of the sink, at the worn whisk-broom next, at the broken comb, and finally at a little, shrunken last winter's glove, with its fingers cut off evenly, which completed the line. He would wear that glove when he did his daily grooming.

'I'll finish everything after dinner,' he meditated, and went in.

When he came back, a saucer of milk trembled dangerously in one hand, and with a faint, half-conscious smile flickering about his mouth, he put it down on the floor in the corner.

'She'll be thirsty when she gets here,' he reasoned, and then, half apologetically, he glanced down at a big, loose bunch of summer goldenrod, supported by the other hand. Standing high on his toes, he propped it very jauntily over a time-worn beam just opposite the door. 'To look nice when she comes in,' he whispered; and then he cast round a final look, sighed a tired sigh of satisfaction — and went out and closed the door.

He wandered about restlessly that afternoon, and finally, with a queer, light feeling in his head, that he associated dimly with the long walk on the hill road the day before, he turned out of the yard and struck off across the street in the direction of the railroad station. He wanted to inquire about trains and the station was near. Besides, he knew the station-master, and he would tell him just what he wanted to know. To be sure! The station-master was both alert and intelligent.

'A pony from New York?' he echoed. 'You're expecting a pony from New York? Well, now I hope you are n't going to be disappointed about it! You say it was to leave New York to-day? Well, there's a New York-Boston train that gets in here at half-past six. That's the last one there is. So if there's any pony coming, she'll be on that train, won't she? Yes, if she's coming at all, she'll be on that train.'

'Half-past six? What time is it — now?' questioned Crosby.

'It's just half-past four. Now, you don't want to hang round here for two hours. No, you run home and make yourself easy. I pass your place on my way home to supper, and if you're outside I'll let you know whether there's anything for you. But I would n't get my hopes up too high.'

Crosby looked up gratefully. He had not even heard the last sentence. He was already making his way out of the station and back home again, wondering just how he could spend all that time.

Two hours later, his father came swinging up the walk. Crosby, sitting on the grass close to the sidewalk, hardly saw him. He thought he saw some one else — away down the walk, moving slowly towards him.

'Hullo, Crosby,' began his father cheerfully. 'What you doing? Looking at the view?'

Crosby smiled faintly, but his eyes were straining away down the walk.

'You look pale, son; what's the matter? You'd better come in to supper.'

'No, it is n't going to be ready — quite yet, mother said.'

His father gave him another questioning look and went on into the house.

'What's the matter with Crosby?' he asked inside. 'He looks as if he'd been frightened half to death.'

'Oh, he's worrying himself to pieces about that pony. He's been fussing round in the barn all day long. He really thinks he's going to get it, I suppose.'

'Pony? What pony? Has he been working himself to death over *that* business? What's he been doing in the barn?' He walked through the house and down the back steps and crossed the yard. Then he opened the door which led directly into the old stall and stopped.

'Oh, Lord above us!' he whispered.

Never, since he was a child, a child like the one who had just looked up at him from the grass, had such an overmastering desire swept over him to sit down, right where he was, and drop his head down into his hands — and cry.

'Oh, Lord above us!' he whispered again faintly, pushing his hand up to his eyes.

It was all just as it had been left, the old walls and floor with great splinters scoured out of them everywhere, the manger with its shining, crooked front of clean, brown paper, the little hanging row of grooming implements, the small brush, the worn whisk-broom, the comb, the little old glove, the pile of grass in the manger, and the three ginger-cakes, the saucer of milk in the corner — and the jaunty bunch of goldenrod nodding down upon it all from the beam just opposite the door.

He pushed his hands blindly to his eyes again; then he went out, closed the door, and walked down the yard where Crosby was sitting — no, he was standing, standing and looking dumbly after a man who was walking away and blowing his nose.

'Crosby,' began his father huskily, 'Crosby — come into the house, come in to supper — I want to see you.'

Crosby looked up with dry, hunted-looking eyes, and his chin trembled just perceptibly,

'I'm coming — in just a minute,' he began, with a quivering appeal in the dry, hunted eyes to be left — to be left alone — just for a minute!

His father turned and went up the steps, while Crosby's gaze shifted mechanically back to the man who was going on up the street. But he turned, too, slowly, and crossed the yard to the barn and opened the door and went in. He hoped no one had seen it, and he pulled off the brown paper from the manger and wrapped it round the pile of ginger-cakes. Then he reached up for the little row of grooming implements and took them down one by one.

When Crosby was three, he had tumbled down on a brick walk one day, and had sat up winking vaguely while drops of blood ran down his face — and tried to smile at his mother. It had never been just natural for Crosby to cry when he was hurt, but as he came slowly back into the old stall and stooped down to take up the saucer of milk, something dropped with a splashing sound into the milk, making rings away out to the edge. He raised his arm and dragged his hand across his eyes, and then he reached up for the jaunty bunch of flowers on the beam. But that strange, light feeling in his head, dimly associated with the hill road, seemed to confuse him again — and he could n't just remember what he was going to do next. As he pushed open the door, he tripped over some scattered goldenrod, and then went stumbling along to the house.

'He said — I could have her — if I got started right off — he said — I could have her — if I got started right off — he said — he said — he said I could have her — if I got started —'

His mother met him at the door.

'Come in — Crosby —' she began brokenly, 'come in —'

'He said — *I could have her — if I got started right off!*' he shrieked out in

a high, quivering, babyish wail, 'and — I *did* — get started — right — off —'

'Hush — hush! You have worked — so hard! You are so tired!' She looked, with frightened eyes, at his dully burning cheeks.

'Take him up to bed — let me take him up,' came a husky voice behind them; and he was lifted in his father's arms and carried upstairs.

As they undid the straining buttons of the well-filled little waist, some papers dropped down to the floor and the man stooped and picked them up. He looked at them and put them in his pocket.

'I'm going to call up the doctor,' he whispered.

But after the doctor had come and gone, he went upstairs again and sat down by the bed, while his shocked eyes sought the small, still upturned face. It was so characteristic of the boy that, in a high fever, he should not chatter in delirium, that he should not scream wild things about a pony, that he should only lie there quietly, with his eyes closed and his face turned upwards. For a long time the watcher by the bed looked down in the flickering half-light, and then he went downstairs to his study and shut the door. When he had read the papers, which he took from his pocket, from beginning to end, he placed a clean sheet sharply on the desk before him, and with his mouth closed into a taut, straight line which relaxed into no curve of compromise as his pen marched down the sheet, Mr. Henry Tarbell wrote a letter to the Pony Man.

He sealed and directed it — and walked out of the house, with long strides, to the post-box.

It was many days later that he hung over the bed where a child lay tired out with fever, and gently said something that he thought might bring a little light back into the white face.

'They did send you a prize, Crosby, after all! A first-class little prize that has just come this morning! Look!' And he held up a small but crisply ticking watch upon a cheaply shining chain.

Crosby reached up his hand. 'I don't believe — it would keep the — right time — would it?' he asked slowly, with a suspiciousness quite new. And his unwavering eyes sought his father's.

'*Why* did they — write such a — lie to me — about the pony?' he challenged faintly.

'Forget it, boy!' returned his father gayly. 'We'll have a pony yet! We'll have to have one to get the color back into your face, I'm thinking! Say, sonny, I'm glad you got the old stall fixed up for it, are n't you?'

The unwavering eyes were still upon his father, and the first entirely unresisted tears that any one had ever seen in them since he stepped out of his baby's dresses and marched forth to life, with brave but unaccustomed feet, and steadying pauses, slipped quietly down the white cheeks.

'*You — you* would n't — talk that way — unless you meant it!' whispered Crosby.

AN ENCOUNTER

BY ROBERT FROST

ONCE on the kind of day called 'weather breeder,'
When the heat slowly hazes and the sun
By its own power seems to be undone,
I was half boring through, half climbing through
A swamp of cedar. Choked with oil of cedar
And scurf of plants, and weary and overheated,
And sorry I had left the road I knew,
I paused and rested on a sort of hook
That had me by the coat as good as seated,
And since there was no other way to look,
Looked up toward heaven, and there, against the blue,
Stood over me a resurrected tree,
A tree that had been down and raised again —
A barkless spectre. He had halted too,
As if for fear of treading upon me.
I saw the strange position of his hands —
Up at his shoulders, dragging yellow strands
Of wire with something in it from men to men.
'You here?' I said. 'Where are n't you nowadays?
And what's the news you carry — if you know?
And tell me where you're off for — Montreal?
Me? *I'm* not off for anywhere at all.
Sometimes I wander out of beaten ways
Half looking for the Orchid Calypso.'

ALCOHOL AND LIFE INSURANCE

BY EUGENE LYMAN FISK

I

APPROXIMATELY two thousand million gallons of alcoholic beverages are consumed each year in the United States. This whole vast aggregate is created from materials such as starch and sugar, which are necessary for the sustenance of mankind. Prodigious quantities of good food, soundly adapted to the human machine, are expensively treated and destroyed to make alcohol. Surely there is matter here for consideration in connection with the high cost of living.

But the alcohol question far transcends consideration of expense. In considering its importance to humanity, our inquiry naturally separates into three lines of investigation. First, there is its food value, because for ages alcohol has been used on the table. Rightly or wrongly, it has found its way into the good society of nourishment and hospitality. Second, its social value, its peculiar effect on brain and nervous system, entirely apart from its energy-providing or tissue-sparing qualities. Third, the demands it makes on the pocket and body, on mind and life.

These questions are of enormous social and economic importance. If real happiness, even though fleeting, if real energy, though only for the creative moment, can be secured for the price of a drink, let us all drink! Let us teach our wives and children to utilize these blessings of alcohol, if such there be, while also teaching its dangers. If the steady use of alcohol is beneficial to nor-

mal people, let us convert the total abstainer from his evil ways of neglect, and teach him the great benefit of indulgence. Let us warm him up and civilize him; let us show him what he is missing in life. But bear in mind that the question is put in a rigidly literal sense: Can real happiness and energy be secured *for the money price of a drink?*

This is a matter to be settled by logic applied to evidence. Unfortunately, as Spencer has said, the judgments of most men, even on the more important affairs of life, are determined rather by feeling than by evidence. This is peculiarly true as to the alcohol question.

As Dr. Haven Emerson recently expressed it, it is difficult for the physician who has seen the ravages of alcohol among hospital and dispensary patients to be impersonal and impartial in discussing it. Its ill effects are so frightful, the misery it unquestionably causes so widespread, that the impulse is to banish it forthwith from the earth rather than to take any further chances with its effects on humanity.

On the other side, however, we have the testimony, not to be lightly treated, of those who have used it temperately and value it; whose ancestors have used it temperately and valued it; who regard it as one of the solaces of mankind in a world that is all too full of weariness and sorrow and fatigue; who look upon it in part as a food, in part as a useful sedative to over-active or strained faculties which are battling with an existence daily growing more complex; such people would agree with

John Fiske, that alcohol 'diminishes the friction of living' and 'bridges over the pitfalls which the complicated exigencies of modern life are constantly digging for us.'

Regulation and moderation, rather than total abstinence, appeal to such thoughtful people as a reasonable compromise with alcohol. There are others — a very large percentage — who do not think at all, but just drink, and drink, and drink.

Those who are seeking to come to some conclusions as to the ultimate functions of alcohol and the desirability of its restriction to inanimate machines whose insides it cannot injure, would do well first to measure its total effects on humanity. Why go through the throes and agonies of debate and propaganda until we have settled the question as to whether or not the so-called moderate drinker needs to be disturbed in his indulgence, either by education or by legislation?

In a strictly scientific sense, of course, no drinking is moderate that causes any injury to the body, however slight, or that in any way impairs the efficiency of the mind or body. If alcohol in the smallest doses usually taken produces injurious effects and in any way lessens the efficiency of the body, then there is no such thing as moderate drinking. The question, Does moderate drinking shorten life? is a contradiction in terms. The logical form of the question is, Does alcohol in the smallest quantities customarily used as a beverage shorten life, impair the efficiency of the human body, or in any way adversely affect the mind, character, or career of the user?

What then are the sources of evidence?

Common observation of the obvious effects of fairly free indulgence in alcohol is not without its value. Every sensible person recognizes that there is a

danger-line in the use of alcohol long before visible intoxication is reached, and that life and character and action may be unfavorably affected by steady drinking. The most comprehensive and exact source of information, however, should be the death-rate among large masses of human beings who have used alcohol, as compared with other large masses, alike as to age and general condition, who have not used it. Fortunately, there is a large body of important evidence on the subject, which has lately been much increased in volume and in accuracy by the investigations of American life insurance companies.

In addition to the experience on large groups of lives as regards mortality, and the incidence of special forms of disease, we require the testimony of the laboratory as to the effect of alcohol on individuals — the measured effect of small doses, or at least doses approximating the smallest amount that would be used as a beverage. What action lesser amounts may have is a purely academic question, not confronting us in the workaday world. We also need the testimony of the clinic and of the sick-room as to the apparent effects of alcohol in therapeutic doses, its apparent influence on the course of disease. This latter evidence is less exact, yet not without its value when combined with evidence from other sources.

Now, the purely statistical evidence derived from life-insurance experience must be interpreted in the light of the evidence from varied sources on the effects of alcohol on the human organism. To accept the life-insurance figures at their face value would be unscientific and unsafe. Furthermore, the life-insurance statistics must also be considered in the light of evidence as to how they were accumulated, the various factors entering into the selection of insured lives that might influence the mortality in the classes considered.

The first important compilation of life-insurance experience showing the comparative mortality of abstainers and users, was that of the United Kingdom and General Provident Institution of Great Britain. This institution was founded at a time when the total abstainer was looked upon as a 'queer duck,' probably mentally unbalanced and certainly physically weak. In fact, this particular company was founded by a man who had been asked to pay an extra premium because he insisted on being a total abstainer. Later in the history of the company both classes were accepted, abstainers and users, but in no case those who were other than temperate in the use of liquor.

The records of this institution show that during the period from 1866 to 1910, the users of alcohol, who were about equal in number to the non-users, and selected as high-grade, temperate 'risks,' showed a mortality 37 per cent in excess of that exhibited by the abstainers. These figures are particularly significant because the users of alcohol showed a lower mortality than that of British insured lives generally. Thus the comparison was made with a high standard of excellence, and yet the abstainers excelled the standard to a marked degree.

It is of interest to know that, while in the course of the company's whole experience the excess mortality among users was 37 per cent, the mortality among users between the ages of 35 and 40 was 83 per cent in excess, showing the influence of some extremely unfavorable factor at that critical period. Was it alcohol? Let us wait and see.

The best evidence of the reality of the saving among the abstainers is the action of the company in paying bonuses to the abstainers, and the action of other companies in anticipating such bonuses by charging lower premium rates to abstainers. The saving is just

as genuine and positive as that affected by a manufacturer who is able to reduce the cost of manufacturing hats, or automobiles.

Other British and Scottish companies — the Sceptre Life, the Scottish Temperance Life, the Abstainers' and General Life — show similar experiences; not over so long a period or for such a large group, to be sure, but the evidence is all in one direction, the excess mortality among users ranging from 37 per cent to 51 per cent. These figures, though widely quoted by temperance reformers, have not until recently been accorded their full value by actuarial authorities in this country. Various explanations other than the influence of alcohol were offered, and the fact that they were chiefly British figures deterred many from accepting them as reflecting probable conditions among insured risks in this country.

Ekholm, reporting the experience of the Swedish Life Insurance Company, 1897-1906, on about 35,000 lives, of whom somewhat more than half were abstainers, found a general difference of 6 per cent in favor of abstainers, even in that brief period. Beyond the age of 44 the difference was 26 per cent in favor of abstainers. Here, too, the trend of the mortality (the difference in favor of the abstainers increasing with increasing age of the policies) suggests that on an experience as extended as that of the British company the abstainers would show an advantage of approximately the same degree.

Ekholm, again quoted by Quensel in the *Year-Book* of the United States Brewers' Association, claims that, to settle the question properly, comparison should not be made of abstainers with users; but that the mortality among those using alcohol in varying degrees should be compared with that among abstainers, so that zero might be compared with slight indulgence,

moderate indulgence, free indulgence, and so forth. He states that such statistics are now being collected in Sweden, but that it will take a long time to complete them.

Fortunately, we have in this country comprehensive evidence exactly along these lines. In 1908, forty-three American life insurance companies — the older established, 'old line' companies, few of which had made any important effort to establish a total-abstaining class — undertook to investigate their mortality experience among various classes of 'border-line' risks, such as overweights, underweights, those with histories of various illnesses, and the like, and included in the investigation the mortality among the users of alcohol, classified according to the degree of their indulgence. No investigation was made of total abstainers. There was also computed the relative death-rate from such organic diseases as pneumonia, Bright's disease, and cirrhosis of the liver among the various classes of drinkers, and among those engaged in the various branches of the liquor trade.

II

The investigation covered the period between the years 1885 and 1908, and its great value lies in the fact that the material was drawn from the records of 2,000,000 policyholders, and that all individuals were excluded from the study except those of sound average condition when insured. The final groups studied were, therefore, pure, or homogeneous, except for their varying use of alcohol or their varying exposure to alcohol as determined by their occupations. All extraneous influences, such as overweight, underweight, impaired family history, or personal history, were excluded. The results may be subdivided as follows.

First, those who were accepted as

standard lives, but whose histories showed occasional alcoholic excess in the past. The mortality in this group was 50 per cent in excess of the mortality among insured lives in general, equivalent to a reduction of over four years in the average lifetime of the group.

Second, individuals who took two glasses of beer, or a glass of whiskey, or their alcoholic equivalent, each day. In this group the mortality was 18 per cent in excess of the average.

Third, men who indulged more freely than the preceding group, but who were considered acceptable as standard insurance 'risks'. In this group the mortality was 86 per cent in excess of the average.

It should be borne in mind that these comparisons are made with the general class of insured individuals, both users and non-users of alcohol. Comparison with total abstainers alone would probably show much greater differences. It is noteworthy that in these drinking groups the death-rate from Bright's disease, pneumonia, and suicide was above the normal, and that among the steady so-called moderate drinkers — those using more than two glasses of beer or one glass of whiskey daily — the death-rate from cirrhosis of the liver was five times the normal.

The story becomes monotonous in its uniformity: wherever we find alcohol we find higher mortality, and a mortality consistently increasing with an increasing use of alcohol. But we must follow on the story to the end.

The collection of these insurance statistics was made under the direction of a committee of actuaries and medical directors selected by the representatives of the important life insurance companies of this country because of their peculiar fitness for the task. This committee, of which Mr. Arthur Hunter was chairman, constituted an extremely conservative as well as highly

specialized body of intelligence; indeed, these men were fairly saturated, not only with scientific, but with business conservatism, for their main purpose was to ascertain facts from which principles of business action could be derived. Alcohol was merely one feature among many that were investigated, and the conditions were such that no possible bias could influence the results. Nevertheless, these figures have been attacked by some and belittled by others, on the grounds that they were loosely assembled and that the varying practices of the contributing companies in accepting risks tended to make the results misleading and interfere with a well-balanced study of the conditions.

To test the general consistency of the figures, Mr. Hunter analyzed the experience of the company of which he is actuary, the New York Life, with the following results:—

Those drinking beyond 'Anstie's limit' (one and one-half ounces of absolute alcohol daily¹) were classified as steady free users. The mortality in that class was double that among the general body of policyholders accepted at regular rates: that is, the extra risk on these lives was as great as in cases of heart disease, syphilis, and other diseased or impaired states that loom much larger in the mind of the average drinker than does his indulgence. In fact, the insurance company treated these cases accordingly, and placed liens on the policies, or charged 'rated up' premiums, to provide against the expected high mortality. This was 'cold business'; no bias, no sentiment, but a charge for the risk, just as would be the case in an extra fire or marine risk. The man who passes Anstie's limit goes into a sub-standard class, and a poor sub-standard class at that. While individually he may escape, he

belongs to a class that is fated to lose twice as many men in the same space of time as the general average.

Further figures from the same company show the following:—

	<i>Approximate Extra Mortality</i>
Excessive use of alcohol a short time prior to date of application	80 per cent
Excessive use of alcohol not recently, but within 5 years of date of application	45 per cent
Entire class with history of excess, including above and also those whose last excess occurred more than 5 years prior to date of application	60 per cent ²

This confirms the clinical judgment expressed recently by Dr. Bernard Sachs, the neurologist, at a meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, that alcoholic excess always leaves some permanent injury on the life.

The figures of the New York Life Insurance Company show that among those who had taken a cure for alcoholism, but were temperate at time of acceptance, the extra mortality was 70 per cent. In the experience of the forty-three companies, among those who had taken a cure, but remained total abstainers up to the time of acceptance, the mortality was 35 per cent above the normal. Those who had been heavy drinkers, but who had reformed without taking a cure, showed an extra mortality of 32 per cent, doubtless because of stronger will-power and sturdier nervous constitution. These comparisons are made, as has been stated, with the general class of insured lives. In order to measure more closely the effect of so-called moderate drinking, Mr. Hunter has recently brought together a considerable group of experiences in which the relative mortality among abstainers and users in a number of American companies is shown.

¹ Equivalent to about three ounces of whiskey or about one quart of beer. — THE AUTHOR.

² Among these classes the death rate from apoplexy, Bright's disease, and suicide was high. — THE AUTHOR.

The Manufacturers' Life of Canada, the Security Mutual of New York, the Mutual Life of New York, have all published experiences which have now been brought up to recent date, and in addition the results in the Northwestern Mutual, the Phoenix Mutual, the Peoria Life, the Equitable Life of New York, and the New England Mutual are shown. Through Mr. Hunter's kindness I am able to produce these figures.

The Mutual Life's experience from 1875 to 1889 showed a mortality among abstainers 23 per cent less than among users. It was also found that the death-rate among beer-drinkers was almost the same as among wine- and spirit-drinkers. A second investigation by Dr. W. E. Porter, medical director of the company, covering the years 1907 to 1912, showed the mortality among total abstainers to be 17 per cent less than among temperate, and 26 per cent less than among moderate, users. These are doubtless minimum figures, as they cover only a few years, and do not give time to reckon with the full adverse effects of alcohol, especially as the cases under investigation had only recently been accepted after careful medical examination.

In the New England Mutual Life, Dr. Dwight reports the mortality among abstainers to be 17 per cent less than among those rarely using, 29 per cent less than among temperate, and 53 per cent less than among moderate, users. These classes were fixed by the habits at time of acceptance for insurance. The results were almost parallel with cases of tobacco-users, except that the free users of alcohol showed a much higher mortality than free users of tobacco.

The Northwestern Mutual's experience exhibited some curious conditions. Temperate beer- and wine-drinkers showed a mortality only about 3 per

cent in excess of abstainers, while whiskey-drinkers and heavy beer-drinkers showed a death-rate 25 per cent higher than the abstainers. This company had a clause reserving the right to cancel a policy for intemperance, and there was no attempt made to determine whether the abstainers continued their mode of life, as is usually done in companies maintaining a separate abstainers' department. Furthermore, this company ruled very strictly in accepting users of alcohol, so that the abstainer is compared with an unusually temperate type of insured 'risk'.

In 1900, the Equitable Life established an abstainers' class and admitted new entrants until 1906. People were eligible who had been total abstainers for a number of years. The dividends were effective at the end of ten years, and depended on the mortality in the abstainers' class. Judging from cases in which dividends have been paid, the death-rate in the abstaining class has been at least 25 per cent less than in the general class.

In the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, the mortality among abstainers accepted between 1851 and 1861, as compared with mortality in the general group of policyholders accepted since 1861, showed an advantage of 15 per cent among abstainers, notwithstanding the improvement in insurance mortality that has taken place in recent years.

The Security Mutual Life, of Birmingham, New York, established a total-abstainers' class in 1900. Up to the present the mortality for this class is 30 per cent less than for the general class.

The Manufacturers' Life of Canada has had an abstainers' section for the past twenty-nine years. In 1906-1910, the difference in favor of the abstainers was 40 per cent; in 1910-1916, 35 per cent. These gains of the abstainers are over a very favorable general mortality,

which tends to strengthen the view that the chief reason for the mortality difference is alcohol.

The Peoria Life has had an abstainers' section for the past seven years, and reports a difference in favor of abstainers of 25 per cent.

Another important American company gives me the following figures: abstainers show a death-rate 37 per cent lower than moderate, but not daily, drinkers; 32 per cent lower than steady users drinking less than three glasses of beer or two whiskies daily; and 50 per cent lower than those using more than three glasses of beer or two whiskies daily. All members of these drinking classes were accepted as supposedly temperate standard risks.

Not the least important feature of the investigation conducted by the forty-three companies was the mortality figures in occupations where alcohol figured as a hazard.

These were as follows:—

<i>Hotels</i>	<i>Death-rate above the normal</i>
Proprietors, superintendents, and managers not tending bar	35 per cent
Proprietors, superintendents, and managers tending bar	78 per cent
<i>Saloons and billiard rooms, pool rooms and bowling alleys with bar</i>	
Proprietors and managers not tending bar	82 per cent
Proprietors and managers tending bar	73 per cent
<i>Breweries</i>	
Proprietors, managers, and superintendents	35 per cent
Clerks	30 per cent
Foremen, maltsters, beer-pump repairmen, and journeymen	52 per cent
<i>Distilleries</i>	
Proprietors, managers, and superintendents (15% below normal)	
Traveling salesmen and collectors for distilleries, breweries and wholesale liquor houses (excluding lifelong total abstainers) . . .	28 per cent

Wholesale Liquor Houses

Proprietors and managers	22 per cent
Clerks	12 per cent

Restaurants with bar

Proprietors, superintendents, and managers not tending bar	52 per cent
Waiters in hotels, restaurants, and clubs where liquor is served . . .	77 per cent

These figures indicate that saloon-keepers have a death-rate higher than that of underground mine foremen; that brewery foremen, maltsters, and the like have a death-rate higher than electric linemen, glass-workers, city firemen (laddermen, pipemen, hosemen), metal grinders or hot-iron workers, although there is nothing in the brewery or saloon business *per se* that is at all hazardous or unhealthful, aside from the possible temptation to drink and its collateral hazards. Proprietors of distilleries are obviously not so directly exposed to temptation or to other adverse influences that obtain in the retail liquor trade; this accounts for the favorable mortality.

Among hotel-keepers tending bar the death-rate from cirrhosis of the liver was six times the normal; from diabetes, three times the normal; from cerebral hemorrhage or apoplexy, nearly twice the normal; from organic diseases of the heart, nearly twice the normal; from Bright's disease, nearly three times the normal; from pneumonia, nearly twice the normal.

For brewery officials insuring under 45, the death-rate from cancer and other malignant tumors, cerebral hemorrhage and apoplexy, organic diseases of the heart, pneumonia, and Bright's disease, among the proprietors, managers, and superintendents is about twice the normal, and from cirrhosis of the liver three times the normal. The death-rate from suicide is nearly twice the normal.

While there are individual differences in various companies, due to the vary-

ing standards of selection and classification, nevertheless the general trend of mortality is the same in all companies and shows that 'Old Mortality' and 'John Barleycorn' are exceedingly good cronies. Wherever you find alcohol you find the following formula at work: More alcohol = higher death-rate.¹

III

Nevertheless, scientific caution and veracity impose the obligation not to accept the life-insurance figures at their face value, but carefully to analyze and interpret them in the light of available knowledge regarding the physiological effect of alcohol, and also with due regard to the conditions under which these risks were selected. In judging the matter, all preconceived notions and traditions arising from the fact that alcohol has been closely interwoven with our social fabric for centuries should be excluded. Its age-long use is no proof that it is not a noxious and destructive agent, holding back the human race from higher planes of living. The postulate that time has justified alcohol involves an affirmation that we hold present conditions permanently satisfactory; that crime, immorality and

disease have reached an irreducible minimum.

There is, as a matter of fact, no evidence that man is either physically or mentally superior to what he was in the days of 'the Greeks, our masters.' On the contrary, there is much evidence that man is physically degenerate, notwithstanding the fall in the total death-rate due to the checking of epidemic disease and infant mortality. Both with and without alcohol nations have risen and fallen. The *post hoc ergo propter hoc* principle of reasoning is as unsafe in interpreting the effect of alcohol upon life-insurance mortality as its effect upon the historical progress of nations. In considering these things we must avoid the fallacious implication in the expression, 'survival of the fittest,' and remember that many organisms and races survive because they are barely just good enough, not because they have reached perfect adjustment and attained the highest possible development.

In reviewing the evidence offered by the life insurance companies, we must scrutinize the conditions under which the 'risks' were accepted. Whatever may have been the earlier ideas regarding total abstinence, it is well known that the non-abstaining policyholders in the British company whose experiences have been quoted were very carefully selected; indeed, the greater confidence in the longevity of abstainers manifested by the establishment of special departments for them no doubt influences the management of such companies to accept slightly impaired abstainers with greater confidence than slightly impaired users; hence there is no reason to believe that the general physical or social type of the abstainers was superior to that of the general class.

In the American companies especially, the custom has been to rule strongly

¹ Mr. Charles F. Emerson, Dean Emeritus of Dartmouth College, has been good enough to furnish me the following figures as to graduates of the College in Classes 1868 to 1878.

Deaths within 25 years of graduation

Non-users of liquor	13 per cent
Users of liquor	26 per cent

Deaths within 35 years of graduation

Non-users of liquor	22 per cent
Users of liquor	41 per cent

This is a small group, and would require close checking as to the homogeneity, except for alcohol, of the drinkers and non-drinkers; but in the light of the larger statistical evidence, it offers interesting confirmation of the fact that high mortality follows the flag of alcohol. — THE AUTHOR.

against the alcoholic. One large company with which I was connected for many years had an almost inflexible rule that intoxication within one year of the date of application disqualified a candidate; free drinking, exciting some doubt as to the future, disqualified for a period of at least three years after reform, if not permanently, depending upon the extent of the habit; and treatment for the liquor habit called for rejection. It will be noted that this was wise practice, according to the mortality figures just produced.

It is extremely important to bear this in mind, for the reason that these standards of selection show that the mortality figures as to drinkers are derived from supposedly favorable types, and that many individuals in the general population admitting the same degree of indulgence would show a higher mortality. That is, a policyholder admitting an indulgence of three glasses of beer daily would show a lighter mortality than the average man in the population indulging to the same degree. The application of a person suspected of being seriously tainted with liquor is never knowingly accepted on standard forms of insurance by any company. The same principle holds good for persons engaged in those special occupations in which liquor is a hazard. The habits of all such candidates are closely scrutinized, and the benefit of any reasonable doubt is given to the company rather than to the applicant.

It is commonly stated that, inasmuch as these classifications as to the degree of drinking were based on the applicants' own statements, they cannot be accepted as accurate, and that the excess mortality among the alleged moderate users of alcohol was due to the admission of cases of marked intemperance or to the subsequent development of intemperance among members of that class. Some allowance must of

course be made for such a factor, but the broad assumption that the life insurance companies accepted without question the testimony of applicants as to their habits is without warrant.

Even in the British companies, some evidence as to character other than the applicant's own statement is required; and the medical examiner is also required to pass upon the apparent truthfulness of the statements regarding the use of liquor, past and present.

In American companies, there is a very careful investigation made of the habits of life of all applicants. The 'moral hazard' is considered quite as carefully as the physical hazard, and a life that is morally impaired or seriously threatened with moral impairment is rejected. In other words, a man who is in danger of life-failure is not considered a good 'risk.' Liquor is one of the main factors in impairing the moral hazard. A life insurance company looks on this matter from a cold-blooded business standpoint, entirely apart from any standards of social morality. Men are often rejected because of drink who are still socially respected; and men are accepted for life insurance who are not socially respected, provided their habits are not injurious to health and their future seems reasonably secure. There has for years prevailed among life-insurance offices a distrust of the man who drinks every day, even in so-called moderation; and the applications of such persons are always scrutinized very carefully before acceptance. In the main, therefore, the classification of these persons with respect to their consumption of alcohol may be regarded as sufficiently accurate for the purpose of the inquiry.

IV

The question of the relative physical condition of abstainers and of the vari-

ous classes of insured drinkers having been considered, let us inquire as to the relative social character of the two groups. It has often been claimed that abstainers are a mean lot, often too stingy to die or indulge in anything except long life, and that they are drawn largely from occupations characterized by conservative living, such as that of clergyman, schoolteacher, college professor, and the like. In this connection, a summary of the statements of Mr. Roderick McKenzie Moore, Actuary of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, is entitled to a large measure of confidence. I have the best means of knowing that he is a man governed by scientific caution and veracity, desirous of presenting the facts free from bias, purely as a contribution to science.

He has stated that 'the total-abstainer class' was not nursed, or favored to produce a low mortality. So far as could be determined (and many of the risks came in personal contact with the officers) they were of the same general class as the non-abstainers. They were written by the same group of agents, for the same kind of policies, for the same average amounts, *and were in the same general walks of life*, and of the same general financial condition. They were almost equal in numbers to the general class and did not form a small high-grade section of the policyholding body. On the contrary, greater care was exercised in the selection of the users of alcohol because of the less favorable experience anticipated with them, and many border-line 'risks' were accepted in the abstaining class because of a feeling that their abstinence would neutralize some unfavorable factor.

These statements of the expert, who has personal contact with many of the cases in question, are of greater value than the off-hand criticisms of those

who have no first-hand knowledge of the group and who have never taken the trouble carefully to read and digest the evidence.

As to American evidence along similar lines, the analysis of the Security Mutual's abstaining group also shows that total abstainers are drawn from every class in the community.

Clergymen	4 per cent
Farmers	19 per cent
Clerks	15 per cent
Miscellaneous (men earning \$15 to \$25 per week)	62 per cent

There is a widespread impression that total abstainers are greatly in the minority in the population and among insured lives. To throw some light on this subject, two companies, at my request, followed back for a number of months their recent applications, which were in such form that the total abstainers could be distinguished from the users of alcohol. In the Postal Life 64 per cent were abstainers; in the Germania Life 55.8 per cent were abstainers. The rejection rate, excluding those who were rejected on account of intemperance, was about the same in the two classes of applicants, suggesting that total abstainers are in fact only average people, not a small group of 'health cranks.'

In the New England Mutual an analysis of 180,000 cases insured during the past sixty years showed 24 per cent abstainers and 11 per cent rarely using alcohol, or about 35 per cent practically abstaining from alcohol. The abstainers from tobacco were in about the same proportion. The low mortality among the abstainers in this company has already been mentioned.

The experience of the Life Extension Institute among the individuals it has examined is along similar lines. These examinations were for hygienic or life-lengthening purposes, and included large groups of supposedly healthy,

'average' people whose employers had subscribed for this service. Among industrial workers 45 per cent were abstainers. Among commercial workers (low average age). 72 per cent were abstainers.

The possible influence of psychopathic or "nervous" states and of excessive use of alcohol in the non-abstaining group must be considered, as already suggested. But here caution is necessary, and the evidence I have submitted bearing upon the characteristics of these groups and the standards maintained in their selection must be clearly borne in mind. That such conditions — existing psychopathic states and already attained intemperance — were factors of any considerable importance at the time of

acceptance, is not to be regarded as a reasonable hypothesis. Psychopathic conditions, including excessive or palpably injurious indulgence in alcohol, developing after the 'risks' had been on the books, must be accepted in the main as a charge against so-called moderate drinking. They are quite as much a possible effect of moderate drinking as any of the many other pathological conditions that are known to result from steady drinking, such as cirrhosis of the liver, fatty liver, or kidney affections, or the various forms of nervous disease or life-failure that may result from the psychic disturbances due to alcohol.

[The second of Dr. Fisk's papers will deal with Alcohol and Physiology.]

OUR RELATIONS WITH FRANCE

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

PRESIDENT WILSON's address before the League to Enforce Peace, and his acceptance speech, were significant. For the first time in our history official sanction was given to a new policy of accepting the responsibilities of active participation in world-politics. If we are to seek alliances in Europe, it is of prime importance that we should choose our friends carefully. It is the object of this paper to present arguments in favor of giving our preference to Republican France.

This war is bringing a larger and ever larger number of our citizens to the conclusion — now expressed by the President — that Washington's ad-

vice in regard to 'entangling alliances' has lost its reason. The policy of isolation which he advocated was obviously dictated by weakness. To-day we are strong. In the early years of our national life, if we had entered a European alliance, it would have been to seek protection. We would have had to go — cap in hand — begging alms. We could have had no influence in forming the policy of the allies who consented to shelter us. To-day, with no false, spread-eagle pride, we can claim a larger measure of equality. Our friendship is now desired. Our wishes will receive due consideration.

Mere mechanical progress — quite

aside from our accession of strength — has also lessened the force of Washington's advice. Steam and submarine cables have made the world smaller by knitting it more closely together. Before many years aircraft will cross the ocean. Such isolation as the founders of our country found wise is no longer possible. So the desirability of definite understandings — in one form or another — with some of the European nations becomes every day more evident.

Many advocates of this new policy have centred their efforts on propaganda for an Anglo-American accord. Friendship with the British Empire — more especially with the self-governing dominions — is almost a necessity for us. It is hard to imagine any satisfactory future which is not based on cordial coöperation with the great Canadian commonwealth. But, in a previous paper, I have tried to point out that Britain — like our own country, like every country — is a house divided against itself. Every nation is the theatre of an internal war, the ceaseless conflict between progress and reaction. If the British Tories maintain the supremacy which the stress of this war has — perhaps only temporarily — given them, there is little hope of cordial relations, and less hope of utility from a paper accord. If, as we must hope, liberal democratic counsels prevail in Britain, the mutual advantages of an Anglo-American understanding are obvious. In so many ways there is direct contact between our two peoples. Hostility would be as tragic as civil discord, as distressing as family quarrels. But our desire for friendly relations with the mother country is not based on the ties of blood. It is not England, but English Liberalism that we admire. We are not Anglophiles, but lovers of liberty.

The arguments in favor of close co-

operation with the French Republic have not been so often stated, but they are none the less compelling. We have no long land frontier with France as we have with the British Empire. But surely the fact that we cannot do each other immediate hurt is no cause why we should not be friends. France should have a first place in our consideration of European accords, because she was our first friend. The military aid which the court of Versailles gave us — to spite their rivals of Windsor — is the smallest part of our ancient debt. This help was of very real value to us, but small indeed compared to the wealth of ideas we borrowed so freely from the French thinkers of those days.

Our political institutions are a medley. Some of them, like our language, we inherited, willy nilly, from England. Some of them we consciously chose from France. The ideas of Rousseau, much more than the political theories of the mother country, inspired us in our first efforts toward democratic liberty. The things which have given us a national individuality, which have differentiated us from 'colonials,' — who in Vernon Lee's epigram are 'people who mispronounce English,' mere unsuccessful imitators, — are the ideals we borrowed from France.

And such ideals were of more value to our fathers, are of more value to us, than the military assistance of the French monarch. It is to the spirit of the Encyclopædists much more than to the sword of Lafayette that we are so deeply indebted.

A second reason why we should give preference to France in considering European accords has to do with present utilities and future hopes rather than with the debts of the past. If we are in earnest about our republicanism, we should choose republicans for our friends.

Do we to-day believe passionately in the Republic? Do we wish to hand down to our children the liberties our fathers bought us with their blood? If so, we must not hide our convictions and desires. We shall not help the cause of republicanism at home by pretending that we are indifferent about it abroad.

Our fathers believed that kings and castes were impediments in the development of human liberty. Earnestly and outspokenly they believed that their ideals of popular government would triumph. The record is plain: they hoped that the free people for whom they were forging institutions would be the leaders and light-bearers of republicanism the world around. It was manifest weakness that dictated Washington's cautious advice. It was necessary for us to solidify our own political life before risking adventures — even in the Good Cause — abroad. For the thirteen original states to have offered their support to the struggling republicans of Europe would have been merely laughable — as though Liberia should espouse the cause of the black folk against the whites. But as soon as we had grown a little stronger, Monroe dared to pledge our protection to the republics of this hemisphere. Our strength has multiplied since then. Have we lost our ardor for political liberty?

The Great War has accelerated the evolution which was inevitably drawing us from isolation to an active rôle on the stage of world-politics. The old, comfortable policy no longer suffices. More sharply defined relations with the nations of Europe are necessary. We are strong enough to choose our friends. Shall we give our preference to those most heavily armed or to those who sympathize most heartily in our political aspirations?

This is an issue we cannot evade. If

we are to enter into closer contact with the peoples of Europe, we must inevitably throw our influence — and it will be great — for or against the political theories we profess to revere. The conflict between equal citizenship, republicanism, and the rule of privileged classes in the monarchies, is too bitter to permit neutrality. If we, the greatest republic, pass by those who cherish our ideals to seek friendship with those who despise them, it will be a bitter blow to republicanism in Europe. And such abject renunciation will have its inevitable result at home.

It was from the philosophers of the French Revolution that we learned these ideals. It is in France that they are most honored in the Europe of to-day. The Divine Right of kings has few defenders left. But, outside of France, the republicans of the Old World are everywhere in desperate struggle with the theory that government should be by, for, and of the better born. We cannot enter the council of world powers without taking sides in this controversy. We shall cut a sorry figure indeed if we assume an apologetic attitude toward our home-spun institutions. We shall be denying our dearest aspirations, if we do not proudly give our preference to those who share them.

There is a *realpolitik* argument in favor of an alliance with Republican France, which will perhaps have more weight with some than a sentimental appeal for loyalty to our ideals. History abundantly proves that the strength of coalitions lies, not in the number of soldiers, but in the similarity of desires which inspires the constituent nations. Current events point the same moral. To the mere statistician, the Powers of the Entente were always immensely stronger than the Germanic Alliance. But it is obvious that Britain and France and Russia,

Belgium and Servia, Italy and Portugal — and now Rumania — have not been fighting in unison, have not been inspired by the same ideals. It has taken them two years to acquire a tardy and precarious unity. The Central Powers have been stronger in action than on paper because their desires, even if more predatory, are more uniform. The durability and strength of an alliance depends more on similarity of aspirations than on mere numbers.

In superficial ways we differ largely from the French. They are an ancient people and we very young. They are homogeneous and we so 'hyphenated.' The structure of their economic life is different from ours. France has been worked over so long that wealth is only acquired by industry and thrift. No Frenchman has ever discovered gold in his backyard; none hopes to. We rely overmuch on such luck. But when subtraction is made of such surface differences, the residue is strikingly similar. We have more in common with the French than with any people of the Old World.

The war has brushed away an old prejudice. No nation of degenerate pleasure-lovers, no people enslaved by vice, could have stood up with such sublime and simple heroism under this storm of war. The mass of our people to-day recognize as never before that 'frog-eaters' is an inadequate epithet. It is regrettable that opportunity has not been given us to live down our bad reputation in France. Such ill-repute is always mutual. Those of our tourists who have brought us back descriptions of the French, based on experience in the night cafés of Montmartre, are those who spent much money and time in such resorts. We have too often judged the French by their stories. But just as often the French have judged us by them. The current

French opinion of us is not flattering. We can only hope that, if some great misfortune, such as war, falls upon us, we may disprove their estimate of us, as they are in these days so nobly disproving our light judgment of them. The present universal admiration of the way in which the French have borne the first shock of the war, and held the pass till their more slow-moving allies could come up, is a sound foundation for a new and more intimate friendship.

But even admiration is not so firm a basis for international friendship as similarity of political aspirations. The French have kept faith with the ideal — which we borrowed from them and have made fundamental in our own institutions — of respect for the citizen, of the common dignity of man. It is rather the fashion nowadays for the erudite to scoff at the unscientific idealism of their Declaration of Rights and of our Declaration of Independence. But a habit of mind exists in both countries — and it is a small matter whether it was the cause or is the result of these old manifestoes — which is the basis, the necessary basis, of true republicanism. That General Joffre should chance to be of humble parentage no more surprises the French than it surprises us. In the rest of Europe, where the gradations of the social hierarchy are so minute and precise, such democracy has never taken root. Robert Burns's statement that a man's a man for a' that' is true to life in France. In England it is still poetry — an unrealized aspiration.

Once the barrier of language is passed, the American in France finds himself at home in political matters. The difference in speech is a very real handicap. If we read French books and newspapers as easily as we read those printed in London, there would be no novelty in the idea that our polit-

ical life is essentially the same. The French have not realized their ideal of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' any more successfully than we have provided an equal chance for 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' to all our citizens, but the same basic assumption of equal human dignity is as ingrained in their politics as in ours. It was from them that we learned such aspirations.

With a somewhat different constitution and better electoral machinery, the French voters are facing the same issues as we. Their republican experiment has been more stormy than ours. They had, first of all, to free themselves from a stubborn past. But these battles with kings and nobles and priests, which we never had to face, they have won. And to-day the common people of France are face to face with a plutocracy surprisingly—and depressingly—like ours. We are not only in accord on the basic principles of government. Our methods of political graft are as like as two peas. Such similarities are inherent, for after all the problems of republicanism are everywhere the same—the same high idealism, the same faulty human material.

France also—to a degree unknown in the other Great Powers of Europe—shares our devotion to the principle of democratic education. The City of Paris has raised a statue to Danton. On its pedestal are his words: '*Après le pain, l'éducation est le premier besoin du peuple.*' The statue of another great Republican, Gambetta, stands before the Louvre. Out of his thousand speeches they have chosen to carve in the stone one on behalf of free, universal public schools. The French, as clearly as our fathers, have realized that free, democratic education—equal intellectual opportunities for all citizens—is the cornerstone of the Republic. There is deep signifi-

cance for all lovers of liberty in the dry statistics which show the per-capita expense of the national schools of France. And their ideal of education—like ours—is to make, not efficient, loyal subjects, but free men and citizens. France is our logical ally.

A third reason—the strongest of all—why we should include France in any project of European accords is to avoid the obvious danger of Anglo-Saxon Imperialism which is involved in a dual alliance with Britain.

After this war, if the Entente is victorious, Great Britain, with her colonies and dominions, will be the most powerful political unit in the world. If we reach a 'gentleman's agreement' with her, there will be no material reason why we should not rule the world for a space and divide between us the fullness thereof. Moderate military development on our part would make possible an Anglo-American empire more complete than the dream of any Cæsar. Calling it a 'League to Enforce Peace' would not alter the facts.

Once established, such a régime would last as long as the people of the East found it tolerable. If our statesmen were wise enough to share the profits with the Slavs, it might perpetuate white domination for many centuries. It is so feasible a project that it inevitably tempts our own imperialists and those of Britain. Calling it by its right name might defeat its purpose. So 'trade supremacy,' the 'conquest of foreign markets' are the phrases in current use. An official of the United Fruit Company once told me that his corporation owned two thirds of the active capital in Costa Rica. Sixty cents out of every dollar produced by the Costa Ricans goes to absentee American stockholders. There is no impossibility in the way of generalizing this situation. The International Corporation—a dozen similar enterprises

here and in England — is working in this direction. Such commercial Cæsarism would require military strength to defend its investments, but, combined with Britain, we would have that. We could live at ease, as the Athenians, Romans, and Venetians did of old, on the immense tribute of wealth that such a traders' empire would bring us. We should rarely have to fight, and we could hire mercenaries for that. We could quiet all social discontent at home by largess of bread and circuses. And there would be enough glory to satiate even the most hungry.

But democracy has never survived such imperial adventures. There is no reason to suppose it ever will. Nothing breeds tyrants at home so surely as the practice of tyranny abroad. We are too deeply attached to our hard-won liberties, too strongly resolved on winning new freedoms, to embark consciously on such a course. The danger to us lies in the chance that we may ignore the danger. If we fall before the temptation of Cæsarism, it will be because — like former democracies — we did not in time realize that our Cæsar was ambitious. Even after a hundred years of historical research it is hard to tell when Bonaparte ceased to be a sincere republican.

But no matter how unconscious we may be of such a danger, it is the constant preoccupation of Continental statesmen. No matter how innocent our intentions might be, the announcement of a British-American alliance would mean to the rest of the world that the menace of Anglo-Saxon domination was real and immediate. It would be resisted more bitterly, if less hopefully, than the threat of Germanic hegemony.

We are an enigma to the people of Europe. Our ideals and aspirations are little known. But they have seen us acquire Texas and California, the

Philippines and Porto Rico. They expect us to 'take' Mexico. They have also watched the growth of the British Empire. It will occur to very few of them to hope that the Liberals of America and Britain might combine to establish a League to Enforce Justice. All the world would see in such an accord the triumph of imperialism in both countries. The seeds of new jealousies, heavy with the inevitable harvest of war, would be sown.

It is possible, even probable, that the diplomats who arranged the Triple Entente — France, Britain and Russia — really desired to establish a peace of justice. But the better their intentions were, the more lamentable was their failure to make their professions convincing. It was not altogether the fault of the Germans that they believed that Delcassé, Lord Lansdowne, and King Edward were hostile to them. Professions of good intentions are of small value unless they are believed. Probably the greatest weakness of Sir Edward Grey is that few people outside of England believe what he says.

The possible dangers to the rest of the world from an Anglo-American alliance are so great that it would be naïve folly not to foresee the suspicions and fears and hatreds it would generate. No matter how vociferously we announced our love of peace and equity, nobody would believe us. There is no better way to avoid such misunderstanding of our intentions than to openly proclaim our friendship with Republican France.

The old brand of alliances has been sadly discredited by this war. Their framers always overflowed with oratorical assurances that their object was to 'preserve the peace of Europe.' But the alliances they made were — in spirit, if not frankly in works — offensive as well as defensive. They were always aimed *against* some rival. 'The Bal-

ance of Power' implied opposition, the weighing of one hostile army against another. It is not too much to hope that the accords of the future may have a different tone. If we are able to maintain our neutrality to the end of this struggle, we shall be peculiarly well placed to aid in drawing up the formulæ of the New Diplomacy.

We should seek inclusive, not exclusive, accords. Our arbitration treaty, which we were willing to sign with any nation which accepted its principle, was a step in the right direction. We should carefully avoid in our treaties clauses which might be construed as exclusive, as *against* any peoples. We should make our liberal purpose clear by seeking first a formal understanding with the great Republic of Europe. But we should so frame the document that any other nation — belligerent or neutral — which loved liberty might sign it. That must be the far ideal of all who seek peace — an equitable accord with all the world.

Our immediate diplomatic programme — if we decide to give up Washington's policy of isolation — should be a treaty with France, so drawn that all the Liberals of Britain would see in it an invitation to cordial coöperation, so worded that our own imperialists and those of England would recognize that it was a death-blow to the dream of Anglo-American

Cæsarism. When the war is over the party truce, made in the face of danger, will be broken at Westminster. The Coalition Cabinet will fall. The old, old struggle between aristocratic imperialism and democratic liberalism will begin again in England. An invitation to join a Franco-American accord will be of great value to the British Liberals in this conflict. They could offer their voters peace, and their opponents could offer only new armament taxes, new wars. France, as ardently as we, must hope for a Liberal victory in England. There is no way in which we could more directly and effectively help to this end than by offering to Great Britain a definitely liberal alliance.

A Franco-Anglo-American agreement would be free from the imperialistic dangers of a dual alliance with Britain. By its liberal tone it would disarm the suspicions of the rest of the world. It would benefit the two European partners by putting us as a buffer between them in the inevitable frictions of colonial competition. Unless it became unbearably aggressive and unjust, no one would risk attacking it. It would prove a magnet, drawing to it other nations. Such an alliance, if it welcomed all who shared its ideals, might develop into a true League of Peace — a federal organization of the world.

SOME FALLACIES IN THE MODERN EDUCATIONAL SCHEME

BY ALFRED E. STEARNS

I

FOR a number of years thoughtful men and women have viewed with increasing apprehension, if not alarm, the growth and spread of radical ideas in American education. The public school from its very nature has suffered most from the inroads of modern pedagogy; but institutions of all kinds, public and private, higher and lower, have felt the effects of the pressure, and in greater or less degree have been forced to modify courses of study, methods of work, and even ideals. Just now the strength of this pressure is greater than ever before, backed as it is by educational authorities and foundations whose ability cannot be questioned and whose financial resources enable them almost to force upon the public the acceptance of the ideals they advocate. The education of the past is everywhere on the defensive; old ideals are being undermined; methods that have served for generations are scorned as unworthy; and finally, to complete the destruction, we are frankly asked to tear down the old structure, carry away the very foundation-stones on which it has rested for centuries, and build anew.

Just what material we are to use in this new structure the modern pedagogical 'experts' are not yet quite ready to tell us. Never mind! The old structure is inadequate. Therefore away with it! Time, an overruling Providence, the

adaptable American genius, or perhaps, best of all, the American pedagogical 'expert,' in due season will furnish both plans and material.

Before we examine in detail the criticisms and suggestions of these modern 'experts' in education it will help us to consider briefly, and in a general way, the broad contrasts between the old education and the new: not the individual studies so much as the ideals and aims involved; for unless we are seeking a definite goal subjects and subject-matter are of little importance.

Early education in America centred largely in New England and was colored by English ideals. Settlers as they moved westward carried with them the ideas and methods to which they were accustomed, and schools and colleges arose to testify to the depth of their convictions. This early education was frankly designed to be intellectual and moral. The development of character was its chief object. It has been criticized on the ground that it was intended primarily to meet the needs of those who were training for the Christian ministry, men who were avowedly to become the intellectual, moral, and religious leaders of the communities in which they lived; and that in consequence it failed to provide for those who were destined to fill other positions in life. The public has been too ready to accept this criticism at its face value without investigating the facts on which it is based. Education

has suffered greatly in consequence, for destructive criticism invariably appeals to the common mind, and that too before a constructive remedy has been offered.

It would be hard to find this early ideal of education more clearly stated than it is in the constitution of Phillips Academy, penned by the hand of the then Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in the year 1777. Mr. Phillips was not a clergyman. By profession he was a business man. But he became a statesman and a judge; and he was always and primarily an intelligent, broad-minded, and public-spirited citizen.

'But above all,' he writes, 'it is expected that the Master's attention to the disposition of the Minds and Morals of the Youth under his charge will exceed every other care; well considering that, though goodness without knowledge (as it respects others) is weak and feeble, yet knowledge without goodness is dangerous, and that both united form the noblest character, and lay the surest foundation of usefulness to mankind.' In another paragraph, after specifying the subjects to be taught, and in order to emphasize the main purpose of his foundation, Mr. Phillips closes with these homely but significant words, 'but more especially to learn them [youth] the great end and real business of living.' And this same spirit and these same ideals inspired the large majority of those who throughout this land founded the hundreds of schools and colleges that in the passing years have done so much to make this nation truly great.

No doubt a candidate for the Christian ministry, then as to-day, would profit by an education that sought to realize such high ideals as these. But the writer was concerned with youth in general, and he knew, as every

thoughtful, intelligent man must know, that the ultimate strength of any nation lies in the character of its citizens, no matter how efficient they may be on practical lines. Character must be the foundation. And character did not mean to these far-sighted men mere moral goodness. Character, then as now, was composed of the trained mind plus moral strength. Build on that foundation whatever type of building you please. It will be the stronger and the better because it is built on rock. We must search far to find a higher ideal of education than this. Its faults, regarded from present-day conditions, are to be found, not in what it advocates, but in what it omits. New conditions have developed new needs; and these needs must rightly be satisfied. But they cannot be satisfied with permanent benefit to the country and the world if the true basis of education, so clearly recognized by our fathers, is ignored or deemed outworn.

The modern educational ideal so loudly proclaimed by its advocates furnishes a marked contrast to the old. At its basis it is frankly materialistic and utilitarian. Practical efficiency is its goal. Not all will admit the truth of this assertion; but the more one studies the subject and uncovers the influences that are chiefly responsible for these modern theories of education, the more one is forced to admit the soundness of this contention. And whether one admits it in full or not, there can be no doubt that the materialistic spirit so overwhelmingly present in our American life to-day has been a powerful factor in shaping and coloring our modern educational ideals. 'Fit our youth for life,' is the insistent demand of the new. 'Fit our youth to live,' is the cry of the old.

Four years ago a typical American business man with a son to educate wrote as follows: 'I want my boy to

specialize. I want him to have the following and nothing else — Mathematics, French, German, Spanish (not the average schoolroom language, but instruction that will enable him to speak them). I want him to have the opportunity for manual training, so that he may develop a strong mechanical turn that he has. — I do not want any Latin, History or Grammar. The boy might, if he has time, take English Literature. My only reason to make a change is because I must have him develop along the lines I have indicated, not a lot of instruction that will do him no good in after life. We cannot afford to waste our time in that way in these days.'

This letter expresses with commendable frankness the opinions held by thousands of American parents of the present day, opinions with which our American schoolmasters are altogether too familiar. Its author has clearly in view the goal he seeks for his son. That goal is avowedly materialistic. With that goal in view, and with his own intellectual limitations, the father is perhaps consistent in demanding a narrow and limited course of study. But the man of wider scholarship and broader vision will refuse to admit that the boy in question would not make in the end a better business man, even in the limited sphere which his father had in view, if he had acquired in the course of his training some knowledge of history, grammar, and English Literature. Yet this is a fair sample of the kind of pressure that with increasing force has been exerted in recent years against our American educational institutions. The public high school, the avowed servant of a local public, has felt the pressure most and at first hand. Largely through the public school this same pressure has been extended to the higher institutions. The state universities are practically moulded by it. Insist-

ent demands are made that subjects of a practical nature wholly, and designed primarily to meet the needs of pupils who will not or cannot continue their education beyond the high-school stage, shall be accepted for admission by our colleges and universities. Public pressure so pronounced cannot well be ignored. In varying degrees the higher institutions have yielded to it, until it is hard to recognize in the child of to-day the parent of the past.

But not alone in the goal sought for does the new education differ from the old. The contrast is equally marked when we examine subject-matter and methods. The old curriculum was largely linguistic; the new is primarily scientific and technical. The old laid stress on the value of mental discipline; the new denies that such a thing as mental discipline, save within the narrowest limits, exists. The old accepted as a self-evident truth the value of hard and strenuous work *per se*; the new denies this value save as that work is directed toward a definite end and along the lines of the pupil's interest. The old was based on the conviction that history and literature, ancient as well as modern, had their lessons to teach and their inspiration to give even to the pupil of 'these days,' and that an insistence on the mastering of the general facts of history and a familiarity with the thoughts of great writers would better fit a man to meet the demands of life and would give him a reserve force of resources to draw upon over and above the narrower demands of his everyday life; the new would limit history to the study of those facts alone that can be made to fit into immediate modern needs, and would confine the study of literature to the limits of a pleasant pastime.

Surely there is enough here to convince us of the wide divergence between the new education and the old.

And there is ample room for argument. From the strength of their backing and the wide publicity given to their utterances one might infer that the modernists in education had the field pretty much to themselves. But it is a significant fact that, with no matter how great assurance the 'expert' may proclaim his views, the majority of schoolmasters and many of our leading college authorities, whose business it is to deal at first hand with, and with all sides of, the youth committed to their care, refuse to be converted by these modern theorists and steadfastly decline to accept as true what their everyday experience convinces them is false. Not that they are unwilling to admit that there is much in the modern views that is sound. Far from it. They have accepted much and are ready to accept still more. But they are not willing to destroy the very foundations on which much of their best work has so long and so securely rested, or to swallow without a struggle the absurd nostrums which, in the name of education, are being so generously concocted for them in the laboratories of the modern pedagogical 'expert.' The modernists have gone too far.

II

Let us examine for a moment, and in brief detail, some of the most significant and radical of these modern views. Under the auspices of the General Education Board two striking pamphlets have recently been issued, one by President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University, entitled *Changes Needed in Secondary Education*; the other by Mr. Abraham Flexner, entitled *A Modern School*. Mr. Flexner has even more recently published in the *Atlantic* an able and interesting article under the title 'Parents and Schools.' These three articles,

both because of the known ability of their authors and because of the wide publicity which has been given them, will supply us with all the material needed for our discussion.

Dr. Eliot is chiefly concerned with the seeming lack of observational studies in the curricula of many of our best American schools. This is not a new complaint. Those who are familiar with Dr. Eliot's ideas of education know how long and how insistently he has advocated the introduction of observational studies. Unique modifications made in the entrance requirements of Harvard University under his leadership testify to the strength of his conviction. Dr. Eliot's views on any subject, and especially education, are justly entitled to profound respect. No one will accuse him of dabbling in 'fads' and 'fancies' as so many modern 'experts' are accustomed to do. And yet it is a serious question in the minds of many observers whether the changes introduced by Dr. Eliot into the admission requirements of his own university have given any tangible evidence of the development among its students of that coördination of eye and hand and mind and that increased mental alertness which are claimed as their goal. Some even are skeptical enough to believe that the reverse is true.

No doubt there is much to be said in favor of Dr. Eliot's contention as to the value of observational work. Many of our schools are acting in this belief, and most of them provide far more opportunity for observational study than even Dr. Eliot admits; for school programmes tell but half the tale. That the boy on the country farm has unique opportunities for this kind of study and must profit significantly thereby cannot be denied. That these opportunities are rapidly disappearing with the increase in urban life is no

less true. But it is a serious question whether artificial laboratories and extended school curricula can ever be made to supply what has been lost. Much of the farmer-boy's labor was done from a sense of duty and as a matter of course. Therein lay a large part of its permanent value to the individual. Recreation was play and pleasant. Work was work, and frequently hard and disagreeable. The interests of the boy were not consulted. Schoolmasters are only too sadly aware of the fact that, when students are left to their own devices in making use of such artificial opportunities for observational studies as schools can supply, interest points to the line of least resistance or the easiest subject offered; and even interest wanes as the work progresses. And yet we are assured that the interest of the individual pupil should be our guide in planning courses of study for undeveloped boys and girls.

In one important respect Dr. Eliot appears to differ from the modernists. Power derived from hand- and eye-work, he says, can be transferred to book-work when once created. If this is so, the reverse should be true. But the modernists tell us with emphasis that power secured through the study of a given subject can be transferred in only a limited degree to the study of kindred subjects and not at all to subjects of a different kind. But more of this doctrine later. Dr. Eliot's attitude is common enough among men of exceptional ability, whatever the nature of their earlier training. Possessed of unusual intellectual powers, they naturally long for those things that have been denied them; and the pre-eminently successful business man, engineer, or scientist, whose training has been largely if not wholly based on observation, feels the lack of memory training as keenly as Dr. Eliot feels the lack of training in observational

study. Schoolmasters who have talked with parents of this class and have heard them express their ambitions for their sons can testify to the truth of this assertion. Dr. Eliot himself admits that if one were forced to choose between training the senses and training the memory and the language powers one would choose the latter. Unfortunately we are not all geniuses; and the result of the attempts to combine these two factors in our education of to-day is that our boys and girls are being given a smattering of many things and an exact knowledge of none. Observational subjects very naturally most interest a child; but that interest does not often hold; and in the meantime the average child seems clearly to lose his willingness and ability to handle successfully the less agreeable but equally, if not more, important work demanded by memory and linguistic studies.

Dr. Eliot opens up a big question when he says, 'The men who since the nineteenth century began have done most for the human race . . . are the men of science, the artists, the craftsmen, etc.' This may be true of the limited period specified. It is not true in the history of the human race as a whole. In spite of all science has done to make life more comfortable and more pleasant in recent years we could more readily and with less disaster to the human race part with these benefits than we could with those less tangible but infinitely more valuable possessions which lie largely within the realm of ideas, which through the centuries have moulded and lifted humanity, and which have been given to us by the world's great philosophers and thinkers. One thing is clear: the admirers of Dr. Eliot, and they are many, will ever be grateful that he was trained and his marked ability developed under the old order rather than the new.

It is difficult to discuss the substance of the other two articles referred to above without a feeling of impatience: the changes suggested are so radical; the justification offered so unsatisfactory; and the new scheme of things so boldly proclaimed as worthy to replace the old, so indefinite and incomplete. From beginning to end these articles bristle with assumptions. And yet we are constantly reminded that the main trouble with the old education is that it is based on assumption. The author would seem to be lacking in a sense of proportion, or humor, or both.

The theory of the non-transferability of power is one to which the modern pedagogical psychologist — whatever his right to that title — has given an unusual amount of attention. Indeed, he is fully satisfied that he has settled the matter beyond dispute; that intellectual power acquired through the study of any given subject cannot be utilized for other work; and that the whole question is no longer open to argument. The absurd limits to which he is willing to carry the logical conclusion of his premises seem not yet to have been fully reached, and already cause the ordinary mortal something of a shock. To the 'expert' these conclusions may seem sound. To the average schoolmaster, dealing with facts rather than theories, the prosecution has signally failed to make out its case. We are perhaps ready to grant that the old theory has been a bit overworked; that we have laid a bit too much stress on the value in other work of effort directed towards the mastering of a given subject. But the ridiculous extremes to which the modernists have carried their doctrine make us only belligerent.

Such at least was the effect recently created on a representative gathering of schoolmasters when one of the acknowledged leaders in this modern school asked with commendable frank-

ness that his remarkable claims be accepted as final truths. We were assured that even in the modern realm the old doctrine had proved itself a mere fetish. In proof of this contention we were told that it was a well-known fact that gamblers, notoriously dishonest in ordinary relationships, would scrupulously meet all gambling obligations, and that business men who were the soul of honor in personal and domestic affairs would not hesitate to resort to dishonest practices in business. A pugnacious member of the gathering, unable longer to control himself, finally put this pointed question to the speaker. 'Do you mean to imply that the habits of honesty in thought and speech and conduct that I am daily seeking to develop in my young son will not be of value when he enters upon a business career in later years, but that a fresh start must then be made?' With a smile of assurance the champion of this new doctrine replied, 'That is a fair assumption.'

A more monstrous doctrine than this it would be difficult to conceive. We must admit its consistency, to be sure, but we are not willing to deny the validity of our own senses, of the facts of everyday experience, and the testimony of the human race since the dawn of history. If the old theory, accepted through the centuries as a self-evident truth, is based on assumption as the modernists claim, their own startling doctrine is surely so based, and to an infinitely greater degree. Schoolmasters who are compelled to deal with the product of this sort of teaching find little to arouse their enthusiasm. And men and women everywhere who clearly recognize how precious to their later lives have been the results secured through training under the old established order will steadfastly refuse to accept such a gross assumption as this. The 'expert' is more on the defensive

than he seems to realize. But he will realize the fact with increasing force just so soon as sensible men and women comprehend the absurd extremes to which his doctrine logically carries him, refuse to accept his assertions on faith, and begin to do a little serious thinking for themselves.

III

Closely related to the theory of the non-transferability of power is the problem of mental discipline so scoffed at by the modernist. Mr. Flexner tells us that mental discipline is an 'impressive phrase,' that it is based on pure assumption, and that no affirmative case can be made out for it. He chooses the study of Latin as the basis of his argument, and cites the case of Mr. James J. Hill to prove that mental discipline may be secured in other ways than by the study of that ancient language. Surely the modernists must be hard pressed for material if they are compelled to dig up isolated cases of this kind to support their contentions. Has any one ever claimed that mental discipline could be secured alone by the study of Latin or any other individual subject? As well argue that there is no mental discipline to be had in developing a large portion of a sparsely settled continent because, forsooth, Mr. Gladstone developed his unique intellectual powers through the study of the classics and in other old-fashioned ways. One wonders that so able a man as Mr. Flexner should have resorted to such a makeshift as this. Innumerable cases can be cited of men who in the world's history have attained the highest degree of mental discipline without the aid of Latin, or, for that matter, of the American Northwest. Yet it might not be impertinent to ask just why Mr. Hill elected to send his sons to college, and one of them at least for a despised

classical course. It is just possible that Mr. Hill recognized — as so many other self-made men like him have clearly recognized — a real lack in his earlier training, a lack which he believed could be supplied by the curriculum of an old-fashioned college. Or was it culture — perish the thought! — that he sought for his children? May we even dare to mention this subject on which the modern 'expert' has heaped his most violent anathema?

Yes, there are some who have not yet bowed the knee to the materialistic Baal so widely set up as our modern American god. And, strange to relate, some of these benighted old-fashioned folk, with their 'inherited' and 'traditional' ideas of education, are wonderfully successful men of business and affairs, even when success is measured in modern terms of dollars and cents and scientific accomplishment. Some, too, have dared to believe and confess that this old-fashioned training has contributed to their success. And just because they are big men and have lifted their heads above the common herd, their vision is perhaps less distorted, a bit wider in its scope, less likely to be colored by the views and opinions of the crowd that swarms about them. I have talked with such. Most schoolmasters have. And contact with such great souls brings its own cheer and inspiration, after constant dealing with the more common lot of men who honestly believe that 'we cannot afford to waste our time in that way in these days.'

There are still men whom the business world and scientific efficiency have not warped and who see in a cultural education — even in the study of the ancient classics — an opportunity to broaden one's vision, quicken one's perception of the real values of life, and accumulate against dark and stormy days resources that will enable the pilot with clear eye and steady hand to bring

his human craft safe to port. To such history has its lessons, literature its inspiration; and these can best be secured by an earnest effort at mastery, not by trusting to the shifting and unstable 'interests' of youth or the uncertain and even more unreliable selections of the modern pedagogical 'expert.' And, curiously, some of these misguided souls are just foolish enough to believe that possibly — possibly their sons will be a bit bigger and better business men and engineers and men of affairs because they will have built upon this broader foundation. I have in mind several men of this kind who have very frankly stated to me their opinions on this much-discussed question — men who have done big things in a practical and scientific way, and who are recognized by the public as real leaders in their professions. These men have grave doubts — very, very grave doubts — as to the soundness or value of modern tendencies in education. Their testimony is of one general kind. They believe that the classical or cultural education supplies the best foundation for the engineer and the practical scientist — and for several reasons. They accept as valid the arguments in its favor advanced above. And they go still further, for, strange to relate, they have discovered no good reason for abandoning the doctrine of mental discipline. They have worked with and directed the work of men trained for their profession in our best scientific and technical schools, and they have not been satisfied with their material.

One of them summed up the general criticism when he said to me in substance, 'The graduate of the modern scientific school seems lacking in imagination. He has been too accustomed to work with only exact sciences. $x + y$ has always equalled z . Any other answer must of necessity be wrong.

These men make good engineers, but seldom great ones. They can solve readily the ordinary problems known to the engineering world, but they are unequal to those that are new and unusual. And the engineer who is truly great and who exalts his profession and wins personal fame is the one who can draw upon his imagination when the necessity arises; can weigh and balance, and now and then take a chance in wrestling with, the new problems that confront him. It is my belief that study based in the main upon mathematics and science does not train the mind in this way. That training comes from the study of languages, including the classics, where shades of meaning count, and where frequently more than one construction or translation may be correct, but some are better than others.'

Yes, even the doctrine of mental discipline has still its disciples apart from incorrigible and tradition-ridden schoolmasters, and disciples too among those whom our modern pedagogical psychologist recognizes as successful and efficient men. When he falls in with men of this sort the schoolmaster takes courage, for then he realizes that the whole world has not yet lost its bearings.

But Mr. Flexner is not satisfied with heaping ridicule on the old-fashioned courses of study in which he has singled out Latin and mathematics for his most violent attacks. Under this method of training, he says, pupils not only ignominiously fail to gain either knowledge or power, but they spend an inordinately long time in failing. To prove his assertion he cites the large percentage of failures in Latin and mathematics among candidates who tried the examinations of the College Entrance Examination Board in 1915. Statistics are frequently impressive, but often misleading; and never more so than

when incomplete. It is strange indeed that Mr. Flexner should have chosen this particular illustration to attempt to prove his case; for we cannot believe that he intentionally desires to mislead us. But the argument is misleading none the less; for had Mr. Flexner told us the whole story of these examination statistics he would have been forced to abandon either the illustration or the conclusion he seeks to defend. A fellow schoolmaster has very recently, in an able article in the *New York Evening Post*, called attention to the fact that this illustration of Mr. Flexner's becomes something of a boomerang when all the facts are known. For the facts are these: that although in truth a regrettably large percentage of candidates fails in Latin and mathematics, a still larger percentage fails in some of those subjects which Mr. Flexner and others who share his views tell us are alone worth while. On the basis of excellence in results as reported by the secretary of the College Entrance Examination Board for 1915 the ranking of individual subjects is given as follows: botany, Greek, zoölogy, French, Latin, physics, German, biology, chemistry, drawing, mathematics, English, geography, history, Spanish, music.

Think of it! Greek second in order; Latin fifth; the sciences well behind the despised classics; and music last! How are our modernists to explain away these facts? It will not do for them to argue that more time is devoted to preparation in some subjects than in others; for in every case the examination is carefully based on the amount of time the subject has been studied. Nor can they fairly claim that the sciences and more modern subjects are unfairly handicapped by the limitations of curricula and teachers. Even granting that to a degree this might seem true, the fact remains that Greek especially, and to a large degree Latin,

have been more handicapped in recent years than have any other subjects. Both have had to fight for mere existence. Notably in the public schools the fight has been a losing one. The classics have been side-tracked to make room for the practical and more modern subjects. Those who have taught them have been forced to contend against increasing limitations of time schedules, and — what is vastly more deadly in its benumbing influence — a hostile public attitude. This attitude induces a natural aversion to the subjects and leads the majority of pupils to attack them with sullen hostility or open resentment.

Mr. Flexner will have to find a better illustration than the one he has chosen. That American boys and girls spend an inordinately long time in failing — and in succeeding too for that matter — we will grant. It is not only the modernists who are awakening to the fact that several years may be saved with distinct advantage in the early period of the child's education. On this point many of us, whatever our views may be as to subjects and methods, will heartily endorse the views of both Dr. Eliot and Mr. Flexner.

From beginning to end, discipline permeated the curriculum of the school of yesterday. The interests of the individual pupil were rarely if ever consulted. The work assigned was to be done. The question of its appeal, of its difficulty, of its practical value to a particular pupil, was not even open for discussion. And what splendid men and women this old-fashioned, not always agreeable, disciplinary education developed; or, according to Mr. Flexner, what fine characters were developed in spite of it. Under the old régime there was bred a ruggedness, a virility, a sense of obligation, a respect for authority, a readiness to respond to the

call of duty, that to-day are sadly missed in the rising generation. These traits, so absolutely necessary to good citizenship and to strong manhood and womanhood, are no longer developed and fostered in our American homes and schools where modern theories have exerted their paralyzing influence. Nor has any satisfactory substitute been offered to take the place of that which has been lost. And yet we are told that all this was wrong and a waste, that hard work has no value in itself, and that our starting-point, the dominating factor indeed, should be the interest of the individual child. Fortunately the modernists are satisfied to offer us only a starting-point. Had they undertaken to do more, to map out for us for example a chart to guide us in dealing with the numerous and ever-varying interests of the child from, say, five to fifteen years of age, they would have had time for nothing else, and the office forces of our great American educational foundations would be working overtime.

In no other way, perhaps, than in their advocacy of this pernicious doctrine of individual interest have the modernists more seriously undermined sound scholarship, proper habits of study, and the development of virile, rugged character. Of all the latest educational nostrums that have been foisted upon us, this is one of the worst. Even a child can feel its appeal; for the pill is thickly coated with sugar, and every child's 'interest' draws it to sugar, even though a stomach-ache or something worse may result. Where, pray, are we to begin and where end in this weighty responsibility of heeding and catering to the interests of youth? Was there ever a normal boy who did not successively show an 'interest' in running a candy store, in becoming a policeman, or a motorman, or an engineer, or the captain of an ocean liner?

Can we conceive of a red-blooded youth to whom electricity and machinery and chemical experiments do not bring their special appeal? Would we regard a boy as having ordinary intelligence who could not readily learn to understand the mechanism of his father's automobile? As a schoolmaster I am only too well aware that fathers with such normal sons see unmistakable signs of budding genius in this natural ability of youth; but as an ordinary individual I am disposed to class these deluded parents with those whose sons have 'never told a lie.' They lack perception.

IV

The modernists lay great stress on the glories of this eminently practical age of ours, with its automobiles and aeroplanes, its wireless telegraphy and its engineering feats. We are given to understand that the proper use of these great scientific inventions and accomplishments requires a special training that the old education failed to supply. And because an individual boy shows a wholesome interest in these things and a normal boy's ability to understand their mechanism and the general theories on which they have been constructed, we are asked to give him credit for ability and powers which were developed in the minds of the inventors only after years of hard and persistent labor — a labor, too, that dealt largely with underlying and none too attractive fundamentals. Some way that old despised education, with its insistence upon hard work and its belief in mental discipline, seems to have done remarkably well in fostering inventive genius and in making science accessible to the practical life of the world. No doubt Mr. Flexner is right in believing that a capable high school boy can in a measure work out the

mechanism of wireless telegraphy, if by that he means to construct a wireless apparatus that will work. Scores of cheap books can be found that will give him all needed information for such a simple task. But the practical electrician will be the first one to advise that boy to spend his time in more useful ways if he ever hopes to master and excel in his profession. A thorough grounding in mathematics and in the principles of science—including the study of electricity—would be the first and essential requirement. And when they once undertake the hard and so often unattractive work that this necessary process involves, the hosts of these aspiring geniuses rapidly dwindle, to the disappointment of doting parents and friends, but to the benefit, doubtless, of science and the world. Buildings will continue to require foundations, whatever the material may be out of which they are constructed.

Nor is this all. The modernist has yet to prove that these more practical, or scientific, or observational subjects—call them what you will—can in the end be made to hold the interest of the pupil any more than can those old school subjects he would have us discard. The testimony of those who have taught in both types of school assures me that the amount of waste is as great in one as in the other. In some of the very best of our scientific institutions the percentage of students dropped because of inability or unwillingness to master the work required of them is far greater than in classical institutions of the same high grade. Yet these students in a very real sense have selected these institutions because interest prompted them to do so. Moreover, they have generally been prepared in special subjects leading directly to this higher work, and they have passed successfully rigid entrance tests. What are the facts? As the work grows hard-

er, interest wanes; or that which was regarded as special ability is discovered to be a superficial inclination merely, incapable of enduring the severer tests. These unfortunates, yielding to modern demands, have begun at the wrong end. Had they first of all, and regardless of the individual subjects concerned, developed by hard and sustained effort the power of concentration, of holding the mind to a given task, however hard, the story would have been a far more satisfactory one. The successful scientist, or engineer, or business man would much prefer to employ the boy who has learned to use his mind, who has developed the will to do, rather than one who, however deeply interested he may be in the work assigned him, has not acquired through hard labor those habits of mind and thought upon which in the end all true successes must depend.

And why should we believe that in the intellectual realm alone the interest of the undeveloped child should be of such paramount and controlling importance? Why not, then, in the moral and physical realms? Yet youth is proverbially a period of limitation, requiring processes, often painful, of curbing and restraint. Give the youth, whether boy or girl, free rein in yielding to moral—or immoral—interests, and moral ruin will generally result. Give the growing boy the liberty to follow his physical inclinations, and disaster must surely follow. On what fair assumption, then, may we claim that in things intellectual the child's interest should prevail? And which interest are we to choose? And when? And how? Surely we have not grown too old ourselves to recall how many, how varied, and how shifting were the interests of our youthful days. And some of us will even remember with gratitude that it was in the days of young manhood and womanhood that the higher education

that we were privileged to enjoy first revealed to us the supreme interest that was to dominate and control our lives. For let it be well remembered that one of the most valuable factors in the higher education lies in its revealing power. We are too ready to ignore this truth in these days.

What kind of books do our boys and girls read to-day? What sort of musical shows do they frequent? asks Mr. Flexner, seeking thereby to show the failure of the old-fashioned type of education to develop and foster proper tastes. Alas! We are only too readily compelled to anticipate and acknowledge the truth of the answer he implies. It is a tragic one at best. But we see a very different cause to account for the tragic fact. Does Mr. Flexner believe that modern parents and schoolmasters deliberately choose and recommend these soul-destroying pastimes for their boys and girls? Many of us are forced to believe, and with all our hearts, that at the root of this deplorable situation lies a widespread acceptance of this modern doctrine of yielding to the interests of youth. The schoolmaster, struggling with misguided parents to whom this doctrine has become law, feels at times in his depression that the fight is becoming too severe, the handicap too great. In the frequency with which he knows that his pupils, without parental guidance or restraint, attend during vacation days vulgar and sometimes obscene performances on the public stage, he sees the logical working out of this pernicious doctrine. In the ever-growing number of alluring and indecent magazines flooding the public bookstalls, especially in school and college communities, he has clear proof of the literary taste that surely eventuates wherever the interests of youth are unrestrained. Does Mr. Flexner honestly think that these boys and girls, with poison already invad-

ing their minds and undermining their characters, can ever be made to read Homer, or Chaucer, or Shakespeare 'for sheer fun'? Or would he even admit that a 'lifelong hostility to Burke' was less to be desired?

Those of us who have enjoyed the God-given privilege of old-fashioned parents, who knew better than we what was good for us, can still recall those moments of hostility when we were told to read great masterpieces of literature that ran counter to our interests. But, thank God, we can recall too, and with heartfelt gratitude, that such reading frequently kindled a new and wholesome and lasting interest that has served us well through all the passing years. Perhaps we cannot, many of us, read our Homer and our Virgil with facility in these later years; nor is this essential, for we have felt the inspiration that breathes through these masterpieces of the world's great literature, and that inspiration has quickened us intellectually and spiritually, and has strengthened our desires for and facilitated our grasp of things that are good and true and well worth while. We cannot measure these values on charts as the modern psychologists would have us. Like countless other factors and influences that have lost their identity in the passing years in the building of character, they may no longer be visible; but we know that they exist and we know that life would be poorer and narrower without them.

We cannot attempt within the limits of such an article as this to discuss in detail all of Mr. Flexner's unique and frequently interesting suggestions. Some are self-contradictory. Many would prove wholly unworkable. Most are based on pure assumption against which we are so often warned. The prediction that parents are conspiring to investigate us schoolmasters causes no alarm. If we could believe that this

was really true we might even rejoice. There are parents and parents, as every schoolmaster knows. Those who are truly interested, who honestly care, to whom a divine Providence has vouchsafed a reasonable degree of parental common sense — how gladly we welcome them! how readily we listen to their quiet criticism and suggestion! but — how rare they are! Those ‘modern parents’ of the ‘charming’ kind, who organize societies and attend lectures that they may the better discover the duties and responsibilities of true parenthood and more intelligently supervise the work of the schools! Yes, we know them, too. Like the majority of those who seek courses of pedagogy in the deluded hope that in this way the ability to teach which has been denied them may in some way be supplied, these modern parents will be misled by superficialities, caught by phrases and formulæ, and hypnotized by methods and approved courses of study, forever blind to the fact that parents like teachers are born and not made, and that now as always, in teacher and parent alike, personality, not rules and methods, is the essential and determining factor. We shall not worry. We shall be glad to explain the ‘how’ and the ‘why’ to those who really care. As for the others, they can doubtless afford to and probably will start or foster private schools of their own, where the modern pedagogical ‘expert’ can give full play to his fancy at the expense of the helpless boys and girls intrusted to his care. Thoughtful parents will continue to send their boys and girls, as they have been doing in recent years in significantly increasing numbers, to schools which still place character above mere efficiency, which have not lost faith in mental discipline, or even culture, and which are not ashamed to point to their product

as proof of the soundness of their methods and ideals.

In the meantime we shall watch with interest the attempt of Mr. Flexner and his followers to put into actual practice the ideals and methods advocated for his ‘Modern School.’ At present the attempt reminds us of that amusing but abortive effort of an ancient Chinese emperor to establish the beginning of knowledge with his reign. In only one way could the feat be performed. Knowledge to date must be destroyed. But somehow knowledge continued to exist in spite of imperial decree and burned books; and education to-day will survive the test. In spite of theorists and of educational foundations we shall continue to find values in the education of the past, as our fathers did before us. And we shall find too something of educational value in the mere process of watching the new experiments, if Mr. Flexner can demonstrate to the satisfaction of any intelligent human being how he is to put into actual practice his sweeping and astounding proposition that ‘What is taught, when it is taught, and how it is taught, will depend altogether on what is needed, when it is needed, and the form in which it is needed.’

Some one, somewhere, somehow, at some time, is to tell us what, and when, and how. Can human omniscience soar to greater heights? At present it would seem that only a Jules Verne and a Mark Twain combined could do full justice to such a theme. In view of these latest efforts to make chaos out of our American education one is tempted to exclaim with a great English schoolmaster facing a somewhat similar crisis, ‘For God’s sake teach anything, only insure that your great schools put the construction *into more benefit through teaching*, and afterwards it will be time enough to discuss subjects.’

SNIFE

BY CLARKSON CRANE

I stood aft in the engine-room, watching the long line of steel arms busy with the shaft; the sluggish churn of the thudding pistons; the more delicate and eminently more feminine twisting of the two eccentrics. Their motion was that of wrists, slender and womanish, working with precision; but the plunging piston was like the upper arm of a giant, with the flying cross-set for an elbow; and the tapering connecting rod which gripped the crank-pin was wiry and rigid, a tense forearm. On the grating above me a round-faced wiper was at work; and drops of oily water from his mop trickled downward to the corrugated floor-plates, where they hastened backward and forward with the swinging of the steamer.

He leaned on his mop for a moment, and, catching my eye, winked and nodded his head toward Snipe, the sharp-nosed oiler of the bottom grate, whose duty drew him close to the evaporator in which I was hammering. I knew precisely what I should see, yet I looked, nevertheless. Snipe, ten feet away, his cadaverous face yellow in the glow of the electric bulbs, was gripping the railing that surrounded the thundering crank, and was vomiting silently into a blackened tin which he held in his greasy left hand. As he swayed with the abrupt tumblings of the ship, the muscles of his lean hand on the rail made ridges under the oily skin; his blue shirt stretched and creased with the bending of his body. Then he raised his head and looked at me with a wink. His left eye was drawn in a per-

petual squint, and when he winked his right, he appeared to be standing for a moment with both eyes half-closed, regarding me from behind the shelter of his lashes.

'Every twenty minutes, regular as a clock,' he said with the leer which went with him for a grin.

'Your first trip?' I questioned, stooping with my scaling hammer in my hand to crawl into the feverish interior of the evaporator.

'No — I've been to sea four years altogether; and for the first five days of every trip — it's this.' He lifted the tin. 'Ain't it a hell of a life for a man to lead? — There's the cross-set whistlin'.'

He snatched his oil-can from the grating and hurried off to starboard.

'Why don't you quit?' I shouted after him; but the sole reply I received was the glimpse of a second leer, and the sight of his blue-sleeved arm bracing him, while he poured his jet of oil into the cup.

I myself was compelled to grasp the edges of the evaporator with both hands while I groveled in through the minute opening, like a dog entering his kennel. And even then I was tossed against the half-scaled side by a vicious lurch of the steamer. The weather was the kind which puts the nerves of engineers on edge. The ship was grubbing her way through a furrowed sea. With a northeast wind beating her on the shoulders, she was advancing with enough difficulty to make her one day late into San Francisco, but with not

quite enough to lend to her tardiness the excuse of a gale. From my heated cylinder I could see Tony, the broad faced, half-Kanaka third, standing with his hand on the lever, ready to throttle her down when she kicked her heels too high out of the water.

The engines had already been cut down to half speed; but with every pitch of the steamer, when the screws broke the surface, they ran free for an instant, and thumped and rattled and racked, so that the monkey wrenches slipped from the holders in the sudden jarring, oilcans upset, and the entire watch cursed as the floor-plates bounced beneath them.

'No 'Frisco until Thursday,' Snipe called to me on his way to the ladder.

He had calculated well; for as he put his foot on the first step, the round-faced wiper pounded eight bells on the triangle. The new watch, which had been standing in wait since the clanging of the warning bell ten minutes before, glided downward; the old passed them in the ascent; and to one standing on the bottom and looking up through the grates, there was a spectacle of inter-weaving blue forms and champing mechanism. I climbed slowly to the after deck, wiping my hands on a towel. As I stepped from the companionway, hungry for a glimpse of the waves which were pounding by with locks of froth streaming out behind them, I saw that Snipe was there before me. He was leaning on the after-rail, watching the crumbling layers of foam as the stern pressed them out. The sea had fallen a trifle, but the rollers still swept by us, capped with a white that glittered in the sombre air. Snipe glanced up at my approach.

'Look at 'em laugh,' he said angrily, and spat into the foam. 'Huh!'

'Are you feeling better?' I asked.

'Oh, I suppose so. I usually do along about the fourth day.'

'But why don't you work ashore?'

'It ain't so easy to leave the sea — as you might think. I tried it. Last year I spent nine months on the beach lookin' for a job, but I could n't make it go. Something always happened, some little thing, but enough to put me out. And finally I came aboard here to satisfy her.'

'Satisfy whom?'

'Why, the sea, of course. She likes me, she does — but she don't treat me square.' He spat over the rail again. 'Look at me. Sick five days a trip. Can a man last with that? Look at me.'

I did so. I do not know how long the nickname Snipe had been his. But it seemed to be a good one. His nose, long and almost knifelike, beneath a narrow forehead, overhung the thin-lipped, crooked mouth and receding chin, like a beak. The skin was pale, doubly so on account of the two four-hour sweat-baths below; it had grown white like that of an underground plant. And the pores stood open perpetually. Two buttons of his shirt were left unfastened; and one could see his chest below his sagging collar, whiter, if possible, than the skin of his face. His belt, too, was negligently strapped, for two of the loops had been torn away from his jeans. And beneath their oily, stiffened legs, his shoes, like crippled things, chafed gray and soft as mittens from the oil, pitched to the sides on worn-down heels, and yawned with crooked mouths through the irregular network of tattered laces.

'Why did you come to sea?' I asked him.

His eyes narrowed scornfully.

'Why does the wind blow?' he answered.

'You shipped young?'

'Sixteen. I always wanted to, but my father kept me from it. He was an old sailor. But when he died, I just cut loose, borrowed twenty-five from my

brother, joined the union, and shipped as wiper aboard the old Isis. She's still on the rocks up coast a ways, though there ain't much left of her.'

'And you've stayed with it ever since?'

'Quit after the first trip. But I could n't stay ashore. I could n't. She would n't let me — so I tried again. They laughed at me, most of 'em; and the first made me work without a stop, moppin' and wipin', moppin' and wipin' — sick, O God! and waitin' for the damn bell to ring. I was glad when she went ashore. After that trip, my brother tried to get me a job in 'Frisco, but it was no good. It was back to the engines for me, this time on a steam schooner with a dinky coffee pot of an engine down below. It was the same story.'

'Is your brother a sailor?'

'No, a stevedore. That's why he lent me the money to go to sea. He'd never been there himself. He'd only seen the crews go ashore when the ships docked, while he was sweatin' thirty hours with the bales. He thought it was easy. Well, it *is* easy for most fellows, damned easy — but they ain't built like me. Most of them can quit if they want to. I'll tell you about the last time I left the sea. I got a job in a garage fixing engines and mending tires. It was a snap. But the old woman kept pesterin' me. I'd seem to hear her rumbling in the night like she was breathin' soft and regular, and I'd lie awake and think of the islands, and the sea when she's blue and white and smooth. I always thought of her when she was blue and white and smooth. And I'd miss the pitch of the deck when I walked across the room. "You damn fool," I used to say, "you got a good job; why don't you stay where you are?" Then I'd pass the docks on my way to work. I always liked to look at the Australia boats.

I don't know why, except that they went through the sea where it was blue and white and smooth. God, how jealous I'd be of the engine crew! I used to spend the noon hour with my feet hangin' over the edge of the wharf, watchin' the crust of sticks and straws lap at the steamer's bowplates. "That bow's been to Sydney," I'd say to them, "no wonder you like to touch it. I should like to." But I could n't quite. They were always moored too far out.

'And then I'd always have to go back to the shop and spend long hours in the same place. I hate to stay in the same place. "I'm goin', damn it, I'm goin'!" I used to say to myself; but I always knew what would happen if I went. She kept draggin' me and urgin' me to come, callin' to me, and grinnin', every time I looked at her damn shining face, and I thought I loved her, and she got me again. — Yes, she did,' he added after a moment's pause. 'And that's why I'm at sea now.'

He grinned at me with his head cocked to one side. I have called the expression a leer, and there could be no better name, for no mirth was in it. Mere bitterness was there — wrath at the whole grinding fabric of things which had placed him where he was, and given him the power to know it. The snarl of a kicked dog sometimes resembles a grin.

'I'm goin' to turn in,' he said; and, shuffling a trifle after the manner of men who have stood much on decks, he walked to the companionway, and turned toward me with a hand on either side of the door, and with one foot raised to enter. His face, splashed with light from the caged bulb on the bulkhead, was still twisted — as if he were remembering a great deal.

For the next two days, Snipe and I conversed but little. He nodded to me,

and I to him, when we went to work together at eight in the morning; but apart from the perfunctory, our intercourse was small. He grinned with something approaching real merriment when we did not reach San Francisco until Thursday night; and he appeared to experience a genuine satisfaction at the grumblings of some of the men, when we pierced our way into the darkening channel, just after sundown, too late for the doctor to pass us through quarantine. And so we dropped anchor, and lay in the drizzle off Meiggs's wharf, strangely still and motionless, with the toy waves lapping the ship's flanks. And Snipe chuckled when the other oilers stared at the city lights shining tearfully through the mist.

I saw but little of Snipe the following morning, just enough to say good-bye before I went down the gang-plank; and since my seafaring was for the time completed, the environment of the water-front, with its blue-jerseyed seamen and striped funnels, became but vivid memory portraits of a past vacation. Snipe, however, was not to pass so easily from my circle of realities. Yet it was fully three months before I saw him again, and when I did meet him, on the lower deck of an Oakland ferryboat, he laughed almost cheerfully, perceiving my surprise at his appearance.

'I've quit,' he announced triumphantly, twisting his neck within the band of his starched collar; 'and what's more — I'm married.'

For a moment I could but exclaim and congratulate: I had never realized that clothes and a few months of healthy living could so improve an ugly man. But at length I mastered my surprise, and questioned him concerning his new condition. He told me of it eagerly, with grins more genuine than the old leers breaking into his sentences.

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His wife, it appeared, was a stenographer in the office of the garage in which he had worked. He had known her during the period of work which followed his last relapse to the sea; and the memory of her had remained intact during his months in the engine-room.

'It was she that persuaded me to leave the sea,' he explained, 'when I met her ashore, after a trip. It was the trip you were on. I told her it was no use, but she kept insistin'; and, to make a long story short, I did as she wanted me to. Two weeks later I married her. — I wish you would come out and see us,' he added. 'We have a little place at North Beach.'

Since I was free for the time and felt no small interest in this new development of Snipe's career, I agreed to accompany him at once; and while we were seated on a Union Street car, rumbling through the odors of the market district, he revealed the details of his situation. He had been permitted to return to his job in the garage, with a good prospect of advancement; and he felt confident, he told me, in what seemed a curious vein of boastfulness for so flimsy a man, that his boss had already observed how much more efficient he was than the other workers.

'And for the time being, until I get on my feet a bit more, Jessie is still typing in the office,' he finished, as he raised his hand for the conductor to stop the car.

We left the car at Washington Square, and walked north along its green flank.

'It's on the third floor,' announced Snipe, pointing to a frame apartment building which overlooked its fellows on a side street; 'the bay window to the left. You see,' he went on, as we entered, and were climbing the stairs, 'it is only four or five blocks from the garage, and we get a good view of the docks from the kitchen window.'

Jessie opened the door, and, smiling at Snipe, with her filmy blue eyes never leaving his face, stood aside for us to enter. She was a small creature, this wife who had stolen a man from the sea, short and meagre, with features round and a trifle flat, and a question ever in her eyes, as though she sought in vain to comprehend the causes of things. When we were introduced, she gave me an embarrassed nod, thrusting both her hands beneath her apron, which was old and stained, and drawing back against the open door, so that she stood constrained, like a shy animal longing to escape. But a few words from Snipe, and a due appreciation of their home from myself, destroyed the tension; and in a few moments she was chatting comfortably, relating a host of petty plans to me, and glancing at Snipe at the close of each sentence for approbation.

'This is so much nicer for Alfred than that awful boat,' she prattled on, beaming from one to the other of us; 'he is so comfortable here, and has a good steady job in the garage. Ain't a man fortunate to have a steady job, instead of wandering around uncertain?'

And then, after a glance at her smiling husband, she insisted that I inspect her kitchen and enjoy the view from its window. Two of the windows opened on a compact shaft that gave a doubtful light to the interior of the building. Lines of half-dry clothes were stretched between its walls, the damp garments stirring sluggishly in the breeze which descended from above; and the air was pregnant with the odors of olive oil and garlic. Jessie explained volubly about the 'nice Italian families in the other flats!' But the third window opened to the north, and from it one could see the blue level of the bay with its rim of hills, the flashing white square of Alcatraz prison, and,

near at hand, the concrete surface of Meiggs's wharf, and the spars of a British bark that lay moored beside it.

'Loadin' barley for the Allies,' Snipe explained to me.

'Is n't it nice?' asked Jessie when she led the way back to the other room; and when I left, they stood arm in arm at the apartment door, and urged me to visit them again.

But my way for the next few weeks lay far from that neighborhood. Snipe and his wife soon occupied the position in my mind of a score of other acquaintances whom I saw but little; and my remembrance of the pair, as I had last seen them, assumed a permanent air which grew more fixed as the days passed by. But like most impressions of the sort, by which we deal mentally with things we know nothing of, it was at fault.

One morning, as I hurried south along Stockton Street, I heard myself called upon by name, and, glancing up, saw Jessie standing with a sheet of paper in her hand before the door of a garage which I was passing. Her appearance had scarcely altered, but it seemed to me that her eyes looked more perplexed than ever.

'You have n't heard, have you?' she asked, after a quick greeting; and when she saw that I had not —

'Alfred has gone,' she said.

'Gone! Not back to the sea?'

'Yes — on that very English bark you saw when you were in our flat. He went just a week after you were there.'

'But for how long? What did he say?'

I thought she was going to weep on the spot, her blue eyes were so watery; but she controlled herself and spoke rapidly.

'I don't know! I can't see why at all. He was so comfortable. He said himself he had never been so comfortable before. But he just went. I noticed

he'd keep lookin' out of the kitchen window at the docks; and I spoke to him about it one day. But he laughed and said it was all right.' She stopped for a moment and sniffed. 'One day he come home early before me, and when I found him, he was that nervous. He kept walking up and down the room, never saying a word, and every once in a while he'd come to me almost savage — for him — and kiss me, and say he did love me. The next morning he was gone, and the only word he left was a letter telling me the name of the boat

and saying not to expect him back. But why did he go? He had a steady job, and plenty to eat, and — Do you think he likes some one better than me?'

Her eyes had the puzzled uncomprehending look so usual with them, this time mingled with tears; and when we separated, I could see that she was trying to understand something that she was wholly unable to conceive.

And as I walked, I could not help thinking of Snipe as I had first known him — sick and wandering.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

BY AMORY HARE

WHAT does it matter that the time must come
 When all my petals shall be blown away,
 Leaving a brittle stalk where wild bees hum
 And woo the living flowers all the day?
 I too have trembled to the kiss they brought,
 Was wooed and knew the sunlight and the dew;
 I too have trembled to the living thought,
 Have bent and swayed the teeming summer through;
 These have been mine unto the uttermost,
 And peradventure shall be mine again;
 When some new shell becomes my spirit's host,
 Life, beautiful as this, shall fill me then,
 And strange new thoughts may grace another spring,
 Making existence seem a deeper thing.

'TO THE MERCHANT SKIPPERS OF BRITAIN'

A TRIBUTE FROM A FRIEND

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

ALL yesterday evening I came upon little knots of sailor-men gathered along the quay or at the corners of the streets of Harwich and Dovercourt. Their parchment-brown, weather-beaten faces were drawn and troubled, and they spoke in the jerkily lowered voices of men not wont to hold their tongues or passions in restraining leash. There was something in the half-stunned, half-angry looks suggestive of the expressions that I had seen on the faces of the sailors at a North Wales port on the evening that a carelessly framed dispatch had tricked them into transient belief that the British Fleet had been beaten by the Germans in the North Sea. But I had been with naval men all afternoon; I knew that there was nothing fresh to report from behind the gray fog-curtain to the North. The trouble was of another kind, and from past experience I knew that, when the British sailor-man spoke through clenched teeth in those jerkily lowered tones, with his brow corrugated in dark wrinkles of perturbation and his blue eyes fixed absently on the fingers of his working hands, it was not the moment for even the most sympathetically curious to intrude upon him.

Enlightenment came later, when I asked the maid who lowered the shutters and drew the double curtains of my room in the little hotel on the Dovercourt cliff why it was that the

children who were playing below my window lowered their voices and tip-toed as they came down toward the seaward end; and why many of even the belated delivery carts were taking another way on their clattering rounds.

'Is somebody sick?' I asked, 'or is one of the neighbors dead?'

'Did n't you know, sir?' faltered the girl. 'That's Captain Fryatt's 'ome down there. It's the little red brick 'ouse — the fourth or fifth from the corner. We all o' us 'ere knew 'im, sir, an' loved 'im; an' — you'll excuse me, sir' (her voice broke for a moment and the starting tears glistened in the flickering light of her candle), 'but I was thinkin' o' the missus an' the nippers. They's waitin' for more news from Belg'um. I hates to think o' 'em. It makes me want to scream an' — an' to fight. I'll be going now, sir; it gets me all wrought up w'en I talks about it.'

It came to me all at once what those stunned, angry sailors were talking of, and the hot wave of indignation — checked for an hour or two by the excitement of meeting and boarding a returning submarine — that had surged over me that afternoon when I first read the news of Captain Fryatt's execution welled up anew inside me and throbbed against my temples.

'No sleep while I feel like this,' I told myself. 'Best to let the sea-air in for a while and cool down.'

I pulled up an easy chair, lighted a

cigar, blew out my candle, and sat down by the open window.

For a few minutes, like the chamber-maid, I was 'all wrought up,' but before long those age-old sedatives, sea-air and sea-fog, had done their work, and the flame of my anger flickered out, to leave behind it a quiet confidence that time would right the wrong that had been done. There was a strange sense of personal loss, too. I did not for an instant endeavor to dramatize my feelings to the extent of fancying myself in a position even remotely similar to that of the silent watchers in the little red house in Oakland Road; nor yet could the tragedy mean to me anything comparable to what it meant to those bronzed, bowed sailors I had seen during the afternoon, or even what it must mean to any man that sails the seas under a flag unblackened by the stain of piracy. It was only that I was conscious of the passing of one of a class of men whom I had learned to know and love during many years of intimate association — in craft stout and frail, on seas fair and stormy; and the fact that the death of this man had been compassed with a cold-blooded cynicism scarcely paralleled in modern history brought the significance of it home to me with especial poignancy. In a dull sort of way I had been conscious of a similar feeling every time I had read of the loss of merchant officers and crews from the inauguration of the submarine campaign; but only now had I come to understand how much of a hold these same sailor-men had on my affection, — what parts they had played in scores of the vivid incidents of my life that I cared most to dwell upon in memory.

Three of the last ten years of my life had been spent upon the sea, I reflected. Of this time perhaps six months had been put in on one or another of the floating palaces of the main

tourist routes, and scarcely more than that aboard ships under the German, French, Dutch, or American flag. That left a good two years spent aboard the smaller British merchantmen — tramps, coasters, colliers, traders, flat-bottomed river stern-wheelers — in out-of-the-way water-lanes of the world. Two years of my life (and what treasured years they were, too!) spent in the care of the bluff bronzed British merchant captains who drove 'the swift shuttles of an Empire's loom.'

What strange seas they had steered me through, and what strange corners in the ports that served those seas! And what adventures they had run me into, and what scrapes got me out of! And what courtesy, what consideration — aye, even what tenderness in times of misadventure and sickness — had I not enjoyed at their hands! And now that one of them was dead — murdered in cold blood for doing the same things for those who sailed with him that his brother skippers had so often done for me — it was only meet that I should stand that midnight watch, well called by the sailors of all the seas the 'graveyard' watch, as a token of my affection for the British merchant skippers as a class — as a small tribute from one they had so safely brought to port.

Pulling on my cardigan jacket, I 'stood-by' as the hour of eleven — midnight by the sun-time by which the ships of the sea still sail — drew near; and at the instant when the steamers in the harbor would have been sounding 'eight bells' had there been no lurking Zeppelins to guard against, I leaned out of the open window till the in-drifting fog blew sharp against my face, and began my 'watch.' Just so — with a rough blue sleeve brushing against mine — had I leaned over the bridge or taffrail of a hundred steamers, ploughing a hundred sea-ways; and now, with the familiar breath of

the sea in my nostrils and the familiar mist of the sea damping my hair again, old friends of other days strode down the corridors of memory and ranged themselves by my side. At first I tried to muster them chronologically, in the order in which I had known them from my first tentative coastal voyages in the Pacific: B——, of the Vancouver-Seattle packet, who let me sleep on his cabin couch one night when the rooms were all taken, so that I might be rested for the tennis tournament I was engaging in at Tacoma on the morrow; R——, of the old Alaska 'Inland Passage' coaster, who taught me to box the compass and awoke the slumbering love of the sea in my blood with tales of the Victoria sealing fleet; P——, of the Mexican trader, who smuggled me out of Guaymas when the Sonora authorities were trying to arrest me for landing on Tiburon without a permit. But presently the magnet of my quickened memory began drawing them forward out of turn, and ere long they were crowding on like guests at a reception.

Now I would think of the bravery of them, and instantly a series of pictures took shape before my eyes, a score of names leaped to my lips, a score of hands — hard, brown hands, with a world of warmth in their steady grip — reached out to clasp my own. Who was the bravest among men that had all been brave? I asked myself; and then how the pictures formed and dissolved as one stirring incident after another flashed across my mind! What could have been finer than the way Captain K——, of the cranky clipper-bowed C.N. steamer, had stuck out that typhoon off Taiwan, lashed to the bridge for three days, and subsisting on coffee and rum and pilot bread? I could see his brine-white face (as I saw it when I took a timid peep up the companion way on the day the 'twister' began to

die down) taking shape out there in the drifting fog even as the recollection of that fearsome storm crystallized in my memory; then fancy turned another cog, and it was a sun-blistered South Pacific trader that I seemed to see, with a fallow, fever-wracked figure at the wheel, and two or three dozen naked blacks writhing in agony on the forward deck. How old B——, of the Cora Andrews, took his load of plague-stricken Papuans through the Barrier Reef and into the quarantine station at Townsville is a South Sea epic.

Then came memories with a more personal touch, and I dwelt for a few moments over the shifting scenes of the mix-up I started the time I tried to take a flashlight of the smokers in the opium den of the old Yo San, plying on the Hongkong-Bangkok run. Some of the Chinese crew were smuggling opium that trip, and, taking me for a Secret Service officer on search, started to wipe up the deck with me. Curled round my camera under a bunk in the corner of the opium den, with nothing to save me from annihilation but the fact that my assailants were so numerous that they got in each other's way; expecting every moment that one of them would collect his wits sufficiently to pounce on me through the slats, I cowered in terror and shielded myself against the blows. Was ever music sweeter than the raucous bel-low of bluff old Captain G—— when, cursing like a pirate and banging right and left with the belaying-pins that he held in either hand, he ploughed his way into the den and yanked me out by the scruff of the neck? Poor old G——! he was lost with his ship two voyages later, when the ancient Yo San was piled up by a typhoon on the Tongking coast.

Then the recollection of the ignominious way in which old G—— had pulled me out from under the bunk by

the coat-collar recalled the time when another British skipper — his command was only a P.S.N.C. tender in Valparaiso and I had long since forgotten his name — saved my life by handling me in quite the same uncereemonious manner. The schooner on which I had planned to sail to Juan Fernandez had broken loose in a violent 'Norther' and was fast driving before the mountainous swells upon the *malecón* or sea-wall, when the Navigation Company's tender, out to salvage some drifting barges, came nosing cautiously in toward where the hollow waves were curling over into crashing breakers. The barges and their cargoes were probably worth more than our walty old hooker; but the skipper of the tender, noting only that there were lives to be saved on the latter, hesitated not an instant about deciding to try and stand by. Unfortunately, we had a lot of German *colonistas* aboard, and the panic among them prevented many from the schooner being saved. I was one of the half dozen who did not fall short in leaping for the tender's outreaching starboard bow; but my hold on the slippery rail was so precarious that only the mighty hand of the skipper on my neck prevented my slipping back into the sea. For a moment now, out in the drifting fog, I saw his round, red face, under its sou'wester, just as I had peered up into it after he dragged me over the rail and slammed me down on the reeling deck.

At times memories crowded so that they got confused. I was not sure, for instance, whether it was T——, of the Eimoo, or P——, of the Levuka, whom I had seen go over the rail into shark-infested Rotorua Lagoon to jerk the kink out of an air-hose before his diver strangled; or which of two otherwise well-remembered 'B.I.' skippers it was who waded in, bare-handed, and floored every one of a bunch of Lascars who

were fighting with their knives; or whether it was the mate or the skipper of a certain East African coaster who, with one of his thighs being torn to ribbons by the beast's hind claws, kept his grip on the throat of a young leopard which had slipped from its cage and which he was afraid might become panic-stricken and jump overboard before it could be recaptured; or whether it was the captain of a 'Burns, Philips' or a Union steamer that I had seen put out through the tortuous passage of Suva Bay when the wind was snapping the tops from the cocoanut palms, and the barometer was at 28.50 and still falling, just because the wife of the missionary on some obscure little bit of the Fijian Archipelago to the north was expecting to become a mother and needed the attention of the ship's doctor.

I would have gone on to the end of my 'watch,' thinking of the bravery, — moral and physical, — the ready nerve, and the general sufficiency unto occasion of my old friends, but most who had been brave had also been kind and considerate, and every now and then I found my mind occupied with recollections of the little things they had done for me, or that I had seen them do for others.

There was B——, of the old Changsha, running from Yokohama to Sydney, who went miles off his course just to satisfy my whim to pass over the spot where the Mary Gloster was buried at sea. What an afternoon that was! The Straits of Macassar 'oily and treacly,' just as Kipling had described them, and the milk-warm land breeze wafting the odors of the spice groves of Celebes. B—— had his volume of Kipling and I had mine, and between us was the reef-freckled chart of Macassar Straits, with Borneo to starboard, Celebes to port, and a thousand dotted lines indicating islets and reefs and half-submerged rocks in between.

'By the Little Paternosters, as you come to the Union Bank,
 We dropped her — I think I told you — and I pricked it off where she sank —
 (Tiny she looked on the grating — that oily, treacly sea —)
 Hundred and eighteen East, remember, and South just three.
 Easy bearings to carry . . .'

read B——, running his finger along the chart. 'Aye, easy to carry. *Here's* the spot.' And he marked it with a circled dot. Then we 'dead reckoned' the latitude from the noon sight, and 'shot' for the longitude as we 'came to the Union Bank.' And finally, when we were over the spot as near as might be determined from the hasty reckoning, nothing would do but B—— must start the lead going to determine the depth. Never shall I forget how his face lit up when the leadsmen droned out 'Fourteen,' and there were tears glistening in his eyes as he turned back a couple of pages and read, —

'And we dropped her in fourteen fathoms; I pricked it off where she sank.'

'I might have known that Kipling worked it out with a chart,' he exclaimed; 'but what a thrill it gives one to find it exact, even to the soundings!'

The margins of 'The Mary Gloster,' in my copy of *The Seven Seas*, bear the penciled records — now thumbled and fingered into dim blurs — of our 'mid-sea madness' to this day, and there is nothing that I treasure more. B—— would never have taken his 5000-ton freighter miles off her course, at the cost of some hours of time and a number of tons of good Nagasaki coal, had he been any less daft about Kipling than I was. But all British sailors love Kipling; as a class, I have always felt that they had a fuller appreciation of the message of 'the uncrowned Laureate' than have any others.

For an hour at least I must have

turned in fancy the pages of Kipling, now with this well-remembered skipper, now with that, until the current of my thought took another drift through the recollection of kind old N——, of a Liverpool-Manaos freighter, who had read to me 'The Hymn Before Action' one night when I was half delirious from the Amazon 'black-water' fever he had been nursing me through. N—— was only one of a dozen who had coddled me through some sort of tropical illness or patched me up after some sort of a smash-up. It was R——, of the Valparaiso-Panama coaster, who had put my hand in splints after it had been crushed between the gangway and a dug-out full of ivory nuts off some pile-built village of Ecuador; and it was my fault rather than his that the little finger was still crooked. And it was H——, of the big White Star freighter on the Australia-South Africa run, who labored for an hour in helping the ship's doctor worry back into place the shoulder I had dislocated in the 'sports' one afternoon. It was D——, of the Rangoon-Calcutta 'B.I.,' who reduced with horse-liniment the ankle I had sprained in dodging out of the path of a temperamental water-buffalo while ashore at Akyab; and it was A——, of the Lynch river-boat that plied from Basra to Bagdad, who stitched up my scalp after the Arabs of the bazaar of Kut-el-Amara had been amusing themselves with bouncing rocks off my head because (this was during the Turco-Italian War) they imagined that I looked like an 'alien enemy.'

A—— was killed when the Turks shelled his ship, then a transport, early in the Mesopotamian operations; and this led my thoughts off to the long watch I kept by the bedside of poor old Y——, on whose 'B.P.' steamer I had roamed in and out among the Solomons, New Hebrides, Fijis, and

other islands of western Polynesia for two months. Y——'s heart had been giving out for several years, and now very hot weather, following the excitement of seeing his ship through an unusually heavy hurricane, had hastened an end long inevitable. He knew his number was up, and so he told me that night of things he wanted me to explain and set right for him in Australia. It was the thinking of these, and the visit that I subsequently paid to his wife and children in the Illawara, that finally brought my mind back to that other bereaved family in the little red house beneath my window.

The short night had passed, the fog had lifted, and now in the early morning light I saw a milkman stop his cart a half-dozen doors from the Fryatt home and go softly tiptoeing on his nearby deliveries to avoid making unnecessary noise. Out of the retreating fog-bank to seaward two small freighters took sharpened line and headed for the harbor mouth. They were much of a size and type, but the gay red and white splashes on the bows of the more northerly indicated that she sailed under the flag of an enterprising Scandinavian country, while the unbroken black of the side of the other told just as plainly that she was British. As I watched, the shifting of the shadows on the sides of the Norwegian told me that she was altering her course sharply every few hundred yards — 'zigzagging,' to minimize the danger from submarine attacks. A wise precaution, I told myself; now what about the other? I took up my glass and held it on the Briton. Three — five minutes passed. All the time the wave curled evenly back from her forefoot; not a ripple of shifting light or shadow on her rusty side told of the deviation in her course of the fraction of a point.

'Straight on to your goal, little ship,' I said, saluting with my glass. 'But I

might have known as much. That was Fryatt's way, and that was the way all my friends of the Red Ensign did, and always will do. Good luck, fair weather and snug berths to you all; aye, and a quiet haven when the last watch, the long watch, is finally over!'

Knots of troubled sailor-men still gathered along Harwich quay this morning, but now that I understood by what they were moved I no longer hesitated to mingle and talk with them. Their slow anger was steadily mounting — gradually crowding out all other feelings — with every word that was spoken, with every hour that passed; but among them were still men who were stunned and dazed, who could not understand how a thing so monstrous really could have happened.

'But w'y, w'y ha' the 'Uns done it?'' persisted a grizzled old salt, turning his troubled eyes to mine after all the others had shaken their heads perplexedly.

I gave him the only explanation that my own perturbed mind had been able to frame.

'It's just possible,' I said, 'that the Germans believe that the execution of one skipper who attempted to ram one of their submarines will make the others think twice before trying to do the same thing.'

Two or three of the older men fairly snorted in their incredulity that even the Germans should thus cheaply rate the British sailor, but the plausibility of the theory soon convinced even these.

'Do you re'ly believe the 'Uns think that o' us?' one of them finally ventured.

'I do,' I replied, 'for there is nothing else to think.'

The old man took a deep breath and turned his eyes away to sea.

'God pity all 'Uns,' he muttered; and 'God pity 'em!' 'God pity 'em!' fervently echoed his mates.

NEUTRAL EUROPE AND THE WAR

BY L. SIMONS

[For a full understanding of this article our readers should realize that the author is a Dutch publicist, portraying a national point of view which may fairly be called representative of the dominant neutral sentiment of Europe. As editor of a well-known *Wereldbibliotheek* (*Library of the World's Literature*), Mr. Simons is familiar with the alien cultures of England and Germany; while his knowledge has been extended by residence in both countries. — THE EDITORS.]

I

THE editor of the *Atlantic* has been kind enough to ask me to write an article on 'the probable results about to ensue for neutral Europe by a pronounced victory either of the Germans or the British.' The question may not have been put in this form as designedly as it sounds. But even so it strikes me as the expression of an American opinion, which is largely shared among neutral Europeans, that this war, begun as a struggle between Austrian and Russian influence in the Balkans, and into which England only entered as a fifth party, has in reality developed into a struggle for supremacy between England and Germany.

Putting the tendencies of the war in this handy nutshell, one finds an equally short answer to the question as formulated above: for neutral Europe the pronounced victory of either party will prove almost equally disastrous. The future safety of all the smaller nations,

who have done their utmost to keep outside the war, lies in a termination of the struggle that will practically imply neither victorious nor defeated party. That they all feel like this is adequately proved by their aloofness and the strictness of their neutrality. Notwithstanding pressure from inside and outside their borders; notwithstanding the fiercest incriminations against this neutrality as a shame, a weakness, and a cowardice, the majority of these nations and their governments have adhered to their original attitude. And they have done so, not only because they feel that they have no interest in making either Germany or England paramount, but because on the contrary their only safety and future welfare lie in a balance of power between the two contending groups, so long as a federation of all the European nations, on the basis of the Swiss constitution, may remain outside the sphere of practical politics.

The reader of this article will, of course, not be content with this mere statement. He has a right to hear the arguments that underlie it. He may be of the opinion that England has entered this war in order to guard the smaller nations against German aggressiveness. He may have come under the impression of the proposition, continually set forth by French publicists, that France is fighting the generous battle of liberty against military power. Or, on the other hand, he may have yielded his belief to German statements with regard to Germany's right to a place

of its own under the sun; to Germany's ethical and organic superiority to English and French degeneration, and her sacred duty to bless the whole of Europe with an infusion of that same superior *Lebensauffassung*. And whether he leans to the point of view of the Allies or of the Central Powers, he will find the expression of our neutral attitude utterly devoid of any idealism or sense of the greatness of this immense struggle, and rightly dismiss us as small-minded dwarfs, unable to rise to a great opportunity and Cause.

Now the bitter truth, as it appears to us neutrals, is that this fierce and bloody contest has in reality no more of idealism behind it than, let us say, the endless War of the Roses. If it had, we might witness the destruction of life and prosperity, the terrible hardships thrown on wretched noncombatants, and bear our own share of the general misfortune that has fallen on Europe with greater equanimity and less rending of hearts. There was, indeed, a moment in this war, after Germany had broken her faith and her treaty with Belgium, and tried to bully her people, and England had promised to stand by her obligations, that we felt a great principle at stake, and, in strong sympathy with Belgium's defense of her rights and her neutrality, found it difficult not to throw aside all feelings for our own safety and rush to her assistance. But almost immediately after Belgium had received England's promise of assistance, it turned out that Great Britain was not really going to take up the cudgels for right against might, but was bent rather on making a business out of a welcome opportunity, and was going to fight rather for her own interests than for the ideal of safeguarding the existence of the smaller nations. Looking back into the history of the last twenty years, the students of European foreign politics saw

how its entanglements had gradually prepared the outbreak they were witnessing. And in these entanglements there was a pursuit of selfish interests and little or nothing of ideals. The work of diplomatists, acting more or less as conscious agents of greedy Imperialism, Conservatism, Capitalism, Jingoism, Militarism and the like.¹ No sign of a momentous struggle for any principle, any real great thought, for which it would be good to fight and to suffer.

In putting down this blunt statement, I would rather not be misunderstood. I do not mean to convey that all the men who, either voluntarily or under compulsion, set out to risk their lives; all the women in the contending countries who united the greatest sacrifices, even of principle, with the highest courage, were themselves devoid of idealism. The pity of it was, that they,

¹ [By 'Militarism' I understand the point of view that a nation is perfectly *justified* in extending its empire, its influence and its trade by means of its military power (Army and [or] Navy.) This militaristic spirit is strengthened when the making of war is considered a manly exercise, a biologically necessary phase in the Evolution of Mankind and the State, the ultimate means to settle international difficulties; instead of damnable murder and horrible inhumanity, a phase of men's evolution to be conquered by means of true civilization.

By 'Imperialism' I understand the avowed lust of national aggrandizement, whether for the sake of looming large in the world, or arising out of the misguided feeling that one's national life and institutions are so far superior to those of other nations, that these ought to be blessed with annexation.

'Jingoism' means to me the vulgar, popular, self-conceited nationalism, which blends 'Militarism' and 'Imperialism' together in their most rough-and-ready form, without any notion of foreign life, merely aiming at 'giving it the other hot,' 'putting one's foot down,' and all such bluster of the rowdy crowd and the yellow press that makes a living out of its utter lack of civilization. It arises out of the same emotional vulgarity that enjoys wrestling, plundering of alien shops, murder-scenes on the stage and in the cinema, etc. — THE AUTHOR.]

on the contrary, were driven by the highest sense of duty to their country, and were made to believe that the leaders of their foreign policy, their governments, kings or emperors, could not but call upon them to risk all and all for their country, since a base enemy had chosen to attack it. Never have suggestive phrases sounded more highly; and once the sword was drawn, the politicians, journalists, men of letters, professors, leaders of thought of every shade in the respective countries, set to work to asphyxiate the public mind with more flaming phrases, more suggestive cries. It appeared as if all visions, desires, ideals, thoughts, that had been rampant or dormant in minds and breasts were waking up to their highest potency; and as if we were going to witness a struggle so full of political, economic, biological, moral, and religious tendencies as had never raged before. The culture of Europe in its deepest roots and its widest aspects seemed to have been thrown into the cauldron, and the contending soldiers were led to the front with the burning sense that they were going to fight no less than an inevitable holy war against the devil and his might, for the highest ideals of their own commonweal.

But the neutral student of European life and politics, who heard the cries, read the lies, saw the working behind the scenes on both sides, was not so easily led astray as the 'patriots' in the countries at war under the suggestion of the highfalutin' writings and speeches. Where the contending partners were all bent on pointing out a division between angels and devils along vertical lines, this student could not help seeing a similar division, not so melodramatically colored, but certainly between agents and dupes, along horizontal lines, splitting each country on *both* sides, and not dividing Allies and Central Powers. The clamor against Ger-

man militarism, which had tried to set at naught the attempts of the various peace conferences to put Right before Might, found for him his counterpart in British navalism, which had refused to accept the Declaration of London, and wanted to maintain Great Britain as the divinely appointed Ruler of the Waves, especially created by the Lord to protect her world's power. Prussian ferocity against women and children in Belgium had rightly to be compared with similar methods made use of by the English in their North and South African Wars. The *Junkerthum* that ruled Prussia and, through Prussia, Germany, appeared to be neither better nor worse than English conservatism, which, in the House of Lords, had set a bulwark against reforms and freedom for England, Ireland, and India.

And if Germany, with its Kaiserism and its feudal government, appeared as a relic of mediæval times, Russia, the friend and ally of republican France, had worse to show, with its retrograde absolutism and its tainted bureaucracy. And as to France itself, had not its extreme protectionism, its narrow-minded, very egoistic colonial policy, its chauvinistic leaning to its Russian antipode, called upon it the disasters that were threatening it? As the war went on, did not England and France themselves become more and more militaristic and freedom-hating, and fall into all the horrors of the Prussianism they set out to kill? The respect for the rights of the noncombatants and the neutrals, for international law, dwindled more and more as English commercialism set to work to get done with its great German competitor, and the jingoistic and chauvinistic English and French press appeared to rule the policy of the Entente powers more and more for the worse. The war, which at first was heralded as a struggle for Liberty, saw Liberty sink deeper

and deeper in the morass. And the neutrals could not help feeling that between the contending parties they stood between the devil and the deep sea, and that none of these had to offer them any ideal which they themselves, left to their own devices, had not already realized in a more complete and a purer form.

Plunging deeper into the issues and causes of this terrible war, they found before them a history of political intrigues, of race and commercial expansionism, of alliances and counter-alliances, of sacrifices made in order to get the better of the competitor, of an endless strife for 'places under the sun' — always at the cost of the weaker. It became clear to them that all these issues could have been settled by mutual confidence, but were kept in agitation by endless distrust and egotism, by nationalism run riot. Internationalism, that had been building up a feeling for the mutuality of interests, of respect for other people's characters and points of view, had continually been counteracted by stupid hypernational self-conceit, which hid itself under the banner of a wider sentiment, called itself Panslavism, Pangermanism, Imperialism, Chauvinism; and all these *isms* had been working themselves up to fiercely antagonistic forces, that sooner or later were bound to come to blows.

At the same time, commercialism and industrialism were doing their work; and their egotisms, blinding the eyes of the people to the sounder economic truths that were underlying their own growth, were strewing mines for future destruction. In their wake followed a difference between two phases and methods of life, bound up with historic developments which need not have come into collision but for the fact that both have presented themselves during the last forty years in

their very extremest forms. I am thinking of *Kultur* versus *Culture*; and I would define the two in this way: *Kultur* as the methodical nurture of forces to a definite aim; *Culture* as the result of a long growth of welfare and civilization. The former, an attempt to shape the future; the latter, a desire to enjoy the fruits of the past.

II

Now Germany, ever since 1870, had set to work all its energies on the side of *Kultur*. By the middle of the nineteenth century German life had arrived at a crisis. For a hundred years it had lived on the fruits of a literary, musical and philosophic culture, a renaissance which had originated nearly three centuries behind the rest of Europe, but which, by its blending of reverence for classic beauty with modern romanticism and individualism, by the depth and richness of its growth, brought to its own people and to Europe a message and fruits that would affect them for a long time to come. To Germany, which was then only a name, but no reality (the country having been split into a number of tiny feudal kingdoms or dukedoms), the message had been one of Unity and Liberty. The French revolution of 1848 promised to effect the realization of that message to the German people; but when feudalism became victorious, hope of the realization vanished anew. And then romanticism, which in its dreamy way had turned its eyes to the mediæval past of the great German Empire, got hold of the image of a still remoter Germanic past — of the old Gods, Wotan, Thor, with their fierce energy and passion. Such widely different types of men as Bismarck and Wagner seemed to hit at the same time on the idea that the only two things that could weld Germany into unity were *energy*

and *force*. Friedrich Nietzsche put the lesson into a nutshell by his image of the hammer and the anvil. The German people had to learn to swing the hammer, unless it wanted to remain the anvil forever. And as Bismarck was a thorough feudalism himself, who had no intention of teaching his people the handling of the hammer for its own political emancipation, he prepared the way for the swinging of this instrument against other nationalities. Denmark, Austria, and France felt the effect, and the new German Empire was the result of the first efforts.

The new cry of Bismarck and Wagner gave it its further lead. Energy and force! The young German Empire found a wealth of it stored up, ever since the religious wars of the seventeenth century, which had broken the country for two centuries to come. It also found a mighty task, and a task for more than one generation, before it. The entire economic fabric had to be built up anew, and, in setting it to work at this task, the government of the young Empire could rely on turning the people's minds away from any revolutionary longing for political self-government. The drill and method that had enabled the German army to gain victories over old military nations were now to be set at work to ensure the German people the fruits of a great economic victory. Never was such a strenuous race started toward prominence and wealth than when the young German Empire began to apply all its refund energy to these ends. France, but more especially England, which till then had almost a monopoly of modern industry and commerce, and which provided the world with its wares, had to be caught up with and, if possible, left behind. Tradition and training, the two sustainers of English industry, were not to be had for the asking: the leaders and the men had

both to be formed, and methodical Germany set to work with the assistance of science and technical teaching to nurture both.

The home market could be won by closing the imperial borders by means of high tariffs; foreign markets had to be gained by studying their wants, demurely following up their wishes, and by underselling competitors. At home, laboratories, libraries, technical higher and secondary teaching, abetted by compulsory schooling for the young working men up to the age of eighteen; a banking system intended to supply the financial needs of the growing industries; working hours that got out of the human and steel machinery all the energy stored up in both; foreign forces and results called to the assistance of the home students and home factories; trusts and division of labor; all these were enlarging the field and the results of action. Organization and standardizing could exert their influence to the full, with no traditions, no old and mouldy methods, to hamper their effectiveness. Abroad, prices could be reduced after the home market had paid for initial and general costs, — thanks also to export subventions paid by the state, — and an army of commercial travelers and agents, assisted by catalogues in all possible languages, fitted to the commercial necessities of all sorts and conditions of communities, set out to offer the goods and conquer foreign markets. Next to a nation in military arms, one could witness a nation in commercial harness, drilled and stung by governmental and private desire to 'arrive'; working its way in the world of commerce with a will; leaving nothing to chance or to luck.

Kultur in this onward march did not stop at acquiring a better financial and industrial position: it aimed at a victory all round — in science, the arts,

even in *Culture*. The middle-class notions of a former period were to be driven out; French, Russian, and Norwegian revolutionary points of view, French taste and French wit, English smartness and style of living, American directness, English and Dutch sense of style in arts and crafts — all these had to be adapted to and engrafted on the modern German New-comer, in order that he might take the lead in the graces and beauty and daring of life. The results were sometimes pitiful in their coarseness and wildness; sometimes, when the official leader of the Empire took the lead here as well, quite astonishing in their *baroque* showiness. But the worst feature of all this methodical nurture, this *Kultur*, was that the soul of Germany itself scarcely found its own old voice again, and that in many a German mind the belief in the immense superiority of the German mental and moral equipment and innate power became deeply rooted.

As all upstarts out-Herod Herod, so did the German copy of the type. It could not help gloating over its own unsurpassable greatness, and trying to make everybody else feel that without the assistance of this superiority they would be nowhere. Although in fact the sudden and exuberant growth had left many a weak and foul spot in the nation's mentality and morality, a growing mass of Germans, unconscious of the impression they created, came to share the belief in the Kaiser's word: 'Europa muss am Deutschtum gesunden.' Only a minority began to see through the artificiality of all this hot-house *Kultur* and its divergence from true culture. In literature, as in architecture, they plunged back into the soul of the race and its utterings in the days before *Kultur* had been set in motion. Books like *Jörn Uhl*; Kellermann's *The Fool*; country-houses in old

German style and simplicity, came as agreeable proofs that the finer fibre of the nation's inner life had not been entirely coarsened and 'kultured' away.

All this explosive energy might, nevertheless, have worked to the good of the world at large, and its excesses have wrought nobody any harm but the Germans themselves, who were growing into their new life with the inevitable exaggerations and ups-and-downs. The new German Empire, however, had at the same time turned itself into the most formidable, highly trained and well-organized military power, and that power had been wielded by a favored and tremendously self-conceited feudal class to which military prowess and class-distinction came first of all, and which still regarded the State as being made mainly to protect its class interests and prejudices. The tremendous rush of prosperity which the economic revival of Germany brought about enabled its feudal government to turn a good part of the new energy to the improvement of its 'hammer'; and to set the pace for a continual increase and improvement in armaments, which forced the whole of Europe to follow suit. The commercial and industrial class, with little influence in the only nominally parliamentary State, which at first had stood for liberalism, gradually, with the increase of capitalism and the Social-Democratic movement it had called forth, saw its own advantage in upholding and strengthening the military spirit and the bureaucratic régime and in encouraging even the growth of a strong navy.

For with expansion of trade, the necessity of more material for its factories, and the foundation of colonies, Germany found itself driven more and more in the direction of expansion, which England had followed long before. It became a competitor, not only

in commerce, but in political power as well. And the Pan-Germans saw with growing irritation that the yearly drain of emigrants, who left the mother-country to gain more elbow-room, meant a great loss to the common stock of the race. For in England, Holland, Belgium, and America, in the English and Dutch colonies, the German industrial and merchant classes found, not only a living, but a freer and more congenial atmosphere, more recognition of their worth and standing, than in the mother-country, where Kultur, under the influence of the feudal and bureaucratic hegemony, stopped short at the nurture of self-reliance and independence amongst the non-favorite classes and masses. The picture which the German Empire as a political commonwealth offered to the world at large was one of a highly prosperous family, where the old-fashioned father, after having spent no end of trouble and money to make 'men' of his sons, kept them in leading-strings even after they had become full grown — prepared to provide for them when in need, as long as they behaved as decent boys and did not venture any opposition against his parental national and military class prejudices.

And so the strong young German Empire was now and then given up to severe attacks of nervous tension, which, before 1914, more than once came to the point of open outbreak, endangering the peace of the world by the 'mailed fist.'

III

The picture which 'Culture,' on the other hand, showed us in England under the Victorian and Edwardian eras was even less hopeful. The great men and women it had brought forth, to whose voices many a man and woman outside England was listening with

eagerness, were largely left by middle-class England for export. The immense fortunes it had lent all over the world threw into the mother-country their yearly increasing rentals and dividends, and the same period that found Germany busy overtaxing its energies, saw the increase in England of the stagnant pool of middle-class people with independent incomes, passion for sport, deep respect for 'good form' and the outward decencies of life, an extremely weak desire for the exercise of mental, artistic, or moral powers, and a well-developed craving for speculation as a stimulant. It was especially the South of England — drawing the line a little north of Bristol and Bath — that saw the agglomeration of this herd of 'shareholders' and 'sleeping partners' in the nation's prosperity, who, far from contributing anything to it, only hampered it by the attraction of its 'society' prerogatives, by its withholding from agriculture immense plots of land merely to satisfy the lust of hunting, and by the support it gave to all and every one who promised to uphold its class-advantages and prejudices against new ideas, new methods, against democracy and modernism. Never before had so much superficiality, so much silliness and lack of brain power — results of the merest smattering of education — tried to rule an entire country by its dead weight of money and superficial civilization. To hear these 'ruling classes' talk in their monotonous self-satisfied way, propounding with mannered pronunciation all the same conventional trash about the ways of the world, the library, books without literature, the theatre without any meaning in it, painting without any art, and music which they could not understand, was one of the worst trials a man or woman of any real culture might undergo.

Higher up north the real life of mod-

ern England began to show its worth. It is a well-known fact that to the north-countrymen, the Welshmen, the Scotsmen, the Irishmen even, has fallen the task of leading and ruling Great Britain. Already George Meredith, in one of his early lyrics, had pointed to England's necessity for a 'growth of brains' such as the Celtic part of the British population could boast of. In Middle England the movement led by Ruskin and Morris for university extension had given a wider and deeper culture to many a workingman than the people of the South-British middle classes could generally show; and in the great Midland towns the members of these flourishing communities showed their appreciation of science, art, and technical knowledge by the foundation of universities, museums, libraries, and polytechnics at their own expense. That the Welshmen and the Scotsmen were stronger in their love for a sound and wider education, far more original in their way of thinking, more really individualistic, at once more simple and less snobbish in their manner and method of living, than the majority of Englishmen, and more enterprising as well, need scarcely be restated; and it is among these populations further north, that John Bright and Cobden, Ruskin and Gladstone, and, later, Campbell-Bannerman and Lloyd George, found the true echo of their liberal and democratic principles, the foundation of England's position in the modern world.

And yet, even among these more modern communities of the industrial and commercial classes there reigned largely the typical insular abhorrence of modern scientific methods in industry and commerce. Nineteenth-century England had found the world glad to have its wares without any cajoling, or any attempt on the part of the Eng-

lish to provide them in any other form, any other packing, any other weights or measures, any coinage other than it pleased his majesty the British manufacturer to produce and to make the world glad with them, clumsy and ugly as they very often were. His working-men had the tradition of sound workmanship; he himself had that of using good material and being fair in trade; nobody else could easily compete with him. If his adherence to the old method of 'rule of thumb' had made the Englishman rich, as it made his father; if his factory was never at a loss for work, what reason had he to overhaul his machinery, to adopt arts and crafts models and designs, to change his packing, to send out commercial travelers, to bother about catalogues in foreign languages, foreign measurements and coinage, and to learn foreign languages himself? Bother these fools of Prussians with all their newfangled ways, their applied science, their bowing down to the blooming foreigner! He, for one, was not going to walk in their wake! And if they came too near him in his trade, why, there was the Foreign Office and Parliament and the British Navy to keep them within bounds and teach them a lesson once for all. And every Britisher with the same proud dislike for 'foreign ways' and the same difficulty of understanding them, applauded, and wanted bills, and protection, and, if necessary, a war, to keep the world open for British methods and articles, and to protect British merchants and manufacturers and city clerks against the consequences of their abhorrence of 'Modernization'—of more brain power and more knowledge.

There was especially one group of Britishers who heartily sympathized with this boisterous idiocy: the so-called Imperialists, Jingoists, or 'whole-hogs.' Like the Pan-Germanists, they

looked upon the world as being especially in want of their national institutions and guidance, and they could not help thinking that this world would be all the better under the British flag. And as such extension of the rule of the mother-country brought with it sound promises of more profits to the British capitalists, the entire shareholders' group would naturally stand by them. With the assistance of a 'yellow press,' to which every emotion for its readers was a profitable asset, they turned out an extremely plausible propaganda, in which, by means of lies and forgeries, the other part of the British public, the conscientious, more idealistic half, was led to believe as a pure and holy cause. Thus the Boer republics, coveted for the sake of their mines, were pictured as the most rotten states, under whose flag the English 'outlander' was suffering indignities such as no Britisher should be subjected to. And the world saw the politicians, who refused Home Rule and good government to the Irish, appear as fierce denouncers of a foreign government that refused votes to — Englishmen, who never wanted to become true burghers in that foreign country!

The story of the origin and sequel of the anti-Boer campaign had to be referred to in the present argument as an illustration of the dangerous character and power of this British Imperialism and Jingoism. The groups that should have withstood and counteracted this campaign, the democratic and 'conscience' forces of Great Britain, were literally thrown off their feet by the whirlwind of false and misleading statements spread broadcast by the Jingo government, Jingo orators, and press, and they did come to their senses, wiser and sadder men and women, before the war was over, the trick done, the Boer republics brought un-

der British sway, and the escutcheon of Great Britain blotted by so unworthy a campaign and so low a victory.

It was after this awakening of the better forces and their attempt to redeem the misdeed done (at least partly), that these groups also set to work against the insular prejudices of the conservative and protectionist set, and tried to wake up their countrymen to the fact that, if British manufacturers and merchants were threatened in their trade by more modern methods, the only way to hold their own would be to modernize themselves, take up the study of science and foreign languages, send out good travelers, and if necessary, adopt the decimal systems. And although the protectionist scare-mongers tried to impress the British public with figures showing a far greater increase in German commerce, the adherents of free trade found no difficulty in proving that such increase, reckoned in percentage, must necessarily seem greater for the newcomers, but that Great Britain itself was largely increasing its trade and holding an easy first. The last years before the war saw Great Britain indeed more prosperous than ever, the workers better provided for, technical and secondary education gaining more public favor, and, as a result, the fear of German competition and the animosity against the growing rival diminishing. The Radical government, with a strong current of public opinion behind it, could risk a *rapprochement* with Germany, to the end of diminishing armaments, without having to fear too much the cries of the Jingoists that they were traitors to their country—all the less as 'little-Englandism' seemed to grow out of favor, and care for the strength of the fleet and improvement of the home defensive forces had become a plank even in the Radical platform. In the first half of 1914 British workers went to

Germany to study life over there, and in July the Leipzig Exhibition saw the Germans and English most heartily fraternizing. Then the war broke out.

v

The few strokes by which the situation in the two contending countries has been sketched, may suffice as a background for the conclusions now to be drawn.

The image they should have called up before the reader, of both Germany and England, is one of light and shade in each. It must be clear to him by now, that in each of the two nations there were at work powers to the good, and powers that meant a lasting threat to other and especially weaker nations. And in setting out arguments for the final reply to the question put to us, as to 'the probable results about to ensue for neutral Europe by a pronounced victory either of the Germans or the British,' we shall have to show what such a victory would mean with regard to each of those forces.

The reply cannot be given without some reference to the circumstances that led to the immediate outbreak of the war. Granting that a fully justified and qualified verdict as to its origin and causes cannot so far be given, I presume that the following rough-and-ready summing up of the immediate forces at work by the end of July, 1914, may not prove too far from objective truth. In Vienna the Serbian plot against the old Emperor's heir had strengthened the hands of the militarist and imperialist party, which had long wanted to teach Serbia and the Russian Panslavists a lesson. The fact that the death of the old Emperor might come at any moment, with unknown consequences to the very weak fabric of the Empire, made it seem imperative to seize time by the forelock.

In Germany the militarist Junker party, sure of the lead of the Crown Prince, who was hankering for 'a fresh and jolly war,' could not but have its eyes open to the fact that France and Russia were preparing for such a war, 'when they should be ready' (French chauvinistic and Russian Panslavist papers had, during President Poincaré's visit to Russia, mentioned 1917 as the year of reckoning), and that any weakening of the Austrian Empire by the death of the old Emperor would certainly be made use of by these two 'allies.' Hence they strengthened the hands of the militant imperialists at Vienna, to seize the opportunity to menace Serbia, frighten that country, and through its humiliation hit Russia, as its protector, a strong moral blow.

Former occasions in which a threat with the German 'mailed fist' caused France and Russia to withdraw from a perilous position, may have raised the hope that again an easy victory might be won. Anyhow, the moment was too good not to be used, even though it were to bring on a war, which, with France and Russia both still unprepared, would offer an almost sure chance of victory, promising the Central Powers a lasting hegemony on the entire continent. In the diplomatic scuffle that followed after the issue of the sudden and brutal note to Serbia, — as brutal as energetic admirers of the Germanic 'hammer' could hope to strike on the weaker anvil, — the attitude of Russia, like that of Germany, showed two divided forces at work. In both countries the 'extreme' military parties were demanding strong measures and unbending attitudes; the telegrams which the Tsar and Emperor William exchanged between them speak, on the contrary, of a tragic struggle which both 'peace' princes were waging against the powers behind the thrones, in order to save their

empires from the terrible ordeal of a threatening war. The French Republic, though headed by so strong a chauvinist as President Poincaré, showed little inclination to take up arms at that hour, when its new military organization was not nearly complete.

In England, Lord Grey saw himself in the most difficult position possible. On coming into office he had found England's foreign policy led by King Edward up to a close contact with France against Germany. The policy of his own government, as already pointed out, had sought a *rapprochement* with the latter country without loosening the intimacy with the French Republic — preparing a gradual softening down of the sharp antagonism between the two continental groups and, as a consequence, a diminishing of armaments, in accordance with the political programme of the Asquith government. Pending the Balkan wars he had done his utmost to bring all the great European powers to mutual understanding and coöperation. An outbreak of hostilities between the Central Powers and Russia would not only bring to naught what had so far been accomplished: it would, in addition drive England herself to the brink of war. For if Russia was attacked, France would be bound to stand by her, and although the English government had never entered into a bond with France, it certainly had, by its friendly understanding with its oversea neighbor, undertaken certain moral obligations to protect her northwestern coast against attacks by the German fleet. And what if Germany were to beat down France? England could never allow Germany a free access to the western coast, without forever exposing her own safety! But would the democratic following of the Asquith Cabinet support a war on these suppositions? The negative answer was to be

expected. And so Lord Grey, in order both to protect his policy with regard to a better European understanding and to prevent his being called upon to take sides with France against Germany, did, in his turn, his utmost to prevent the outbreak of hostilities.

But in moments of stress and excitement the men of peace will have an uphill task to keep the militarists in hand, once these are absolutely bent on 'fighting the question out.' They will depict the immense danger to the fatherland in allowing the antagonist 'time.' The German Staff, especially, is all for sudden blows. How their attack on Belgium helped Lord Grey to the one argument he needed to commit the British Empire to a stand against German aggression, once the German militarists had overcome the resistance of the Kaiser and the Imperial Chancellor, I need not here point out.

But no sooner had England set out on the warpath than all the rampant and latent antagonism of the commercial, industrial, capitalist, and Jingo circles saw a chance at last of striking a decisive blow against the troublesome competitor. As always in times of stress and war, when brutal strength becomes the necessity of the hour, the adherents of strong measures soon won the upper hand over the men of principle and conscience, and even succeeded in turning the scruples of the latter to the furtherance of their own ends. To overcome German resistance by striking at its commerce as the root of its power, was shown to be the most 'humane' of all methods of warfare. And once more the English humanitarians followed in the wake of the 'wholehogs.' The fight for the small nationalities, for Right against Might, upon which the English Radical government (with the exception of three of its members, too astute in their principles to be led astray) had officially entered,

was soon turned into a struggle for English commercial supremacy, when necessary at the cost of the neutral states as well. And the 'economic' position of the two contending groups has gradually grown to be almost the most important question for the present and the future.

The attitude of England was finally settled when the Imperialist party, which had originated the campaign against the Transvaal, had to be admitted into the English Ministry to fight out the war for — the smaller nations!

Whereas in England the outbreak of the war has brought upon the Radical government the necessity of submitting to the influence of the conservative, Jingoistic, and military forces of the country, in Germany — as in Russia — the inverse evolution is daily becoming more and more apparent. Originally, in the first year of the war, when it appeared as if the Germans were marching on to a sure and easy victory, the spirit of Pan-Germanism swept the country in a wave of the most insipid self-assertion and conceit. But as the struggle wore on, a gradual change made itself felt. The tremendous sacrifices which the government was forced to demand from the nation in its entirety — sacrifices of blood and money and of standard of living — made it more and more impossible for it to lean solely on the classes who till then had been the state favorites. The Junker group and the bureaucrats could no longer be hailed as the main supporters of 'Crown and Altar'; the entire nation, the masses almost more than the classes, became the pillars of the Fatherland. The Junkers, as agrarians, saw, moreover, the foundation of their favored position badly shaken. Before the war the high tariffs on food-stuffs on which their wealth largely depended had always been defended on

the ground that the German people should be prepared to make sacrifices in times of peace, in order to be sure of its food-supply under stress of war. The fact that this supply has signally failed it must strike at the root of the position of the Agrarian party. And the fact that the war, instead of being a boisterous, short, and victorious adventure, has proved a long, terrible and most bloody struggle, the end of which is now sighed for by the mass of the German people, has visibly influenced the tendency of the German government to a reasonableness not in keeping with the fierce desires of the German 'whole-hogs,' the adorers of blunt Germanic energy and unmitigated brutality.

And so after two years of exhaustive warfare, the political atmospheres in England and Germany are daily approaching the same level. England is growing more militaristic, more inclined to 'stand no nonsense,' less high-minded and liberal, more conservative, jingoistic, and protectionist; Germany less feudal, more open to modern and moderate views, less militaristic in the depth of the people's heart.

VI

We are at last able to come to conclusions.

A '*decisive*' victory of one of the groups can have no other meaning than a victory which leaves the one party absolutely at the other's mercy and enables the victor to dictate terms. And the character and costs of this war leave very little doubt as to the content of these terms. The moment the vanquished party shall have to accept them, all the fierceness, passions, hatred, feelings of revenge, that we have witnessed pending the war, will flame up together and try to burn to ashes the enemy's pile. The chauvinists and

'whole-hogs' amongst the victorious group will cry out that this is their moment. No sweetness of temperate opinion, no sense of a common humanity, no regard for the common European future, will hold them within bounds.

For the Central Powers, a dictation of peace to the Allies would therefore certainly mean: annexation by Germany of Belgium and a good part of Russia and France (those parts which hold the greatest mineral wealth in their soil); by Austria, of Serbia, and perhaps a part of North Italy; by Bulgaria and Turkey, of as much of the Balkans as they can lay hold on. The Allies will have to pay all the costs of the war of the victorious countries. They will have to submit to commercial exclusion from the whole of the territory held by the Central Powers, but to open their own borders to the free influx of the victor's goods. England will have to allow Germany a great colonial empire and free access to the sea.

The results of such 'terms of peace' can easily be imagined by the reader. France will remain an absolute cripple, economically and politically. England, Italy, and Russia, broken under the stress of double war costs and the economic competition of Germany, will find the greatest difficulty in rising again to their feet. The Central Powers, once paramount and having nothing to fear from any other great power, will hold all the 'neutrals' in the hollow of their hands. Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Greece, and Roumania will have no choice left but to enter the 'Federated States of Central Europe,' there to dance to the Prussian tune. Sweden, Norway and Spain will enjoy no greater freedom of movement.

That England and Russia, and what will be left of France and Italy, should permanently submit to such a state of things is naturally out of the question,

and, more than ever, Europe will be turned into a hothouse of militarism. The struggle against Napoleonic tyranny will once more be prepared and fought out. The Swiss, the Dutch, the Danes, the Roumanians, forced to fight with and for usurping Germany, will turn against her, and Sweden and Norway, though the former stands in fear of Russian aggression, will have to join hands. Europe will once more become the scene of a war which will shake it to its depths. In the meantime Japan, which is now already greatly profiting by providing the war necessities of its 'allies,' will have become paramount in Asia. The war of the races will then become inevitable.

In the meantime, in the victorious countries themselves life will have assumed unendurable conditions. All the instincts of privilege, self-conceit, bullying tyranny, will have free play, once the bloody adventure of the military, feudal, and capitalist classes has turned into so signal a success. This war has been theirs, and they will duly claim the fruits of their victory. The Kultur will go on drilling the old and new acquired masses; it will infuse youth with all the ideals of the feudal state, with as little left of individuality as man can live on. In the conquered territories the population will be held in the helot-like position of that of Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig, and Prussian Poland, and their children will be 'kultured' into *Staat-Deutschen*. The wealth of the victorious empires will grow beyond the dreams of avarice, and the usual stigmata of demoralization and decadence, which were becoming already much in evidence in Germany before the war, will make themselves seen. The German Empire will go the way of Rome under its emperors — and all the more swiftly because, notwithstanding its outward Christianity, its soul has really re-

mained heathen, germanically heathen, to the core.

The inverse result — a victory that will allow the Allies to dictate their terms to the Central Powers — will scarcely open a brighter prospect for Europe at large and the neutral states in particular. The growth of influence of the Jingoist, militarist, conservative, and protectionist groups in England will grow apace. In France the same tendencies will become paramount, while in Russia the weak struggles of progressiveness will utterly cease under an absolutist and corrupt government. England's insularity and self-conceit will have it all their own way, and her rule of the waves will be secured for all time by her seizure of the German and Austrian navies. Germany and Austria will be bled almost to death by the payment of the war costs of the Allies and the rightful compensation to Belgium and Serbia; economically both countries will be handicapped as much as possible by their exclusion, not only from the markets of the Allies and their colonies, but also from those of the neutrals, who will be forced to choose between trading with the impoverished Centrals or the wealthy Allies, and therefore will have practically no choice whatever. Belgium, restored to 'independence,' will be enlarged with slices of Germany and, if possible, of Holland, in order to punish the latter country for its neutrality, and to break the backbone of the Dutch-Flemish nationality¹ so that Belgium itself may

¹ Strange as it may sound to the non-European reader that Belgium, after having suffered for the right of the small nations to hold their own, should try to enlarge itself at the cost of Holland, which has offered hospitality to hundreds of thousands of destitute refugees in their flight, the tenor of speeches and articles under the non-official protection of the Belgian government leaves little doubt about the influence such 'imperialistic' expectations are gaining even in these

be all the more surely gallicized and held under French sway.

But as both Holland and Belgium will be cut off from their 'Hinterland,' and as England will moreover have to satisfy the craving of its ally Japan for the Dutch Indies, both Holland and Belgium will show economically only a shadow of their former state, and Belgium's so-called independence will really prove nothing better than an entire dependence on France and England. Denmark and Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Roumania, equally cut off from trading with Germany and Austria, will be equally dependent on what the Allies may leave them of industry and commerce, and the two latter countries will have to submit to a political 'influence' of Russia. Such, also, will be the relations of Spain to France. Kultur having been brought to submission, Culture in its most retrograde form will become paramount, and the clock of real European modern civilization will be turned back for long, weary years, just as happened after the Congress of Vienna in 1815.

In the meantime, militarism, which should have been killed as a result of the decisive victory of the Allies, will prove a greater necessity than ever. Of course, an astute and energetic people like the Germans is not going to take its licking without nursing the strongest feeling of revenge. It will set its teeth and concentrate all its Kultur power on preparing itself for a strong and final blow against its victors, who, in their turn, will have to prepare for a fresh war, compared to

circles. And it is quite certain that the Walloon influence aims at throttling once for all the just aspirations of the Flemish to a complete acknowledgment of their claims in their own fatherland. If proof were needed of my thesis about the immense danger Europe is running of becoming the victim of its retrograde forces, the attitude of Belgian governmental circles would provide us with it. — THE AUTHOR.

which the scientific and technical atrocities of the present conflict will prove mere child's play — a war which, no doubt, will approximate Mr. H. G. Wells's prophecies in *The World Set Free*. But not only will the Allies have to prepare for a war of revenge by the Central Powers (welded together, perhaps, by their misfortune, into one great Unity), but England and Russia, both led by the hot-heads and fierce nationalists, will have to be mutually on their guard against each other's lust of expansion in Asia. And the neutral nations of to-day will no doubt be driven on, by force of circumstances and by direct influence from the side of the Allies, to further impoverishment through supplying more and more armaments. Though nominally independent, their self-government and economic position will be entirely at the mercy of the paramount powers, and again this modern Europe will leave them no really free air to breathe in.

Looking on 'this picture and on that,' the reader will easily see that the choice between the one and the other is not really very great, and that we neutrals are fully justified in our hopes that neither of these possibilities may come to be realized. Should any one feel inclined to put in the observation that both are extremely 'extreme,' the reply is that we were asked to look extremes in the face. A 'decisive victory' cannot but mean that one group is to have unbridled exercise of its own sweet will, held in bounds only by its possible sagacity. Our argument had led up to the conclusion, that the chance for such sagacity, once the victor can put his foot down, will be very small indeed; that, on the contrary, the clamorous seekers after power and revenge will then insist on getting the last drop of blood.

Of course, our survey of the powers

now at work or dormant in our present Europe had to be largely a summary one, and the writer is fully aware that, for one thing, no attention has been paid by him to eventual revolutionary movements by the masses as a factor to be reckoned with. But such a movement will find little root in the countries that will share the spoil of victory, and in the conquered and impoverished ones the victor, who got the better of trained armies, will soon bring to submission the untrained masses.

The conclusion, then, set forth in the opening sentences of this article, appears to have been made good by the argument that followed it. And even if the result should be less extreme than we judged ourselves obliged to face, the choice for the neutrals between Kultur and Culture, both at their worst, with an inevitable strengthening of the forces of reaction and militarism, can offer them little hope of a better future either for Europe or for themselves.

Their hopes should, therefore — and I feel bold enough to say *do* — look to an end of this war that will offer the only prospects for a friendlier, more humane, and less restive Europe than we have known since 1870. The only chance to keep militarism and reaction within bounds is to make them fail in their attempt really to settle economic, national, and cultural questions by means of alliances, morbidly intriguing diplomacy, the costliest military preparations, and, finally, by ruinous and most terrible war.

The enemy to be overcome is not one group of the nations now at war, but the militarism, imperialism, and Jingoism in each of them. And so far this fight has not even got a start. It is only when nobody can really claim to have been 'victorious,' — when nobody can dictate terms, when the end will have

brought about what could have prevented the dire beginning, — a collective conference to thrash out the difficulties and allow everybody fair play and his due, — that the ground will be laid for a future which each of the nations at war professes to fight for: one in which the life of a cultured continent, which for centuries has been marking the pace for civilization, cannot of a sudden, by the mere machinations of a few men behind the scenes, be thrown into so dire and disastrous a calamity as fell on us all in 1914.

Already many a man amongst the neutrals has set himself to think out the best means of arriving at this result. Compulsory arbitration, a combined military force to make war on the war-makers, universal free trade, a federation of the States of Europe, are among the propositions put before us. This article is not intended to consider them further. The main thing will be, first, to bring about a better understanding, and to make it clear that the only safety and hope for the future lie in a mutual respect of the independence, methods, and points of view of others. Whatever this war may have brought us for good or for evil, it should certainly teach the contending parties that in love for their own country, in sacrifice for that country, in energy, courage, and power of organization, each of them is worth its salt, and the hatred, fanned to flame by so many a man at his writing-desk, should now give way, in all who have really worked and suffered, to a feeling of mutual respect, a rebirth of the old sentiment of a common humanity, a common task, and a common future. If once this sentiment, which we neutrals in Europe have done our best to keep burning,

should really revive, the way out of our present hell to a better earth would soon be found.

There is one objection to such an understanding that should be met, to wind up our argument. Men are asking whether we are to leave unpunished the crime, committed against our civilization and against so many human beings by those who started that war; whether Justice should not have the last word. The reply may be given, that victory in a war is as little real proof of innocence as it used to be in mediæval ordeals. The question of guilt will have to be decided by a tribunal or by history, and the chances are — as our argument has tried to show — that not one of the contending parties would pass muster as absolute innocents and acquire a verdict of 'not guilty.' Not guilty, however, are all those men of both parties who are being sacrificed daily on the field of battle, and their relatives who remain behind to weep for them. Not guilty are all those millions of non-combatants who, in the countries at war or in the neutral ones, are being submitted to hardship and poverty. The conscience of those who want to fight out this war to the bitter end, in order that the initial crime may be revenged, and who to that end are daily heaping higher this sacrifice of the innocent, passes beyond the comprehension of us neutrals — unless we accept the theory that they are still under the influence of war-psychosis. But then why not put them in concentration camps, instead of the wretched non-combatants, and make it impossible for their perverted minds to continue bringing misfortune on our common European humanity?

EASTER

BY NORA CONNOLLY

ON Easter Monday morning, 1916, Irish men and women declared their belief in their country's right to national independence, and their willingness to die if need be to win that right.

They took possession of the capital, and hoisted over it the green, white, and orange flag of the Irish republic. Unfortunately, owing to the demobilizing order issued by Sean MacNeill, the Republican forces were small, not very much larger than a battalion of the English Army. On Easter Monday morning there were only nine hundred men in arms, but at the end of the week about fifteen hundred men surrendered.

The fight was short, but it was a good, clean, able one. Fifteen hundred men held the city for a week against a force of twenty-five thousand English soldiers, supplied with armored cars, field-guns, rifles, and all the necessary equipment of an army of war.

It was a week full of heroic incidents. At Mount Street Bridge a body of two thousand English soldiers with full war equipment was held at bay for over twelve hours by five rebels armed only with rifles. When, near the end of the fight, the ammunition was giving out, two of the men went for supplies; the remaining three gave no sign that their numbers were lessened. A little later one was killed and then one man held the fort while the other buried his dead comrade. Two forts overlooking O'Connell's Bridge were held by six men, three in each. They were not killed, although shot and shell were

poured into the forts. When they could hold out no longer they made their way to the General Post Office. These six were what was known in Dublin as Kimmage men — men who had been born in England or Scotland and, in most cases, had never been in Ireland before; men who, knowing the day was near, came over to Ireland to make ready.

It seemed to me, in those days, that they were like the reserve men who are mobilized by a nation on the eve of going to war. Most of these men spoke with a Scotch or English accent, and an amusing story is told of one of them. A party of seven was evacuating one of the forts, and making an attempt to gain the General Post Office. The street was swept with machine-gun bullets. They had to cross the street. They took a zigzag course, one after another—the first, second, third, and fourth men crossed in safety, and the fifth was so struck by this that in the middle of the street he stopped to remark to the man behind him, 'Blimy, this is gryte!' and then made his way across. Our men seemed to lead charmed lives. Their casualties were marvelously small, — one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, — the dead numbering about thirty.

I was first sent to the North of Ireland with a dispatch on Easter Monday morning. I was commandant of the Ambulance Corps going North, and had all my medical supplies with me. Unfortunately, the men had received the demobilizing order, and be-

lieving there was to be no rebellion, they had returned home, so there was no need for me.

When I was going back to Dublin, I went to stay the night in a house that had just been searched by the military, and a small amount of ammunition had been taken from there by them. I had to pass through the military on my way to the house, and as I was in a motor-car with all my bundles, they evidently came to the opinion that I was bringing more ammunition there, as they paid the house another visit at two o'clock in the morning. They searched the whole house again, questioned me closely, took my address, and went through my kit bag. They finally left, seizing all my medical supplies and not disdaining to take my haversack, containing two days' rations. This frightened the lady of the house and she asked me to leave. She said she did not want an arrest from her house. I left early the next morning.

I had sent a young girl ahead with a dispatch some time before. Feeling myself responsible for her, I did not care to return to Dublin without her. I started for the town she was in. The lady of the house told me it was not five miles away. I decided to walk: to go by train I would have had to pass the inspection of a constabulary, and that was the last thing I desired. I set out at seven o'clock, and walked all day on a lonely mountain road — mountains on one side of me, bogs on the other, and never a tree for shade, and never a house to get a drink in. The sun was roasting that day, and I was heavily laden. I had my uniform on, under a skirt and mackintosh, and was carrying the kit bag of the other girl and my own. I walked until I was completely worn out, not able to go more than a few yards at a time. Near my journey's end I met the girl I was looking for. She took me to the house she was

staying in. In that house, I learned that I had walked nearly twenty miles.

I rested that night and in the morning the little girl and I started for Dublin. We took a train which brought us to Dundalk. When we arrived there the station was full of military and constabulary. We asked if we could get to Dublin, and were told the only train going there was a military one, and that the lines were in the hands of the military. We decided to walk. We learned from the automobile signs that it was fifty-six miles to Dublin. We started on our road after lunch and we walked all that day. We had to pass a military barricade at a place called Dunleer, some eight miles from Drogheda.

We were rather nervous. We did not want to be stopped, for we did not know the name of the next village. If we were asked where we were going, we could not say, — it would be worse than folly to say 'Dublin,' — but we passed it, however, and walked until dark. We thought it possible that there might be military or police patrols, and as no hotel was near, we did not desire to arouse suspicion by asking for a night's shelter, so we decided to lie out in the field that night. We did so, and a most uncomfortable night it was. It was very cold. A heavy mist came down and soaked into our clothes. We watched for the dawn, then we resumed our walk, and reached Drogheda in time for seven o'clock mass.

We had no adventures until we came to Balbriggan. There was another military barricade there, which we managed to pass while the soldiers were having a heated discussion with three men they desired to search. At 7.30 on Sunday night we arrived on the outskirts of Dublin. There we learned the dreadful news that our men were surrendering and that my father was

wounded and a prisoner in Dublin Castle.

I saw my father the following Tuesday. He was in bed, his wounded leg resting in a cage. There was an officer of the R.A.M.C. in his room all the time I was with him. He was very weak and pale and his voice was very low. I asked if he was suffering much pain. He said no, but that he had been propped up in the bed and court-martialed and the strain was very great. I was very much depressed at hearing that. I had been thinking that there would be no attempt to shoot him till he was well; but I knew then, that if he was court-martialed while he was unable to sit up in his bed, the authorities would not hesitate to shoot him while he was wounded.

He was very cheerful, as he lay in his bed making plans for our future. He gave my mother, who was with me, a message to Skeffington, asking him to get some of his songs published. It nearly broke my mother's heart to think she could not tell him that his good comrade and friend had already been murdered by English soldiers. (Before we were permitted to see my father, we were asked to give our word of honor that we would give him no news from the outside.) I tried to tell him some news, however. I told him that Captain Mellows was still out with his men in the Galway hills. He smiled and said, 'They were always good boys.' I told him that Lawrence Ginnell was fighting for the men in the House of Commons. 'Good man, Larry!' he said; 'he can always be depended upon.'

He was very proud of his men. 'It was a good clean fight,' he declared. 'The cause cannot die now. It will put an end to recruiting. Irishmen now realize the absurdity of fighting for the freedom of another country while their own is still enslaved.' He praised the

brave women and girls. 'No one can ever say enough to honor and praise them,' he said.

He told me about one young boy who was carrying his stretcher when the rebels were trying to retreat from the burning Post Office. The street they were crossing was swept with bullets. If a bullet came near the stretcher, the boy would move his body to shield my father. He was so young-looking that my father asked his age. 'I am fourteen, sir,' he replied. My father's eyes lit up while he was telling this story. At the end, he said, 'We cannot fail. Those young boys will never forget.'

When next I saw my father, it was at midnight on Thursday, May the eleventh. A motor-ambulance came to the house. The officer who accompanied it said my father was very weak and wanted to see his wife and eldest daughter. My mother believed this, as when she had last seen my father he was very weak and suffering much pain. He had told her that he never slept without morphine. Nevertheless, she was a trifle apprehensive, for she asked the officer to tell her if they were going to shoot my father. The officer said he could tell her nothing.

It seemed to take hours to get to the Castle, and when we were stopped by the sentries the minutes seemed hours. Finally we were passed in, and were taken to my father's room at once. We were surprised to see on the small landing outside his room about a dozen soldiers encamped. They had their beds and full equipments with them. Six were on guard at the top of the stairs, and in the little alcove leading to his room were three more; all had their rifles with fixed bayonets.

We entered the room; my father had his head turned to the door. When he saw us he said, 'Well, Lillie, I suppose you know what this means.'

My mother cried out, 'O James, it's not that, it's not that!'

'Yes, Lillie, I fell asleep to-night for the first time, and they wakened me at eleven to tell me I was to die at dawn.'

My mother broke down, laid her head on his bed and sobbed heart-breakingly.

My father patted her head and said, 'Don't cry, Lillie, you will unman me.'

My mother sobbed, 'But your beautiful life, James, your beautiful young life!'

'Well, Lillie,' he said, 'hasn't it been a full life and is n't this a good end?'

I was crying, too. He turned to me at the other side of his bed, and said, 'Don't cry, Nora, there is nothing to cry about.'

'I won't cry,' I said.

He patted my hand and said, 'That's my brave girl.' He then whispered to me, 'Put your hand here,' making a movement under the bedclothes. I put my hand where he indicated. 'Put it under the clothes.' I did so and he slipped a paper into my hand. 'Smuggle that out,' he said, 'it is my last statement.'

Mother was sitting at the other side of the bed, her face growing grayer and older every minute. My father turned to her and said, 'Remember, Lillie, I want you and the girls to go to America; it will be the best place for them. Leave the boy at home in Ireland. He was a brick and I am proud of him.'

My mother could only nod her head. My father tried to cheer her up by telling her about a man who had come to the Post Office during the revolution,

to buy a penny stamp, and how indignant he was when he was told he could not get one. He turned to me then and said, 'I heard poor Skeffington was shot.' I said, 'Yes,' and then told him that all his staff, the best men in Ireland, were gone. He was silent for a while. I think that he thought that he was the first to be executed. I told him that the papers had said that it was promised in the House of Commons there would be no more shootings. 'England's promises!' was all he said to that.

The officer then told us we had only five minutes more. Mother was nearly overcome. We had to give her water. My father tried to clasp her in his arms but he could barely lift his head and arms from the bed. 'Time is up,' the officer said. My father turned to say good-bye to me. I could not speak. He said, 'Go to your mother.'

I tried to bring her away. I could not move her. She stood as if turned to stone. The nurse came forward and helped her away. I ran back and kissed my father again; then the door was shut and we saw him no more.

We were brought back to the house. My mother went to the window, pulled back the curtain, and stood watching for the dawn, moaning all the while. I thought her heart would break and that she would die.

We went to the Castle in the morning to ask for my father's body. They would not give it to us. A kind nurse managed to get a lock of my father's hair which she gave to my mother.

That is all we have of him now.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

MANY years ago (in the early nineties) I stood almost alone in England as an advocate of general military service. I advocated it because I knew that regular food and athletic life (the most vital advantages of our two ancient universities) would be of physical benefit to our working classes, while hardship and sense of equality in the ranks would do a lot of good to the classes which are called 'educated' because they go to those universities, and 'independent' because they depend on the labor of others. But even then I foresaw that difficulties would arise from the clash between compulsion and conscience. For the keynotes of English history have been 'freedom of conscience' and resistance to 'State compulsion,' especially when it touched the province of religion. I foresaw our prisons crammed with Quakers, Salvationists, Socialists, Humanitarians, and other obstinate and peculiar people who regarded militarism and war, not merely as unnecessary evils, but as definite sins against the Holy Spirit, whether of God or man. So formidable was the prospect that I gave up all attempt to impose so abhorrent a benefaction upon my countrymen; for it appeared evident that they set more store by the will of God and the guidance of the 'inner voice' than upon physical development or social equality, and that all efforts to convert them from belief in Christ's teaching would be vain.

Further residence in Germany and Russia compelled me to modify my

own advocacy of conscription, and to admit that my fellow countrymen were right in their opposition to it. For I discovered that universal service increased the virtue of obedience to a dangerous extent, and gave the government too strong a hold upon the populace, not only in military questions but in all affairs of life. People lost the courage of initiative; in everything they looked to the government for direction or assistance; they were over-socialized, and officials dominated nearly the whole of life, especially in Germany. But as my own belief in militarism began to shake (in spite of those obvious physical and social advantages), I found a belief in it steadily gathering strength among my own countrymen. After the Boer War, an enthusiastic propaganda for universal service was started, chiefly inspired by Lord Roberts, whose splendid career and personal charm saved his proposals from the neglect or mockery with which mine had been treated ten years earlier. Many leading journalists and politicians, especially among Conservatives and the class from which officers were chiefly drawn, began to support his view, and it made considerable progress, though the mass of the people remained indifferent or hostile.

Then came the war, and for the first year and a half it was carried on with an enthusiasm of voluntary enlistment unequaled, I suppose, in history. Recruits offered themselves in such great numbers that the War Office was submerged by the flood of men.

'Never has the world seen so magnificent an uprising of a whole people,' said the French Chief-of-Staff at Salonika, in a lecture to us war correspondents last December. He could only compare it with the uprising of France against her encircling enemies in the Revolution. The movement was indeed superb, and history will record it among our country's noblest honors. But the advocates of conscription saw their opportunity in the nation's danger. They invented the nauseous metaphor of 'combing out.' They raised the impracticable cry of 'Equality of Sacrifice' (impracticable because the circumstances of men of military age differ widely, and men of ministerial and episcopal age are, unhappily, excused from service). Lord Northcliffe 'tuned the pulpits' of his powerful press to the cry. The Prime Minister reluctantly yielded. Lord Kitchener yielded, also reluctantly, as is believed. The House of Commons yielded, being reduced to impotence under a Coalition Cabinet. Compulsory service was enacted, first for single men (January 27, 1916), and afterwards for all citizens (women are not yet citizens here) of military age (May 2, 1916). England was added to the list of conscript nations, and among great powers the United States alone remains outside it now.

The trouble which I had foreseen in my premature proposals for military service as a poor man's university at once arose. The Conscientious Objector is no new apparition. He embodies that danger defined by Thomas Hobbes in the *Leviathan* :—

'The most frequent pretext of sedition and civil war, in Christian commonwealths, hath a long time proceeded from a difficulty, not yet sufficiently resolved, of obeying at once both God and man than when their commandments are one contrary to the other.'

Hobbes was the extreme apostle of the State. To him the State was 'that great Leviathan, that mortal God, to whom we owe, under the immortal God, our peace and defence.' To him any question of the State's authority was so heinous a crime that 'on rebels,' he said, 'vengeance is lawfully extended, not only to the fathers, but also to the third and fourth generations not yet in being, and consequently innocent of the fact for which they are afflicted.' And as to conscience, he maintained that 'if every man were allowed the liberty of following his own conscience, in such differences of consciences, they would not live together in peace an hour.' Yet he was compelled to admit (and indeed the contemporary troubles under Charles I, Cromwell, and Charles II forced the truth upon him) that in Christian commonwealths the difficulty of obeying both God and man when their commandments are contrary, had not yet been sufficiently resolved.

Conscientious objectors have given trouble in other than Christian commonwealths. Socrates must be counted among them for listening to his indwelling 'dæmon,' or conscience, when it forbade him to obey the Thirty Tyrants and other State authorities. Sophocles created a noble type of conscientious objector in Antigone, who refused to obey the law of the State, and illegally gave her brother burial, acting, as she said, in free obedience to 'the unwritten and unchanging laws of heaven — laws that are not of to-day or yesterday, but abide forever, and of their creation knoweth no man.'¹ That I believe to be the finest definition of the conscientious objector's position. But the difficulty naturally increased with the nominal acceptance of Christianity as the religion of the State. For Christ's words, taken in their obvious

¹ Sophocles: *Antigone*.

meaning, are commands directly contrary to the commands of every civilized state, and would make nearly all the chief functions of State, such as war, law courts, punishment, and the protection of private property either nugatory or impious. Obedience to such commands involves a life of Anarchism, in the holiest sense of the word.

This truth has been recognized by genuine Christians from the time of the Primitive Church down to Tolstoi. It has been recognized also by ecclesiastical authorities whose Christianity is more complicated; as, for instance, by Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough, who admitted that no state founded upon the Sermon on the Mount could stand for a week. It is obvious, then, that people who proclaim Christ's teaching as the actual words of God, and yet remain bound to a civilized state by ties of obedience, fear, patriotism, or self-interest, must become entangled in inextricable perplexities and contradictions, certain to increase in time of war, when the commands of Christ and of the State are most insistent and most opposed. The difficulty defined by Hobbes is then at its worst.

The clash between the divine and social commandments has, naturally, been most violent where the State compelled military service. The early persecution of Christians was largely due to their objection to bearing arms as being contrary to Christ's teaching. The particular cases of Maximilianus and a centurion Marcellus, executed because their consciences would not permit them to bear carnal arms in contradiction to Christ's words (*circa* 300 A.D.), are well known, and were accepted even by Gibbon as authentic.¹ Like Socrates and Antigone, they both died as conscientious objectors, and their names were added to the roll of the

noble army of martyrs. The difficulty did not frequently arise during the Middle Ages, when the compromises of the Roman Church were generally accepted, and certain kinds of war were even called 'Holy' by Christians as by Moslems. But it remained latent, and bishops, who were inspired by patriotic passions as violent as the present Bishop of London's, went out to battle in person, it is true, but armed only with studded maces, which killed without un-Christian bloodshed. The expansion of individual thought, and the simultaneous return to Christ's teaching as the final truth in the sixteenth century, produced a copious outgrowth of conscientious objection throughout Europe, and its later forms among Anabaptists, Fifth-Monarchy Men, Levellers, Diggers, Quakers, Moravians, Doukhobors, Molokans, and many other sects, would make a lengthy record of obstinate resistance to the State in the name of God.

II

When the first military service act was passed in England, I was with the Allied armies in the Near East, and so cannot speak of the opposition to it from personal knowledge. But against a cabinet of all the talents opposition in Parliament was vain, and Sir John Simon remained the only Member of the highest rank who stood out. Under representations of national emergency, the trade-unions submitted. Even the religious or conscientious opposition was not so determined or well organized as I expected. For one thing, the Salvation Army did not combine against it, though Christ's teaching of non-resistance to evil has been one of their main tenets in earlier days. Several of their members had joined the army long before the act, and their patriotism had been acclaimed by that

¹ *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chap. xvi.

energetic Christian, Mr. Harold Begbie, in a poem of which I recall one verse, perhaps not quite accurately:—

You've a sense of soap and water,
And you fight like Christian men;
Ho! a man can do some slaughter
When he knows he's born again.

But when the government, under the persistent pressure of Lord Northcliffe's organs, passed the act abolishing our voluntary system, the religious objectors found themselves reinforced by a certain number of Socialists who believed in international brotherhood, and by Humanitarians, who believed Christ's teaching to be reasonable, if not divine. Socialism is not necessarily pacific. I was present at a Socialist congress in Copenhagen (I think in 1910), where Keir Hardie proposed a general strike of European workers if war was threatened. Many delegates accepted the proposal, but the solid body of German Social Democrats refused it as 'unpatriotic.' Still, a considerable number of Socialists who have not come under German influence, are inclined to regard militarism upon German lines as promising small advantage to the working classes, and tending to obstruct fraternal comradeship among the workers of all nations. As Mr. Clifford Allen, Chairman of the No-Conscription Fellowship, himself persisting in conscientious objections as a Socialist rather than a Christian, wrote to *The Nation* of June 10, he and others like him object, not to killing only, but to war, 'because it is a denial of the worth of the individual, the method by which every movement to social betterment is retarded, and it engenders a spirit of domination, bitterness, and fear.'¹

In like manner, Socialists no less than

¹ Mr. Clifford Allen has lately (Aug. 30) been sentenced by court-martial to a year's imprisonment for disobeying orders. — THE AUTHOR.

Christians may attach some value to Treitschke's objection to Hegel's 'deification of the State.' 'The State,' said Treitschke, in one of those lectures which did so much to create the German spirit of State domination, 'the State is not the whole life of man or of society. It does not and should not touch his conscience or his religion. There is an inner life which is a man's own.' And that saying of Nietzsche—so often coupled with Treitschke in the joint apostolate of modern Germany—is even better known: 'The coldest of all cold monsters is called the State. Coldly it utters its lies, and from its mouth this lie issues, "I, the State, am the People."'²

Thus our Government might have been prepared for a certain passive resistance from social thinkers and Christians alike; but in framing the Conscription Act they appear to have contemplated nothing but religious opposition, and to have thought chiefly of Quakers. For the self-denial of Quakers in regard to the temptations of pugnacity was familiar history, and, by self-denial in other respects, the Quakers have acquired a comfortable share in this world's blessings, part of which they have generously devoted to the enlightenment of public opinion through Liberal newspapers. The Quakers, therefore, had to be considered, and it so happened that, at the beginning of the war, a large section of them had devised means of serving their country without offending their conscience by actual fighting. They had equipped a motor-ambulance unit, in the first organization of which I am myself proud to have assisted. It worked admirably for the Belgians and French along the front from Dunkirk to Ypres, and even the haughty British army was glad to make use of it later. As it grew, it developed two

² Also *sprach* Zarathustra: 'Das neue Idol.'

or three stationary hospitals. A large section joined the Italian army in the Trentino. Another Quaker division assisted the ruined villagers of Eastern France in rebuilding their villages and reclaiming their fields. Along these lines a perplexed Government, caught between God and Lord Northcliffe, detected a way of escape. If Quakers accepted this kind of service, let them have it! Who else could object where Quakers made a compromise?

Accordingly, the Government created a 'Non-Combatant Corps' into which those objectors might be drafted whom the local tribunals decided to be conscientious. The local tribunals are small bodies of from five to twenty-five men and women, not, like Love, too young to know what conscience is. They are appointed by the borough or urban council, and are usually presided over by the local mayor, with the assistance of a military representative to watch the interests of the army. By the act the tribunals have powers of granting exemption:—

Section 2, sub-section (3). 'Any certificate of exemption may be absolute, conditional, or temporary, as the authority by whom it was granted thinks best suited to the case; and also, in the case of an application on conscientious grounds, may take the form of an exemption from combatant service only, or may be conditional on the applicant being engaged in some work which in the opinion of the tribunal dealing with the case is of national importance.'

As there was some doubt whether this wording gave tribunals the power of absolute exemption to conscientious objectors, the following explanation was added in the second act:—

Section 4, sub-section (3). 'It is hereby declared that the power to grant special certificates of exemption in the case of an application on conscientious grounds under sub-section (3) of sec-

tion two of the principal Act is additional to and not in derogation of the general power conferred by that Act to grant absolute, conditional, or temporary certificates in such cases.'

It was, therefore, the intention of the act to give the tribunals power to grant absolute exemption on conscientious grounds as an alternative to exemption from combatant service only. There was the further power of granting exemption where the objector was engaged in work of national importance, and a special committee, sitting at Westminster, with Lord Pelham in the chair (and, therefore, called the Pelham Committee) might be referred to by the tribunals to decide what work the words 'of national importance' might cover in each case.

The Government obviously intended the powers of exemption to be very wide, and they cannot be accused of deliberate desire to persecute. It was in administration that the act fell short of the intention. The action of the tribunals varied according to their composition. Some refused absolute exemption as being beyond their powers. Some were overridden by the military representative, who, like the objector, had a right of appeal from their decision to an Appeal Tribunal appointed for counties by the Home Office. Nearly all agreed in regarding conscience as an unpatriotic offense which must be visited by penalties. The penalties were intended to deter shirkers and cowards from escaping under the cloak of conscience. But large numbers of the genuinely conscientious were removed from work of undoubted national importance (such as education), and set to road-making, or hospital tasks, in which they had no skill or experience.

In some cases, however, total exemption was granted (usually on grounds of health); in others, exemption for a

few months, the case to be then reconsidered; in others exemption was given provided the applicant remained in his present employment. This gave the employer a tyrannical hold over the man, for, by threatening to discharge him and drive him into the army, he could compel him to any terms of work or wages. But still, in spite of much uncertainty, waste, and hardship, the exemption clause might have worked fairly well but for another class of men whose existence had not, indeed, been overlooked (for both Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Walter Long as members of the Government promised complete exemption in their case), but whose numbers and determination had been underestimated.

These are the men who refuse alternative or noncombatant service under the act. They are the logicians of conscience, the extremists of peace. They refuse to take service of any kind under the act. They will not be abettors in the crime of war, either by fighting or by performing tasks which might set others free to fight, or by acknowledging the necessity of war by obeying military orders or any orders connected with a state of warfare. How many conscientious objectors have come before the tribunals I cannot discover. About twenty-five thousand—including, presumably a certain number of shirkers—is the average estimate, but of these nearly one tenth have refused noncombatant or alternative service, and have been arrested and handed over to the military authorities. The exact number on the day of writing (August 30) is 1987. The great majority of them have been court-martialed under the Army Act for disobeying orders, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, the commonest sentence being one hundred and twelve days. While in military hands, their treatment has sometimes been brutal.

As an example, I give an extract from a letter written in Wandsworth Detention Barracks (end of April, 1916). The writer was a Teddington man, named H. W. Forrester, and it is fair to the War Office to say that, apparently owing to the treatment of conscientious objectors, the colonel concerned was soon afterwards removed from that command:—

‘As soon as we got in the prison (I was first) one of them told me with an oath to take my coat off. I told him that I was not a soldier and could not obey military orders. The Colonel was standing near, and he thundered up and shouted, “What! you won’t obey me?” with a thick accompaniment. I quietly answered, “I must obey the commands of my God, sir.” “Damn your God! Take him to the special room.” Four of them then set on me. One of them took hold of me by the back of the neck, nearly choking me, shook me and dragged me along, while the others punched and thumped and kicked me as hard as they knew how. They banged my head on the floor and the wall, and threw me into a little cell with thick walls and a small skylight.

‘They then told me to get my boots off, but I would not do so, and the Sergeant I have mentioned deliberately punched me behind the ear, and all of them set on me again and bruised me more. They at last cleared out and slammed the door, leaving me without boots, coat or braces, lying on the floor almost exhausted.

‘They then came back with the Colonel, who told me to stand to attention. I talked to him very calmly, but he gave me a kick with his boot, and the other fellows started the bruising again. When they had exhausted themselves and I still stood firm, the Colonel said, “Put him on bread and water for three days to begin.” And then they left me, hinting at certain

tortures they would put me through.'

I have seen a good many similar letters from other barracks or prisons, and all show that conscience arouses greater ferocity than crime. It was the same with the Suffragettes, whose treatment in many prisons was equally brutal, though few Quakers or Socialists troubled themselves much about the matter then. Jailers, and especially soldiers, are usually lenient towards drunkards, thieves, or swindlers, but directly they are put in charge of people who have yielded to some temptation unknown to themselves (such as crimes of conscience or political freedom), they are moved to violence by righteous indignation. The populace share this abhorrence of the unknown, as was seen at Chatham on July 31, when six conscientious objectors, after serving their sentence with great suffering, were temporarily released from barracks, but were set upon by a violent mob at the gates and narrowly escaped with their lives, 'their progress traced by the blood they left behind.'¹

III

In May three parties of conscientious objectors were sent to France, apparently with the object of bringing them under the severer military discipline that prevails in war zones. This measure of military authority again revealed the powerlessness of the Cabinet and Parliament in face of the Act which they had themselves created. Ministers had assured the House that no objector would be sent to France. On the very day on which they were sent the assurance was repeated. Yet the objectors had already started.

¹ See *The Chatham and Rochester News* of August 5, 1916, where comment is, 'Brutal perhaps all this, but unlike Germany a just brutality — the just resentment of Britishers who are fighting for their country.' — THE AUTHOR.

Their fate in France was still less expected by an innocent Cabinet. On January 18, 1916, Sir Frederick E. Smith, Attorney-General, had stated in the House:—

'I can give my honorable friend the assurance, on behalf of the War Office, that under no circumstances will the death sentence be pronounced or carried out on persons who come in any way within the class of "conscientious objector" as defined by this bill.'

No government undertaking could be more explicit. Yet thirty-six of the conscientious objectors taken to France were publicly condemned to 'death by shooting' for disobeying orders in the face of the enemy. These sentences were afterwards commuted to ten years' penal servitude, which they are now enduring.²

These facts, added to reports of 'crucifixion,' — attachment of the outstretched limbs, usually to wheels, — and other severe penalties inflicted upon conscientious objectors, roused so much protest among Quakers and other believers in the rights of conscience throughout the country that the Government devised various schemes for ending the scandal and relieving the army of disciplinary duties which did not conduce to success in the war.

² Parallel instances of the Government's helplessness in fulfilling its own pledges have occurred. On January 17, 1916, for example, Mr. Herbert Samuel, Home Secretary, speaking on behalf of the Prime Minister, said: 'Meetings which are limited to opposition to the passage of the Military Service Bill, or to advocating its repeal if passed into an Act, or to opposition to any extension of compulsory service, and writings of the same character, would not be liable to suppression.' Yet seven members of the No-Conscription Fellowship Committee were on May 17 fined £100 each or 61 days' imprisonment for issuing a leaflet called 'Repeal the Act.' The case in which Mr. Bertrand Russell, the distinguished mathematician and philosopher, received the same sentence (June 5) for writing a similar leaflet upon a conscientious objector is well known. — THE AUTHOR.

Of these schemes I need only mention the present arrangement, which the Government hoped would be final. All the objectors who are still in prison or whose sentences have expired and who would otherwise be sent back to the army, there to be put through the whole process of arrest, court-martial, and imprisonment again, are to be re-examined by a new Central Tribunal (appointed, I think, by the Home Office, and sitting in Westminster under Lord Salisbury as Chairman, but empowered to examine prisoners in various jails). If they then agree to sign a document binding themselves absolutely to obey a civil committee as to their employment, they will be sent under civil control to labor in parties or gangs, at some task of national importance, chiefly, as it seems, road-making in the country. Should they refuse to sign this document or to undertake the work, they will be returned to the army, and Mr. Lloyd George, speaking in the House as Minister of War on July 26, declared that 'he would only consider the best means of making the path of that class a very hard one.'

The intention of this phrase was explained by Mr. H. W. Forster, Financial Secretary to the War Office, when he stated in the House (August 16) that if these objectors still refused to obey military orders they would be dealt with in accordance with the Army Act. 'They had now got their chance; if they did not take it, it was their own fault.' He expected that they would be sent to the front. In that case, they became subject to the penalty of death for not obeying orders, and there is nothing to show that the penalty will not now be carried out.

Perhaps I should mention that I am not a conscientious objector myself. I have been in many wars and revolutions as a war correspondent. In the present war I should certainly have

taken a commission, if I had not been informed at the War Office that I was too old. I think the War Office made a mistake, for my long experience might have been set against my age. Under present human conditions, I think that even war, with all its abominations so familiar to myself, may sometimes be nobler than peace.

Nor, again, could I set myself up as a rival authority to Mr. Lloyd George on questions of conscience, for as a Nonconformist his regard for conscience is likely to be more scrupulous than other people's; and yet he would make the path of the extreme or logical conscientious objector a very hard one, leading, as it seems, to execution by shooting.

Nevertheless, though so little qualified to speak, I fear that the Government by its action is entangling the country in a great difficulty, and perhaps in a crime which we shall afterwards repent. By facing popular contempt and ridicule, ill-treatment in barracks, long imprisonment, and in thirty-six cases the shock of the death sentence, these men have proved their convictions genuine. They have shown themselves possessed of a moral and physical courage at least equal to the common soldier's, and far greater than most of us educated people could show. Some have disagreed with our bishops and clergy, believing that Christ's words are the words of God and were literally intended. Others have disagreed with our social philosophers, believing that war is necessarily bad for humanity, and that it is no use talking fraternity while the working classes are trained to kill each other at the command of kings and governments.

Of course, they may be wrong. I have the greatest respect for bishops and clergy, and social philosophers — a respect only heightened by my ignorance of their subjects. But still, the

Act was framed and intended to grant absolute exemption to such objectors as were proved genuine in conscience. These men have abundantly proved their conscience genuine. If the Government were wise, they would follow the words and intentions of their own act, lest they bring discredit upon both the country and the war. Even if we assume, with Thomas Hobbes, that the preservation of the State is the foremost object of human existence, and

the State the ultimate judge of good and evil, none the less, as Bernard Shaw has observed, to compel a conscientious objector to undertake the duty of military service is morally the same thing as compelling a nun to undertake the duty of having a baby. And besides, what if he should be right after all? What if his path (hard though it can be made) should prove the beginning of the straightest path to the far-off salvation of mankind?

THE CALVARY OF A NATION

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

EARLY in the spring of 1915 the following proclamation was sent to all the officials in the interior of Turkey:—

‘Our fellow countrymen the Armenians, who form one of the racial elements of the Ottoman Empire, having, under foreign instigation, for many years past, adopted false ideas of a nature to disturb the public order and brought about bloody happenings and attempted to destroy the peace and security of the Ottoman State, the safety and interest of their fellow countrymen as well as their own; and, moreover, as they have presumed to join themselves to their mortal enemy, Russia, and to the enemies now at war with our State,

‘Be it known that our Government is compelled to adopt extraordinary measures both for the preservation of order and security of the country and for the welfare and the continuation of the existence of the Armenian people itself.

‘Therefore, as a measure to be ap-

plied until the conclusion of the war, the Armenians shall be sent away to places which have been prepared in the Vilayets of the interior; and a literal obedience to the following orders is categorically enjoined on all Ottomans:

‘First. All Armenians, with the exception of the sick, shall leave their villages or quarters, under the escort of the gendarmerie, within five days from the date of this proclamation.

‘Second. Though they are free to carry with them on their journey such articles of movable property as they may desire, they are forbidden to sell their lands or their extra effects, or to leave the latter with other persons, as their exile is only temporary, and their landed property and the effects they are unable to take with them will be taken care of under supervision of the Government, and stored in protected buildings. Any one who sells or attempts to dispose of his movable effects or landed property in a manner con-

trary to this order, shall be tried by *court-martial*. Persons are free to sell to the Government only such articles as may answer the needs of the army.'

The third clause contains a promise of safe conduct.

The fourth threatens with severe punishment any one attempting to molest the Armenians on their way to the interior.

The fifth clause reads: 'Since the Armenians are obliged to submit to the decision of the Government, if any of them attempt to resist the soldiers or gendarmes by force of arms, arms shall be used against them, and they shall be taken dead or alive. In like manner, those who, in opposition to the Government's decision, refrain from leaving or seek to hide themselves, shall be sent before a court-martial; and if they are sheltered or given food and assistance, the persons who shelter or aid them shall be sent before the court-martial for execution.'

In these few sentences a responsible government sanctioned and set in motion one of the most terrible of recorded tragedies — the Armenian deportation.

To the average person, these two words convey little but a vague sense of injustice done, of suffering endured. Such, after all, are the chief associations connected with the name of the Ottoman Empire, which has enjoyed most of its world-prominence through wholesale barbarities. Massacres have been one of the common occurrences of Turkish history. The Turk came from the heart of Asia to the land he now occupies, massacring; by intermittent massacres he held down the vanquished peoples. The nineteenth century saw some of the most horrible of these black deeds: the period of the Greek Revolution, 1821-27, when Ibrahim Pasha boasted that he would reduce Greece to a desert, and almost fulfilled his

boast; the Syrian massacre of 1860; the Serbian atrocities, and those of Bulgaria in 1875-76, when Mr. Gladstone declared that 'the Turk must leave Europe, bag and baggage'; the long and terrible record of Armenian slaughter. Down through the reign of Abdul Hamid the bloodstained story goes, straight on to the inauguration of the Young Turk régime, which was ushered in by such slaughter of the Armenians as surpassed the Hamidian outrages; and at each visitation of fire and sword upon unoffending peoples the world has thrilled with horror and sympathy, though it has been slow to realize that these things have come to pass chiefly through the protection afforded the Turk by the great European powers' jealousy of one another. Time and again the story has been repeated, until (must it be confessed?) Americans and Europeans have become weary of it, and have begun to regard the Armenians, with more or less resignation, as a race appointed to suffer.

No wonder, then, that at a time when all Europe is filled with blood and tears, and desolation stalks abroad among her nations, it is difficult to get people to lend an ear to the supreme ordeal of the Armenians, and to convince them that at this moment the Turks are writing unhindered what Professor Gibbons justly calls the 'blackest page in modern history.' It is difficult to convince them that the cruelties of Abdul Hamid were merciful by comparison with this final turn of the screw. The suffering caused by massacres was scattering; it smote only a fraction of the people, a thousand here, ten thousand there, while the bulk of the race survived. Such was the policy or wisdom of the Old Turk; he kept the cow alive that he might continually milk her. Not so with the Young Turk. Intelligent, cultured, irreligious, and unscrupulous, the old-fashioned method

of dealing with the Armenians was too slow for him; he set about finding a way to settle the problem once for all, and devised the scheme of deportation — which, bluntly, is another way of saying the extermination of the Armenian race in the Ottoman Empire.¹

The full story of the deportation will never be written, for the reason that it deals so largely with suffering that is indescribable, heartlessness that is incredible. The central fact is, however, that under the pretext of war-measures the Armenians have been driven *en masse* from the shores of the Black Sea and Marmora southward as far as the Syrian desert. People who were comfortably settled in their homes in regions where their ancestors had lived for centuries, were forced, on short notice, to abandon their all and march under the whips of the gendarmerie into the desolate *hinterland*, without provisions or shelter. Women whose husbands had been serving in the Turkish army for months were herded along with children in their arms.

The happenings that I saw in Marsovan will give a specific instance of what was going on all over the country. Marsovan, which lies in the Vilayet of Sivas some sixty miles south of the Black Sea, had a population of about 30,000 souls — half Turks, half Armenians. Of Greeks there were very few. On the last Thursday in April, 1915, twenty-five of the leading Armenians were ar-

rested without warning — among them the professor of Armenian in the American College and several graduates of the same institution. Next day they were dispatched under escort to Sivas, the capital. That was the end of them. Not one was seen alive again. Those who did not fall victims to the typhus that raged among the prisoners succumbed to tortures that were worse than mediæval. The professor's fate was particularly terrible. Credible reports had it that his eyes were gouged from their sockets, his nails torn out by the roots, and his hair and mustache plucked out slowly, hair by hair. The wretched man survived these ordeals, and was finally executed. No one knows what charges were brought against him as pretext for this maltreatment.

Stories of similar tortures came in from all quarters. A dentist and a prominent merchant of Amasia, both friends of mine, good citizens and men who had been of service to the Turkish government, were first thrown into solitary confinement, the guards preventing them from sitting or lying down *for days*, and then subjected to the bastinado, or beating with rods on the soles of the feet — a punishment too terrible for description. When unconsciousness mercifully came to them, they were revived and tended by their ruffian keepers, only to be put through the same process again. While they writhed under the rods, all kinds of questions were asked them, particularly concerning revolutionary plans, persons imagined to be involved, concealed arms, and so on.

The arrests continued through the months of May and June. It was one long reign of terror. No one knew whose turn would come next. Hundreds were carried off, usually at night, — taken from their beds to the jail, and then, as we afterwards learned, to places of execution. The scenes out-

¹ I shall not attempt here to go behind the Turks in trying to find the moving power that devised and organized the deportation. I personally believe Germany to be the real instigator. Germany, they say, planned for a *bona-fide* transfer of the Armenians to places in the interior. If this be true, the Turk took the hint only too well; he deported his victims into eternity. Certainly it would seem to be paying too great a compliment to the intelligence of the Turk, who for centuries had been able to devise no more efficient brutality than the old-style massacres, to give him credit for happening on the new scheme unaided. — THE AUTHOR.

side the prison were beyond description. I could see them from my bedroom window, every day — groups of women and children waiting outside the gates with little bundles of food for their relatives inside, although they knew how little chance there was of its reaching their loved ones. Quietly they stood there, though the silence was often shattered by the cries of some woman who had just learned that her husband had been taken away. This was the way mothers heard of the departure of their sons, sisters of their brothers, little children of their fathers. These sights were too heartrending to watch, but it was worse still when the poor people came to my study, begging me to offer intercession that I knew was utterly useless.

At last, toward the end of June, all male Armenians over the age of twelve were arrested. The place where they were herded was a subterranean chamber under the town barracks. According to the description of friends who were temporarily released, the chamber was literally packed with prisoners; there was just standing-room for many; the air at the entrance, they said, struck the face like the blast of hot air from an oven, and foul as the breath of the Black Hole of Calcutta, for one corner, perforce, had to be used for the necessities of nature.

Finally, numbers of the men imprisoned here were taken out one night and driven off in the direction of Amasia or Zileh. They never reached their destinations, however. At a distance of some three or four hours from Marsovan they were led aside in groups of five or ten, with their hands tied behind them, and, after they had been made to kneel down, they were butchered with axes or daggers and thrown into ditches. This comes straight from the testimony of eye-witnesses—Turks all, and some of them the gendarmes

who had helped consummate the massacre. According to one official, 1215 men were disposed of in this way. Before their bodies were abandoned, they were stripped of all their outer garments, and whatever was found in the way of valuables or trinkets went to the executioners, many of whom, penniless before the killing began, came back with bulging, clinking pockets. The shoes of the Armenians, and their clothes, were sold openly in the markets, and were recognized by the merchants as belonging to this or that victim.

The last Saturday in June, the governor of the town called the surviving men over sixty and under eighteen years from the jail, and told them that the Sultan had pardoned their offences. Let them return home and pray for the Sultan! The rejoicing over this clemency was unbounded; but on the next day the town-crier went through the streets of Marsovan, proclaiming that all Armenians must leave the place within three days and start for *Mosul* and *Der-Zor*, more than 1000 miles to the south! The men released the day before were to accompany the women and children. This was the first intimation the people had as to the real fate that awaited them.

On the morning of the third day, before dawn, ox-carts began to pour into Marsovan from all the neighboring villages; the Armenians were forced by the gendarmes to get into them with such belongings as they could hastily snatch up, and so the exodus began. The great, lumbering wains, loaded with terrified victims, rumbled slowly through the streets, while those who had been left behind stood watching in silence, knowing that their turn would come. And come it did, sooner even than they expected; for in two or three days the ox-carts returned, empty, to receive fresh loads. They had gone a comparatively short distance into the interior, then

the Armenians were commanded to get out and continue the southward journey on foot. The real 'deportation' had begun.

It should be kept in mind that the tragedy of Marsovan was being enacted, on a greater or lesser scale, in hundreds of other villages and towns, in all of which the eliminative processes had been working on the Armenians in the same general fashion. Before the wretched people were driven wholesale from their homes, the finest young girls and women were carried off to the Turkish harems. Their position, professedly, was to be that of servants, but their real status can easily be imagined. This 'selection' continued methodically all along the caravan routes which the refugees were following. Kurds, Turks, Arabs, attacked the defenseless victims and took their pick of them unhindered. The rest were forced to go on under the whips of gendarmes and other officials worse than slave-drivers.

As fatigue and hunger made their inroads on the Armenians, the conditions became indescribable. Mothers, with small children in their arms, staggered along until their outraged bodies succumbed, and they fell fainting by the wayside. Many others plunged from cliffs or flung themselves into rivers, in order to escape what they knew was worse than death. More terrible still was the predicament of women nearing confinement. The gendarmes had no mercy on them. When their hour had come they were scarcely allowed to wait until labor was over before the drivers' whips urged them to their feet and on and on — until hemorrhage put an end to their misery. The newborn children were in most instances dashed to pieces against rocks.¹

¹ For further information the reader is referred to the bulletins of the American Committee on Armenian and Syrian Relief, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. — THE AUTHOR.

For the completer evolution of the 'deportation' system, we may again examine the case of Marsovan. This town is an important missionary centre. Under the American Board, an extensive medical, evangelical, and educational work was carried on here. There was Anatolia College, with more than four hundred students; a girls' boarding school of almost three hundred pupils; a hospital, a theological seminary, and an industrial institution. Forces for good were at work which spread their influence throughout the Ottoman Empire, and beyond — into Russia, Greece, and Egypt. Ambassador Morgenthau had secured promises from Enver Pasha and Talaad Bey that the college people should not be molested, but the governor of Marsovan declared that he had been notified of no such promise, and had received no orders save those to deport all Armenians. Once more the Turks had pulled wool over the diplomat's eyes.

And so, on August 10, 1915, sixty-one ox-carts entered the college compound. The gendarmes forced the great gates open, and battered down every closed door. They entered even the homes of Americans, and took away every Armenian on the premises. Professors, teachers, students, nurses from the hospital who had cared for Turkish soldiers for months, servants — all had to go. According to the testimony of the wives of the professors, seen near Sivas, they were all kept together until they passed Zileh (the region whence Julius Cæsar sent his famous 'Veni, vidi, vici'), then they were separated. The men, bound with ropes, were driven in one direction, the women and young children in another. According to the testimony of the gendarmes, all the men were killed. No word has been received from them to this day. Their number included Professor V. H. Hagopian, a scholar trained in the Univer-

sity of Constantinople, author of several books and legal adviser to the college; Professor A. G. Sivastian, who occupied the chair of mathematics and astronomy, — an experienced teacher and true Christian gentleman, — and many other members of the faculty. None of these had any connection with revolutionary movements; all were loyal and useful citizens who would have been welcome in any country and would have added to its welfare. That, it seems, was their chief crime.

The day after the evacuation of the college came the turn of the Girls' School. Early in the morning the gendarmes appeared and took all the pupils away. Before they were sent from the town each girl was put through a separate inquisition by a Turkish official, during which she was given the choice between adopting the faith of Islam and remaining in safety, and being deported. One and all decided for the latter. On the way similar propositions were made to them, to an accompaniment of threats. Fortunately the principal of the school, an American woman, begged permission to follow the girls and overtook some of them in Sivas, where she managed to get the Vali to consent to her bringing back forty-eight to Marsovan. The rest had been carried farther on, and were beyond help.

While the deportation was in full swing, various committees of government officials went about taking inventories in the houses and shops of the exiles, and going through the form of sealing them up. Many an official, however, got a fat pocketbook and a full house in the course of his duties; in fact, the property of the Armenians vanished so fast that, when the inventory-taking was over, the sum total of what was found in the houses scarcely sufficed to pay the expenses of the committees! And yet the Armenian homes

had been full of carpets, furniture, copper utensils, bedding, and so forth, all of which had to be left behind when the owners were driven forth to perish.

The terrible demoralization that prevailed in Marsovan from the time of the deportations decided me to leave the country; in the late summer, therefore, I set out for Constantinople, accompanied by Mr. J. Arozian, Professor of Chemistry in Anatolia College, — an American citizen, — and his wife, his daughter, and his aged mother. With us also went Mrs. Gullienthian, with her four daughters, who had come over from England to visit relatives (these two families held special permits from Enver Pasha to go to the capital), and the Rev. K. Domirgian and his wife and daughter. The railroad to Constantinople starts at Angora, and the long ride from Marsovan to the terminus had to be made in carriages. While we were still two days' journey from Angora, as we were climbing a steep hill near the village of Yaghly, we were stopped by a gendarme, fully armed, with an escort of eight or ten ruffians with axes in their hands. He asked us if there were any Armenians in our party, adding that all Armenians must return at once to the place whence they had started. I argued and pleaded with him, laying special stress on the passes from Enver Pasha, whose name, I thought, would work miracles; but the man cut me short with an oath, saying that he could neither read nor write; that he was put there to send back Armenians, and back they should go.

While we were arguing with him, up came a dozen or so men on horseback. They repeated the same order: 'Armenians back!' Our drivers, all Turks, came forward and pleaded for their customers; once more we showed the signature of Enver Pasha — this time to the headman, who immediately became very friendly, shook hands with

me, and bade us go our way in peace. We learned later that these men were one of the *chette's* bands which had been armed by the government and set loose to hunt Armenians. Convicts from the prisons were similarly armed and released for the same purpose. I was also told by eye-witnesses that numbers of Armenians had been killed near the very spot where we had encountered the horsemen.

But my friends had only a temporary escape. It was our bad fortune to reach Angora at the time when deportation had just begun. The previous Vali and the chief of police of this city had been opposed to the measure, and had held it off until they were summarily replaced by successors who were only too willing to obey orders from Constantinople. They succeeded in a very short time in rounding up the twenty thousand Armenians, among them the professor and the pastor who had journeyed with me from Marsovan. The driver who took them in his carriage to a lake four hours' ride to the south of Angora told me that they were shot before his eyes.

During my stay in Angora all the male Armenians were deported, chiefly toward the southern interior. Villagers and gendarmes reported that great numbers of them were killed a short distance outside the city. Every day I saw them hurrying through the streets in miserable droves, with the police brutally following them up. The Armenians of Angora were mostly Catholics. No massacres took place among them under Abdul Hamid. They were most loyal to the Turks; they took no part in nationalistic movements. They did not even call themselves Armenians. The Young Turks, however, made no discrimination of creed: Gregorians, Protestants, and Catholics were all put on the same footing and ruthlessly deported. Gregorian and Catholic priests

were often driven off in the same wagon and decapitated with the same axe. It is worth noting that while I was still in Angora the leaders of the Turkish Union and Progress Committee sent word to the Catholic bishop of the city that if he and his people would embrace Islam, they would all be spared. The refusal was unanimous.

As I continued my journey to Constantinople, further details of the great tragedy presented themselves. At every railroad station large groups of men, women, and children of all ages were waiting, silent and dejected, for the arrival of the freight cars that were to transport them toward Konia and remoter places of the interior. At some of the stations the police, with clubs in their hands, were waving their arms to and fro, hitting women and children indiscriminately, under the pretext of 'keeping order' among the poor terror-stricken creatures. Trains passed by us packed with exiles as with animals for slaughter; and never shall I forget the expression of their eyes as they peered from the slats of the slow-moving cars that were carrying them relentlessly toward the desert. This was the fate that met the Armenians of Eski Shelir, Biledjik, Adabazaar, Ismid, Bardegag, and the regions around Brussa and the shores of Marmora — including the Greeks of the latter region.

It is impossible to give any definite statistics as to the number of Armenians who have perished in the deportations. Even the exact number of these people in Turkey before the beginning of the war is not known. It is generally assumed, however, that there were about two million Armenians; and of this number it is no exaggeration to say that *one million* have been killed by actual violence or by exposure, disease, and starvation. According to a dispatch to the Department of State at Washington in May, 1916, there were

some five hundred thousand scattered through Syria and Mesopotamia; and three hundred thousand more are believed to be distributed in various parts of Asia Minor. Practically all of these are exposed to constant danger of further deportation and shiftings from point to point — and every such shift means the disappearance of thousands. Those in the Syrian desert were found 'eating grass, herbs and locusts. In desperate cases, the carcasses of dead animals and human bodies are reported to have been eaten.'

If these conditions continue, the result is plain. The Turks will succeed in exterminating the Armenian race by the action of 'natural causes,' — sickness, hunger, exhaustion. They will continue to drive them from place to place in the desert until all are gone.

No one can hear the terrible tale of the Armenian deportation without asking what the underlying reasons for it all might be. Even beasts of prey, it will be said, do not kill for the mere lust of killing; what is the object to be attained? What results do the Turks hope to get in return for the energy they have expended in prosecuting this extermination?

1. According to the Turkish Government, the plan was necessitated by the exigencies of war. 'Turkey,' they said, 'was engaged in a tremendous struggle against overwhelming odds, fighting for her very life. The Armenians were plotting with the enemy and preparing internal disturbances; therefore they had to be removed to a place where they could be rendered harmless.'

This charge of plotting is groundless. The only instance in which the Armenians made armed resistance to the Turks was at Van — and then only when they had been attacked and saw that they were doomed to extermination. It is true that, when the sale of

arms was generally permitted after the revolution of 1908, many Armenians took advantage of the occasion to secure weapons of defense. The source of these arms was controlled by the government, however, coming as they did direct from Germany; and when, after the declaration of war, the Armenians were commanded to give them up, they voluntarily obeyed, those persons who were at first inclined to conceal their weapons finally yielding to the persuasion of their priests or pastors.

Some slight excuse for the action of the Turks might seem to be found in the existence of the organized Armenian 'Hinchakist' and 'Tashuagist' societies which, under the reign of Abdul Hamid, were perforce kept secret. But after the revolution of 1908, these societies openly proclaimed themselves, and won the approval of the Young Turks, who declared that 'the Armenian revolutionists were among the pioneers of Ottoman liberty.' Their programme was broadly socialistic and educational, aiming at the instruction of the people and their elevation to those ideals which the Young Turks themselves had espoused with such high-sounding phrases. When the test came, it was shown how empty these phrases really were.

2. Race-jealousy is a factor to be reckoned with. The Turks are really aliens in the country they rule: they came as conquerors, and have maintained their supremacy by force. The Armenians, when they were subjugated by the Turks, were an ancient and civilized people, with an organized society which the Turks, in long centuries, have never been able to approximate: an enterprising race, thrifty, energetic, and capable of progress and culture along all lines. In spite of savage repression, they became the leading merchants, traders, lawyers, doctors of the country, especially in the interior.

Even in the reign of Abdul Hamid the Minister of Finance was usually an Armenian. They amassed great wealth and property, and the Turkish peasant was usually dependent on them.

Now the real programme of the Young Turk party is 'Turkey for the Turks.' Under the name of 'Ottomanization,' they were determined to assimilate or eliminate all the non-Turkish elements in the Empire, and uplift their own race at the expense of the non-Moslem peoples of the country. They were drunk with the idea of nationalism. They condemned the statesman-like policy of Mohammed II, conqueror of Constantinople, in organizing and establishing the Greek Patriarchate, with its special privileges and immunities, and bewailed the fact that the Old Turks had allowed the Greek, Armenian, Bulgarian, Serbian, and Jewish elements of the Empire to keep intact their religious, linguistic, and racial peculiarities for so many centuries. They were determined to be supreme in the land they conquered, absolute masters over the subject peoples.

3. All attempts to reform Turkey have been shattered against Mohammedanism. The very first article of the Turkish Constitution declares: 'The religion of the Ottoman Empire is Islam.' The Young Turks are mostly indifferent to matters of faith, if not actually irreligious, but they know the power of Islam over the people, — its value has often been proved in assimilating the non-Turkish elements of the Empire, — and in the present case they effectually roused the inherently intolerant spirit of Islam against the 'rebellious' Armenians.

Religious fanaticism was especially appealed to when the Russians withdrew from Van and the Gallipoli campaign collapsed, and the idea of the *Jehad* or Sacred War gained in popularity. That the cause of the Armenian

atrocities was not wholly religious, however, is shown by the extremely limited categories of persons to whom the choice between deportation or acceptance of Islam was offered.

4. As a fourth factor one must mention the conflicting interests and the intrigues of European diplomacy. The Christians of Turkey have suffered untold misery because Europe cannot agree. Turkey owes her existence to-day to the backing England gave her in the nineteenth century. Had it not been for the Crimean War, Russia would have swallowed up the greater part, if not the whole, of Turkey, and the world would never have heard of the Hamidian massacres. In 1878, when the Russian forces advanced to the very gates of Constantinople and the Sultan was glad to sign the treaty of San Stefano (with its Article 16, providing for necessary reforms in Armenia), it was England that stepped forward, vetoed the treaty, and arranged for the Berlin Conference, which resulted in the Treaty of Berlin, its sixty-first article stipulating even greater relief for Armenia.¹ That article was the starting-point of the Armenian troubles. Turkey promised; six great powers guaranteed the reforms — with the result that the Armenians are now in danger of extermination.

To the credit of England be it said, she used her influence with Turkey for the betterment of the fate of the Christians; but as a matter of fact, it was her backing that kept Turkey alive. British interests demanded the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire —

¹ Art. 61 of the Treaty of Berlin. (July 13, 1878). 'The Sublime Porte undertakes to carry out without further delay the improvements and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and Kurds. It will periodically make known the steps taken to this effect to the Powers, who will superintend their application.' — THE AUTHOR.

and what an integrity it was! After repeated clippings on all sides — Bosnia, and Herzegovina going to Austria, the Caucasus to Russia, Cyprus and Egypt to England, Thessaly to Greece, Eastern Roumelia to Bulgaria — the 'territorial integrity' of Turkey remained intact, for so it had been decreed by the Concert of Europe!

But when the interests of England changed; when it suited her plans better to see the Russian Bear on the shores of the Bosphorus than the German Eagle, the Conference of Reval was held, and Turkey's disintegration determined on. But it was too late. A new defender had risen up, with more ardor and zeal than the Turk had ever known before. Kaiser and Sultan had

clasped hands, and under the electrifying influence of this new *rapprochement* the Young Turks startled the world. In six months they succeeded in doing what the Old Turks were unable to accomplish in six centuries. The extermination of the Armenians is well under way. Thousands of Nestorians and Syrians have vanished from the face of the earth. More than 300,000 Greeks have been deported from the Ottoman Empire, and many more sent to the interior. The fate that awaits the surviving Christians and Jews — in fact, of all the non-Turkish elements — depends on the term of the fratricidal war and its fortunes. The Young Turks are watchfully waiting to carry out their programme: 'Turkey for the Turks.'

THE DEFEAT OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF¹

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

THE resignation of von Falkenhayn and the succession of von Hindenburg brought out a latent antagonism in German policy that has existed since long before the war. Von Falkenhayn, like most of the German General Staff, is a Westerner, and had persuaded himself that the way to victory for his country lay through France and Belgium. Von Hindenburg, on the other hand, is an Easterner. He would have made the main German offensive this year in the East, preferably toward Petrograd; but

if there had been any doubt about the attitude of Roumania, or of Austrian ability to hold the Russians, then toward Kieff. All through the winter, he and his army on the Dvina front were starved both for drafts and supplies, and there was a great deal of floating gossip about the set that had been made against him by the General Staff. Even in the brilliant campaign against Russia last year which, some will have it, was of his designing, there were signs toward the end that Hindenburg was being thrust aside, assigned the most difficult and thankless work, and left insufficiently supported. In the winter the General Staff, which had already turned their backs on the man,

¹ The character of this article makes it desirable for the reader to know that the author is the chief writer on military and naval affairs of the *Manchester Guardian* and editor of the *Guardian's History of the War*. — THE EDITORS.

turned their backs on his policy too, and faced right about to the West. The result was the great failure of Verdun, the breaking of the Austrian lines in Volhynia, and the entry of Roumania into the war. Hindenburg was proved indisputably right. Doubtless, if the main attack had been made in the East, the Allies would have attacked in the West; but the Germans would have been in at least as favorable a position to defeat them as they were after the heavy losses at Verdun; and one half the energy put into the western campaign, applied to the eastern, would have secured results which would certainly have made Germany arbiter of the East for this generation.

There are very few purely military blunders to be found in history; almost invariably they are an amalgam of some sort, political, social, or moral. It was so with Falkenhayn's blunders. His history is an interesting one. More than twenty years ago he left the army for a commercial post in China; his enemies said that he was in debt, or at any rate had more extravagant tastes than a captaincy could support. In China he did well, and when the Boxer outbreak occurred, he had acquired sufficient reputation and knowledge of the country to be attached to Count von Waldersee's staff in the expedition to Peking, at first in an unofficial, and later in a more regular, capacity. Waldersee liked him, took him back with him to Germany, and secured him the command of a provincial army corps.

Presently began the acquaintance with the Crown Prince. Falkenhayn had seen much more of life and of the world than the average Prussian general, who is usually somewhat provincial (both for good and evil) in manners and in thought. His mercurial temperament had not a trace of German dullness and stolidity. He was a man of form and taste, and his judgments on

men and affairs were illuminated with liveliness and a Gallic changefulness of mood. Not that he was shallow or lacked stability; intellectually he was very well-moored and his accomplishment was high. But a whole generation of German history and of 'getting-on' in the world is to be read in the difference between Falkenhayn and old Moltke, as in that between Bismarck and Bülow. Such a man was bound to succeed with an intellectually ambitious, but none the less feeble, German court, and princes have always been susceptible to the attractions of those who knew how to temper their undeniable talents with courtliness. He became a member of the Crown Prince's clique and of the General Staff.

This body was much more than a servant of the government. It was an opposition within a government. There being no party government in German Imperial administration, there could be no such thing as His Majesty's Opposition, and the nearest you could get to a German translation of so idiomatic a phrase of English politics would be to speak of the Emperor's Government and of the Crown Prince's Opposition. The General Staff belonged to that Opposition. There are no water-tight compartments in men's minds, and it is inevitable that the political and social ideas of a General Staff should color its military and professional judgments. They certainly did in Germany. For Russia these men had much admiration. War with her might be a disagreeable necessity, in order to attain certain definite political ends; but it should be a dynastic war, like those of the old-fashioned European history, not a conflict of political philosophies. But to the Crown Prince and his friends, war with France and England presented itself in a very different light. They were liberal countries and the ideas even of their rulers were very little

sounder than those of the hated Social Democrats in Germany. Here there were not merely governments to fight, but principles too, and people who were a living propaganda of them. This was a war of the heart — and of the stomach as well. England in particular was hated because she held the keys of the seas, and all the commercial Jingoism of the country heaved when it thought of her.

Love of the power that wealth brings, and of the opportunities of self-indulgence, had eaten deep into the soul of modern Germany and nowhere deeper than into the soul of its princes and generals. It made yet another reason why war in the West should interest the General Staff more than war in the East. Allowance too should be made for the deadweight of conservatism in military matters. The German military juggernaut had once rolled toward the West, and it tended by mere reflex action to roll the same way again. *Ruit mole sua.*

In their desire for an understanding with both England and France men like the Chancellor and, at any rate until 1912, the Kaiser himself, were almost certainly sincere. But they never had the sympathy of the military party. What is more, they never had even its unwilling coöperation. If war it must be, then it was for Germany an obvious measure of prudence that it should be war without England, and as far as possible without the national sentiment of France, against her. Assuming that the main motive of Germany in declaring war on Russia was to insure her position in the East, — in other words, that this was in its essence a war of the Turkish succession, — it is quite conceivable that Germany might have had a war without England and, if not without France, at any rate with France apathetic. Some of the suggestions made by Bethman-Hollweg just before the

outbreak of war show that this idea was insistent in his mind. So far, however, from receiving the support and coöperation of the General Staff, that was precisely the kind of war that they did not want. They put up with the war on Russia because in no other way was it possible to realize Germany's ambitions in the East. But the war that they did want was war with France and England. As the Kaiser stood on the brink, contemplating its black depths and wondering whether there were not some easier and less dangerous way of performing his theatrical rôle, Tirpitz and Falkenhayn came and pushed him in.

Nor is this mere metaphor. What made France keenly enthusiastic for the war, and England's entry inevitable, was not the eastern policy of Germany or any purely political aims of hers, but simply and solely the plans of the General Staff for putting the main military strength of the country to the West. These plans had doubtless been in existence for some time and it was difficult to change them at the last minute. Yet had the General Staff had the same angle of vision as the Chancellor, alternative plans would long ago have been prepared to meet a political situation which must have been foreseen as likely; and that they were not prepared was due mainly to the disloyalty of the Staff to the political ideas of the Government. There were in fact two governments in Germany: the official government, which was aiming at the realization of certain very definite political ambitions in the East; and the General Staff, which was in effect an opposition government. The Chancellor wanted one kind of war — a war with Russia for the Turkish succession with as few other enemies as possible. The General Staff, whose politics were other than the Chancellor's, wanted a very different sort of war, and got what they wanted. The Chancellor has al-

ways put forward as his excuse for declaring war on Russia that Germany could not afford to waste her advantage of more rapid mobilization. But the military chiefs made nonsense of this excuse by leaving the Russian front to Austria and using Germany's power of rapid mobilization against France. So little importance did the Staff attach to the danger of attack from Russia that they were caught completely unprepared on that side and East Prussia suffered a very humiliating invasion.

It will not do to say that the General Staff had no alternatives. They had two, either of which would have been better than the plan actually adopted. They might, best of all, have refrained from attacking France and remained on the defensive in the West. The political advantages of this strategy from the Chancellor's point of view would have been enormous, especially if it had been accompanied, as it might well have been, by a statement explaining the motives of the German policy. Supposing that Germany had said, as in such case she could have done, with a good show of reason, that having no quarrel with France she did not propose to attack her; and that as her object was to punish Serbia and to resist the claims of Russia in the Balkans, all her offensive operations, so long as she was not attacked from the West, would be directed against the East, it may well be that France, such is her loyalty to her Allies, might still have attacked. But it is obvious that the whole character of the war would have been different. There is no reason to suppose that the result of these attacks would have been different from the result of those actually made. But if the French armies had been defeated under these circumstances, is it to be supposed that they would have gone on attacking indefinitely? Would not a keen opposi-

tion have arisen in France to a war which it would then most plausibly have been said was not in defense of France but for Serbia, and for Russia's interests in the Balkans? Nor need we take the view that desire to protect Belgium was the sole motive for British intervention, to have the gravest doubts whether Great Britain would have entered the war if there had been no attack on France, and Germany had declared that she had no intention of attacking her but simply desired to assert her ambitions in the East. Vast as these political gains would have been, they would have cost Germany no military advantages. On the contrary, the military results would have been far greater than those actually obtained. A double German and Austrian offensive against Russia at the outset of the war would have inflicted a blow from which she could never have recovered. East Prussia and Galicia would never have been invaded, all Poland would have been lost before winter, and a spring campaign would have taken the German armies to Petrograd, Moscow, Kieff, and Odessa. Even if England had joined in, Russia's case would have been hopeless. But if, as is quite possible, England were still hesitating, Russia, without the assistance of British sea-power and completely cut off from all possibility of renewing her supplies, must have made peace before the war had lasted a year.

Secondly, an alternative less advantageous for Germany but far better than the course actually taken, would have been for Germany, if she must take the offensive against France in order to obtain greater security against attack, to rest content with occupying the Meuse heights. This would have been a very considerable military occupation, but it would have been easier at the beginning of the war than it was at the end of the second year, when the bulk of the

German armies were employed in defending parts of their line which, if Belgium had not been invaded, would have borne no sort of relation to the defense of their own country. Whether an attack on the Meuse heights would have any chance of success if directed from purely German territory is perhaps open to doubt, but an advance through Luxembourg would have answered her purpose just as well. If the occupation of the Meuse heights had been all that was desired, there would have been no reason for the Belgian invasion, which contributed less than nothing to her chances against Verdun.

There were thus two alternatives, both preferable to the plan of campaign actually adopted. It took the Germans two years to discover that the much-vaunted General Staff had quite gratuitously doubled and trebled the tasks of the country and made defeat at least as likely as victory would have been had it been less disloyal to the policy of the official Government. The dismissal of Falkenhayn is the manifest proof that this discovery has at last been made. It is the disgrace, not of Falkenhayn alone, but of the whole Staff, for Hindenburg is not a Staff man at all, but a mere 'regimental officer,' as they would say in England.

But mark, if we would understand the fatuity of the Staff, the stages which led to the discovery. The first to be disgraced was Moltke — and very justly. Even if we accept the view — and no one surely would accept it now — that the balance of purely military and professional reasons was in favor of the invasion of Belgium, it was nothing less than madness, having invaded Belgium and thereby made the intervention of England certain, to stop short of the sea and not to make certain of the coast-line. When the retreat of the British from Mons began, the whole coast-line of France could have been

had for the asking; and not until after the battle of the Marne did the Germans begin the conquest of the coast. It was too late. The Narrows, which in September would have cost them nothing, were not to be had in October even by the expenditure of 250,000 casualties in the so-called battle of Calais. Of all the blunders in military history there is none to compare with this. Nor were the mountains of German dead the only monument to this incompetence. It was in the period between the discovery of the German Staff that with England in the war the coast did matter, when they were in a state of nervous apprehension of a British landing on the coast, that their worst excesses took place in Belgium. They were cruel, as men often are, because they were afraid. Thus the blunder cost the German army honor as well as life.

But though the General Staff realized that the western campaign had been grossly mismanaged, in its execution, they were as far as ever from admitting that their whole conception was fundamentally wrong.

In spite of the attacks on Ypres in 1915, the main summer campaign of the German armies last year was in the East, and the remarkable measure of success that they attained shows how much more they might have done if they had begun the war in Poland instead of in Belgium. Had the policy of the Allies been wiser, the Germans would not have been able to repair in the East their mistakes in the West, and the opportunity let slip in the first autumn of the war would never have been caught up again.

The narrative of the blunders of German Staff strategy must here be interrupted by some observations on the war policy of the Allies, which delayed for another year the complete exposure of the German General Staff.

In the strategy of the Western Allies, and especially of England, the same antagonism between East and West is observable, though it took very different forms and was due to very different causes from those which we have seen in Germany. British foreign policy before the war was curiously lop-sided. Any doubts there might be about our duty and interest to assist France were resolved by the invasion of Belgium, but only a negligible minority in the Government or out of it recognized at the beginning of the war any duty or interest in Serbia. 'To Hell with Serbia,' said a placard of *John Bull* just before the war. Our views of policy, both military and civil, left that side of Europe out of account; that end of the stick was regarded as Russia's only. No one in authority seems to have realized that here in the East were the true political motives of the German Government, or that the domination of the bridge-head of Serbia was the end in view, and France and Belgium only the means to that end. All through 1915, the Western Allies were slowly adjusting themselves to what was for them a new orientation of the war; and a very tragic process this adjustment was. One man in the English Government saw early that after the German failure in the battle of Calais the true centre of gravity of the war had shifted, at any rate for the time being, to the East. Throughout this year England was accumulating an army in France for an offensive which had not the remotest chance of decisive success until the following year; and all the time the East, the jugular of the war, was comparatively neglected. Had we understood the situation in time, neither Turkey would have come in against us — and if she had, the fall of Constantinople would have been the penalty — nor Bulgaria, nor would Serbia have perished, nor would there ever have been

any doubt about the attitude of Greece. The price of foodstuffs would not have risen so high, had the forcing of the Dardanelles released the Black Sea ports; Russia would never have suffered from a munitions famine, and the Germans would have been unable in the summer of 1915 to call in the East to redress the balance in the West.

The one man who understood these things in time was Winston Churchill, to whom public opinion in England, or at any rate parliamentary opinion, has been bitterly unjust during the war. Mr. Churchill has many faults, but he is the one man in the Government who had anything like strategic vision; not for nothing was he the descendant of the greatest of all English strategists. Such a man sees the truth of a military situation in a flash, by a kind of second sight, and the process of converting others is maddening in its slowness, — like arguing a short-sighted man into an intellectual conviction that something which you can see with your own eyes is really there. Impatient intuitive vision on the one hand and unimaginative dullness on the other, laid between them the foundation of the disappointments that followed in the Dardanelles expeditions — disappointments that Lancashire of all the English counties most bitterly resents. Everything connected with that expedition is still the subject of heated controversy, and the discussion of any single one in the chain of causes that led to the failure would carry us too far from the main course of our argument. Nor is it possible at this stage to apportion justly the blame for what happened. But the leading facts stand out beyond challenge. In the early months of 1915, when the attacks on Constantinople began, the British, for the very first time in the war, and for the last time until the very end of the second year of the war, had the strategic initiative in their hands. The folly

and disloyalty of the German General Staff in concentrating against the West and leaving the East to Austria had left the citadel of Germany's ambitions almost defenseless. Had we acted with the necessary vigor, and been one quarter as generous in our provision for that part of the world where the enemy was weak, and immediate results of the most tremendous importance were to be gained, as we were for the West, where no decisive results were to be had for another eighteen months, there was no reason why we should not have been by the middle of last year in a definitely better position than now. The disgrace of the General Staff, which seemed imminent after the war had been in progress for four months, was thereby delayed for another twenty, and the war was lengthened by at least a year.

It was strange that England of all countries should have been slow to perceive the strategic importance of the East or if she perceived it, so reluctant to make the necessary sacrifices. Had it been France that was reluctant, the position would have been intelligible enough. Her country was invaded and her first anxiety was to get the enemy off her soil; her interests in the East, although considerable, were not to be compared with ours; and she was feeling the frightful drain on her manhood. For her to fight shy of the East and to grudge the expenditure of men on enterprises which she had some right to regard as secondary so far as she was concerned, would have been very natural. Yet such was not the view of the majority — at any rate in the French Chamber. On August 27, 1915, as M. Poincaré has told us, the three committees for War, the Navy, and Foreign Affairs unanimously passed a resolution embodying 'the attention and deliberation of two months,' calling on the Government to 'organize an expedition which would ensure the fall of Con-

stantinople.' That is to say, at a time when Frenchmen with the enemy in their country might justly have said that their chief duty was at home, the responsible committees of the Chamber were pressing on the Government the importance of the East and the need of making any drafts on their depleted strength that might win Constantinople for the Allies. Churchill said the same: 'All through the year (1915) I have offered the same counsel to the Government — undertake no operation in the West which is more costly to you in life than to the enemy. In the East take Constantinople; take it by ships if you can, or take it by soldiers if you must. Take it by whatever plan, military or naval, commends itself to your experts, but take it and take it soon.' The British House of Commons never quite understood Mr. Churchill's advocacy of the Eastern solution. The French Chamber understood without being told, although it was under the strongest temptation to look the other way. How English popular opinion in 1915 came to be enamored of the rank military heresy that you must attack where the enemy is strongest and you have the least chance of success — and this was literally true of the west front in 1915 — is one of the mysteries of the war. Another mystery is the infatuation of military newspaper experts with the doctrine of attrition. As a matter of fact the attrition was against us, but in any case the bare idea of ending the war that way is anathema to the art of war and almost a denial that the art exists.

In the autumn of 1915, the General Staff suffered a great blow by the resignation of Tirpitz, partly in consequence of the firm stand taken by the United States on the submarine war. Tirpitz had been one of the pillars of the western school of German strategy. Not that the German military chiefs

had any great faith in the abilities of this ridiculously overrated man. Had he had a spark of originality and, instead of following the lead of Lord Fisher in the building of Dreadnoughts, concentrated on submarine craft and commerce destroyers, British naval power might have been in danger. As it was, Tirpitz discovered the submarine by a series of lucky accidents after the war had begun, when it was too late to make it a decisive weapon of war even if Germany had been prepared to have the United States added to the numbers of her enemies. But Tirpitz was a Westerner in his strategy, because the open sea was in the West, and he was an advocate of the ruinous Belgian strategy of the Staff because it promised to add more coast to Germany and give her another lung to breathe with. Tirpitz for the same reason was a frank annexationist of Belgium. His dismissal therefore was a great victory for the Chancellor. It meant more than disappointment with his conduct of the navy. Behind it all was a political triumph of the Chancellor's eastern school of politics. It was a defeat for the annexationists of Belgium and an advertisement that henceforth the political ends of the war for Germany were not in the West but in the East.

It was a plain warning to Falkenhayn. The errors of the past could not be wholly obliterated. Having wasted the strength of the German army on the Belgian chimera and doubled the magnitude of the war at a stroke — all for nothing, for the Chancellor had now declared against annexation in Belgium — it was not now possible to repair the waste by withdrawing and concentrating elsewhere. The Staff had made its bed in the West and must lie on it. Still, it need not have done more than lie on it. But the General Staff instead of cutting their losses,

like baffled gamblers returned and doubled their stakes. They did not, it is true, renew their offensive efforts through Belgium. Instead, they concentrated early in the war on the disastrous Verdun enterprise. If this enterprise had any military moment, it was a confession that the original plan of invading Belgium had been an unnecessary mistake; for if Verdun could be attacked without assistance from the Belgian side in the spring of this year, clearly it might have been attacked without Belgium in the summer of 1914. It was in effect the acceptance, eighteen months too late, of the second of the alternative plans set forth already in this article — the plan, that is, of attacking France without help from the Belgian side. Why it was too late and how it failed in France, there is no need to say here; but weakening as this Verdun enterprise was to the power of German offensive in the East, it need not have spelt such disaster as it in fact did. The obvious risk of the Verdun enterprise was that if it failed it might give Russia her opportunity in the East, and common prudence therefore suggested that the Austrian front should be doubly insured against risk.

The first six months of the war had given warning of the danger of leaving the Austrians without support against Russia. But not only were the Austrians left unsupported: they were encouraged to embark in an enterprise of invading the Venetian plains. This made Russian victory certain, and with the Russian victory came the invasion of Galicia and Bukovina and the addition of nearly a million Roumanians to the numbers of their enemies. Of course Falkenhayn had now to go. His disservices to Germany had richly merited the fall, and, in addition he had associated the Imperial house with the discredit of the disaster.

Wrongly do people praise the virtues of the German Staff and its achievements in this war. That it has great professional capacity and that it has shown originality on the mechanical side of war is not to be denied. But outside these technics it has committed every mistake possible. It began the war by invading Belgium and so making sure that Germany would have to face the naval power of England and its potential military power. It went on to strengthen that naval power by a series of outrages on neutrals and non-combatants that gave England the excuse to retaliate by a real blockade of all the inlets into Germany which otherwise would have been impossible. For this invasion of Belgium it got no corresponding advantage but got rather a disadvantage, even if we suppose — as is very unlikely — that England would have raised millions to assist France if Belgium had not been invaded. But if it was not necessary or even advantageous to invade Belgium in order to attack France, neither was it necessary to attack France at all. This decision not only had the consequence of converting England into a first-class military power but it threw France heart and soul into the war. It doubled the

military strength of France and added millions of British soldiers to the German enemies. Further, the invasion from the north was carried out without competence or providence and the risks of it made the Germans cruel and added disgrace to faults. In addition, the concentration on the west was responsible for the invasion of East Prussia and the losses of the Austrians. There was no excuse for the first commission of these faults; their second commission after all the warnings, was an example of 'Hubris,' of the overweening pride which inevitably, by a law of human nature, leads to disaster. It was not for lack of professional accomplishments that blunders were made which mere incompetence would have avoided. The cause was partly moral (for even this war, pitiable as it has been, does exhibit the working of a moral law), partly political, in that the General Staff were persistently disloyal to the political Government. They forgot the fundamental principle of the teaching of Clausewitz that war is a mode of politics. A strategy which conceals a disloyalty of politics will inevitably break either its own back or the back of the state. In this case it seems likely to do both.

THE FLAME OF FRANCE

BY ALLEN TUCKER

'UN poilu? C'est une âme avec un numéro.' And this line, from a verse written by a soldier at the front, entirely expresses it; for not only is each *poilu* 'une âme,' each woman and child

is a soul, or rather each one is a living, flaming piece of that collective soul which we now know as France. For this war, so far as France is concerned, is of the spirit. It is a war to save the

spirit, to keep the spirit of France independent, untrammelled, and pure. It is an effort of the most developed and civilized people on earth to save its soul alive. It is a glass, through which suddenly we have seen the soul of France.

Even before one lands in Bordeaux one feels it: when one first sees the lighthouse, rising tall and white from the low shore, one feels the ascending line of it to be expressive of aspiration and liberty. In Bordeaux there were soldiers leaving for the front, and one family is unforgettable. The man walked ahead on the narrow sidewalk in his new steel helmet, and behind him came his wife and little girl, and the face of that lady was to me as a vision of another world, — a face carrying such a fullness of victorious self-sacrifice, a face so intelligent, so understanding, so sensitive, so everlastingly sure of victory, so willing to pay the dreadful price, if that price must be paid to insure that victory. One felt it when one went for a brief moment into the beautiful church of St. Croix — felt it all through the darkness of the church, felt it in the old window at the end, where a pale Christ hung on the cross, dying for the sins of the whole world.

The soldiers one saw carried a look of indestructible gentleness, the quiet, retiring, but dreadfully steady eye of a certain type of natural fighter; the women the look of patient courage. 'Que voulez-vous? C'est la guerre.' The fact always looked straight in the face, never flinched from, never exaggerated, never belittled.

At a luncheon, the nephew of the host — a most talented young man — was about to leave for the front. His uncle rose, and proposed to drink to the health of his dear nephew, Emile, in champagne — a great rarity now. Before he could drink, the boy's mother leaped to her feet and cried: 'Non, non; à la Victoire!' And they all stood

and drank the toast in silence, with the tears running from their splendid eyes. People like that have understood; they have seen.

Of all the gardens, the Luxembourg is the one that carries most quality in it. It is as tender, enfolding, comprehending, as always, but now with a tenderness that comes only out of a deep passion. Sitting there, one could not define; one was sure only that one felt the poignancy, the penetrativeness of it all as one had never realized it before. It came to one through the bare clipped trees, through the straight lines, through the fading chrysanthemums, under the gray sky, with the glimpse of the setting sun.

In the trains arriving at La Chapelle from the front, the faces of the wounded are more like the faces of saints than the faces of soldiers — and now and then a bearded one lifted by suffering and sacrifice to a likeness of the very Christ.

The women in the villages are quite as wonderful as the wounded soldiers. One rainy day, coming across a field road deep in mud, I meet a young woman. She knows me, so I walk with her. She wears a thin black dress and one of those French knitted shawls that are mostly square holes, with only an umbrella to keep off the slanting rain. She belongs at the Post-Office. It is there I had seen her, at the rural free delivery. It is too muddy to ride her wheel, so she must walk. 'Ah, c'est trop! Trente kilomètres, vous savez, chaque jour; c'est trop.' And when I agree that 18 miles is too much, she says: '*Mais que voulez-vous?*' My husband, he was killed in Champagne; my little girl has five years. I must work.' And then she races me in to the Post-Office to prove her path the shorter, and, when I arrive she, already behind her desk, laughs with gayety at my being in the wrong. A people like that is unbeatable!

A lady's maid in England gets a six months' holiday — comes to France. I saw her at work scrubbing floors in a hospital from seven in the morning till night — an intelligent, delicate woman with most refined and sensitive hands, always gay, no matter how many rainy days came in succession and how much mud was tracked over her floors. I told her she deserved the *Croix de Guerre*. It is such people who are saving France. There is no vindictiveness. The war is a matter of cold business, for the Frenchman never gets hot in his head; his brain is cool; he is always intelligent. The German is a *Boche*, that is all — the word expresses him entirely: and when one thinks that the Germans are described by the most intelligent people on earth as 'les sales Boches,' one feels that they are an unfortunate people, really to be pitied. The wounded, of course, — for it is of course, — never complain; always patient and always gay. One boy, very sick indeed, with four bad wounds and dreadful bedsores, in reply to a hope that things were going better with him, said, smiling, that 'affairs marched doucement, doucement.' That particular hospital occupied part of a college, and there d'Artagnan had, when a boy, been at school.

The college was built very near to the spring that had been tasted and blessed by St. Geneviève. And at midnight, when the wards were dark, it was hard not to think that, through the door of the ward and down the aisle between the rows of sleeping wounded, came the shade of d'Artagnan, gay and debonair, with his laughing Gascon eyes, with plumed hat, flowing cloak, great jack-boots, and heavy spurs — came until he reached the middle of the room, when off came the hat and out flashed the thin rapier in the *grand salut*; and then from the glorious ghost came the words: 'Messieurs mes frères,

au nom de la vieille France, je vous salue.' Later in the night, toward morning, when the life hung so feebly in the torn and wasted bodies, came St. Geneviève, shielding the flame of her lamp with her thin hand — came and stood over Ernest and made the sign of the Cross, while he, smiling in his sleep, muttered, 'Doucement, doucement.'

The French know they beat Germany at the Marne, beat the German First Army, flushed as it was with victory. With 1870 tolling in their ears, they turned on the Germans and almost with their bare hands hurled them back. If there had been ammunition they would have pushed them back to Berlin, and they know now that in the field they are the masters.

It is the ordinary, commonplace man that is the wonder. The heroes of romance are seven feet high, with other attributes of the stage idol; but these heroes — these real heroes — are just the men of the shop, the field, and the marketplace. At the midnight Mass on Christmas morning, when they stood, a crowd of soldiers and wounded near the door of the packed church, one saw amid the waving candle-flames and the French flags, the long red streamers that reminded one of the oriflamme, and one understood something of Joan of Arc: how she too was a simple peasant, but, seeing the vision, had trusted in it and believed it, and by it had delivered France.

One saw in these simple men the everlasting brothers of the Maid — men who saw the spirit as she had seen it, and would again clear France of the invader and save it from destruction. One felt it again that night in the wards, when, after an entertainment of song and dance given by the wounded soldiers, a young man came forward at the end of the long room in the aisle between the rows of beds, and, laying

aside his crutches, leaned for support on a chair and sang the *Marseillaise*. One knew it when, at the end of the song, the wounded raised themselves in their beds to roar, *Aux armes, citoyens!* One knew then that one had experienced something that is rare in the world.

It is true that their capacity for the dramatic gives one a chance to understand them; but now the dramatic seems to be always any unconscious display of the spirit that is moving them. There is no brag; the spirit just shines through them. They cannot help it.

An aviator had fallen and had died in the hospital. The day of his funeral, a day with gusts of heavy rain, with gray streaked clouds crowding in the windy sky, the funeral procession was just leaving the hospital to go across the little place, under the clipped trees, to the village church. The priest walks at the head of the procession, intoning; the tricolor is carried at the head of the flag-draped coffin, the church-bell tolls, when screaming out of the wind-driven sky comes a war-plane, — down, down, over the church, and then, tilting at a terrible angle, around the church it goes, — once, twice, thrice, and then up and off again into the clouds. A more modern and more extraordinary expression of respect for the dead it is impossible to imagine.

All through the country one feels the same spirit everywhere that one feels in Paris — the straight roads with their sense of mental clearness and passionate directness, the poplars, monumental in their long lines against the sky. Even the clipped trees somehow convey to one a sense one never got from them before. All the common things have suddenly sprung to life, suddenly become symbols of the inner things. For a moment, the veil that hides the world from us, under the visible things,

is pulled aside, and we understand as we never understood before.

It is truly as a wounded officer said, looking across a valley on his first ride outside when convalescent, as he saw the dark bare apple trees and the rolling fields, and beyond always the rows of straight trees: 'Ah, is it not a country worth fighting for?' — and he had lost his right hand, his right foot was badly hurt, and there was a groove from a shell in the front of his head. And yet he hoped to be back at the front in the spring.

From an artillery regiment passing through a village on a foggy morning, one got a sense of efficiency, of power and completeness; the horses in good shape and the men looking — well, like French soldiers, soldiers of the best army in the world to-day. From one of them, in good American, comes, 'So long,' and they disappear down the foggy street. The sense of power and vividness is everywhere, even to the long thin bayonets of the infantry that are like exclamation points in steel; to the *Soixante-quinze*, that best of all cannon, as graceful and delicate in its way as was one of the gentlemen of Fontenoy in his.

France carries the civilization of the world in her hands, the civilization which is a heritage from the Greeks, and she knows that that is what she is fighting to save. As the Greeks saved it from the Persian host, she is saving it from the Prussian hordes, from the most backward, the most ruthless, the most material people that the world has yet had the misfortune to produce. France knows that this war is materialism trying to crush the spirit of man, the spirit of freedom, and the rights of truth and liberty, and that is why the common soldier says he is fighting for *la civilisation*.

Many of us over here think this is an ordinary war, a war between this man

and that man. Never was a greater mistake made. It is a war between liberty and beauty on the one hand, and on the other, tyranny and brutality—a war between the civilized man of the twentieth century and the man still back in the Middle Ages. For the German, in spite of his mechanical knowledge, is still in the Middle Ages, but the Middle Ages with chivalry left out—the Middle Ages without honor and without hope. That is why France wanted us to say that she was right—that was all, to say it; but as that is now too late, one hopes that we may think it, that we may understand that it is for us she is fighting—for the very things

that we have until now held sacred, for the only things that make life tolerable. What little help we can individually give her, let us give it. What we are officially, let us forget. Let us try to make her, or those of her people with whom we come in contact, understand that we, as a people, give her our respect, our admiration, and more than all, our love; that in us yet, somewhere, still burns the old flame; that in spite of a neutral government, in spite of unrestrained German aggression, in spite of luxury and materialism, there is an America still, and that America understands that France is carrying the hope of the world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SCIENTIFIC WANDERLUST

WHEN sportsmen became infected to a slight degree by our love of specialization, and men who played tennis hesitated to row, and baseball fans sniffed at cricket, there was no need to grow alarmed. We called it 'scientific sportsmanship' and let it go at that. For these were affairs in which the public looked on and could be expected to take an interest in technique itself. But when intellectualism invaded the non-spectacular sports, sports performed for the joy of the performance, it was time to protest. In the showy game of baseball, it is well to perfect a manner of pitching and batting. Nobody decries, nay, everyone praises the ultimate curve, the bunt *fin-de-siècle*; but is it not a little too much to insist upon the only proper tent, the right paddle, the best frying-pan? Alas, that utility

has smirched the joys of camping; but even in camping there is ground for technique. Let it go the way of tennis and piano-playing.

The one sport, however, which I will not allow the hand of the specialist to corrupt is tramping. My protests may be ineffective, but at least they will be sturdy. Tramping, as all lovers of the English essay know, is a solitary adventure. It admits of no spectators; it is not a show, it is a rite. It is a rite in honor of the real inner man, carried out by his heart of hearts. It is a rite which bestows the waters of forgetfulness upon the tired business man and the bored scholar. And yet this rite has been defamed by commentators and its ritual amended by the uninitiate.

Take S—as an example. S—converted me to tramping, and I thank him for it. Previous to my entrance into grace, my voyages were confined to

my chamber. But gratitude need not obscure clear vision. I thank S——, but I denounce him. For from our earliest ten-mile trips, his conversation has been of that anticipatory sort which sucks all the meat out of a vacation before the vacation is had. We always knew when we were to start, at what point we were to meet, how much water and *Erbswurst* and chocolate we were to carry, and how much alcohol our flasks were to hold. We knew just how much weight our blanket-rolls would sustain, and spent precious minutes distributing that weight evenly. We knew who was to carry the axe and who the canteen. We even knew just where the extra tentpins were and how many the trampler ought to have. There was no trail which was unaccounted for and consequently no trail was a surprise. We knew where every spring was located together with the best camping sites. In fact, if maps were in three dimensions and naturally colored, our pencils would have been as good as our legs, and we could have truly enjoyed one of those 'vacations at home,' by the planning of which authors earn enough to go away.

I protested time and again to S——, but to no avail. He had read Kephart, adored the memory of Messmuk with him. So that when I pleaded for khaki, he coldly informed me that khaki afforded no protective coloration, whereas homespun was ideal. When I offered a bottle of canary sack, he spurned it for a tiny vial of bad brandy. I went down on my knees to him for a pocket edition of *Evan Harrington*; I wanted something sophisticated. He firmly told me that the A.M.C. guide weighed three ounces less. I argued that I was willing to lug the extra three. I was informed that I might drop dead and then he'd have them. Could I be selfish? I begged that I might have a silver knife, fork, and spoon, or at least plat-

ed ones. I had some old ones, why not take them along? The butcherish taste of steel gave me nausea. As a final *coup* I adduced Kephart's china cup without a handle, which the high priest confessed to as a unique transgression against professional style. Did that embarrass S——? He merely replied that we should have an opportunity to rectify Kephart's mistakes; that silver was effete, heavy, superfluous; that we should each have an aluminum spoon and fork and use our pocket knives to cut with.

I think I must have fainted at this point. The thought of constantly reaching out for things which looked heavier than they were, was too much for my nerves.

Still, I bore it for ten or twelve years. S——'s tyranny waxed with experience. Whereas time taught me the uselessness of plans, equipment, and style, it confirmed him in his adoration of them. He steadily read more and more authorities. He became one himself. He wrote for outing journals, descanted before sportsmen on the proprieties of the open road. The amount of ceremony he devised was appalling. He entered into debates with prominent Germans upon the superiority of the blanket-roll over the *rucksack*. He wrote a volume on tramping in which he ridiculed me for preferring 'gym' shoes to elk-soled hob-nailed boots, — I who had worn myself sore with his wretched hobs. He abandoned ten friends because they said in public that they used Alpenstocks. As soon as spring began, his maps were unrolled and he was off, describing 'unfrequent-ed routes for pedestrians,' 'the Maine woods on foot,' etc. Folk gravely asked his advice on a thousand petty matters, and he dispensed it with the liberality of an allopath. And I, I who had shared the perils of those twelve years, — I took the place of a hero's wife!

Finally I saw what was the matter. Hence these words. Let them be a warning to readers of stylistic tendencies. I saw that S—— was formalizing something whose charm was its amorphousness. I saw that the technique of tramping was of far more interest to him than tramping itself. He said there was a right and a wrong way to everything. I answered that the right way was usually the wrong way and that I should follow that. I saw my crime in having listened to him so long. I saw that I too had defiled the Holy of Holies, had sacrificed to false gods. I took my *rucksacks*, boots, blanket-rolls, homespun knickers, canvas leggings, aluminum utensils, dried soups, waterproof match-safe, poncho, army blanket, together with the rest of that family of parvenues, and packed them all off to S——, saying that he could do with them as he would, for I would have no more of them.

I then put on a battered straw hat, a tennis shirt (not flannel), lisle socks, (not wool). I cut a good stout switch to beat up the dust with. I slung a knapsack over one shoulder — not on top of my shoulder blades; and put a thick *Oxford Book* in it — not the India paper edition; some white — not bandanna — handkerchiefs; some parlor — not safety — matches. I saw that being a true sportsman consisted in denying every dictate of common sense, and determined not to be a true sportsman. I decided that I'd sleep out when I pleased and in when I pleased; cook when I pleased and buy my meals when I pleased; do nothing by rule, everything according to fancy. In short, in the immortal words of Whitman, 'I tucked my trouserlegs into my boots and went off and had a good time.'

Whenever I came to a bad road, I turned in; whenever I saw a trail officially marked, I avoided it. I bought supplies at no recommended shop; I ate

no chocolate, no *Erbswurst*. I got soaked in the rain, I caught cold, I often made as little as five miles a day. I hooked rides, I utterly disregarded all the morality of the professional trampler. I used up my fixed sum of money within a week; I sent home for more. And I kept up my extravagance purposely. I landed in a seaport in rags and gave out my last five dollars for a berth on a cattleship. I was broke in Liverpool, arrested in Leeds, stranded in London. I marched in the protestant parade of the unemployed from Tower Hill down to Blackfriars. I slept on the Embankment. I dined at the Savoy in evening clothes and sold them the next day. I was almost drowned in the Channel and like Swinburne was rescued by a short-story writer.

And that very summer S—— was helping a little group of serious mountain-climbers shorten the trail up Chocorua.

This, then, is my protest against the intellectualization of tramping. I call upon all who value their better selves to support me in it. Note, we shall form no society, with neatly listed members and tidy rules. Rather shall our feeling of spiritual brotherhood bind us together in one glorious company. We shall know each other by our common avoidance of such words as 'hike,' 'the open road,' 'the lure of the trail,' 'vagabondia.' In this way can we preserve the one enjoyment left to true individuals, and prevent the incrustation of our fluid spirits.

HUMILIATION — DOMESTIC AND LITERARY

THE maid is in the kitchen writing poetry. I have promised to copy it for her on the typewriter, thus completing my humiliation. Only one who has been a moderately successful bungler

all her life can appreciate the depth of that humiliation, which began with the scrubbing of the gas stove and will soon have ended with the promised piece of stenography.

Many years ago, when I was entering upon my career as a successful bungler, I attempted the study of medicine. In the midst of a practical examination in physiology, in an effort to connect the apparatus used to register the blood-pressure curve of an unhappy fox-terrier, I turned the stream of salt water into the red and angry countenance of a nervous professor. At his display of exasperation, I turned it into his redder and more angry countenance a second time and thus failed completely in the examination. Always I have considered that the most humiliating period of my career as a bungler. To-day I know that there was a certain element of humor, almost of self-respect in that transaction which is wholly lacking in this procedure. I am nothing, so little of nothing that it seems hardly worth speaking about. Nevertheless, while she is writing her poem I can practice my touch and perhaps relieve myself of a little of the pressure of shame which bears me down.

Of course, it was vanity in the first place that led me to have a maid. There was no sense in it at all. And of course it is vanity that is being punished. The reason, as agreed upon between my husband and myself, was the fact that he needed some stenographic work done and that I had literary aspirations, he feeling most the necessity of the former and I leaning to the importance of the latter. There may have been, however, beneath his polite expressions of policy, the secret hope that the house might be dusted every day and the dishes washed every evening. Certainly there was beneath my reluctant acquiescence — which followed a judicious encouragement of the idea — the

hope that I might have somebody to wash the coffee percolator, and to clean out the sweeper, and to brush the crumbs off the table — my conception of a truly happy existence.

But this is the way it happened. The maid, an eighteen-year-old girl with fine brown skin and happy eyes, flew into my kitchen as though it were a case of typhoid and she a special nurse. In half an hour the gas stove, which I had considered at least respectably clean, was all in pieces and was being scrubbed and scoured piece by piece until it was in such a state of spotlessness as it had never known before. There my humiliation began; here I hope it will end. After the stove came the woodwork and the refrigerator, — I had always prided myself on that refrigerator, — and then the pantry and the butler's pantry; then the floor and then the rest of the house. I offered no suggestions, my imagination refusing to go the length of my maid's ambitions, and certainly never daring to venture beyond them. It was no comfort to me to have my husband rejoice openly in the speckless appearance of the house and assure me that he believed she was more than paying for herself. I knew that. I knew, too, that I had been a bungler at housekeeping, that I had not scrubbed the stove or washed the dishes regularly, or wiped the stairs every day, or cleaned the silver. The things that I had not done left no room at all in the memory for any stray duty I might have fulfilled.

Of course, as my hold on my career as a housekeeper grew feeble, I held more firmly to my hope in a career as an author. Clearly I was not a housekeeper, but I would have the opportunity to show what I could do in the literary line. My truest and deepest humiliation was waiting for me. This morning the maid saw me open my typewriter desk and spread myself before it.

'Do you write things on that, missis?' she asked; and when I assured her that I did, although as a matter of fact I am only a bungler, she announced that she wrote poetry herself.

Well, she *does* write poetry. She is writing some now on the kitchen table. Of course her work is done. It is always done. And nobody has a better right to poetry than she has. A girl who can hold to a philosophy of comfortable cheerfulness when she has had in her experience nothing more cheering than stepmothers, orphan homes, and other folks' kitchens, and who can express that philosophy in any sort of rhythm, is a poet, and a bungler ought to be very glad to help her by copying her verses on the typewriter, and sending them away to a publisher who should be very glad to get them.

Surely, you must see, no matter how wisely you may sympathize with the maid, that I am in a ridiculous and humiliating position. I acquired her in order that I might proceed upon my literary career, only to have her show me up for what I am worth in the kitchen, and then put me in my proper place of stenographer to her own literary efforts.

Perhaps it is no more than a bungler might expect, however, and at any rate it is a comfort not to have to wipe down the stairs, even though I have no time left to be an author.

P.S. The humiliation is complete. When I copied the maid's poem I ventured — it was no doubt the remnant of pride in me that led me — I ventured to suggest a change in one verse which seemed to me overgrown and wayward. Kindly, but firmly, I was put back into my place as stenographer.

'Don't you see you spoils the singin' when you reads it that way?' she inquired. And I went on pounding the keys.

THE GLORY OF INTOLERANCE

TO-DAY I passed through a moment of queer pain — the pain of memory — and it answered for me a question which has often importuned my fancy. This question had to do with a paradise I once conceived, full of the brightness and flying laughter of youth, an immortality of memories fashioned into realities once more. Here the early bravery of the spiritless and old should live unconquered, and the fleetness of the youthful runner be treasured up for him. Which of the gifts anciently mine should I claim in such a place?

To-day, in the library, I suddenly knew. I had opened a volume of Stevenson and begun to read a favorite passage, when some dimming instinct uttered its voice, a voice of scorn against my pleasure. This remembered scorn has come to me only rarely — to-day it had the vividness of an expiring memory. As its lost voice smote me, I put down the book, for it was then I knew.

'Give me back,' I said, 'my intolerance.'

All young readers know it — the period of intolerance, that time of complete spontaneity, when epithets rush to the lips almost with the first opening of a book. The youthful critic knows what is bad in books, and he cannot overlook it. His makeup is merciless, and he never forgets. He cannot be made to look for virtue where he has just unmasked vice. He draws some very black lines. Compromise he cannot understand. I remember well my first reading of Stevenson, and how I overtook him in some venial sin or other in the middle of the first page. 'Poseur!' I cried — I can feel now how my lip curled. For years I would not change the disdainful word. So, too, was Kipling rejected; I could not endure his salable situations, his eye out for the unworthy majority. I remember clearly

the things I said: back come the epithets — 'Commercial!' 'Meretricious!' lighted up in a blaze of virgin wrath.

Meredith, Benson, Shelley, Crothers, Rossetti, Howells, Whitman! Naming them at random from my most familiar shelves, I feel that I have fallen off indeed. They were all once on that long list of worthy hatreds which I maintained (as I remember it) with honor. One after another there return to me the swift impulsions of thought which swept them magnificently into the heap of the condemned. One after another I recall the very causes of condemnation: a cheapness which I thought I detected, an insincerity which called aloud for correction, a pose, a liberty taken with my sensibilities — no matter about each one; they were all challenges, all vivid and conclusive enough. Cleverness in particular outraged me; Chesterton was long a synonym for the deliberately unseemly. But whatever the cause, my reaction to it was speedy and intense. And I was true to the reaction. I was not polite, social, or reasonable in my commerce with authors; I was, rather, arrogant and outlandish. And yet, within my own narrow limits, I was consistent.

The undiscerning philosopher would account for youthful intolerance in one way — a true explanation, so far as it goes. It is due, he would say, to the fewness of the young reader's ideas, and his attitude toward them. The mature mind harbors its multitudes, each tempered by the others, jostled from its absoluteness, and at peace with its kind. The mind of youth is sparsely stocked, and those scant numbers are all in all to him. Each concept is so sharply bounded, so excitingly itself, that he cannot trifle with its meaning. He is helpless before the absolute. There is for him an importance at once rapturous and awful about the principle that two and

two make four. His literary judgment partakes of the nature both of a rite and of a triumph, and every criticism he utters is a recourse to what he deems an eternal truth. This joyous logic has not yet been saddened by the discovery that two and two may make any sum, from zero to infinity.

But the philosopher who has loved books in his youth would know the deeper truth — the other, finer reason for youthful intolerance. To the older critic, judgment is a matter of opinion; to the younger, it is a matter of service. No one else in the world serves so whole-heartedly the idea in which he believes and the beauty which he has seen. This is his mission. His intolerance is only the reverse side of real literary passion; if he is ruthless, it is only because he is inspired by ideals of deathless strength and impossible beauty. If real poetic insight is ever granted him, it is granted now; and in the midst of unaccountable enthusiasms, he has gleams — let no one doubt this — of truer readings and surer raptures. There is something dedicated and knightly in his attitude. I remember that my first reading of Milton was a sort of accolade, an entrusting to me of a secret of incommunicable loveliness by which all else must stand or fall. I know other young readers who, unconsciously, also accept their revelations as a trust and a charge. Error must be met, truth defended, the unworthy sent down to defeat. To take new manners and new ideas on sufferance only; to judge them instantly; above all, to reject, denounce, destroy — all this is part of the service of the reader-errant, part of his narrow generosity and his bigotry of beauty. As ideas are the supreme excitement, so each book is the Great Adventure. No faltering is felt in the attack, no quarter given, and all his banners are planted firmly and haughtily upon a beetling hill.

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FROM A MANCHURIAN NOTEBOOK

I. THE ADVENTURE OF THE RED-BEARDS

BY ALICE TISDALE

I

I AM sitting in the quaint little office of our company in Harbin, the last important city of China before one steps over into Siberia. Personally, I should find it hard to think of facts and figures in an office which has for its outlook a curved tiled roof, with curious gargoyles and dragons holding on to the ridgepole. I am sure that in such a place as this I could not put a pin through my mind, sticking it down to business and a desk. It all tempts my fancy away to fairies, goblins, and such-like folk. Fortunately for me, I am the wife of the business man and not the business man himself, and my thoughts are free to wander.

This is an adventurous life we are leading. At present, my husband's work takes him all over the three northern provinces that make up Manchuria, and I go with him. This means that we roam from silent Siberia on the north to the Great Wall of China on the south, from Mongolia on the west to Korea on the east. Great Manchuria, at once the hope and despair of China! it is her frontier-land, and, as

such, with its potential possibilities, is the 'big chance' for the man crowded out of the other eighteen provinces. Mongolia and Manchuria are China's unsettled tracts, and are, between them, rich in all resources; therein lies her peril, for other nations are determined to get hold of this border-country. With each disturbance in her internal affairs, the foreign powers have wrested from her some new rights in these frontiers. Harbin, which I sit looking out upon, is half Russian; beyond the curved, tiled roofs, I can see the gold-domed churches of the Russians; they, and all that they signify, overshadow the city. From here, the Russians spread north and south over the land. All of Manchuria above the Amur River is now a part of Siberia, and to the south the Russians hold the railroad half-way through the province.

In the far southeast, on the Korean border, is the city of Antung; it, too, is no longer purely Chinese. Insinuating themselves among the substantial buildings of the natives, are the frailer Japanese houses. So does the Japanese insinuate himself into Chinese life, spreading his tentacles up from the

south, farther and farther each year. Even now, his 'railway zone of influence' extends so far north that it touches that of the Russians. The little man from the tiny islands over the way wants, and intends to have, this splendid land. He checked the Russian advance, but there is no one to stop *him* and his greed knows no end. Ah, well, there is at least a little more time left to the Chinese before the Japanese bustle in and take possession, killing the personality of frontier China as they have ruthlessly killed native life and customs in Korea. While these days remain we shall roam here. For a little while we shall forget the greed of nations. To-morrow we leave them and their strife behind, for we are going to start for one of the real outposts of the world — even of Manchuria, which is an outpost itself.

From Harbin we go a day's journey up the Sungari River to Hulanho, where we drop all outside communications; then, by native cart, we travel due north to Peilintzu and on to Hailun over the great northern plain of Manchuria. A thousand *li* (over three hundred miles) by the slowest possible mode of travel, during the worst time of year, in a bandit-inhabited country: that is what such a journey implies. We shall present our passports in every important town, thus securing an escort of Chinese soldiers; but often the escort is small and the individual soldier none too brave. One never knows just what is going to happen next in this part of the globe; herein lies half the fascination of it — which confirms my suspicion that we are thoroughgoing vagabonds at heart.

In the early fall in Manchuria, the natives undergo a sort of magic change from farmer to bandit. It seems something of a psychological somersault — one day a plodding farmer, the next a highwayman. After the tall *kaoliang*,

or giant millet, is cut, and escape is not so easy over the bare plains, another clap of the hands and lo, a peaceful farmer once more! It is not only the farmer who plays this exciting game; many another staid member of the community has his little fling. Some even combine their rôles, differentiating according to the seasons. With the Oriental's disregard for conditions, a man is often bandit, merchant, and magistrate all at once.

The bandits are almost as old as the country itself. Long ago they disguised themselves with red beards, in consequence of which they have been called *hung-hu-tzu* — red-beards — ever since. Once they were orderly, trustworthy souls, taking only their 'just toll,' insuring ships and carts and men, and robbing only those who were too penurious, or possibly too independent, to pay the exemption fee. These bands had their insurance headquarters in the large towns, in the houses of many a leading merchant; and, as most of the Chinese regarded this blackmail as they regard taxes of any kind, to this day these merchants (if not their agents, who do the actual holding-up) move in the best Chinese society. But more and more, as Manchuria has become the borderland of various civilizations, the ordered ways of these brigand bands have grown disordered; countless farmers and unpaid soldiers have made themselves self-appointed members, until, along all the main grain ways, whether cart roads or rivers, the little red flag of insurance is now of no avail — every man's hand is turned against his brother. The confusion is made still greater by the influence of those bordering, so-called civilized, countries. It is whispered by those who know the inside of things out here that the Japanese furnish arms and encouragement to would-be Chinese robbers. The more disorder there is, the better the pretext for

Japan to extend her already extensive police district. Furthermore, we cannot be altogether sure that the escorts given us will not be in league with bandit groups. Strangely enough, in such a case they may prove the better protection. If soldiers who secretly belong to organized bands are appointed as escorts to foreigners, they warn the other members of their bandit group of the passport and its influence with the powers that be. It makes me feel that the gargoyles and the dragons outside have spirited me away to Alice's Wonderland — a higgledy-piggledy world where soldiers are outlaws and we seek their protection.

Like all true pilgrims, we start with light hearts and few possessions. A native cart is only an oak box with a rounded top, latticed sides, open front, and plank bottom. This structure, which, like Wendy's house, must have been measured just to fit (for it is exactly high enough and long enough for one person — if he be of medium size — to sit in), is set on heavy oak shafts. The shafts extend out in front, making a little platform for the driver, and in back, forming a place for the luggage. This substantial affair rests, exactly in its centre, without a vestige of springs, on a wooden axle, at the ends of which the great wheels turn. Of necessity, then, we curtail our living to the utmost simplicity: there is little room and less security for earthly treasure, for the springless cart jars everything into a more or less unrecognizable condition. Clothes jostle and rub until there are holes in them; bottles break, and crackers are often reduced to crumbs. After many experiments, we have finally made our baggage consist of a stout, seamanlike chest holding the minimum of clothes, a bedding roll, and a smaller chest in which we store away a few tins of meat, crackers, butter, and milk. For the rest of our food-supplies we must

depend upon the country; chickens, eggs, and rice we can always get, and there is no place in China, no matter how far afield you may wander, where you cannot get a cup of tea for a penny or two.

II

We left Harbin this morning on a little stern-wheel paddle-boat. To-night we are in Hulanho. The boat harbored all sorts and conditions of men: Russian peasants, Chinese frontiersmen, strange nomadic people, all journeying away from the confines of civilization. All day the boat, with its strange mixed load, paddled toward Hulanho. The banks, high as our heads, shut us in to the speculation of the crouching men, who filled every crack and crevice without regard to comfort. Those Russians — were they, perhaps, escaped exiles? Those squatting Chinese, silent and enigmatic — were they, any of them, members of the brigand bands that infested the region? Those nomads — like us, did they feel a restless spirit within, calling them to new country? Never had my fellow man seemed more interesting, more unfathomable. Why were we all there, and whither were we going? The inscrutable faces of the oriental throng gave back no answer; neither did the inscrutable, deep-blue sky full of marvelously white Manchurian clouds. Each man's secret remained his own, but the splendid sun shone over us all as we pushed slowly up the shallow river between the high banks.

We forgot home and kindred, we felt pagan — free; there stirred within us a sense of new life, yet strangely old — the free, wandering life rightly inherited by every man from the days when all the world roamed. Underneath the layers of modern convention, does not the wanderer's spirit lie hidden within us all? Has it not started into life at

unlooked-for moments, even when we walked a city pavement, or sat in a wholly business-like office, as the smoke of a bonfire reached our nostrils, or as we caught glimpses of night skies above tall buildings — awakening within us, for the instant, strange, restless cravings for a lost freedom? Here, with the modern world far, far away, a wild sweet spirit took possession of us. To-morrow will bring us to the long trail, the out trail, at last! And to-night I am sitting in a Chinese inn on a brick *k'ang* — a northern Chinese bed. I am writing by the light of a tiny lamp, and that of a luminous young moon, and one very brilliant star. Outside, the trail leads on, on into the moonlight; a dream-trail, a moon-trail, beckoning, enticing. Surely to-night we have touched the magic spring of the earth; earth-trail joins moon-trail.

To-day is to-morrow! The earth stirs and we wake with her, such is our close communion out here where the artificiality of our civilization is swept from us. We wake to quiet and a soft stirring breeze tapping on the paper window-panes; but as the sun rises clear of the horizon, the huge courtyard pulses with the life of a hundred journeyings. Settler and bandit and nomad start the day's business. The stir of departure tinges the very air. Even the carts look as if they were all of the same mind, anticipating the start. In a Manchurian inn there are two gates at opposite ends of the court — one where you come in, one where you go out. As the carts are never turned round in the inn enclosure, they bear now, as always, an expectant mien as they stand with their shafts toward the gate of departure. Mules and ponies and horses munch their grain at the rude stalls; servants pass with kettles of steaming tea; men and women are climbing into the tiny interiors of the 'Peking' carts; carters are harnessing their trains of

mules to the heavily loaded grain carts, one, two, three, and even four, one in front of the other. Mules and donkeys are braying, men are shouting; there is the habitual oriental bargaining and quarreling. We, too, join in the din of departure. Our two carts are soon ready. In one we store the extra baggage and the never-to-be-left-behind 'boy.' In the other my husband deftly piles sacks of grain, leaving just room enough for me to squeeze in and take a half-reclining position, with my feet almost touching the first mule's tail. A 'Peking' cart is an altogether fearsome thing to ride in, unless you are wedged in so as not to shake with each jar of the springless planks beneath you; but, as I have discovered, this same primeval vehicle, arranged by an old-time follower of the Chinese road, becomes quite an endurable means of travel.

I wriggled myself into the remaining space between the sacks, my husband swung himself onto one shaft, the driver let his long whip sing over the backs of the mules, sprang to his seat, and we jerked into motion. We rode from the thronging mules and men, through the great gate of leaving — jolting and bumping over its uneven sill, down into the ruts of the road. Our escort came riding toward us on horseback, and our procession of carts and soldiers passed from the single street of Hulanho out on the red-brown track, stretching away over the plains. We had left the other travelers behind, and we had the road to ourselves. I leaned back against the grain sacks, perfect peace possessing me, as I watched the ribbon trail ahead. There was such profound tranquillity all round us that we did not disturb it with a single word; it was the fulfillment of the restless spring striving, and amid this quiet plenty we rode on and on, without fret, without anxiety.

Nor did the little world-old villages

that we traveled through bring any bustling discord: there was the same peace and abundance. On the rounded tops of the brown mud dwellings lay great heaps of yellow corn, and through the open gates of the mud walls we saw, across the courts, strings and strings of red peppers hanging by the house doors. Now and then we met the very oldest form of cart — with the two wheels turning on a fixed axle; they were grain carts, now loaded with stalks of kaoliang, and we brushed their leaves in passing them on the narrow way, as the oxen pulled them slowly, slowly to their destination. The villages were empty now, for everyone was busy in the harvest fields; there were only a few old women drawing water at the wells or washing clothes in the stone troughs that stood near. During their age-long existence, all the villages seemed to have acquired a meditative calm. The wayside shrines with their smoking incense testified to the fact that there was time, even now in the harvest season, to worship the gods. In the open country we forded streams, and we drove through the high-standing grain and the low-growing beans. We watched the naked men working with implements of Abraham's time, and the women in bright-red trousers and blue upper garments gathering the grain into bundles, and the little children following behind, making a last gleaning of the ground in order that nothing, not even the smallest kernel, should be lost. Over us all the marvelous northern sunshine poured steadfastly, hour after hour.

At last, the morning with its simple scenes had slipped away, and we stopped to eat at the side of the way. It was the usual inn — one long room with the two k'angs, or brick platforms, running parallel down the longer sides, and the rafters blackened with the smoke from the braziers. It was cool and emp-

ty just then, so we sat cross-legged on one of the k'angs, eating our tiffin of coffee and eggs from the low k'ang table, polished and black with the feastings of travelers unnumbered. As our 'boy' came and went, lifting the bamboo curtain at the door, we caught glimpses of the heated, glimmering air of noon. Over the inn court there was now no bustle of leave-taking; everything drowsed in the noon-day. The two-wheeled carts rested on their backs, their shafts high in the air; the mules munched and munched in ruminative content. The carters lay asleep in curious oriental attitudes on benches as wide as my hand. Stretching ourselves on the matting on the k'ang, in the same untutored simplicity, our bodies and spirits loosened their hold on the actual, and we too slept. We woke at last, feeling the hard brick beneath us. It was mid-afternoon!

'Boy! boy!' we called, tumbling off the k'ang. (When in trouble in China, always call the boy.) 'You no belong proper boy. You have sleepee. Plenty piecie hung-hu-tzu kill two gentlemen, night time no have catchee place sleep.' (When you wish to vent your anger in China, vent it on the boy; that is partially why you have him — to be the scapegoat.) In answer to our wrath, the boy sat up sleepily. We hustled him, we hustled the carters. We were thoroughly aware now of the danger, for the inns are far apart in this region of Manchuria. But with all our hustling no one else hustled. Finally, remembering the fate of him who hurried the East, we forebore; but not being able to become altogether passive, we paced up and down, up and down — after the fashion of the West. In due course of time — according to the oriental mind — the mules were harnessed, the baggage in place, and we drove leisurely forth, our fellows stoically calm, we impatient.

But a little way, and the care-free spirit of the open road once more controlled us. We walked hand in hand, we sat on little hillocks awaiting the carts we had outdistanced, we felt the glee of escaped children; the day seemed a stolen day from some other existence when life was made up of roving. At last we were tired, and climbed into the cart and lay against the musty-smelling grain sacks. We were silent again; the dusk settled down, a revivifying moment when there seemed a vapor of spiritual life hovering over the earth. So we journeyed until twilight deepened into night, and the stars and the moon came out. Late in the evening, the carters drove their tired mules through the shadowy gateway into the moon-lighted inn-enclosure. We were late indeed! Fifty or more carts and two hundred travelers were ahead of us. Looking into the one common room, we saw that the two k'angs were crowded with sleeping humanity. We thought with horror of such a man-filled night after the spacious world we had lived in all day, so we made a bed of straw in the cart and lay there, close together in silent companionship. It was a solitude made perfect, out there with only one's mate, the animals, and above — the sky and the moon.

III

The next day a new life seemed stirring; the farther we went, the younger it seemed to grow. The methods of work in the fields and villages were as much of the past as they had been on the previous day, but the mud dwellings often looked new. We were touching the frontier, where men, mostly from the overcrowded provinces of Shantung, with more vision and initiative than their fellow townsmen, had come for their 'big chance'; and they were getting it! The crops were bumper ones;

the grain-towers of spiral matting that could be made high or low according to the amount of grain to be put in them, stood up high above everything else in the landscape. The men in the *hongs*, with whom we talked business, cared nothing at all for a small commission; they were used to realizing twenty and thirty per cent on their money. At noon we found our inn was brand-new — a new inn in China! The words clash to the point of absurdity. One says inn, and at once the vision of a black and age-old interior rises up before one. But there the impossible stood, with the hoops of red cloth — the infallible sign of the Chinese hostelry — swinging gayly in the breeze before the door. We entered, to find shavings on the floor, and the whole place as clean as a Dutch hearth. Furthermore, the entire town was new. The inn-keeper was a Shantung man, driven out of his own province in a year of bad crops. That was two years ago, and this year he was building a complete village, bringing men and women from his old home to people it and work for him. He and his creation were the epitome of this life, young and vital, yet even now, in its beginnings, old with the inherited traditions of the East.

Now we perceived that each day more of convention and its ways was slipping from us. We had our regular rations of crackers, eggs, and a cup of coffee — just one cup apiece, for the tiny pot that fitted into the food-chest would not hold more than two cups. That ended the eating question. We wore thin shirts and khaki trousers — just alike. That ended the clothes question. We forgot the strivings and cravings of the world, as we count it, in this country whence our civilization had so utterly vanished. We grew to want little and to know no haste. The days came to us with more and more elemental meanings, elemental appeals.

On the fourth day we reached Peilintzu. The life of the Orient surged in the streets with all its overpowering force. It was evening. From the latticed sides of the cart, as we rumbled along, I watched the dim city. The soft flickering lights threw into relief the elements of the primitive, existing everywhere, and now daily becoming a part of us. In the dark huts open to the streets, bean-oil lamps flared and flickered above families bending low over their evening meal. With bowls held to their mouths, they ate eagerly, with original, elemental hunger. In the shops were men naked to the waist, their brown bodies glistening in the light; and all the streets were crowded with vendors striking their cymbals, shouting their wares. Beggars in sackcloth and dirt limped, and groveled, and whined, holding out begging hands and raising their voices for alms, alms. High above these noises and above the creaking of the cart-wheels, came the shrilling, barbaric music of the one-stringed violins playing the wedding guests into strange, unnamed moods, and of the pounding tom-toms beating forth the wailing mysteries of death. Before our eyes, in naked simplicity, was the drama of existence which we, in our civilization, veil and disguise and ignore — the rude joy over food, the ugliness of want, the passion of love, the uncontrolled sorrow of death. In the summer night, feasting and want, love and death, all lifted their voices.

And again we passed through the shadowy gateway of the night's stopping-place, into the court with its moonlighted roof and its quiet, munching beasts. Day by day, night by night, this primordial existence was piling up its experiences within us. Life surcharged with rudimentary meanings was calling us more and more insistently to live as profoundly as we could.

But we had yet to touch the very heart of fundamental things.

We stayed a day in Peilintzu, for my husband had work to do and we must present our passports at the *yamen* (the official house and office). We were not at all sure we should be allowed to go on. From Peilintzu to Hailun was the stretch of country reputed to be full of the bandits. We spent the day in the hongs and prowling over the city. The one-storied mud buildings, baked brown by the northern sun, made the place look like an encampment of gophers. There were no pagodas, or temples, or even a city wall, to break the stretch of rounded roofs — only the high-standing grain-towers of fresh matting, which spoke of business prosperity. But for some reason Peilintzu was quite as fascinating as the more characteristic Chinese cities with their beautiful walls, half-ruined temples, and pagodas. Perhaps its charm was the freedom of the plains, of which I caught glimpses beyond the brown city; perhaps it was the daring, almost lawless, freedom of the pioneer inhabitants.

The market street was the most surprising thing of all. Away out here, where we felt as if we had come to the jumping-off place of the earth, — here where a white woman had never been, — we found a market-place as busy as Wall Street, though altogether Eastern. The long street was full of carts and mules and pack-donkeys, of buyers and sellers and money-changers. Fortunes were made and lost on that street, in grain and the great gamble in beans. Here, where man made no pose, I began to realize how ruthless business is — how innately it pertains to the savage instinct of struggle for food and shelter.

When I entered the hongs, I could scarcely comprehend the large investments with twenty and thirty per cent

returns, the very air was so pervaded with the enervating, idle ease of the wealthy Eastern gentleman. We all but stumbled in the dark rooms heavy with smoke and the odor of incense. Vassals, whose duty it was to serve every whim of those oriental business men, stood on every side. A crowd of them always ushered us into the inner offices, where sat the managers amid the dust-covered ancestral tablets and the paper panes of the sealed windows. One retainer would bring us tea, one water-pipes. Then there was always a modern touch—one would offer us British American Tobacco Company cigarettes. The smoke of Western business had penetrated even into the inner sanctuaries of these hongs.

In the late afternoon, just after we had returned to the inn, the head official of the town came to see us. He was a little sawed-off Oriental, clad in Chinese clothes and a derby. We were indeed honored, for we were only merchants—and business is not one of the time-reverenced occupations here. Farmer and scholar and official stand above the merchant. After much Eastern politeness, he told us that he thought we could go on, and that he would give us an escort of two soldiers! We could have blessed the absurd little man in the long gown and derby, who put his pride in his pocket—or more correctly, as he was a Chinese, up his huge sleeve—and made going on possible for us, for we wanted with all our hearts to see the country ahead.

IV

Promptly on time the next morning, our escort appeared riding bravely up the street, their rifles over their shoulders. They were literally covered with bandoliers—one had two hundred rounds, the other a hundred and fifty. Thus we started prepared for battle,

but the day passed without event, in the same quiet as the previous days. We were not safe yet. We should have reached Hailun that night, but a rain, the evening before, had softened the roads, which were no more than paths through the fields, until our heavy wheels sank deep into the sticky mud, turning more slowly than ever. We strained our eyes into the gathering dusk for some sign of Hailun, but in vain. Had we known it, Hailun was many *li* away. Although Chinese carters have been over a road innumerable times, they can scarcely ever tell how near you are to your stopping-place. They will say you are ten *li* away, but at the end of the ten *li* they will tell you—without seeing the incongruity of it—that your destination is still not ten, but twenty *li* farther on! Why should you wish to know? they evidently wonder; it will not get you there any sooner. Just plod on and on, and by and by, if Fate wills it, you will be there. That is all there is to it. Why discuss it?

As we drove farther and farther in the dim September twilight, the mere physical needs, food and shelter, became the most important things on earth. Hailun was, to us, but a mirage of bodily comfort, forever in the distance. Cart-tired, weary beyond all expression, the whole blessedness of living was bed, and food, and safety. Our uncouth mule-drivers, who had known no other wants in all their existence, were not more single in their desires, this night, than we. Around us lay the land in perfect peace. The tall kao-liang rustled its corn-like leaves about us. Higher than a man's head, higher than a man on horseback, it stood, offering shelter. We cried out to claim its protection, to stretch ourselves in the cart and sleep! But we knew with fear—instinctive fear like that of the natives—that the high grain could also

make safe the escape of marauding bands. There was no protection to be hoped for from the peaceful earth. Man had despoiled it, and to man we must look for help. At last we came to a little make-shift inn, but there was no room for us and it had begun to rain! But in a smaller building, where wheat was stored within the inn enclosure, we slept on top of the grain-sacks — man and woman of the West, carters and soldiers of the East.

There is no delaying, in the morning, on the Chinese road, for the carters are early astir and they see to it that you have no rest, until in desperation you, too, get up. So, despite the night's experiences, we made our tiffin place next morning by nine o'clock. So said our watches, and the sun, so far as we could tell, agreed with them. Having quickly disposed of our coffee and eggs, we pushed on to one of the many small rivers we had been continually crossing. As usual, the ferry-boat was on the other side and the boatmen were eating their *chow* and refused to hurry. Our escort, exceedingly wroth at such an indignity — as they reckoned it — to their distinguished selves, fired off their guns a couple of times. It was a fine display of empty authority, but, at any rate, we did not have to wait longer: the ferry, as we grandly called the mud-scow (with boards across the hold for the cart-wheels to rest on), slowly worked across the river by means of poles. For once, the carts rolled aboard without their wheels slipping off the narrow planks that led to the boat. For once, the mules behaved as if ferrying was the greatest joy of their lives, stepping demurely into the prow, scorning the very thought of skipping gayly into the kaoliang at the moment of embarkation, as we had known them to do. So we were quickly aboard, keeping well in the stern to avoid the mules' heels, — and across we went.

Then we started to climb. After going steadily upward for about an hour, we came out on the northern plain. It looked for all the world like 'the land east of the sun and west of the moon' of the folk-tales, a great never-to-be-forgotten country, vast and rolling, and, as far as one could see, covered with crops of all kinds — kaoliang, beans, corn, buckwheat. The oats and wheat had already been harvested, leaving large patches of rich brown earth. Here and there on the huge expanse were scattered groups of four or five mud houses. The productiveness and the immensity of that plain held us enthralled. It was as if we had stumbled into a mythical land, where things grew of their own accord, where there were not men enough to gather in the abundance, where nature appeared graciously to dispense with man and the sweat of his brow. The Manchurian sunshine, that glorious potion, fell like golden wine over those boundless stretches. Faint was our Anglo-Saxon heritage; we were lost to all but the long vagabond days, the simple living in inns, the carts bouncing along over the roads. Around us was the shining air; within us the love of the open way. We had inherited the earth! There it lay!

Then suddenly, from the quiet road ahead, a cloud of dust arose. As we strained our eyes to see, there came riding out of it three or four men. Each man was pulling after him by leading straps a number of animals: that much we could see.

'Heavenly mud!' cried my husband, shading his eyes with his hand, 'they're riding hell for leather. Something's up!'

Now we were near enough to understand their shouts: —

'Hung-hu-tzu lai — Hung-hu-tzu lai!' (The red-beards are coming! The red-beards are coming!) 'They are fighting

— ten *li* off — at an inn — they are chasing us — to get our horses — Hung-hu-tzu lai — Hung-hu-tzu lai!

'For God's sake, hurry!' cried my husband, fairly lifting me on to the high shaft of the cart and jumping after me — we had all been walking. The carters jumped to their places, simultaneously making their long whips whistle and crack in the air. Down they came on the mules' backs. The carts sprang forward with a terrific bounce. The escort were urging their horses and loading their rifles. 'Have your revolver ready!' my husband shouted to me, as he slipped his own out of his belt. It was a wild ride! Across the fields! Through the kaoliang! Over the beans! Behind and amongst us the frightened bearers of the news, their horses and their mules! On, on, over the furrows, plunged our clumsy train, the carts rocking until it seemed they must tip over. All around us the terrified men yelled savagely, and the whips hissed and whizzed. Behind, steadily getting nearer, a cloud of brown dust!

Nearer came the cloud of dust. We knew the full meaning of it. With painful vividness there flashed through my mind something they had told us in Harbin of a traveler in this country who had left his fellows, one day, to go on alone; the next morning they found him stripped of all his possessions and of his life, too. There lay the beautiful earth spread out like a feast before us, but from us, too, as from him, might go the sun, and the wind, and all the earth. I clutched more firmly my revolver. I heard the strange horsemen yell: 'A hundred in the band!' How slowly we moved! How they gained on us!

On over more beans, through another field of kaoliang we went. Suddenly, right in front of us, hidden until now by the tall grain, stood a walled-in farmhouse. We sprang to the ground. We

hammered frenziedly on the door. Would they, oh, would they, let us in? Already the brown cloud was resolving into a mass of men, furiously riding! Still they delayed within. We could hear the farmer-family talking — they thought *we* were the bandits! Precious moments were passing. Bullets were now going 'phut!' in the dirt around us. Hope was all but gone when, through a loop-hole, some one within spied us — the foreigners! Then they knew and opened their gates! Horses, mules, men — we all whirled into the court, swept on by the overwhelming instinct to live. The great doors swung to behind us, the heavy wooden bars clattered into place. We were safe!

In the courtyard of that far-away farm-house we waited, our hearts beating fast with the fear and the joy and the vision of that ride. Only a short time had passed since we had been idling along the road, but in those wild moments our souls had been saturated with the pure instinct of self-preservation. Our Anglo-Saxon world of possible conquests, possible possessions, possible fame, had been shown to us as mere trappings. In one revealing flash we had seen the beauty of naked existence, had been mad with the desire for life. It was not the sordid struggle to keep body and soul together that takes place in our own present-day civilized cities; it was the exaltation of a race for our lives amid the glowing abundance of the clean earth. That moment, surcharged with primitive vitality and vividness, had erased from our souls all the pallidity, the colorlessness, of past conventional experience. At last it had been given to us to throb with the pulsing heart of the elemental! Through it, we felt life's profound significance. Some things are made known only to vagabonds. In the open world, far away from the bustle and blinding competition for conquests, possessions,

and fame, we had tasted living in its essence.

We had little notion how long we should have to stay with the farmer and his family. The remainder of the bandits who had followed the horse-owners would probably not attack us behind high walls, unless they were reinforced. Perhaps we might go on in the morning, but there was no certainty of it: all depended on the bandits, for we dared not go on, with an escort of two, until that band of a hundred was accounted for.

My husband paced the court, his eyes full of light. 'This business is surely an exciting one,' he exclaimed half anxiously, half exultantly. The husband in him was anxious, the vagabond exultant. But both of us being largely vagabond, we dismissed care and entered with zest into the joys of our forefathers, into the game dear to all when the world was young — the game of what will happen next.

No siege was attempted that night, and gray dawn found the soldier of the last watch asleep by the loop-hole. We hoped that the Red-Beards had decided that it was better not to molest us. After much discussion, we concluded that we would wait until noon and then, if there was no sign of the bandits, we would risk going on. All the morning we watched and scouted in the immediate vicinity. No robbers appeared,

but neither was there a single traveler venturing forth on the road.

Nevertheless, at noon we started forth, with one soldier ahead, and one behind the carts. I sat inside our vehicle with my revolver loaded, watching the way ahead, while my husband, in order to see above the rounded top of the cart, stood on the narrow space in front, where he usually sat, and watched for sudden attacks from the rear. The road was deserted; no one else dared make the attempt to push forward. Evidently the historic Red-Beards were still about.

But by and by, when the tension was getting well-nigh unbearable, for me at least, we began meeting carts coming from Hailun. At any rate, traffic was being resumed.

'Greetings of the road,' we called out in Chinese; 'what of the Hung-hu-tzu?'

'Soldiers have gone out, caught some and shot them,' was the laconic answer.

We rode on until we could see distinctly, in the fading evening light, the low mud dwellings of Hailun. Crowds of people were standing on the house-tops. Coming through a field of kao-liang, in the twilight silence we saw, hanging from the branches of a tall tree, the bloody heads of the bandits.

[*Mrs. Tisdale's next paper will recount her adventures in a cart journey over the frozen Yalu. — THE EDITORS.*]

GREAT BRITAIN'S SEA POLICY

BY GILBERT MURRAY

I

AN article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October by Mr. Arthur Bullard has set me thinking. It was hard to classify. It was not exactly pro-German. Most of its general sentiments were unexceptionable. It did not seem to be written in bad faith. Yet it was full of sneers and accusations against Great Britain which almost any candid reader, who knew the facts, must see to be unfair. I did not know what to make of Mr. Bullard till at last there came across my mind an old description of a certain type, the second-best type, of legendary Scotch minister: 'In doctrine not vara ootstanding, but a Deevil on the moralities!'

Mr. Bullard's general doctrine is fair enough. There have been two types of foreign policy in Great Britain, one typified, if you like, by Lord North or Castlereagh or Disraeli, a type which concentrated on its country's interests and accepted the ordinary diplomatic traditions of old-world Europe; the other typified by Fox, Gladstone, Campbell-Bannerman, Bryce, which set before itself an ideal of righteousness and even of unselfishness in international politics. Both parties made their mistakes; but on the whole the

¹ Mr. Bullard's thesis, which he argues in interesting detail, is that America feels herself in natural accord with British Liberalism, but that the foreign policies of the Coalition Cabinet are imbued so largely with old Tory spirit that little hope at present exists for cordial relation between the two nations of English speech. — THE EDITORS.

Liberal movement in British foreign policy is generally felt to point in the right direction, and its record forms certainly a glorious page in the general history of civilization. Mr. Bullard, speaking as an enlightened American, is prepared to befriend, or at least to praise, Great Britain if she walks in Liberal paths, but intends to denounce her if she follows after Lord North. For example: he denounces the policy of the Boer War, but he praises warmly the settlement which followed it in 1906 under the guidance of Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith, and Sir Edward Grey. 'The granting of self-government to the defeated Boers will always rank as one of the finest achievements in political history.' This is all sound Liberalism, and I accept every word of it.

There is nothing peculiar, then, about Mr. Bullard's doctrine; it is only when he applies it that one discovers his true 'deevilishness on the moralities.' His method is to ask at once more than human nature can be expected to give, and then pour out a whole commination service of anathemas when his demands are not complied with. He begins, as it were, by saying that all he expects of Mr. X—— in order to love him is common honesty and truthfulness: we all agree and are edified. Then it appears that Mr. X—— once said he was out when he was really at home and busy. The scoundrel! A convicted liar, a man who has used the God-given privilege of speech for the darkening of know-

ledge! How can Mr. Bullard possibly be friends with such a man?

To take one small but significant point first. Mr. Bullard, like most people, sees the need of continuity in foreign policy, and the great objections to a system in which a new government, or even a new influence at court, may upset a nation's course. But he does not see that such continuity implies some sort of compromise. A continuous foreign policy in a country governed alternately by Foxites and Northites is possible only if both parties abate their extreme pretensions. And Mr. Bullard, if I read him aright, expects it to be continuous Fox. As a matter of fact, we have had lately a continuous foreign policy in Great Britain, because Grey, while moving always as best he could toward arbitration, equity, and a 'cordial understanding' with all powers who would agree to it, was felt also to be keenly alive to his duties as the steward of a great inheritance.

But let me begin, as an Englishman, by seeing what Mr. Bullard thinks of us. We have apparently started by 'a wholesale repudiation of legal restraints.' We have 'decided that there is to be no sea law.' Consequently we have 'alienated neutral sympathy more gradually, but more surely than the Germans.' And this alienation, we are led to suppose, is not mainly because of any selfish annoyance on the part of neutrals whose interests are crossed; it is just their high-minded disapproval of wickedness. They are all just as deevilish on the moralities as Mr. Bullard is. Naturally, however, they dislike our 'brusque denial that nations with smaller navies have any voice in defining the law.' 'The Sea-Lords have decided what they would like to do, and His Majesty's Privy Council has announced that that is the law.' In English opinion and action

'Might makes Right' — this phrase is constantly repeated. We are always 'hitting below the belt.' And lastly and most explicitly, 'The scrap of paper on which Great Britain had promised fair play at sea is torn up!'

I leave out certain passing accusations of hypocrisy and proceed to examine the grounds for this invective.

II

'The scrap of paper on which Great Britain had promised fair play at sea is torn up.' By the 'scrap of paper' Mr. Bullard means the Declaration of London; and he knows perfectly well that the Declaration of London was never passed into law, never accepted either by Great Britain or by any other nation. It is simply untrue to say that we promised to observe the Declaration, or that that document has in any way been violated, since it never was law. Mr. Bullard himself gives most of the facts; so it is apparently just for fun, or in the joy of rhetoric, that he writes such nonsense as this.

The Declaration of London was an attempt to codify and improve the traditional rules of warfare at sea, which have always been very fluctuating and uncertain. It was due largely to Sir Edward Grey. He summoned the chief maritime nations to a conference on the subject in December, 1908; the conference sat for less than three months, and in February, 1909, made a report which was embodied in the Declaration of London. It was greatly discussed and eventually rejected in the British Parliament. It was not, I believe, even proposed anywhere else. As a matter of fact, the Declaration did not fully satisfy any one. It was certainly a move in the right direction, but there were two large objections to it. First, many international lawyers — Professor Holland was one of them

— considered that it had been drawn too hastily and was not a satisfactory legal code. Secondly, its desirability or undesirability depended partly on certain large political problems which were obscure in 1909. They are anything but obscure now.

To take one point only, the one that specially affected Great Britain. We were then in the midst of our long negotiations with Germany for a reduction of armaments and a cessation of naval rivalry. The Liberal policy was, in general, to conciliate Germany by every possible concession that could be made without fatally weakening ourselves or betraying the rest of Europe. For example, we deliberately kept our army very small, to prove that we intended no aggression. On the other hand, we could not give up our naval superiority because we are an island power; and, if we were once defeated at sea and blockaded, we could all be starved to death or submission in a few weeks. The Germans, on the other hand, objected to our naval superiority on a number of vague or inadmissible grounds (e.g. that 'the German eagle was lame of one wing so long as her fleet was not as powerful among other fleets as her army among other armies'), and on one that had some shadow of reason. They objected to having their very large mercantile marine at the mercy of Great Britain in case of war. Consequently it was worth our while, if we could thereby avoid war and secure good relations with Germany, both to abandon the right of prize and, in general, to cut down the rights of a power commanding the seas in such matters as blockade and contraband. (When I say 'rights,' I mean practices claimed as rights by ourselves and others when in command of the sea during war, though often disputed or denied by other powers, or by the same powers in a different situation.)

That is, we, as the power commanding the seas, were arranging to give up certain traditional advantages for the sake of getting a better code of sea-law universally recognized, and in particular for the sake of ensuring the good will of Germany. What happened? In the first place the proposed code turned out to be unsatisfactory and was not adopted by any single nation. In the second place, instead of responding to our overtures of good will, Germany sprang suddenly at the throat of Belgium and France and drove us into war. And Mr. Bullard coolly assumes that we ought to put in practice against ourselves, in war, the code which no nation had adopted and which had been meant as a concession to avoid war! And not only that. I can conceive a sort of visionary, like Edward Carpenter, arguing that such an angelic example would have softened the heart of all nations and made them hasten — I will not say to help us, but at least to write us some most flattering obituary notices. But Mr. Bullard takes quite another line. He thinks we are thieves and scoundrels and tearers up of treaties, because we did not so penalize ourselves!

What we did was to announce at the beginning of the war, as a guide to other nations, that, though we did not of course accept it as a code, we should in general and with some deductions follow the lines of the Declaration. This seems to Mr. Bullard worse than nothing: it seems to me about the best thing that could be done in the circumstances.

III

But here Mr. Bullard has a very cunning point to make. It has been made also by Professor Lizst. He knows and admits that the Declaration was never ratified and had no legal force. But he points out that, both in

inviting the other nations to the conference and in recommending the Declaration when it had been framed, authoritative persons explained that the purpose of the whole proceeding was 'not to legislate but to codify.' 'We obtained recognition of the fact,' says Lord Desart, 'that, as a body, these rules do amount practically to a statement of what is the essence of the law of nations.'

Consequently, argues Mr. Bullard, to repudiate the Declaration, even if it was never ratified, is to repudiate the essence of the law of nations.

A clever piece of trick argument. What is the answer to it? (1) A very simple point. Mr. Bullard, following Professor Lizst, does not give the whole of Lord Desart's sentence, but stops in the middle of a phrase, where there is not even a comma! The whole phrase is, 'amount practically to a statement of what is the essence of the law of nations properly applicable to the questions at issue under present-day conditions of international commerce and warfare.' That is, (a) It is admitted that the existing rules do not cover the questions at issue under present-day conditions; and therefore (b) the Conference has done its best to apply the essence of the law of nations to the solution of these new questions. Lord Desart thought the attempt was successful, and that the conference really had produced what was 'practically' a statement of the essence of the old law as applied to the new problems. This view was not accepted by the British Parliament, nor apparently by any other, since they did not ratify the Declaration.

(2) Codification without alteration is really an impossible achievement. Every person of experience knows that you cannot codify a large mass of floating customs and divergent laws without, by that very fact, introducing

changes. I doubt if there has ever been any large work of codification accomplished, which was not both recommended to its admirers as being a great reform, and defended against its opponents on the ground that it was a mere registration of existing practice. Every great codification creates new law.

(3) The Declaration is specially recommended by its authors as being a compromise. The claims and customs of different nations conflict; each one yields here and is recompensed there. The best statement perhaps of the work of the conference is contained in the General Report of its Drafting Committee.

'The solutions have been extracted from the various views or practices which prevail, and represent what may be called the *media sententia*. They are not always in absolute agreement with the views peculiar to each country, but they shock the essential ideas of none. They must not be examined separately but as a whole, otherwise there is a risk of the most serious misunderstandings. In fact, if one or more isolated rules are examined, either from the belligerent or the neutral point of view, the reader may find that the interests with which he is especially concerned are jeopardized by the adoption of these rules. But they have another side. The work is one of compromise and mutual concessions. Is it as a whole a good one?'

Thus the Declaration is not a mere declaration of the existing law of nations. It is a compromise in which different parties make concessions, in response to other concessions which are made to them. And Mr. Bullard expects Great Britain, when suddenly involved in war with the most terrible enemy known to history, to make gratuitously all the concessions contained in the proposed compromise, and leave it to chance, or to the mercy of the

Germans, whether she should get any of the compensations! And concessions, too, which her Parliament had considered excessive in peace time, even with the compensations guaranteed!

IV

What then is left if the Declaration of London is not accepted? Is there to be no law of the sea at all? What is left is exactly all that there was before the sittings of that conference, *plus* a certain extra lucidity in places due to its reports. The British courts simply continue to administer international law on the basis of precedent adapted to new conditions, exactly as all powers in the world have done. This offends Mr. Bullard, but I find it difficult to make out what other course he would recommend.

To establish an international court *ad hoc*, in the middle of the war, and ask it to settle the new questions as they arise? To submit all cases to the neutral powers, with all the small European neutrals terrified of offending their big military neighbors? Refer all questions to the United States alone? Call another conference to revise the Declaration of London, and keep all prizes waiting till it reported? I doubt if any of these courses would please many people. There may be some course which would have been better than the normal one, but it certainly is not obvious to the ordinary eye. And it seems a little hard to denounce the British Government as lawless tyrants, justly hated by the world, because they do not pursue a better method of settling prize cases than any one has yet practiced, or perhaps even devised.

V

So much for general principles; let us now consider whether in detailed

practice the claims of the British Government or the practice of the British courts have been particularly reprehensible. The two questions are of course distinct; and my own impression, given merely for what it may be worth, is that the decisions of the courts will bear the severest scrutiny, while the claims of the Government are closely analogous to the claims advanced by all governments in a similar situation. They will compare not unfavorably, for instance, with the claims of the United States in the Civil War. It should also be noticed that Great Britain does not act alone; and as compared with the precedents laid down by various nations in previous wars, a policy agreed upon by six of the most important maritime powers in the world has at least a slightly higher claim to validity than one laid down by a single power. Mr. Bullard in one extremely high-principled passage explains that the United States could not in conscience join the Allies in this war because that would be fighting in order "to make British convenience the rule of the seas." But here his moral feelings have evidently intoxicated him. It is obvious that, if the United States had cared to come in, — which I am not for a moment urging, — the law of the seas would, at the very worst, have been interpreted, not for the convenience of Great Britain alone but for the convenience of Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Portugal, Japan and the United States.

But let us consider the particular enormities which England is supposed to have committed. And let us be clear about the issue. I do not contend that we have never stretched in our favor the vague body of unwritten rules, based on conflicting precedents and unenforced by normal sanctions, which is called international law. Every belligerent in every war hitherto has

done so; and that not always from national selfishness alone. International law, apart from the fundamental misfortune of having at present no sanction behind it, suffers from two great weaknesses. It is not for the most part framed on clear principles, and certainly has not been built up in times of peace by 'calm thought and discussion'; it has mostly been built up by precedents and protests and compromises based on immediate pressure. In the second place, the body of precedents is very scanty compared with the importance of the interests involved. It is not like the English common law, so rich in recorded precedents that almost any conceivable new complication between litigant interests can be solved by analogy with some past judgment. Every new war gives birth to new problems and complications which are not covered by any precedents in previous wars, and have to be settled by very imperfect analogies or by the violent stretching of some previous rule. But the present war differs from all its predecessors to a quite unusual degree, both because of its own vast scale and the new methods of warfare it has introduced, and because the whole structure of the world has been transformed since the last great body of available precedents. What would be the condition of private commercial law at the present day if it had nothing to go upon but one or two precedents in 1870, a few more from the time of the American Civil War, and a good number between 1790 and 1815?

Our first great offense is our extension of the doctrine of 'continuous voyage.' This doctrine was first applied on a large scale by the Government of the United States during the Civil War; it was an extension of previous belligerent rights, was discussed by Great Britain and other powers, and finally accepted as legitimate. The

point is a simple one. By the old rule a belligerent has a right to prevent certain ships and cargoes from going to the enemy; he has no right to prevent their going to a neutral port. But suppose he finds them going to a neutral port from which the cargoes are to be taken straight on by a protected road to the enemy? What is the rule to be? The United States argued that the goods were really on a 'continuous voyage' or a process of 'continuous transportation' to the enemy, and could therefore be treated just as if they were going direct to the enemy port. This argument was generally accepted by publicists, notably by Bluntschli. It was accepted by the International Commission which sat in pursuance to the treaty made at Washington on May 8, 1871; and it was acted upon in the South African War, when stores shipped to Delagoa Bay and clearly intended for Pretoria were treated as contraband.

In the present war the extension became inevitably far wider. Germany's own ports are closed; she proceeds to import whatever she needs by way of Copenhagen or the Dutch ports. We assert the doctrine of continuous voyage and treat all contraband goods shipped for Copenhagen but obviously intended for German use just as if they were shipped for Hamburg. Let me first illustrate this point, and then deal with a difficulty that arises.

The cases of four ships, the *Kim*, *Alfred Nobel*, *Björnstjerne Björnson*, and *Friedland*, were considered between July and September, 1915, when judgment was given on all four together. The cargoes had been seized and there were numerous claims against the British Government for compensation. Some of these were allowed by the High Court on various grounds, but most were rejected. The main facts were as follows. Certain

exporters, mostly American, sent to Copenhagen enormous quantities of lard and 'fat backs,' which were in great demand in Germany. They contain glycerine, which is the basis of various explosives. There is no beast so charged with potential explosive as a fat hog. More lard was thus sent to Copenhagen in three weeks than had entered the whole of Denmark in the previous eight years. There are differences of detail in the various transactions, but one company, for instance, consigned its goods to an anonymous agent in Copenhagen, who had no address beyond a hotel where he happened to be staying and who proved to be their permanent representative in Hamburg. The company a little later received a telegram from this Hamburg agent saying, 'Don't ship lard Copenhagen, export prohibited' (i.e. export to Germany was prohibited by the Danish Government). In other cases there were misleading descriptions of goods and deceptive consignments. There was not the remotest possibility of question that the fat backs and lard were in the main meant for German explosives. Our High Court gave the benefit of the doubt to those claimants whose case seemed really doubtful.

So far can any one blame us? Can any reasonable person argue that Germany ought, by international law, to be free to import all the explosives she liked, under the nose of the Allied fleets, by simply making them land at Copenhagen instead of Hamburg?

But now difficulties begin. I will not spend time on the curious argument that continuous voyage, though it applies to absolute contraband, should not apply to conditional contraband. A compromise on these lines had been proposed in the Declaration of London, but is obviously illogical. Neither will I discuss the point, dear to technical

lawyers, that the doctrine of continuous voyage, though sound for contraband, perhaps does not apply to blockade, on the ground that the cargo may continue its journey by land and a blockade by land is not a blockade but a siege. Such an objection, if correct, can hardly be said to 'apply the essence of international law to present-day questions.'

The real difficulties of the situation lay in sifting the goods intended for Germany from the *bona fide* imports of Denmark and the other border countries. Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden all had their normal needs. They used butter and dynamite and rubber and copper and lard and fat backs themselves, and we had no right, and certainly no wish, to interfere with them. What were we to do? Were we to examine every ship and sift the whole of her cargo? That would involve immense labor, infinite waste of time, and the certainty of many mistakes. We discussed with the various parties concerned all kinds of arrangements by which our legitimate suppression of supplies to the enemy might be carried out with the minimum of inconvenience to neutrals. The exact arrangements vary in different countries and none can be entirely without friction, though of course our natural object is to reduce friction to a minimum. I only wish I could make Mr. Bullard realize the enormous amount of work and ingenuity which our officials devote to the task of preventing incidental injustices and appeasing injured susceptibilities.

The main methods are twofold. (1) We invite those merchants and corporations in neutral countries who are importing goods *bona fide* for their own country's consumption and not for re-export to our enemies, to sign an agreement to that effect. In most countries there is a large union or trust which

has collectively made such an undertaking, and which endeavors to prevent breaches of the agreement by its members. (2) We try to ascertain the *bona fide* imports of each country by taking the average imports of some ten previous years, and allowing some extra amount—varying in different cases—to replace such imports from enemy countries as may have disappeared. If these averages are greatly exceeded—and they sometimes have multiplied themselves by ten or twelve—we become suspicious, make further searches, and generally find some enterprising smugglers who have broken their undertaking to us and are consequently added to a black list. They are people who prefer to supply the enemy; and we do not willingly, in war time, allow people to supply the enemy, any more than the enemy, when he can help it, allows them to supply us.

These two methods applied in conjunction are the best instruments that we have discovered for carrying out without undue friction our necessary although somewhat oppressive task. The war does impose on neutrals a considerable amount of hardship; there is no use denying it. And the enormous opportunities for money-making which it also affords to a good number of traders in each country is only a poor excuse for the general inconvenience. Still, I doubt if much improvement is reasonably possible upon these measures which 'Great Britain in concert with all her Allies' has taken to prevent trading with the enemy through our lines, so long as neutral states meet us in a neutral and conciliatory spirit. When they do not, of course there is trouble. The absolute refusal of the Swedish Government to sanction any agreement for the purpose of determining what imports were going to the enemy and what not, has led to much friction and

mutual reprisals. And similarly in Greece, the perpetual series of frauds and secret hostilities which have followed the King's unconstitutional dismissal of Venizelos, his trick upon us at Salonica, and his breach of treaty with our ally Serbia, has produced a policy of pressure on the part of the Allies, which can be justified only as preferable to actual war. For there is no doubt that from the original breach of treaty onward the Greek Government has provided us with abundant *casus belli*. But these painful controversies are not the result of our trade policy: they are incidents of natural friction with Germanizing courts or governments. But Mr. Bullard is for some strange reason speechless with horror over the first of our instruments. It seems to him a 'humiliating surrender of sovereignty' that the Dutch Government should sanction the existence of the Overseas Trust, which undertakes, so far as overseas imports are concerned, to trade only with one side in the war. I cannot see where 'sovereignty' comes in. It is a purely business arrangement, by which certain firms who want for themselves goods passing through the hands of one belligerent, undertake, if they receive the goods, not to hand them on to the other.

VI

I pass to a real difficulty, where I do not feel at all sure that our policy was wise, though on the whole the balance of well-informed opinion seems to approve of it. I mean the so-called total 'blockade' of Germany, including the shutting out of foodstuffs. The history of this policy is as follows.

On February 4, 1915, the Germans announced that all the seas round Great Britain were a 'war-area' in which they would sink without warning all ships whatsoever. (Neutrals might be spared

on occasion but could not complain if they were sunk.) This was a proposed blockade by submarine, which has hitherto proved to be impracticable. If Germany had commanded the seas she would, of course, have proclaimed a real blockade and prevented any ship from reaching Great Britain.

Now we made no objection to the enemy's wishing to blockade us. We objected to the submarine blockade on its own special demerits, because it could not be, or at any rate was not, carried out with any respect for humanity. A regular blockade may be compared with putting a line of policemen across a street to turn back intruders. The submarine blockade was as though a man, having no police at his disposal, were to make occasional dashes into the street with a revolver and shoot passers-by. But this point need not be labored, since American opinion was quite in agreement with ours. The point to consider is the retort that we made.

Up to February we had allowed, not only foodstuffs but important articles for munition-making, like cotton, to proceed freely to Germany. On February 4 Germany announced that no ship would be allowed to sail to or from Great Britain, and that all our shipping, including even fishing boats, would be sunk at sea by submarines. We replied on March 11 that, if they chose to put the war on that footing, we took up the challenge. After a certain date we would allow no ship to carry goods to or from Germany, and, as for their murderous submarines, our fishermen should have arms and fight them. The submarine war has been at times extremely dangerous to us, and may be so again: but, as far as we can at present judge, we have won it. By unheard-of efforts of daring and invention our seafaring men have baffled and destroyed the submarines, and we

have turned the tables of the blockade completely against the enemy.

Our action, however, has been criticized on several grounds. (1) On grounds of international law. Here I must stand aside and leave the lawyers to speak. It is no part of my case to argue that in all the innumerable controversies produced by the war England has always been technically in the right. But it seems pretty clear that in this matter a condition has arisen which has no precedent in previous wars and is not covered by any of the existing rules. If our action is to be described as a 'blockade,' there has certainly never been any blockade like it before, either in vastness of scale or, I think, in efficiency, or in the leniency with which it is exercised. Neither has any government of a belligerent nation before commandeered all foodstuffs for its own use, as Germany has, and thus brought them under the category of contraband. Nor again, so far as I know, has there been a parallel to the curious position in the Baltic, where our command of the sea suddenly ceases, not from any lack of strength or vigilance on our part, but because the neutral powers who own the narrow entrances to the Baltic have closed them to our warships. We seem here again to be creating a precedent, but not, I think, a precedent that is repugnant to the 'essence of international law properly applicable to questions at issue under present-day conditions.' Mr. Asquith seems to have accepted some such view when he explained that our policy was to exclude supplies from Germany, and at the same time refused to use the term 'blockade' in order 'not to be entangled in legal subtleties.' The gravest objection to the whole policy is, no doubt, the hardship which it inflicts on neutrals. All blockading, all stopping of contraband, all interference with shipping, inflicts hardship

on neutrals; and the immense scale of the Allied operations in this world-war makes the total hardship inflicted very large.

I sometimes doubt whether the Allies would have taken this drastic step had they not felt that, on the main issue of the war, neutral feeling was so overwhelmingly on our side that it would probably accept a good deal of inconvenience in order to have the war finished more rapidly and successfully. And I do think that the general attitude of most neutral nations, and most especially of America, has shown a high standard of generosity and of what I may call world-patriotism.

(2) Secondly, on grounds of humanity. We are said to be 'starving the women and children of Germany.' The answer is, first, that such a blockade is a normal measure of war in all sieges and was practiced, e.g. by the Germans in the siege of Paris. It has always been understood that the siege process would be applied to Great Britain by any enemy who should command the sea. It was attempted by Napoleon, and it has been applied already by Germany, though with complete lack of success. We are doing to Germany what they are trying to do to us. Secondly, while we are a nation vitally dependent on sea-borne imports for our food, Germany is almost completely self-supporting. She can live for an indefinite time on her own produce; and the most that our 'blockade' can do is to make life less comfortable and the supplying of the army vastly more difficult. No human being in Germany need starve because of our 'blockade.'

There is a further development of this argument which causes many people, myself included, grave searchings of heart. It is connected with the treatment of conquered territories, such as Poland, Serbia, and to a lesser degree,

Belgium. By every canon of law and humanity, as well as by the express stipulations of the Hague Convention, a nation which holds conquered territory assumes serious responsibilities toward the inhabitants. All these the German Government has repudiated. It appears certain that the German Government has not only destroyed during its military operations practically all the food-supplies of Serbia, and much of the food-supplies of Poland: it has further, during its occupation of those territories, carried off into Germany, with or without pretext, almost all the food that remained in them. It has produced famine of a ghastly description, and excused itself by attributing all to the British blockade.

This is bad enough, but worse remains. Appeals were made to us to do for Poland and Serbia what we did for Belgium: to admit food for the starving natives and of course also contribute to the food-fund ourselves. This we were willing and anxious to do if we had the same guarantee as in Belgium, that the Germans would not take the food, native or imported, for their own use. They were not to take the imported food themselves; nor were they to sweep the country bare of all the native-grown crops and cattle, and leave us to support entirely the whole population of their conquered provinces. To the surprise of most people concerned they refused to give this guarantee. By starving these territories, it appeared, they gained two advantages. First, they forced large numbers of Poles, and perhaps a few Serbs, to seek work in Germany and set free so many Germans for the fighting line. Secondly, they could use the famine to stir up hatred against the British. Mr. Bullard assures us that even in America the starvation of Poland is generally attributed to our blockade, and if writers of his tone have much influence

I have no doubt that what he says is true. As for the unfortunate Poles themselves in their misery and isolation, who can tell what they believe?

This is a hideous state of things, and if our blockade is at all an effective element in causing it, I would be in favor of dropping the blockade forthwith. But it does not seem to be so. If Germany did not wish to starve these people she need not do it. We are willing, both to admit food and to send food, so long as she will promise not to steal it. If it be argued that Germany cannot be expected to look on at a crowd of conquered Poles and Serbs enjoying themselves while good sound Germans are short of pork and butter and bread, the answer is that, even at the best, we should hardly be able to bring the food-supply of two utterly savaged and devitalized countries, like Poland and Serbia, to a level approaching that of Germany. Germany is living on her own resources and those of her allies, true; but the territories in question are both vast and fertile, and scarcely the extreme fringe of them has been touched by the war. On the whole, it does not look as if Poland or Serbia would appreciably benefit by our admission of food to Germany.

VII

The extension of the doctrine of continuous voyage, and the prevention of all sea-borne trade to or from Germany: those are the two main problems. The remainder are smaller things, although in many ways interesting and important. In all of them, I think, the central fact is that we have extended some existing doctrine of international law to meet the special situations produced by this war. I do not say that in all cases we have decided rightly. Sir Edward Grey has definitely offered to submit to a convention after the war

the whole question of what is called 'The Freedom of the Seas,' and such a convention will probably settle some of these points in our favor and some against us. At present there is no convention either existing or possible. There is no fixed code of the sea and never has been. We have to use our own tribunals, which administer international law to the best of their ability according to precedent. They have on certain occasions decided that our government has done wrong and can be compelled to pay damages; they have decided that certain orders in council were against international law and have disallowed them. They have, I may note in passing, declined to admit the plea of the Crown that it was following an American precedent which was afterwards embodied in an act of the United States Congress, on the ground that the said precedent and act were too oppressive. The United States claimed that the government could requisition any goods or ships which had been captured by their fleet, without previous trial.¹ When the convention comes to sit on these questions which we have tried to settle, they will probably, as I said before, decide some for and some against us; but I am confident that they will not find that our courts have acted with either levity or rapacity.

I mention summarily the chief remaining points. *We treat 'bunker coal of enemy origin' as contraband;* and Mr. Bullard considers this as absolutely the very worst thing we have done. He quotes ancient precedents to show that 'things needful for the working of the ship or comfort of the crew' are not to be treated as contraband. But the rulings in question all date from before the time of steam and refer to sailing ships. Coal is admittedly in a special

¹ Judicial Committee of Privy Council, in the *Zamora* case, April 7, 1916.

position, and international law has not yet pronounced upon it.

Thus far, then, our 'very worst' offense is not so serious. But perhaps it is our motive that is so infamous? Our motive is simple. As explained above, we do not allow traders to carry through our lines goods intended for the enemy, and we ask all traders for an assurance that they are not doing so. If they refuse to give this assurance, and if further we find them buying enemy coal, we treat them as if they had been buying any other enemy goods. What does the enemy do to ships from England or Russia in the Baltic? And do we ever think of complaining?

We examine neutral mails. This seems a bad case. We have actually a rule of the Hague Convention against us, just as all the belligerents have — or have only just missed having — in the matter of aeroplanes. The Convention maintains the inviolability of all mail-bags, and used to forbid all dropping of explosives from the air. Yet I feel some confidence that any future conference will recognize that both those rules are 'unemployable,' and will justify our action about the mails. The old precedents do not apply at all. There has never been in any previous war anything approaching the present network of commercial and political correspondence across the Atlantic. Suppose in the Civil War there had been large settlements of Confederates in Mexico and in Canada, who were engaged in plots against the United States? Is it to be believed that President Lincoln would have refrained from opening the captured mail-bags passing between Canada and Mexico? A German in Denmark or Sweden arranges for an Indian in San Francisco to come to England with a false American passport in order to murder Sir Edward Grey: is he to have the right of

sending and receiving letters, unhindered, under the eyes of the British fleet? Plots about contraband are of course much commoner. Are we to be allowed to search ships for nickel and rubber, but forbidden to interfere with these plotters' mail-bags? The rules and the precedents of other wars are here against us, but I must say that such a complete change in conditions seems absolutely to demand a change of rules.

'The closing the Suez Canal to neutrals is a measure for which no military necessity has been shown.' Mr. Bullard does not seem to question its legality, and I have not tried to find out exactly what the rights of either Egypt or Great Britain or the Suez Canal shareholders may be. But as for the military necessity, surely a child can see it. To block the Canal would be worth some millions of dollars to the enemy. A much smaller sum would suffice to induce a dozen Greek, or Swedish, or even unprejudiced Dutch skippers to play certain tricks which I need not name, but which might make the Canal unusable for several weeks.

Mr. Bullard ends with a number of vaguely prejudicial statements, largely in the form of innuendo or parenthesis. He seems really unable to understand the conditions produced by war. He says we regard it as 'moral for neutrals to help England but a deadly sin to trade with Germany.' Of course it has nothing to do with sin. We do not fire at German men-of-war because we think them immoral, but because they are our enemies. We do not confiscate cargoes of rubber consigned to Germany because it is essentially immoral for Germans to use rubber. We only say to every neutral trader, 'If you trade with Germany we will not trade with you.' Or rather that is the extreme limit of what we say. The opposite conduct was once considered possible, but seems to us of the present genera-

tion a little dishonorable. It makes us a little ashamed when we learn that Napoleon's armies were often clad in cloth from Yorkshire and boots made in Northampton. The view of the British Government at that time was that it was good business to make money by supplying the enemy and use the proceeds for defeating him. It is a possible view, and apparently is the view that appeals to Mr. Bullard. And doubtless it would enable both ourselves and certain neutrals to make more money. But — well, we do not like it, and do not believe that in the end it pays.

VIII

And then the article tails off into vague horrors about the British censorship and the Defence of the Realm Act and the deplorable profits made by British shippers, and the 'party of Lord North which is installed at the Foreign Office!'

Everybody knows that in war censorship is necessary; every nation employs it, Great Britain rather more leniently than the rest. It is a pure myth to suppose that in England we are kept in the dark about important sides of the war which are well known to neutrals. I have been in four different neutral countries since the war began, and have read their newspapers; so I speak with confidence. But it is just the sort of myth that Mr. Bullard accepts without question. As to the Defence of the Realm Act: of course the act gives the executive tremendous powers and would, if continued in normal times, be incompatible with civil liberty. But everybody knows that some such special laws are necessary in war time; there is no nation in Europe which attempts to do without such laws, and Mr. Bullard makes no attempt to show that any other nation

applies them more leniently than England does. As to the fortunes made by shippers, why drag in the word 'British'? With the German merchant ships out of use, with Allied and neutral ships sunk to the number of some hundreds by submarines and extensively commandeered by the various governments for war purposes, there is an extreme shortage of ships together with an immense demand. Every tub that will float, of whatever nationality, is bringing its owner fortune. And we dare not discourage them, for we want every ship we can get. Mr. Bullard, dropping for a moment his lofty idealism, complains simply that the British are getting too large a share of the swag, an unproved and to me extremely doubtful statement. Naturally ships belonging to the Allied powers are less open to suspicion than neutrals are, and consequently are less harassed by certain restrictions. But the British, at any rate, are not only subjected to enormous war-taxation, but have in addition fifty per cent of their war-profits confiscated. And Lord North at the Foreign Office! Really one smiles at Mr. Bullard's innocence. 'The visitor thought we were naughty, papa; but of course he has never seen us when we are really naughty!' In every country engaged in war there is somewhere below the surface a growling mass of passion, brutality, lawlessness, hatred of foreign nations, contempt for reason and humanity. In Great Britain, thank heaven, the brute is kept cowed and well chained, though at times his voice is heard in the more violent newspapers. The brute knows the hands that hold him down and hates almost all the present Cabinet, but most of all, perhaps, he hates two men: the great and moderate Liberal who presides over the government, the great and moderate Liberal who guides the Foreign Office. — And Mr. Bul-

lard, in his innocence, would like to turn them out!

It is all rather pitiable. Nothing verified, nothing exact, nothing impartially stated, not much that is even approximately true. Mr. Bullard seems to mean well; I have no doubt that he means well. But his present tone will not serve the ends of Liberalism. It will only serve to foster prejudice, to make bad blood, to stir up that evil old spirit of slander between nations, which every decent Liberal and certainly every good internationalist would like to see buried forever.

It is false to say that Great Britain has broken the Declaration of London, because that Declaration was never accepted as law. It is false to say that Great Britain is alone responsible for every unpopular act committed at sea by the Allied navies; she is acting in concert with nearly all the great maritime powers of the world. It is idle to complain that Great Britain administers international law by means of her own courts; that is the only method ever followed by other belligerent nations, the United States included, nor has any better practical method, so far as I know, been even proposed to her. And lastly, I believe it is profoundly false to say that the British courts have acted in heat and passion or at all fallen below the level of scrupulous care which is expected from the best judicial bodies in the world.

It is not likely that their decisions are in every case exactly right. It is to be hoped that after the war, if we can get some fair security of future peace and establish some permanent and effective international tribunal, we may reach a definite code of international law which all nations can agree to uphold. Whatever meaning there is in the catch phrase 'Freedom of the Seas' will then come up for serious discussion, and Sir Edward Grey has officially announced our willingness to take part in such discussion. In the meantime the great group of powers which is, as Mr. Bullard admits, on the whole fighting for the maintenance of public right and for honesty between nations, cannot be expected, in the midst of its mortal struggle, to divest itself of its normal sources of strength, to satisfy an ideal which has never been demanded of other belligerents.

There is another tale, by the way, about that minister who was such 'a deevil at the moralities.' He once found a respectable citizen being attacked by two thieves. He first thought of helping the citizen, but eventually put his stick between the man's legs and tripped him up. 'The man was never a good churchgoer,' he explained, 'and his language at the time was a most sinful example.' The analogy to Mr. Bullard is closer than I thought. But I am certain that he does not speak for his countrymen.

SOME MEDITATIONS OF THE HEART

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TWENTY MINUTES OF REALITY'

LAST night, as I was thinking intently about the spirit of God within each one of us, and especially of that spirit as within myself, a curious, quite definite feeling came over me as though I had entered into another country, flowed out into something wider — passed, as it were, to another plane. There was nothing strained or unnatural about it, nor was there the slightest mental confusion. I was perfectly aware of myself, and of the surroundings of my room; but the point of consciousness appeared to have slipped from my head to my heart, from thought to emotion perhaps.

'This is the Country of the Heart!' I found myself exclaiming. It was a further glimpse of an experience I had several months ago; which was half a dream, and half the thoughts following immediately upon awakening. In the dream part I saw a sort of field, or prairie, dotted over with what appeared to be the burrows of animals leading into the ground. But I seemed to know that in reality these were not animals' runs, but were human personalities, through which if one walked one would emerge into another world. I waked then, but still strong upon me was the belief, brought back from the illuminating depths of sleep, that every human being is a gateway into another world, a world which we enter by *walking through* ourselves; that is, by sinking deeper, and deeper into ourselves, pressing open one door of consciousness after another. I am convinced that there is a wonderful world, a wider,

richer life, a more intense joy and beauty close at hand, — almost in touch of us, — which our blind eyes and blinder hearts have not the grace to perceive. As we plod along our anxious road, we never lift up our eyes to it, or open our ears to its melody. And yet sometimes our hearts tell us in a vague wistfulness that we have missed the way — have somehow wandered from the path, and are very far from home.

When I sit on the porch of an evening in late summer, the air is filled with the rasping of the katydids. There they are in the locust trees, almost in hand's reach of me, and yet we are in two different worlds. I have some small knowledge of their world, but what have they of mine? They might, indeed, entirely deny my very existence. Yet there we are out in the same summer night, side by side! Just as I am close to the katydids, so I believe that there is another world, and other beings as close to me, of whose existence I guess as little as those jolly green fiddlers in the locust trees guess of mine.

This world which I believe to be there, just beyond the gray veils of our present consciousness, I have chosen to call the Country of the Heart. Every now and again we catch glimpses of it, and know that if we might enter in, we should not find ourselves, as here, strangers and wanderers, but spirits returned to our larger selves, in the place where we belong, unutterably and exquisitely at home.

These more or less random notes which I have jotted down from time to

time mark the stages of a quest after this life more abundant. They offer little that is definite, I fear; yet those who are set upon the same road will affirm with me the beauty of the journey, knowing, as I have known, some lovely fleeting moments when that country seems very near, and when in its half-seen radiance the dust and weariness of travel vanish away, and in a vivid uprush of loyalty, the spirit rededicates itself to the great adventure.

Some people, I think, go through three periods of youth: physical, mental, and spiritual. The body comes first to its adolescence; then the mind; and then, last of all, the spirit. Sometimes there comes a late unexpected flowering of the soul when all possibility of further development is apparently over. To my astonishment (for I had supposed that youth was certainly passed), I find myself experiencing now a spring-tide more wonderful, more lovely and more rich in promise, than any that I have ever known: it is, I think, the spring-tide of the spirit.

Every morning, in the freshness of awakening, God presents me with a lovely ideal or possibility for my life, like a master setting a child its copy; and every evening I bring it back to Him, so defaced and blotted with being lived that only God himself would ever have the patience to set me a fresh copy.

Yesterday I broke off a gourd-blossom with a cluster of buds at the base of the flower on the same stem, and took it to my study to examine. It was a lovely bright yellow, with the petals crinkled all over except for a smooth highway down the centre of each, which I took to be the bee's highway leading to the honey-cups in the blossom's throat. These gourd-blos-

soms have no floral envelope. The bud simply expands and opens into the flower without having to push through a bud sheath. When the bud is small it is green; but as it grows it changes color, so that when fully expanded it is a lovely, ecstatic shade of wild yellow, except for faint green veins down the back of each petal.

Although I noticed all this at the time, the wonder of it did not strike me until much later in the day, when a realization of the miracle of the little buds turning from green to yellow came to me all at once. I wondered what made the color stop being green at the right moment and run to a flood of gorgeous full-blown yellow. The little buds are always green, the expanded flowers always yellow. Never a slip, never a yellow bud and a green flower. Always that bit of silent adjustment takes place in the little gourd-blossom just at the right time. No maiden on her wedding day is so tenderly, exquisitely cared for by her mother as that little green bud is cared for when God sees that always, when the time comes, her little-girl kirtle of green is changed to her nuptial yellow. No little bud grows up to maidenhood without receiving from Him her lovely bridal gown. And so in different ways He sees to the betrothal dresses of all the other little buds in my garden and in all the world as well.

I had had a happy day, and some of my reading had opened doors into a closer understanding of God's love; but the crown of my happiness was the little gourd-flower's wedding dress. That so moved me — so made 'my heart to leap up' — that when I went to bed my whole being poured itself out in my prayers in a flood of love and gratitude. And all because a little flower turns from green to yellow at just the right moment! Somehow the thought of it melted my very heart of hearts,

'God reveals Himself to Himself in Nature, and in the finite spirits He has made in his own image.' This being true, would it not be an added argument for the survival of our personality after death? If we were entirely merged in God we should not only lose our own self-consciousness, but He would also lose some of his self-consciousness, if all separateness were wiped away.

'For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son.' It occurred to me suddenly that in saying that He gave his only begotten Son, Jesus might have meant that God had given his Son — the Logos, Himself incarnate in the world — from the very beginning of the world's creation. That the Son, on account of the Father's love, had always been giving Himself to the world — always, from the very first. And when he spoke thus, Jesus was not speaking of his own incarnation, but of that which had been present in the world ever since the world began. His incarnation was a symbol — a gathering up of the whole — of that incarnation which had always been there.

I sometimes think that we are to God as his fingers are to a blind person. Through us He feels of life in all its manifold experiences. Through some of us He feels of happiness, and through some He feels of pain. It consoled me somewhat, when I was unhappy, to think that perhaps He was feeling of suffering through me. Before being born some of us may have volunteered for this service — volunteered, that is, to come into the world and be the fingers through which God shall feel of suffering.

The fingers and the palm of the hand seem to me a good symbol of our relationship to God. We are all separate and distinct, and yet all rooted in Him, and spring from Him, as our fin-

gers are rooted in, and spring from, our palm.

I was up early this morning and went out of doors. Everything was very beautiful in the early morning light, with the autumn haze just beginning. It was all exquisitely still, flowers and vines and trees lifting themselves up into the still air; yet I had a feeling that beneath all that stillness was an intense activity. There was, of course, all the business of growth and fruition that is going on constantly; but the underlying activity that I seemed conscious of was something more and other than that.

At first I felt as though all this sense of intense, busy stillness was like a top spinning so hard that it appeared motionless. Perhaps this was suggested by the half-unconscious thought of our world whirling so vividly through space. But the feeling of busy stillness was not quite that, either; and then it came to me that possibly the flowers and trees and all the growing children were busy about the same thing that I was. I was sitting there absolutely quiet, yet my whole heart was flowing out of me in an intense transcendent love and delight. Perhaps this was just what that busy stillness of the flowers meant, also. Perhaps they were lifting themselves up to Him in adoration, just as I was. This seems to me really possible — though perhaps not probable. With me, at such times, self-consciousness drops away, to a certain extent, in an act of worship. Self-consciousness gives way, as it were, to a love-consciousness. We do not think that flowers have any self-consciousness, but may they not have this love-consciousness instead? At the heart of life is God's love and joy, and may it not be that flowers are rooted in this consciousness? Is it not rather God's consciousness in them? Whichever it is, the love and joy are there. If

the flowers feel this way their whole growth, from first shoot to leaf, bud, full blossom and seed-vessel, is an act of joyous, loving worship. They lift their faces up in his love all the time. I hope this is true, for then they must be very happy.

I have often a feeling as though plants and trees are enclosed in a curious element, like plants submerged in water. Something that encloses them, and with which they are in loving touch — I *feel* them like this, I almost *see* them like this — that is, with the eyes of emotion. I do not always experience this — only occasionally. I know within myself just what I mean by this sensation about flowers and trees, but I cannot find the words exactly to convey the idea. They seem to be standing up — stretching up — in some great element, and the element seems to be dimly connected with rhythm. I believe it is because 'everything is enveloped in God.' This is the *truth*, I think, but the mere statement of it does not at all convey to the mind what it is like to *see* it. I think I never have this sensation except on days when I am happy.

The higher we get in the scale of development, the further we seem to get away from Him. This is because our own self-consciousness — our trying, as it were, to manage things for ourselves — confuses our consciousness of Him.

Plants have probably very little of this individual consciousness, and perhaps animals have not much more. But a struggling surrender of ourselves to Him is, of course, a much higher life than the plant's and animal's life in Him, because they are not capable of any consciousness away from Him. 'Our wills are ours to make them Thine.' To us has been given the privileged unhappiness of having wills of our own, with the possibility of un-

speakable happiness if we bring our wills into conformity with his.

One may find God everywhere, but for us human beings, his especial trysting place is within our own hearts.

We are tempted at times, perhaps, to look with contempt on the groping of certain people after God and goodness; but when we realize that God is the Instigator, although the gropings may sometimes seem fantastic and pathetic enough, the impulse we can only regard with supreme reverence. The reaching out may be inadequate enough, but the impulse to reach out is the inspiration of all the law and the prophets, the root of all religion, the very breath of our souls. We know that God is constantly 'touching' our own hearts, and we realize with our minds that as He speaks to us, so He must speak also to other people. If we would not only realize this with our minds, but take it into our very hearts and live it passionately, it might teach us how, in deed and in truth, to love our neighbors as ourselves.

Evelyn Underhill — in her Introduction to the *Songs of Kabir* — says, 'More absolute than the Absolute, more personal than the human mind, Brahma therefore exceeds, whilst He includes, all the concepts of philosophy, all the passionate intuitions of the heart. He is the great affirmation, the font of energy, the source of life and love, the unique satisfaction of desire.' The absolute truth is so tremendous that it appears to me He must contain truth enough to include all the genuine creeds. Though my creed appears to be absolutely different from my neighbor's, yet if they both *feel* true — if something deep within me says that what I believe is true, and if something equally deep within him says that what he believes is true — then may it not be that we have both found some of

the truth? And although our truths may seem absolutely contradictory, still there is undiscovered truth enough in the whole to cover all beliefs, and to reconcile the most opposite. It is the old story of two blind men feeling of different parts of the same elephant, and each reporting it as an absolutely different animal. But I think it is more like the sun shining through a prism. The sun is the whole truth, but the human mind — the prism — breaks it up into different colors. The colors seem absolutely different from one another, but the sun contains the elements of them all. So truth may contain at least a germ of all the creeds. It is not so hard, perhaps, to reconcile the different beliefs as to reconcile the different actions to which they lead. Nor is it so difficult to reconcile the beliefs as to reconcile the believers. 'God seen through a temperament.'

As we cannot escape from life, it may be possible that we cannot escape from truth either. That is, it may be absolutely impossible for us to think any thought that does not have an element of truth in it; that we could not think it unless it had some truth in it. It is not possible, perhaps, for us to conceive anything that is not true. All our speculations, even the wildest ones, may be true. What makes the truth run false in our minds may be the fact that we find it, but don't find enough of it. It is as yet, and perhaps it may always be, impossible for us to force enough truth at one time into our finite minds to give us a complete interpretation of the whole. Perhaps what we want to struggle against is not untruth — for there may be no such thing — but a too limited truth. If truth is so all-embracing that we cannot conceive a thought outside of it, then all our attempts to find it are as amusing as though a solemn young fish — all the time swimming about in it — should

announce that his high mission was to find the ocean; that he believed that there was such a thing, and that if he earnestly devoted himself to the quest he might discover it. The really impossible thing for him would be, not to find the ocean, but to find anything else. So it may be as impossible for our thoughts to reach beyond the truth as it is for a fish to live out of water.

When I pray for people I am fond of, most of my deepest prayers do not ask anything definite for them. I just think of them affectionately, and on the wings of my love, as it were, I bear them up into God's presence and hold them there, by a sort of will of affection, to be filled by his love. Of course I believe that we are already in the midst of God's love, but I have, nevertheless, a happy feeling that this lifting of my friends up to Him by love does serve them in some way. Perhaps my love for them makes a medium, or atmosphere, through which his love can more easily work in them. How our affection for one another helps, anyway! I sometimes find in my writing that my thoughts come most happily when I imagine myself talking with people whom I love. Holding in my heart a realization of their affection and comprehending appreciation seems to make a warm, happy pathway along which ideas flow naturally.

I think that there is much more in this idea than mere imagination. Love is, I am sure, more really creative than we realize. Sexual love does of course create; but I wonder if that fact may not be also a symbol of the creative power of all love? I would rather have the gift of tremendous outpouring affection — love of God, and love of humanity — than any other gift in all the world. I desire it more than anything else. And yet, even at those Heaven-sent periods when my

heart is full of love, how hard it is to express it! Of course, this is partly shyness — that curious, hampering mantle of reserve in which we are forever hastening to wrap our spirits. How timid and anxious our little self is! Our spirit-self is forever shocking it! The stiff conventional self is constantly trying to cover up the spirit self — like a proper middle-aged nurse pursuing a happy care-free baby who has adventured forth with too few clothes on.

O beloved people in all the world! 'Let us love one another for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God, for God is love.'

God is love. I wish that those three words could be stamped all over the heart of every human being in the world and out of the world.

Yesterday a flower from a primrose plant in the window had dropped off, and I picked it up to look at before throwing it away. It was an exquisite rosy-lavender, inexpressibly lovely and appealing. As I held it in my hand it drew all my heart out to it. I wanted to cuddle it, to caress it, and to hold it up against my cheek. It was a little whimsical face looking up at me, and it was smiling — the most exquisite, tender, mirthful smile. Flowers seem to me constantly to embody this quaint, fantastic, yet always tender and poetic, mirth. There is hardly a blossom that has n't this whimsical, laughing expression. They are beautiful, of course, but we do not so often see their trick of laughter as well. I think perhaps they are tiny manifestations of God's mirth. His littlest smiles, perhaps. It is all so tender and poetic. A mirth that could not be so mirthful if it were not so tender; a tenderness that could not be half so tender were it not so mirthful. I am sure that laughter is almost as much at the heart of the universe as beauty and love.

Cyclamen like to pretend they are cross little animals with their ears laid back; or else that they are little fugitive maidens fleeing very fast across the meadows, with their hair blown back from their lovely faces. Their whimsical trick of play-acting like this is all a part of their quaint mirth. They have of course other attributes as well — beauty, and spirituality, and love. Love I feel with flowers particularly. I seem to get hold of that exquisite sense of the whole world's being wrapped in the essence of God's love more often through flowers than through anything else. They are to me indescribably dear merry little companions. My affection goes out to them constantly in a deep, happy reverence. The reverence is not only for the lovely little things themselves, but also for the wonder that is back of them — an ecstasy of worship.

I think it was Suso who at one time would not permit himself to smell a rose, because he feared that to do so might induce a sensuous emotion. St. Catherine of Siena, on the other hand, at the mere sight of a rose could become immediately 'wrapped in God.' I am sure St. Catherine's attitude was the right one. The flowers must have been very tenderly amused over Suso's fear of losing his soul through them. Their mirth seems to me always tender: tender, and understanding, and comforting.

Yesterday, when I was so happy over the consciousness of God, everything seemed exquisitely beautiful, and overflowing with zest. I remember particularly a pair of carriage horses that trotted splendidly. They were beautiful horses, but that was not so much what delighted me. It was the life in them, their motion, their brisk trotting, and the gay sound of the hoof-beats. The whole thing was extraordinarily exhilarating and inspiring. It made me want

to trot too. The sounds of their hoofbeats were gray and brown. Sounds nearly always have colors in my mind. Also, to a certain extent, times of happiness — when the happiness is somewhat of a spiritual nature — seem to be connected with color. On particularly happy days I have sometimes felt as if I were walking in a streak of sunlight, and all the world were going by to rhythm. I used to think this was imagination; now I believe it may be something much more real than I had supposed. It is possible, as I have seen somewhere suggested, that when our spirit is happy it does generate a kind of inner light. I have seen people very occasionally whose faces appeared to be illumined as though their souls were shining through. I also think that love is tangible. I have been conscious sometimes, when I was with people who loved each other, of a sort of warm atmosphere that they gave off and that I could feel, though the love was not directed to me.

Yesterday, late in the afternoon, I went up to the edge of the woods and sat for a time on the little bench there, and looked away across the valley to the mountains against the sky. I had, as I so often have, that sensation of something going on in nature, that I am always trying to define. While I was thinking about it, it came to me that perhaps what I felt was personality. It seemed to me as though that mountain rearing its head up there against the sky had a real personality — or rather, perhaps, a real consciousness. And the consciousness was a consciousness of love. It seemed as though the mountain were lifting itself up to the sky like a face lifted to be kissed, and that the kiss it was receiving was God's. And perhaps this is that elusive something that I feel so often in nature. The flowers and mountains are all living in God's

love, and there is a consciousness about it all — whether the consciousness is God's or theirs or both. I am constantly *feeling* this in regard to nature. I do not imagine it. On happy days I have something the same feeling about myself — a joyous happiness over being in God's presence, and in his affection. I love myself then, and take delight in every gesture. I think this might be a faint realization of the ecstasy of creation. It is not exactly a delight in myself as myself — it is rather a delight in God's delight in me. I am like a little child doing things for its mother's applause.

This morning was one of my ecstatically happy times. When I went out I wanted to dance along the street instead of walk. I wanted to run and run and run, far away, where I could be all alone for a little while, just with my own self and Nature and God. I constantly have this desire to escape. To go off somewhere far away and be all by myself for a time. I remember when I was still in my teens, I went out to the porch one very bright moonlight night, when the ground was covered with snow. It was almost as bright as day. There was the moonlight, and the wide sweep of mountains, and the white snow over the ground, and the loving stillness of God over all. I was all alone, for every one else was fast indoors. Suddenly I jumped off the porch into the snow and ran and ran, away down the lawn — all alone with the snow and the moonlight and God.

Even now, in my dreams, I often seem to be running and dancing and taking all sorts of violent and fantastic exercise. All of this is amusing when one remembers my years of discretion, but one's years of discretion are only a kind of staid mantle that Time wraps us up in. They are not *real*. The real thing is the youth and eternity which

are wrapped up inside, and which, of course, constantly bubble through that ridiculous skim of Time and years of discretion.

As I sit and write by the window now, I see people walking up and down the street, but I want them to dance instead of walk. Even the children don't dance enough. A moment ago a delightful little boy was playing in a vacant lot opposite. He had on a gray sweater and a little gray peaked cap, and looked like a Brownie. I had every hope that he might suddenly be snatched into a realization of the ecstasy and beauty of life that is surging all about us, and go off all at once in a mad 'God-intoxicated' dance of delight. I longed to have him do it. It would have been a little expression of my own happiness. But he did not. He was too intent over the useful possibilities of some old boards lying about.

It would not be seemly for me to dance along the street, but indeed I think the children might do it, just to let off some of the pent-up rapture of life in older people's hearts. Lambs in the spring are a great comfort with their delightful, whimsical, exuberant skipping. My mother derives endless enjoyment from watching them. She is an old lady, but she is happy, and I imagine that the skipping of the lambs is an outlet for her eternal youth. But it is easy to see that something has gone wrong when older people have to trust to lambs and puppies and kittens to give expression to the joy of life, instead of to children.

Just after waking in the morning, if I think back a little, I can often recover layer after layer of dreams. At first I only remember the one that is with me when I wake, but by following that back and back, I find that one dream drifts into another almost endlessly. The theory that all dreams are sup-

pressed desires is, I think, only partly true. Deep down under the desire dreams there is something else, something lovely and mysterious. Out of last night's dreams, for instance, I recall a long series, opening more or less into one another, of perfectly uninteresting surface dreams, but beyond these my memory just brushes something that is different. I cannot really recall any of it except a delicious sense of lightness and freedom, and of running exquisitely fast; and these words only palely convey the actual sensation. I cannot express it successfully, but I have a feeling that my real self, my whole self, knows all about it, and is perhaps even now laughing down there in the hidden depths of me at the clumsy attempts of my half self to interpret this wisp of memory which I have dragged up to the light of every day.

I think perhaps it is true that, when the body is asleep, the half-consciousness which serves us here is free to slip out and rejoin the whole consciousness, the older brother-self of spirit which we all possess; but that the remembrance of this nightly reunion is wiped out by the confusing surface dreams through which we pass on our way back to waking. Perhaps if we could train ourselves to *remember through* this wall of dreams, we might recapture our larger self which is there just on the other side of the wall.

Here in this life we are like Jack-in-the-box. Our spirit is squeezed into something that is too small for it, with the lid hooked down tight, but every now and again, through the pressure of some high emotion, the lid flies off, we shoot up to our full height, and gaze with delighted eyes on a lovely new world. Once, through an accident, I think that the lid flew off for me. I received a violent blow on the head which knocked me insensible for a short time. When I regained consciousness, I

brought back with me a feeling that I had been where the real things are, and as though this life here were hardly more than a dream. In those few moments of unconsciousness I had waked into truth. What truth is, and where I had found it, I do not know. All I brought back with me, like a trailing cloud of glory, was the conviction of having been a wanderer returned, a mirage-chaser looking at last upon reality. I had been where I belonged, and where the permanent things are to be found, and this life appeared, when I awoke, to be unreal to the point of absurdity. There was, indeed, the vague sense of a joke about the whole experience, as though the same trick — the trick of being made to believe that material life is all — had been played upon me, or I had played it upon myself, many times before. Then life in this world picked me up again and squeezed me inexorably back into my small self, like Jack being squeezed into his box. But for those lovely moments when the lid was off, I had sprung up to my full height, and never again has flesh succeeded in completely blinding me to the spirit.

That we meet this larger self at death, I am very sure; but because sometimes by accident, and sometimes in moments of spiritual exultation, we occasionally break through to it even now, I believe it is possible in this life to enter into it much more often, and much more vividly than we ever suspect. This is, I think, what Christ taught. His Kingdom of Heaven, that life more abundant, was an experience of the present — an intensification of this existence, not something of the far-away uncertain future. Our lack of understanding has pushed this bright and beautiful possibility further and further from us, until, at last, we have thrust it over the rim of death, there to await us in the next world, while all the time, did we

but guess it, it is here at our very elbows. For the most part we go at half-pressure through a pale world, but sometimes some poignant love, joy, beauty, or suffering, lifts up the everlasting gates of our blindness, and the King of Glory comes in. He has come many times of late upon the battle-fields of Europe. He will never come in a timid, artificial, selfish, and ease-loving existence. It is when ease and safety are torn away, and we are stripped to the very bare bones, stripped to the very soul, that the soul emerges triumphant. Better still, it is when we voluntarily strip ourselves of the little selfish timidities for a great cause, that this mysterious King of Glory comes in most radiantly. The saints and mystics knew this. They were not in pursuit of a pale negation; they were furiously and gloriously crucifying the smaller self, that the larger might be set free. They knew that they would never find what they were seeking in a hideous, exotic pursuit of happiness and comfort, or in frightened attempts to escape suffering. It is to be found in love, that splendid and reckless outpouring of self for someone or something other than ourselves. In beauty, when it stabs us awake to the marvels all about us, and when the awakening brings with it a certain wildness and intoxication, a madness of joy, before which all the small hot-house artificialities are swept away; in truth, that deep simplicity which thrusts one down into the still fastnesses of the spirit where God is to be met; and finally, it is found in that courage which knows it is infinitely better to die at full breath of vivid unselfishness, rather than live on in a dreary ease and safety.

The conquerors of the world, the saviors of mankind, are those who have succeeded in living that life here on earth. They have broken down the barriers between the two worlds. They

have stooped down to matter, and filling it with spirit, have lifted it up triumphantly, so that men have gazed with astonished eyes upon a glorious new type of life. It may be, when spirit has conquered matter, and works through it successfully, that a higher existence is presented than that of pure spirit. This may be the type toward which mankind is moving. It may be that even now we are on the threshold of a more universal participation in that life, a fuller incarnation of the spirit. Perhaps a new birth is at hand. What is all this restlessness and world-weariness, this extravagance of living, — mad art, mad dancing, mad emotions, — save the fever and abnormality of pregnancy? Many believe that the birth has already taken place, and that the child of this madness is war and destruction. But the war may be only a part of the whole travail — the wildest, the worst, and possibly the last of the birth-pangs. In the lull of peace which must follow, the world will have time to think. The great cataclysm has violently awakened whole nations, has wrenched them out of their accustomed ways, has torn material things to shreds. It is in the pauses after such awakenings, when the heart is still open, that the spirit rushes in most tumultuously. It is then that

souls go forward a step, are swept up to higher levels. Is it too much to hope that the whole of mankind is to advance to these higher levels? That more and more frequently individuals are to break down the hard barriers and drive through to that increased vitality which is the hidden possibility of us all, and which already many of us have experienced in fleeting moments? With this larger life there must come an ever-growing realization of worlds beyond our present one — worlds which are ours to inherit some day, as the blue sky is the heritage of the unsuspecting caterpillar. With this fuller realization, it is possible that the world-old enemy of mankind, the fear of death, is to be vanquished. The time may not be far off when to lose a friend by death will be hardly more than to have him cross the ocean; when our own passing will be merely the happy setting sail for a new country. It may be that in the great war, which has furnished an orgy such as the world has never before seen, death as we have known it in all its agony of parting and uncertainty, has at last been glutted to the full, has reached its climax, and must hereafter diminish.

O people of the world, all things have died! It may be that now at last death itself is dying!

THE ENDURING GOOD

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

OUT of the special cell's most special sense
Came the suggestion when the light was sweet;
All skill, all beauty, all magnificence
Are hints so caught, man's glimpse of the complete.

And, though the body rots, that sense survives,
Being of life's own essence it endures
(Fruit of the spirit's tillage in men's lives)
Round all this ghost that wandering flesh immures.

That is our friend, who, when the iron brain
Assails, or the earth clogs, or the sun hides,
Is the good God to whom none calls in vain,
Man's achieved Good, which, being Life, abides.

The man-made God, that man in happy breath
Makes, in despite of Time and dusty death.

CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS: JOHN GALSWORTHY

BY HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT AND WILSON FOLLETT

I

THE social philosopher who has but one large thing to say usually says it over and over again in a voice which becomes at length a shout or a frenzied shriek. Mr. John Galsworthy stands practically alone among latter-day novelists, as the social philosopher who, as often as he delivers his one message, repeats it in a voice of astonishing quietness and clarity. Of all the qualities that make up the rich *timbre* of that voice, it is surely this trait of quietude, of coolness, that impresses the hearer first and haunts him longest. In a decade when most art has been noisy, and when especially the art of iconoclastic thinkers has treated itself liberally in the matter of rant and gesticulation, the art of Mr. Galsworthy has remained serene. The thing said is so simple, and withal so comprehensive, that the most casual wayfaring reader can hardly miss its purport. But the voice in which it is said is so exquisite in its modulations, so entirely unperturbed among the various shouting, screaming, or wailing voices of our time, that to hear it justly requires some intentness in the listener. And this is the excuse for postponing the message a moment in order to describe the inflection of the utterance.

One can best summarize the style of Mr. Galsworthy by saying that no single quality of it has the dubious distinction of calling attention to itself. It is a style that wins without arresting, and persuades without ever having

challenged. It is quite without self-assertiveness, yet it is charged with individuality. Its frequent brilliance of phrase is simply the maximum of fitness and neat condensation, the brilliance that comes from self-discipline and long apprenticeship, and not from the paroxysmal cleverness of particular moments. Without the crackling smartness of Mr. Chesterton or Mr. Bernard Shaw, without the mannerism of the later Henry James, without the flippant facility of Mr. Arnold Bennett, it manages to become a profoundly personal means of expression. There is nothing meretricious in it that one can identify it by — no hysterical violence, no sacrifice of sense to sound or of truth to wit. Where many an artist has lost himself in self-assertion, Mr. Galsworthy has evidently found himself in self-effacement.

For it is quite clear that he has found himself. His calm assurance is essentially that of the sure touch. It is possible for the worker in prose to be carried away from truth and sincerity by giving the public more and always more of what it has first applauded in him, as a speechifying demagogue responds to the popular acclaim by going with every sentence further and further beyond what he means. It is also possible for him, if he finds himself ignored or derided, to lash himself into an infuriated utterance in the attempt to win a hearing at any cost. But Mr. Galsworthy has neither the insincerity of the spectacular success nor that of the desperate failure. We find thriving

more and more in his pages, as the number of them grows, what must surely be called the finest flower of artistic experience — artistic self-knowledge and self-command. Academically, Mr. Galsworthy would be a writer of importance if he had nothing of unique impressiveness to communicate, simply because, through this distinguished restraint of his craftsmanship, he has proved more conclusively than any one else now writing fiction that English prose can be unmistakably modern without having to be either ugly or cold.

The fine fusion of Mr. Galsworthy's narrative manner as it appears in the ripest of the novels has obviously something to do with his apprenticeship to the stage and his other apprenticeship to the study. The artist who wrote *Strife* and *Justice* and *The Pigeon* was proceeding in the opposite direction from the modern 'talky' play, the drama according to Shaw or Brieux; he was practicing the most exigent selective sense on the masses of words, most of them waste, that make up the exchange of even very silent lives. That kind of discrimination is the uppermost quality of the dialogue in the novels, where every word, however aimlessly spoken, figures demonstrably in the march toward a predetermined effect. Shelton of *The Island Pharisees* uttered a heedless ironic laugh in the presence of Antonio, and would have given, the next instant, anything to recall it; but it had gone from him irrevocably, it had been written black in the history of two lives, it was 'a little bit of truth.' Every speech in the best of the novels has that character of profound and irrevocable importance. Little impulsive utterances betray the secret direction of a whole life. In his dialogue Mr. Galsworthy shows himself the dramatist incarnate.

No more has his training as essayist

and critic missed transference to his fiction. The same kind of condensed emphasis that gives so much meaning to the tiny and fragile miniatures in such volumes as *A Motley*, *A Commentary*, and *The Inn of Tranquillity*, appears in the chapters of *The Man of Property* and of *Fraternity*. It is partly what enables the author to make his larger canvases accommodate so many figures without the appearance of crowding; and it is what enables him to practice on the redundant form of the modern realistic novel that sort of rigid selectiveness which we associate with the short story. The play and the sketch (one the poster, the other the pastel of letters) make equal war on waste; and a pen trained to their type of compression will be able, in the wider area of the novel, to make little stand for much, for everything.

II

Both halves of this double training appear in Mr. Galsworthy's special contribution to the form of the novel: his perfection of the separate chapter as a unit in mood, in episode, and usually in scene. His composition in the novel is essentially dramatic rather than epic; it consists of a series of dramatic nuclei or kernels, careful fore-shortenings of the subject-matter. He does not so much try to give the history of his personæ in a continuous line or curve as to plot it by a dotted line. Each dot is a chapter dedicated to one episode, the episode so chosen that it implies its own past and future, as a figure in paint or stone may imply in one frozen attitude the action of preceding and succeeding moments.

Henry James, practicing his invariable motto of 'Dramatize, dramatize!' achieved somewhat the same form with his chapter; but he never fully escaped the necessity of filling in the gaps. He

sketched the connection between one chapter and the preceding, and then elaborated his central episode. Mr. Galsworthy elaborates his central episode and leaves out the connection — which means that the episode is in itself more decisive, more crowded with self-explaining relations. Each of his chapters has its own unity of mood, its exquisite symmetrical finish, with an almost complete freedom from the extraneous — the preparation and exposition, the backing and filling, which we are accustomed to think of as the necessary evils of the fictional art. Each episode has the singleness of effect, the 'dramatic crystallization,' of a short story by de Maupassant; it is like a skillful and separately complete sketch.

We are familiar elsewhere with chapters of all sorts, their structure determined by a crucial event, by pure chronology, by pure caprice of the author, even by the most tawdry exigencies of serial publication; and most novels remind one, in their succession of chapters, of a serried and irregular chain of mountains. Mr. Galsworthy turns the chain of mountains into a chain of beads, all of them strung on the invisible thread of the story and all consisting of a skillfully manufactured alloy of setting, action, character, talk, and dominant mood. The units are much the same in size and contour. What saves the succession of them from monotony is that the artificer, a master of color and contrast, has given each its own tint of mood, so that, although they are alike in form, no two are the same in effect.

We look also to Mr. Galsworthy's training, his mastery of the drama and of the short narrative sketch, for the explanation of his fundamental difference in method from both Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett, his nearly exact contemporaries. Mr. Wells offers with the freest, most open-handed generosity

the acceptable gift of his experiences, his versatile mind, his views, himself; Mr. Bennett holds out, in the same amazing, inexhaustible quantities, his preëmpted property, the Five Towns, their characteristic life cut out for us in great segments and slabs of actuality. Both writers stand as exponents of the artistic theorem that the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts; *Tono-Bungay* and *Marriage, Clayhanger* and *The Old Wives' Tale* mean simply what they are. The worth is in the mass or bulk; we evaluate quantitatively. The question is, How *much* life? or, How wide a range of life? — never, What does it mean?

Not so with Mr. Galsworthy. What he gives us is not so readily reducible to a summary. But it consists, one can say with certainty, of something which is other than it seems — some phase of life first carefully isolated, then colored and displayed in the light of an artistic purpose and left to explain itself, not as so much human experience transcribed bodily, but as a representation of something outside and greater than itself.

Mr. Galsworthy stands, then, as an instance of the opposite theorem, in art equally valid, that the whole is *not* equal to the sum of its parts. What he means is to be sought outside, not inside, what he says. He has learned to a nicety the art of making all that he reports far-reaching in its power of suggestion. The reported spoken word or physical act, the glimpse of truth or of passion, represents or illustrates something not directly expressed at all. We do not mean that Mr. Galsworthy falls short of having mastered the external or factual truth of the social order about which he writes: one always has a comfortable enough sense of his safe clutch of the real. But familiarity with the facts is not everything; the amount of truth is not to be measured by the

amount of material. Galsworthy chooses details, not to be added up into the sum-total of his meaning, but to point in the direction of it; and he needs no more of them than will serve to point unmistakably. One has in reading him a distinct impression of the mass from which his comparatively few details are sifted. He possesses, it may be to an extent never before seen in the English novel, the power of making a few deft and insignificant touches suggest a whole picture of mood or of character, a whole philosophy of life. If he has any rival in this respect, that rival must be Stevenson, a romancer — between whom and the avowed realist of modern social living, any comparison is intelligible only in so far as it is purely technical and academic.

III

The meaning, or message, of Mr. Galsworthy we shall have summarized if we call him the critic of the static element in society — that is, of the aristocracy and upper bourgeoisie — from the point of view of the dynamic or revolutionary element. Mr. Galsworthy writes of the aristocracy that is founded, not on bestness but on badges — all the insignia of class which exert a restraining force on the individual, the badges of property and social rank and family which apply to the grandson an enormous pressure toward the ideals and instincts of the grandfather, and which make the man of the younger generation more responsive to the dictates of his own kind than to the urgency of shifting conditions in the world. In other words, Mr. Galsworthy is the analyst of the ornamental and property-holding classes and of the forces that keep them within their own social and intellectual fences. He sees them solving new problems with old formulas that no longer fit, and imposing on the

individual the unyielding ideal of conformity, at whatever cost, to the individual's own instinct.

Thus he presents both the strength and the weakness of material aristocracy in England. Its strength is that it nearly always triumphs over the waywardness of the non-conforming individual, breaking his will, and sometimes his heart, as it draws him back within the safe barriers of class. Its weakness is that it is based on conventions instead of on needs; the instinct of conformity means simply that aristocrats must stand together in order to stand at all. The aristocrat as Mr. Galsworthy pictures him is the blind mouth of society; the revolutionist or radical democrat is the hungry eye. One keeps what he has, assuming, just because he has always had it, that it is what he wants; the other wants the truth, and wants the aristocrat to have it too.

Perhaps indeed the weakness of the revolutionist's case is his insistence that the aristocrat shall throw away something he already has for the sake of the truth, whereas the revolutionist himself, having nothing, is already free for the service of the truth. Certainly this disparity does its part toward explaining the inability of the two classes ever fundamentally to understand each other. Unlike the professional reformer, Mr. Galsworthy sees the disparity, and sees it as tragic. And if he depicts the aristocracy as a system of limitations, inhibitions, blindnesses through the will not to see, — a system fostered by heredity, by tradition, by self-interest, above all by the tremendous force of inertia, — he also depicts revolution as a force constantly overleaping itself, and losing all because it demands more than is in the nature of things.

For an exposition of Galsworthy's general doctrine, his definition of the aristocrat, one should read the intro-

duction to his first novel of some permanent importance, *The Island Pharisees*, a document in which he describes his view of the social unrest, the central and all-important conflict of which all other conflicts about particular issues are simply the less important phases. That unrest means, to him, the clash of two temperamentally dissimilar beliefs about society: Whatever is, is right, and Whatever is, is wrong. The conflict is always waged about the *status quo* of the given moment, the aristocrat fighting to maintain and the revolutionist to abolish.

The battle is first of all one of temperaments, as we have said. The aristocrat loves safety, the approval of his own sort, the straight walled road laid for him even before he existed, the regularized and shielded life of conventions and formulas. The radical loves danger, swimming against the stream, the life of the free body, with no responsibilities except those which seem at the moment to exert the strongest claim. He is always responding to something obscurely present in his make-up, that compels him to hate and fight whatever is entrenched, whatever is conceded without argument or by majorities.

Secondly, the battle is of the intellect; and here the revolutionist has all the advantage. He can see what is wrong with the world, and he can see that the aristocrat will never do anything to diminish the wrong. For the aristocrat is so preoccupied with the means of keeping what he already has, that whatever imperils it seems to him irrelevant. Things are as he wants them, and a number of dangerous malcontents are trying to upset his security and take away the world he has always helped to govern, in order to substitute a different world in which he will be a man like any other, only more helpless. Therefore he sets his

jaw against every malcontent, clings tenaciously to everything that reminds him of his own difference, his superiority, the safe and ordered beauty of his world; and he convinces himself that it is the best possible world. His only real argument is that he likes it best — but he does not feel the hollowness of this.

Intellectually, he is on the losing side, because he only thinks that he thinks. But he has on his side, first, an enormous majority, being tacitly supported by the passive, non-thinking, non-dynamic mob; and, secondly, he has all the machinery of finance and commerce, of law and government, of institutions and religion, to help him win. Against these, the intellectual minority of rebels can urge only the logic and courage of its convictions. And in battles of ideas, the side that is numerically weak never wins — at first. The truth has not prevailed until it is everybody's truth, even the aristocrat's; but by that time it has ceased to be urgent, and the battle begins all over again on more advanced ground, over a new idea of which the aristocrat has, as ever, the safe or accepted notion.

Thus the rebel thinker becomes at last the accepted prophet of [what everybody believes; but meanwhile the rebel himself has gone on into the future, shaking from his feet the dust of the present. He is the creative element, the leaven in society; and aristocracy is the resisting mass which he leavens. The aristocrat is always coming to the position which the radical has lately abandoned; the two are always a generation or two apart in belief and instinct, and the day of mutual understanding never dawns.

Some such relation as this between the creative and the sterile elements in society is what Mr. Galsworthy perceives and uses as the nuclear principle of his social philosophy; and, as a principle, leaving aside for the moment his

particular applications of it, it is one of the eternal verities, tritely fixed in the saying that the world always crucifies its Messiahs. The world embraces the gospel that its Messiahs once preached, without stopping to reflect that if they should come again they would preach a quite different gospel, equally remote from anything that the world is ready to accept.

Of course Mr. Galsworthy is not offering either himself or any one of his imagined revolutionists as a Messiah: we only state his doctrine, in paraphrase of his own general terms, in order to show that his work has an unshakable foundation of important truth, the truth of how light is propagated, society leavened. The more practical question for criticism concerns the superstructure which Mr. Galsworthy raises on that foundation. Meanwhile, the wonder is that an art based on so vast a truism should be in its detail so free from grandiloquence, the large gesturing and the mouth-filling words of the enthusiast; that it should never fall short of sobriety and symmetry. For it is not every philosopher who, having declared war on exaggeration and distorted emphasis, knows how to pay the truth the high compliment of simply telling it.

IV

Mr. Galsworthy states his large truth, as a fact, in terms of workably small and quite usual social problems, mostly of the sort that involve the members of a single family. The struggle takes place between the aristocratic forces that tend to hold the given family together as a unit and the democratic forces that tend to break its organization and throw the individual members on their own resources. The representatives of those forces make up two of the three groups of Mr. Galsworthy's personæ; the human prizes

for which they contend, usually members of the younger generation, are the third. On one side are the exponents and apologists of conservatism, of the established order — men of substance, fathers and mothers who have forgotten the stresses of their youth, uncles and match-making mammas, clergymen, society matrons, and a few persons of the young generation who were born old in spirit — such folk as Old Jolyon and Soames Forsyte in *The Man of Property*, Penderyc père in *The Country House*, Frances Freeland in *The Freelands*, Lady Casterley in *The Patricians*, and Antonia in *The Island Pharisees*. Opposed to them are rebels against their way of thinking and of living, the intruders and upstarts, dangerous and unsettling folk — persons such as Ferrand and Courtier and Derek Freeland among the men, Mrs. Bellow and the obscurely dangerous Mrs. Noel among the women. Between these, allied by birth and training to the aristocratic order but blown upon by new winds of doctrine and caught in the surge of young individualism, are the youths and maidens whom we see drawn in two directions, until finally they are forced back into conformity or, by rare exception, thrust beyond the pale — such protagonists as Shelton, George Penderyc, Irene Forsyte, and Lord Miltoun and Lady Barbara, these last in *The Patricians*.

It is significant of Mr. Galsworthy's rather sombre sense of what it costs to see the truth without having the courage or the genius to follow it, that the persons of this third group, who are the heroes and heroines, are almost invariably the victims. They *have* seen the truth, in glimpses, but the truth has not made them free. Whichever way they go, they leave more behind than the heart and the intelligence can spare. If they return to the fold, they have given up the captaincy of their own destin-

ies, the thrill of adventure which turns existence into living; if they leave the fold, they are wholly lost and incapable of grappling with life, they cannot do what they have never done, or do without what they have always had.

This is the principal indictment of the aristocratic formula: it procreates beings who are capable of seeing its limitations but incapable of overcoming them — sons and daughters who crave adventure of the mind and heart, yet have no strength for the ways of adventure. The outcome is always tragedy, if only the tragedy of self-fulfillment denied and thwarted. The plight which Mr. Galsworthy most often analyzes is that of the person who wants more than he can get and dreams more than he dares. Condemned by his own nature to hunger for the untrammelled life, such a person is condemned by his environment to act as though life were prearranged for him. He takes the paved road, with chafing and discontent. And he does not see how surely another thirty years will find him helping to reenact his own tragedy in his children, wrestling to hold their bodies and incidentally losing their souls just as his elders had done with him. For there is no reactionary so rigid as he who has once been an insurgent.

This theme, the impingement on each other of two opposed doctrines and temperaments, is what Mr. Galsworthy works out in four of his most significant novels. These four taken together, each of them presenting a separate phase of the general conflict, complete the pattern of Mr. Galsworthy's satire. In *The Island Pharisees* he satirizes the aristocratic class through what it believes; in *The Man of Property* through what it possesses; in *The Country House* through what it does; and in *The Patricians* through what it inherits. These are the four phases of the aristocratic limitation — inability

to believe any truth except that which is palatable and flattering; inability to part with anything that is one's own, even if one no longer seriously needs or wants it; inability to act outside the limited field where one's reputation is safe among one's own kind; and inability to escape the predestination in one's blood, the still voice of elders and ancestors inexorably ruling one's life. By his philosophy, his property, his conduct, and his heredity, the four fences of his narrow predetermined square, the aristocrat is cut off from the mass of mankind, the large 'community of hopes and fears' which merges the solidarity of tribe or clan or class in the solidarity of nation or race or, at the largest interpretation, of mankind.

In each of the four books, all these instincts are present and potent; for Mr. Galsworthy is too great an artist, and too well aware of the complex of human emotions and motives, to interpret any single group of lives as ruled exclusively by one impulse. But he makes one of the four impulses visibly predominate in each of his four groups. Antonia breaks with Shelton because it is impossible for her to agree with the young revolutionist Ferrand, Shelton's protégé, with whom she sees Shelton more and more agreeing. Ferrand is to her like a destructive principle, the Nemesis of the class she represents. She does not see how Shelton can find any light or truth in him; for to her he is darkness. Antonia's instinctive hatred of the truth, her pharisaical assurance that any light she does not see is darkness, is Mr. Galsworthy's kind of evil. In *The Man of Property* it is Soames Forsythe's habit and need of ownership that makes him regard his wife as essentially property. She never means much to him until he faces the prospect of losing her; but then he holds her with all his ruthless strength, wounded, full of hatred, yet unable to forego the

long habit of mastery, of possession. In *The Country House* it is the fear of losing caste, the dread of what people will say, that eventually drags George Pendyce back to his family and Mrs. Bellew back to her husband. And in *The Patricians* it is the austere claim of an inherited something in the blood that, more than any other cause, separates Lady Barbara from Courtier and make Lord Miltoun renounce Mrs. Noel for his career.

These four groups are enough alike, as types of the aristocrat, to be caught in the same mesh of impulses and traditions. They are enough different so that for each group one particular strand of the mesh seems stronger than the others. It takes the four together to provide Mr. Galsworthy's full documentation of the reactionary class, the class that possesses the material power of the world. Each of the books is a finished and vivid picture of personality. The four together have the strength and the impersonal logic of a *composite* picture — a definition of the type from which the several individuals derive their being.

V

We have not meant, even by implication, to present Galsworthy as being, like Shaw, a destructive critic of the family as an institution. He happens to choose the family as the fighting ground for the two extreme social doctrines in which he is interested; and in every instance the triumph of the doctrine which he regards as relatively right would involve the disorganization of a certain kind of family. But his attack is not against the idea of the family: it is against the principle of solidarity on which that one family is based. Mr. Galsworthy does not see how two loyalties that conflict can both be right; and he is always interested in the larger

loyalty. He attacks the solidity of the family group when it interferes with the solidity of mankind. The ruthlessness of his gospel that the individual must be free for humanity is the ruthlessness of Christianity, which requires that a man hate his own flesh, his own kindred, or anything that blocks the larger outlook.

This ruthlessness is of the intellect; for after all, the unique trait of Mr. Galsworthy — unique, we mean, among adverse critics of the aristocratic system — is his tenderness for the helpless individual aristocrat. The trouble with the folk in his world is not the presence of vices, or even the absence of the mild negative virtues. The trouble is their lack of the positive and courageous virtues — the power to think, to grow, to give themselves, to act outside what they have been taught. It is as symptoms that these persons are terrible; for as persons many of them are lovable enough. Antonia and Lady Barbara among the women are great in their capacity for personal sacrifice: it is when called upon for the impersonal sacrifice of prejudice that they neither hear nor answer. Old Jolyon Forsyte and Mr. Horace Pendyce are lovable figures, with all their old-school crustiness; Old Jolyon's tenderness for June is as Mr. Galsworthy's tenderness for *him*, and one does not soon forget Mr. Pendyce's acute suffering for the beasts which perished before his eyes in the burning barn, or his appreciation of his friend of many years, the spaniel John. In his wife Margery we see the mother quite turning the aristocrat out of doors: she wants her son to have what he wants, whatever it does to the family and the system — because she cannot bear to see him suffer. Her one charming insurrection against her husband shows us plainly enough the source of the rebellious streak in George Pendyce. Lady Casterley in *The Patricians*

has every kind of greatness except the ability to see that other people's concerns are as important and as real to them as hers are to her. It is only when her plans for the well-being of others are thwarted that she becomes hard, unsparing, inexorable. These are all good folk, most of them gentle and engaging folk, spoiled for the larger purposes of the world by the ineffaceable imprint of class and class limitations.

There is something in Mr. Galsworthy's make-up, a kind of gentility, which prevents him, then, from being a satirist in the vindictive sense. It has to do with his philosophical belief in the community of all living things, his perception that what hurts one hurts all, so that to hurt anything is the only real crime. That belief prevents him from taking with even the unloveliest of his characters the tone of scorn. The unloveliest of his characters, we suppose, is the Reverend Hussell Barter, a sample of the modern hide-bound ecclesiastical Pharisee; yet he is shown at least twice, despite his innate caddishness, in circumstances where he appears as human and rather admirable.

And this general diffusion of tenderness, the substitution of sympathy for scorn, accords with Mr. Galsworthy's temperament as well as with his philosophy. It is difficult to call to mind another artist who unites so critical a sense of the disastrous and deadening results of class blindness, with so much solicitude for the blind individual. That solicitude reaches downward to the lowliest of living things, upward to the exalted and lonely. Rigidly controlled by the reason, it is one great element of beauty and strength in Mr. Galsworthy's work. Not so controlled, it makes for beauty and weakness — as we maintain that it does in *The Dark Flower*, Mr. Galsworthy's one attempt to show the intimate life of a man's heart in no light but the glare of

its own emotional intensity. There, where inhibitions are in abeyance and sensibility rules unchecked and uncriticised, Mr. Galsworthy is only a part of himself — the most lovable part, not the most permanent.

This solicitude needs to be distinguished with some care from a soft and shallow humanitarianism much in evidence during the last hundred years. For the dominating quality of this novelist's art is after all, as we have said, impersonality, restraint, a kind of austerity which one can only call Greek. He is neither satirist nor sentimentalist; his irony is not a lash for the individual soul in its moments of inhumanity, but only a sense of the strangeness of the world's contradictions, and especially of man's inhumanity to man. There is something in all cruelty that faintly puzzles him; his indignation is provoked, but it is the patient indignation of high courage. There is a sympathy which is pure self-indulgence. Mr. Galsworthy's purpose is too inflexible for anything of that sort. Like Mr. Wells, he will have the truth at whatever cost; like Mr. Wells, he shows that its cost is sometimes prohibitive. But he differs from Mr. Wells in that he does not make an insistent selfish personal necessity of the truth. He keeps himself and his desires out of the actual spectacle; his personality is present only as the interpretation of the spectacle, the conclusion we are forced to draw. The result is a number of lives that seem to live themselves intensely in our sight, quite unconscious that they are there for a purpose. The purpose is outside them; their very blindness helps us to see their significance more clearly. Mr. Wells's characters act more in terms of ideas, Mr. Galsworthy's more in terms of temperament and desire. One puts all his ideas into his books, usually into the mouths of his personæ. The other leaves his ideas

to be gathered by us readers if we want them; and the result is that the ideas seem, not like one side of an argument, but like an inevitable part of the nature of things. This security of Mr. Galsworthy in the possession of a kind of truth so irresistible that it proves itself, gives his work its restraint, its air of calm and impersonal conviction — the Greek austerity and something of the Greek sense of inevitable Fate.

VI

It is rather difficult, in the face of these gifts of sound thinking, fine workmanship, and still finer conscience, to state the reason why Mr. Galsworthy has not also more of the Greek immensity and grandeur. For, after all, the chief limitation of his work — a limitation none the less felt because indefinable — is a certain slenderness of effect. It has every attribute of fine imaginative literature, — excellence of style, consummate mastery of formal technique, an adequate purpose, fervor and intensity, a sympathetic appeal to the most different types of readers, — and yet it achieves on the whole less than we should expect of the elemental bigness which we feel in the great Victorians, in Balzac, in Hardy and Meredith.

This feeling that the great enduring masterpieces leave with us has no necessary connection with mere bulk or largeness of scale, for we feel it in a chapter of *The Pickwick Papers* just as much as we do in the whole of *David Copperfield*. All one can say is that it is the most elemental type of creativeness that gives this feeling, and that probably nothing else can give it. It takes its shape usually in the creation of characters who are intrinsically great, even if they are only great villains like Iago, or great clowns like Falstaff, or great fools like Micawber. It is a lawless faculty, or at least it is a law-

making rather than a law-abiding. It creates out of the void, reproducing whenever it drives the pen something of the original cosmic creation.

This thing, whatever its name and composition, Mr. Galsworthy does not have in the most eminent degree. His novels are almost certainly better literature than those of any one else now writing novels, if one judges them apart from this triumphant greatness which belongs to the immortals. In artistic dignity, in the author's attitude toward his subject, in the worth of that subject, in knowledge of life and the philosophy of it, every one of them since *The Island Pharisees* is a masterpiece, and in some ways the latest of them, *The Freelanders*, is greatest of all. Yet we doubt whether any reader marks an epoch in his intellectual life by his discovery of Galsworthy, as many a reader does by his discovery of Hardy, of Meredith, of Dostoevski. One speaks of this undefined lack with some hesitancy, just because it is and shall remain undefined: yet speak of it one must. So far as we can lay a finger on the lack, its secret is that Mr. Galsworthy applies the exquisite tracery of his workmanship to characters who are essentially little. Perhaps there must be a glorious unreason in the creations of genius at its most splendid; perhaps Mr. Galsworthy is too completely and sanely master of himself to be the father of a Tartuffe, a Père Goriot, an Uncle Toby, a Becky Sharp, an Evan Harrington, a Tess. There is everything in Mr. Galsworthy to make us wish his novels came oftener, provided only they could do so without suffering in quality; but there is nothing to guarantee that readers of fifty years hence will turn to him as readers now turn to Dickens. In him the epic sweep is replaced by the lyric intensity.

Nevertheless, it is true that his is one of the most needed, as well as one of the

most gracious, voices that speak to this generation. The aristocratic prides and the aristocratic fears, they are a part of nearly all of us; they are no more the limitations of one small class than the aristocratic virtues are the advantages of one small class. Pendyces and Forsytes lead the way, set up the ideal — and the whole mass is infected with 'Pendycitis' and 'Forsyteism.' For the average man and woman, of America as well as of England, there is plenty of need for self-examination; we are all in some degree Island Pharisees, creatures of the narrow and selfish outlook.

Against these limitations of the mass of us, only reason can prevail. And it is the voice of reason that Mr. Galsworthy raises. He assails the convention that destroys, not the convention that builds and protects. Unreason, blindness, excess, these are the real enemies. Some of us are idle, others overworked; some are voluptuous, others ascetic; some have useless wealth, others only grinding poverty; some are brainless, others fanatical; these excesses, fruits of unreason, are what must be destroyed. Mr. Galsworthy happens to believe that the really crucial trouble with society is at the top of its organization, in the land-holding, money-spending, governing classes; but he never goes at the question in a blind iconoclastic fury. His aim is to make those who are blind see the tragedy, and the humor too, of their own blindness — for to him the most gro-

tesque tragedy of all is, not to know one's self and what one wants, to pass perhaps a whole lifetime without ever having been on speaking terms with one's own heart. 'From your heart,' he apostrophizes Fashion, the Figure Without Eyes, 'well up the springs that feed the river of your conduct; but your heart is a stagnant pool that has never seen the sun. . . . *You have never had a chance!*' That is the position of the unhappy majority in his books. The only free, happy, and enviable people in them are the few who have self-knowledge, convictions with the courage of them, work, and little or nothing else. In these is the hope of the world.

And hope is the one note that becomes more and more insistent throughout Mr. Galsworthy's work, emerging strongly at last through his characteristic melancholy. The failures he records are uncompromising; and so too is the failure of youthful and eager iconoclasm in his latest story, *The Freelands*. But the failure there, we are made to know, is less irretrievable than the others; more wisdom comes out of it for those who fail, and we read it as a preface to hope. 'Was that defeat of youth, then, nothing? Under the crust of authority and wealth, culture and philosophy — was the world really changing; was liberty truly astir, under that sky in the west all blood; and man rising at long last from his knees before the God of force? . . . The world is changing . . . changing!'

‘HOLY RUSSIA’

BY HAROLD BEGBIE

She is entitled to the gratitude of the world, were it only for the protection she has afforded to the oppressed Christians in the East. . . . She alone stood up against their oppressors.

PROFESSOR MORFILL of Oxford.

You cannot understand Russia by her intelligence; you cannot measure her by the ordinary foot-rule. She has her own peculiar conformation; you can only believe in Russia.

TINTCHEV.

It is a war between two ideals of life; for, even more sharply than our own, the whole Russian attitude to life stands in complete contrast to the German.

PROFESSOR J. Y. SIMPSON of Edinburgh.

I

ON August 3, 1914, I called upon my friend Norman Angell. The ante-room of his chambers in King's Bench Walk was crowded with people. He came out to me, took my hand, and, still holding it, spoke to those about him, firing eager questions to left and to right. Had a certain hall been taken? It must be taken at once, at any cost. See to it. Were those bills printed? They must be posted at once. See to it. The whole city must be placarded with bills — ‘Stop the War’ bills, and bills announcing a ‘Stop the War’ meeting for that very night. At once, at once. See to it!

He was haggard and excited. The agony of his mind was visible in his face, in his gestures, in the tone of his voice. He is a very slight and delicate-looking man. As he walked to and fro, flinging his arms up, flashing at me the most anxious glances, and speaking in a voice which shook and rang with emotion, he seemed to me like an ant

that opposes itself to an avalanche. There was something at once magnificent and ridiculous in this little man's determination to hurl destiny back out of the path of humanity. One thing that he said to me then has remained in my mind: ‘If this war should come, it will mean a Cossack Europe.’

In the spring of 1915 I went to Russia. When I arrived in Bergen I was taken by a friend of mine to see a distinguished Norwegian statesman. This gentleman, whose manners were not very good, said to me, ‘There is one thing we do not understand — your alliance with Russia.’ He spoke bitterly. I was amazed by his bitterness, and defended Russia. He laughed in my face, and sneered. In Sweden it was the same. It is true that neither the Prime Minister of Norway nor the brilliant Foreign Minister of Sweden said anything harsh to me about Russia; but among other people it was always the same thing: they could not understand our alliance with Russia. The longer I tarried in these countries on my way to Petrograd, the more convinced did I feel that of all the nations of the world Russia has the worst name.

The ignorance of mankind is deeper than the abyss. And it is more dangerous than war or pestilence. The ignorance of the multitude is vast and dreadful; but the ignorance of the educated and cultured, this, too, is colossal and it is the greatest of the dangers which threaten civilization. Why should a man so brilliant and able as Norman Angell speak of a Cossack Europe as if

it were something more destructive than a Prussian Europe?¹ Why should all the people I encountered in Scandinavia, refined and educated people, speak of Russia as if she were a danger to mankind? It is because they are entirely ignorant of Russia, — that is to say, of the history, the literature, the character, and the soul of 170,000,000 fellow creatures. They have made up their minds about those millions of people. They have judged them. They have condemned them. The Russians? They are savages!

As an Englishman who loves his country more than any land in the world, and who, seeking to cultivate within himself an international mind and to spread the saving gospel of co-operation and sympathy and brotherhood among all nations, yet feels a passionate worship of his own race, because of its noble freedom and its generous good-nature, let me say this: that of all England's allies in this struggle with Prussian egotism I am proudest to be allied with Russia — that great Russia who can give to my country a spiritual grace which we lack, and who is so modestly anxious to receive from my country a moral earnestness which she eagerly desires.

A German in *Das Forum* challenged Romain Rolland to explain his position with regard to Russia. Rolland, as every one knows, has made enemies for himself in France by striving to preserve his nation from hate and by insisting on the great good qualities in his enemy, the German. How, then, does this tolerant and noble-minded man reply to the challenge in *Das Forum*? 'You, my German friend,' says he, 'know how I love Germany. Not less than you yourselves; I am the son

of Beethoven, Leibnitz, and Goethe.' And he asks, 'But what do I owe to the Germany of to-day, or what does Europe owe to it? What art have you produced since the monumental work of Wagner, which marks the end of an epoch and belongs to the past? What new, original thought can you boast of since the death of Nietzsche, whose magnificent madness has left its traces on you, though we are unscathed by it? Where have we sought our spiritual food for the last forty years, when our own fertile soil no longer yielded sufficient for our needs? Who but the Russians have been our guides? What German writer can you set up against Tolstoï and Dostoievsky, those giants of poetic genius and moral grandeur?'

But more than this. He speaks of that deplorable, incredible 'Address to the Civilized Nations,' with which, as he says, the Imperial army corps of German intellectuals bombarded Europe, — the address which denied everything, denied that Germany provoked the war, that violence had been used against Belgian citizens, that Louvain had been destroyed — that 'day is day and night is night.' And he exclaims: 'Thank God! the crimes of Tsarism never found a defender among the great artists, scholars and thinkers of Russia. Are not the greatest names in its literature . . . the very ones who denounced its crimes?'

But more even than this. He asks, 'How comes it, then, Germans, that the Poles prefer Russian domination to yours? Do you imagine that Europe is ignorant of the monstrous way in which you are exterminating the Polish race? Do you think that we do not receive the confidences of those Baltic nations who, having to choose between two conquerors, prefer the Russian because he is the more humane?' And he goes on: 'Your imperialism, beneath its veneer of civilization, seems to me

¹ The use of the term *Cossack* is of course absurd. Russia has absorbed and civilized these splendid people, who were once plunderers and fighters only, like the rest of the world.

no less ferocious than Tsarism toward everything that ventures to oppose its avaricious desire for universal dominion. But whereas immense and mysterious Russia, overflowing with young and revolutionary forces, gives us hope of a coming renewal, your Germany bases its systematic harshness on a culture too antiquated and scholastic to allow of any hope of amendment. . . . Know once for all that there is nothing more overwhelming for us Latins, nothing more difficult to endure, than your militarization of intellect.' He might have added, 'and your militarization of conscience.'¹

Here, then, is a lover of Germany defending, nay, exalting Russian culture, Russian humanity, and Russian spirituality. And I hope to show, for it is not difficult, that M. Rolland's horror of 'Tsarism' is not so great as need be.

Let us, then, — quite certain that the Russian is not so black as he is painted by popular error, — endeavor to discover what Russia, in her inmost essence, in her force, in her character, in her destiny, *is*. What is Russia? It is in our interest to know; for not only is ignorance dangerous, but if it remain when light penetrates darkness, it becomes a sin. The twentieth century belongs — to Russia.

In that violent, passionate, splenetic, and muddle-headed book, *Germany and England*, by the late Professor Cramb, an English disciple of Treitschke, the brilliant author, who wanted us to set up in our lovely island a war-machine as huge, as menacing, and as intolerable as the Prussian octopus, has a passage which shows us, from a German source, how we should set out to discover the soul of a nation.

He is writing of General von Bernhardi, the military disciple of the professorial Treitschke, and he says that Bernhardi set out to answer the ques-

tion, What is Germany? — using for his evidence the history, literature, politics, and philosophy of his nation. What is Germany? How can he express in a word, from Germany's history, literature, politics, and philosophy, what Germany is, what she stands for, what is her value?

And by Germany he understands the vital, onward-striving force flowing in German blood from an endless time down to the present, and from the present flowing onward into an endless future. What, he asks, is the precise value, the precise significance of the force in its present manifestation — Germany? And he has a perfectly definite answer: It is strife; it is war.

If the answer is the right one, let us comfort ourselves; for in nature, where God's laws are written for our learning, sympathy and coöperation win a manifest victory, while aggression and selfishness perish. You must go to the museum to see one of the strongest creatures that ever existed — the mastodon. And while you will see in your fields great flocks and herds of peaceful cattle, and vast hosts of men laboring the earth to provide food for them, you must go to a menagerie if you would see the tiger, who has nothing to contribute to evolution. But whether the answer of General von Bernhardi is right or wrong, his method is good.

Let us see, from the history, the literature, the politics, and the philosophy of Russia if we can answer our question, What is Russia? — and by Russia let us understand the vital, onward-striving force flowing in Russian blood from an endless time down to the present, and from the present flowing onward into an endless future. What is the precise value, the precise significance of that force in its present manifestation — Russia?

Before we set out on this inquiry, one who knows Russia very intimately,

¹ *Above the Battle*. By ROMAIN ROLLAND.

Professor Simpson of Edinburgh, hints to us what our answer will be. For he says of this great war, 'It is a war between two ideals of life; for, even more sharply than our own, the whole Russian attitude to life stands in completest contrast to the German.' Our answer, then, cannot be like Bernhardt's, 'It is strife; it is war.' Perhaps it will be, 'It is love; it is brotherhood.'

II

The history of Russia is the history of the struggle of a little people against innumerable enemies who surrounded her on every side. The names of some of these enemies we know — Swedes, Finns, Poles, Cossacks, Turks, Mongols, Lithuanians, Letts, and Germans. The names of many others — such as the Lesghians, Chetchenzes, Bashkirs, and Kirghiz — are known only to the historian. Surrounded by all these enemies, the little nation of Russia, conscious of a divine force stirring her onward, attempted again and again to rise up and be a people of civilization. But at every movement she was fallen upon by the savage races surrounding her. From 1238 to 1462 she was the bleeding victim of a Mongolian invasion. For centuries the barbarians surrounding her swept into her land, burning her cities, laying waste her fields, and bearing off her children, both girls and boys, to be sold to the Turks. In this agony and bitterness and ruin the indestructible soul of Russia waited for the mercy of God. When she had thrown off the Mongol tyrant, and was endeavoring to make friends with civilization, civilization sent its armies against her! And while the hosts of powerful Sweden assaulted her, the Mongol hordes returned, and the Khan of the Crimea sent his devils to afflict her. Not until the beginning of the eighteenth century did Russia win a

real place in the world, when Peter the Great threw back the Swedish invader, and Sweden fell from her former glory into a condition of weakness which has continued to this day.

And now see what has happened. This little Russian people has absorbed the hosts of nearly all its enemies. It is the centre of a vast group of peoples. Its empire is composed of nations which were once its enemies. Russia herself is composed of these enemies. When we speak of Russia, we do not mean the descendants of those who held the Grand Duchy of Muscovy in the fifteenth century — we mean all those nations which are now fighting for her under the Cross of St. Andrew, with their souls dreaming of Constantine's city, from whence came to them that which is infinitely more than life — the spirit of Christ; we mean, the Poles, the Armenians, the Tatars, the Georgians, the Letts, the Lithuanians, the Mongols, and the Cossacks, yes, and we mean also the Germans, Swedes, Roumanians, and Finns who are among the 170,000,000 souls composing the Russian Empire.¹ We see, then, from Russian history, that the Russian character not only possesses the great quality of patience or endurance, but that, persisting through almost hopeless conditions of terror and persecution, it has the power to absorb into itself those elements of antagonism which had threatened it with destruction.

And what is the story of Russia from the days of its power? *No nation has fought more wars for the liberties of other peoples.* Russia alone has opposed herself to the Turkish oppressor of Christian races. She is the creator of Bulgaria. She allied herself with others to destroy Napoleonism. She

¹ More than a hundred languages are spoken among these millions who call the Tsar their Little Father. — THE AUTHOR.

drew her mighty sword, unprepared as she was for war, to defend Serbia from destruction. 'She is entitled,' said Professor Morfill before the year 1914, 'to the gratitude of the world. . . . The tide of Mohammedan persecution and proselytism was turned back from the time when Peter the Great showed the *rayahs*, groaning under the Turkish yoke, that they could look to Russia for help. . . . *She alone stood up against their oppressors.*'

From the literature of Russia we learn that this patient, persisting, and absorbing people is conscious above everything else of the existence of God. Nothing else really interests the Russian. He looks at politics, he takes a hand in trade, and he does what he can for art: but the supreme obsession of his mind, his heart, and his soul is the thought of God. But mark well, the Russian's obsessing thought of God is concerned with only one attribute of the Divine Father. He can think of nothing but God's love. I should say there has never been in the whole world a nation less influenced by the thought of Jehovah. A Russian does not understand what you mean when you speak to him of Odin or Jove or Jehovah. He smiles and shakes his head. It is something he cannot conceive — this God of unbending justice and black-frowning wrath. His Russian soul has been stunned centuries ago by the tremendous thought that God is Love. It can receive no other impression. To this hour he is absorbed in contemplation of this single aspect of the Everlasting God — that He loves, that He is Love itself.

Even when he goes to war with the Germans, whom he feels in his soul to be the enemies of love, he has no hate in his heart. I have talked to Englishmen and Americans in Russia who have been in the Galician trenches, and they all tell me that you cannot get the Rus-

sian soldier to hate. While he is charging, while he is killing, yes, perhaps; but when he comes back with his prisoners, no. He gives the captured German his last bit of chocolate, makes him a cup of coffee, and does not resent his contemptuous complaint that the coffee is of a bad quality and is bitter without sugar; no, he pats the German's back, strokes his arm, smiles at him, and says, 'You are all right, now.'

Prince Troubetzkoy, the philosopher and historian, with whom I had a memorable conversation in Moscow, has explained for us what is the underlying idea of Russian literature and Russian philosophy: 'Humanity united by the Spirit of God in one whole, and in this form become like God — this is the highest expression of God's project for the world, and this is what must eventually reign in the world.'¹

Constantinople is for every Russian Tsargrad, — Town of Towns, — because from that defiled but eternal city Christ came to Russia, and because there in Tsargrad still stands the polluted but sacred temple of St. Sophia. Sophia, says the prince, stands for the Wisdom of God in creation, the humanity of the Divine Wisdom, the humanity of God. Professor Simpson thus sums up the prince's argument: —

'But as yet humanity is torn in pieces; it is not our humanity. Nation fights against nation; even their faiths are at war. Humanity is sinful and therefore mortal. But those who were aware of the Spirit saw humanity holy and therefore immortal, one and entire. Restoration of the broken whole of humanity, and so of all creation — for this burn the hearts of those who have seen the Spirit. . . . This is the purpose and progressive achievement of "Sophia," — the uniting of humanity and the entire world into one living

¹ *The Self-Discovery of Russia.* By PROFESSOR J. Y. SIMPSON.

whole, a living, spiritual organism . . . a communion of beings joined by the Spirit of God in one living substance.'

Before one dismisses this ideal as a chimera, as an impossibility, one should reflect that Russian character, persisting and absorbing, has come down the ages, and is now the sovereign power of Europe. None of its many enemies, not one of all the hosts of barbarism and infidelity, not one of all the mighty kings of Christendom, was able to overthrow and destroy it. *It*, and not they, has persisted, has conquered, has absorbed, and now rules. *It*, and not they, is destined to speak the word of the twentieth century.

Concerning the internal politics of Russia, let me point out to you that the violence of nihilism has expended itself, that socialism of an economic character is not violent in its expression, and that the most powerful *bloc* in the Duma is composed of constitutional progressives who call themselves either conservatives or liberals. M. Rodzianko, President of the Duma, himself a conservative, told me that after this war nothing on earth will be able to prevent free speech in Russia; he said, 'You might as well attempt to stop the torrents of spring.'

It is most important, too, especially for democratic countries, to know that, although Russia has very few of the forms and institutions of democracy, she more than any other country has the true democratic spirit. That is to say, the classes are much nearer to each other, there is no awkwardness in their relations, and the only superiority acknowledged by all grades in the community is the superiority of holiness. There is not a peasant who would not be perfectly and charmingly at his ease in the presence of the Tsar; not a great prince who would not reverently kneel to a saint. The idea of the family characterizes the Russian state.

Professor Morfill speaks in his history of the 'claptrap abuse with which some western authors season their books on Russia.' Russia has been exhibited to Europe and America as a tyrannous and brutal power, wielding the knout to right and left of her, driving hordes of her best children to the snows of Siberia, and committing a thousand atrocities among the Jews. This is the grossest and absurdest exaggeration. There is a reactionary party in Russia, many of whom, but not all, are brutal and unscrupulous; and force has been used again and again by this faction in the government to repress, not only anarchy, but constitutional progress. The picture, however, is overdrawn. Hear what Professor Simpson has to say, and remember that the idea of an unbridled bureaucracy is foreign to Russia, and was introduced from Germany in the reign of Peter the Great: —

'Too often the internal relations of Russia have been depicted in this country as those of a bureaucracy and a democracy continuously in conflict, with the former as a kind of evil genius. There could be no profounder mistake. Bureaucracy is not necessarily an evil. Everything depends upon its spirit, and a bureaucracy can be improved and changed if its spirit is changed. To-day there is a great struggle going on in the Russian bureaucracy itself, between the more progressive and the more conservative elements. That bureaucracy is very far from being a mere homogeneous mass of reactionary outlook.'

This is sober truth. Russia is changing the spirit of its bureaucracy. And if the war end, as it must, in a victory for Russia, a victory which is celebrated for Russia by the Russians singing their great hymn, *Christ Is Risen*, in St. Sophia, then this movement in the bureaucracy will be swiftly and glori-

ously triumphant. But if the war should end in a draw, there is a fear, as I gather from what Prince Troubetzkoy told me, that the Russian legions, returning sick and weary from the trenches, may be in no other mood than one of acquiescence. They will be too tired for reform. They will ask for nothing but peace. Should that be so, which God forbid, the reactionaries of Russia would exert a powerful influence in politics.

III

One of Professor Simpson's Russian friends said to him, 'Humanity has been — is — going through awful experiences. Is not this a miracle, that the German philosophy and the whole German spirit have brought the country under the sway of Beelzebub? Yet in our land there is a great revival of religious interest to-day. Russia was under the French influence of Voltaire till 1812; then in a struggle Napoleon was vanquished, and the result was a widespread religious movement. We were again becoming materialistic, when the Japanese War and the revolution after the war shook us from our spiritual torpor, and the religious life of the nation was quickened. The same is happening at the present moment. From the court to the peasant's hut a spiritual movement is in progress.'

In these words one has an answer to our question, What is Russia? Russia is so gentle and plastic that she easily comes under foreign influence, and for a time appears to have renounced her historical destiny. But the light of heaven in her soul burns on, and when the darkness is most dark suddenly that light shines forth and is the glory of the world and the hope of many nations. Russia is not strife; Russia is not war; she is love and peace, against whom the hosts of hate and the legions of darkness go up again and again, sometimes

flinging her back, sometimes wounding her to the point of death, sometimes making her almost false to her own soul; but again and again the light shines once more, and once more she sees her path straight before her — the path of St. Sophia, the path that leads to Tsargrad and to God.

Love Russia, and she will love you. Oppose yourself to Russia, and sooner or later she will crush you. Nothing can withstand her in the end. And the reason is this. She is the nation to whom Christ has committed his secret. Rome says, 'Do as I tell you and I will save your soul from hell.' Protestantism says, 'Believe this, and work early and late to earn the forgiveness of God.' Russia says one word only: it is 'Love.'

She makes many mistakes. She thinks too little of morality, as we perhaps think too much; she is superstitious, she is acquiescent, she is without a social conscience; but she loves, and love makes her exceeding beautiful. It is enough for her millions to lull their souls with the thought that God loves them and that after death they will see their God who is Love Itself — see Him face to face, fall down before his feet and worship Him eternally. What does it matter, with such a destiny before them, if they eat poorly, sleep roughly, dress shabbily, and toil hard to make the corn grow? What does it matter if they sometimes drink too much? What does it matter if they are not quite fair in all their dealings? God is Love, and they love Him from morning to night, drunk or sober.

The intellectuals have a higher thought. Listen to Prince Troubetzkoy:—

"Sophia" is the image of God in the individual and in humanity. He who has the image in his soul, who sees it in every individual and nation, cannot bear any lessening of human dignity. All injustice to humanity rouses

wrath in the heart of him who in devotion understands "Sophia." If Russia is willing to suffer for this and is ready for great deeds, it shows that she has raised the altar to "Sophia" in her soul, and we can hope that her attempt to restore this altar and make it visible to the whole world in Tsargrad will have success.'

This is Russia — modern, living, and conquering Russia. You will find no such sentiment in Treitschke and Bernhardi, no such sentiment in our own English militarists, no such sentiment in any other nation under heaven. For it is the thought of a nation which has reflected and meditated from its dawn upon the thought of Divine Love; which feels, as no other nation in the world feels it, the infinite beauty of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Humanity; which is undisturbed in the midst of chaos and upheaval and apparent defeat; which is prepared to suffer; which is ready for great deeds, and which believes in its destiny.

A new life begins for humanity. From the moment when Russia raises the Cross in Constantinople, human life will be changed, a new era will be opened, and the intense reality of Christianity, underlying its thousand and conflicting forms, will be seen at last by all the nations of the earth.

'That which has worked ceaselessly in the depths of the Russian spirit,' says Nikolai Berdyaev, 'is no longer to be provincial and confined in its manifestation: the Slav race, with Russia at its head, is henceforth called to a defining rôle in the life of humanity.'

And Dostoevsky, one of the very greatest souls that ever lived, almost as imaginative as Shakespeare and infinitely more spiritual, tells us what is the inmost essence and the ultimate destiny of the Russian nation: 'Russia must reveal to the world her own Rus-

sian Christ, whom as yet the people know not. . . . *There* lies, as I believe, the inmost essence of our vast impending contribution to civilization, whereby we shall awake the European peoples; there lies the inmost core of our exuberant and intense existence that is to be.'

What is this Russian Christ?

Listen again to Dostoevsky. He is writing to a friend about the difficulty of portraying in fiction 'a truly perfect and noble man.' And he says, 'All writers, not ours alone but foreigners also, who have sought to represent Absolute Beauty, were unequal to the task, for it is an infinitely difficult one. The beautiful is the ideal: but ideals, with us as in civilized Europe, have long been wavering. There is in the world only one figure of absolute beauty: Christ. That infinitely lovely figure is, as a matter of course, an infinite marvel (the whole Gospel of St. John is full of this thought: John sees the wonder of the Incarnation, the visible apparition of the Beautiful).'

There lies, then, Russia's vast impending contribution to humanity — the Russian Christ, who is Absolute Beauty.

In conclusion let me say something of those elements in Russian life which may be thought to threaten this tremendous destiny.

She is apathetic. This is true, and the wisest of Russians eagerly look for the sympathy and coöperation of other races, particularly, let me say, of the English race. They desire to see their material resources developed (not exploited), and to feel in their existence the quickening influence of a solid conscience. They are aware in themselves of long torpors and immense *ennuis*. Their physical responsibilities appear to them at times greater than they can bear. They welcomed the German to

help them, but the German only exploited them and treated their poor people very arrogantly, and endeavored to change the Russian soul. This was the culminating crime. Russia will work humbly and gratefully with other races, but no race must meddle with her soul.

She is superstitious. Very great, but not very destructive, are the superstitions of Russia. She believes in something more than divine guidance. She believes in interference. But whereas increasing knowledge tends to drive religion out of the heart of those people whose emphasis has been on the *morality* of Christianity, it cannot greatly shake, I think, the soul of Russia, which has always rested in the thought of God's love. It is true that the perverted doctrines of Darwin, called 'Darwinism,' are exerting a baneful influence among the students of certain universities; but before Russia has fallen under this destructive force, the new science of the present century will have made its appeal to the Russian imagination. English influence is destined to be very great in Russia, and English science and English philosophy are moving clean away from 'Darwinism.' I think that the Orthodox Church may oppose itself for a long time to the Modernism of Europe, but I think that the people of Russia will have no difficulty in absorbing the teachings of Modernism into their worship of God. They are not great dogmatists. They rely, with all their weight, on the instinct of love.

She is not cultured. She is more cultured than many people think. And her culture is not a veneer. It is with her an instinct. The Russian ballet, that revelation to Europe of a spiritual force in dancing, is a natural expression of the Russian soul. Her sense of color values is wonderful, and it is inborn. Her poetry is exquisite. Her

novelists are the greatest in the world — Dostoievsky, Turgenieff, Gogol, and Tolstoï. Her music — the people's music — is sweetness and sadness themselves. Her architecture is beginning to emerge from the vulgarizing influences of Prussia. She has great imaginative painters.

No; I see in her apathy, her superstition, and the simplicity of her masses, the very reasons for strengthening my faith in Russia's transcendent destiny. It is not conceivable to me that Christ should come again through England and America, those two industrious Marthas of the human family. If England and America had such a destiny before them we can imagine the repellent fashion in which their newspapers and bill-posters would prepare the way. It is unthinkable. No; we have been too busy, while Russia has watched and prayed. The second coming of the Spirit of Christ will steal upon the world as noiselessly as the first; and only those who long for his coming will know him when he comes. The Russians, whose destiny it is to give this Spirit of Christ to the world, will know first of all when he has come, and gradually, after many centuries, perhaps, the rest of the world will know that God has again visited his people.

I see in the miraculous persistence of the Russian spirit, in the silence and humility of its approach to world-dominion, and in the passionate joy which thrills it through and through as the sun shines before it on the dome of St. Sophia, the same Spirit of God which moved upon the face of the waters, the same Spirit of God which stirred in the manger at Nazareth, the same Spirit of God which called Luther to his work, Darwin to his, and through all the ages of blundering, struggling, but still ascending, humanity, has breathed the eternal words, 'Verily I say unto

you, except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

The second greatest day in the history of humanity will be that wonderful day when Russia enters the holy

city of Constantine; for there will begin the reign of peace — peace on earth, goodwill among men.

On that great day many Russians, I am sure, will pray for the soul of Germany. God's family must be one.

THE MAN ON THE ALTAR

AN EXPERIENCE IN PETROGRAD

BY WARRINGTON DAWSON

'WHAT can a stranger expect to see, with just an ordinary card, at the Isaakiewski Sobor for Easter midnight mass?' I asked myself. 'Better be comfortable while seeing nothing, than crushed to death while seeing nothing.'

On Palm Sunday I had come near the latter fate, in the Polish Catholic Church down the Niewski Prospekt. Through my own struggles and emotions, whose nature was physical and took the shape of battling for life, I had responded to the sweet, inspiring influence of the peasant faces pressed about me, honest faces stained with tears of pain and nervousness, yet exalted by their sacred ideal. But it was not an experience into which one would rush advisedly a second time. So the chances were even that I might turn away to my hotel or go to the Orthodox Cathedral, now Easter Eve had come. When I reached the decisive street, however, curiosity led me on: curiosity not for what I might see, but for what might happen to me.

During the weeks I had passed in Petrograd, the idea that a mystery

hung over me had grown apace. Not a general mystery due to climate or people, but one peculiar to myself.

'You are merely watched, like all foreigners,' one of my Russian friends, Xorell, asserted when I applied to him for enlightenment.

'Perhaps,' I answered, recognizing the futility of a discussion on those lines. Certain facts had forced themselves before me, and more than argument or abstract wisdom was needed to make me dismiss them as a web of fancies.

Of course we were all watched. But the aspect and the manners of the men who observed me and listened to me, and who on one or two occasions addressed me, were not those of secret agents. Each incident was trifling in itself, too trifling to deserve separate mention. They ranged from undeserved interest shown in my idlest words spoken in public, through such episodes as exchanging brief remarks about me which I could not avoid overhearing, to climaxes in the way of cordial hand-shakings by well-dressed and

distinguished-looking men who insisted, before friends of theirs, on claiming me for a friend. It would all be over in an instant, so swiftly that, caught off my guard, I had never time to protest or to question; and afterwards, I would invariably expect to find my watch or my purse gone, or to hear that unknown individuals had been inquiring for me at my hotel, or to learn from officials delegated to arrest me that Xorell's surmise had been correct. But these sequels did not come. The one positive conclusion I had been able to reach was that so many occurrences must be concerted to some end which I should know sooner or later; and that it would be of no commonplace character, whether I proved to be a victim of exotic confidence tricks or only of a mistake on the part of the highest police. The Russo-Japanese War was in progress; unusual methods might be devised for circumscribing criminals or conspirators of an exceptionally dangerous type.

Yet such a supposition, as applied to myself, was rendered absurd both by the harmlessness of my own pursuits and by the personalities of such men as the handsome, impeccable stranger in a restaurant, who left a party of ladies and gentlemen, all wearing evening dress, to shake my hand delightedly and assure me rapidly in English that he was most happy to see me again.

'If he's a police spy, then I'm a bricklayer,' I said to myself.

That episode closed the series. I went for some days leading the life of everybody else, and I felt no relief at believing my purse or my person in safety. After living a novel, I was now dropped back into a humdrum routine. Then an unsolicited card for midnight mass at St. Isaac's Cathedral came to me by post.

'Oh, that?' Xorell observed nonchalantly when I showed it to him. 'Every-

body gets those. Pity you were n't favored with an invitation to the Tsar's private mass at the Winter Palace. There'll be a frightful crush at the Cathedral. I'm an atheist as well as a liberalist, but I like to see these things, so I'm going. I'll help you in the crowd, if you wish. Hampden and Biggs are to be with me. Come, and make a fourth.'

'Just an ordinary card,' I said doubtfully. 'It seems scarcely worth while.'

'Not ordinary!' Xorell protested. 'When you have seen the thousands packed in the transepts and the nave—'

'I thought it was built in the form of a Greek cross?' I interrupted.

'Well, it's what would be transepts and a nave for you. Anyway, when you see how they are filled, you will appreciate your privilege to stand at the upper end, between the Tomb and the altar.'

'In a special gallery, then?'

'Oh, no! There are only two of those, one for the Court, and the other for diplomats and officials of a high class. I made a mistake in using the term "privilege,"' he corrected himself with Russian preciseness. 'We shall be among the half-privileged. Hampden and I are to meet Biggs in his room soon after nine o'clock. By being early, we may stand near the front.'

This talk of half-privileges did not allure me. I went, nevertheless, and found no one at our tryst; and I was abandoning the entire business, when I decided to go on. My purpose was to run down the adventure which had kept near me for so long, and which must meet me sooner or later if I were faithful to every opportunity. Because it must be an adventure: all the explanations I could think of, or which others could suggest to me, were more unreal than the incidents which prompted them.

Crisp, bright stars sparkled against a

dark background so firm that it might have been the crystal sphere imagined of old, lingering over this country splendidly, immeasurably in retard upon the self-styled civilized world. The crystal, as if lined with black velvet, was without ray or light of its own; but the stars blazed down, with enhanced lustre, on the snow-spread city whose pink palaces shone like bright wind-whipped faces peering above mantles of ermine. The snow underfoot slipped away, dry and evasive as sand; but a few inches below the surface, solid ice formed its bed. Though swathed in furs and walking at the brisk pace which strangers are warned to avoid, I did not risk overheating, so intense was the cold. I had not far to go; and a signal to an *isvostchik* would have compelled me to resolve crudely on what I preferred to encourage gently. Doubt as to my course vanished only when St. Isaac's dome cut a tiny half-circle among the stars of that greatest dome that men's minds can build with the earth as foundation.

According to the instructions on my card, I was to show it at a certain door, but retain it and thereby be assured of my half-privileged place. Dense throngs pressed toward one of the public entrances not far away, while I stood alone facing a group of guards. In obedience to some practical Cossack or Tartar instinct which may have consisted in the elimination of risks, they confiscated the card while bowing me respectfully onward.

'So much for half-privileges,' I murmured to myself. Once again, and for the last time, I considered going away without having seen anything. But just then I saw enough to interest me. Perhaps for this reason, perhaps for that other which I have acknowledged, I made up my mind to remain.

Tall, straight walls and smooth columns of marble stared coldly, dimly

down on me, save where relieved by a small side-light whose rays, dim of themselves, stole gleams from a neighborhood of precious stones or rich chasings of gold and silver. The silent and deserted altar gaped wide and high before me, its splendors shrouded into mourning by the gloom which reigned in the vaults above, and the stones beneath, and the sadness under the stones.

A fair space surrounded me, quite untenanted. But ten o'clock had not struck, and the compact throngs which I could see swaying beyond the central tomb, at the intersection of the Greek cross, did not offer encouraging prospects. The commercial class which would presently surge in with tickets like mine might be more cleanly than the moujik class, but would scarcely be less insistent. It occurred to me that, if an officer guarding the highly privileged precincts would take me under his protection, I might stand close to the altar barriers without being disturbed or arousing suspicion, even though I had no card.

My explanation was offered in French, as short and simple as I could make it. For some moments the officer contemplated me tranquilly. He verified the glimpse of evening clothes that he caught beneath my slightly opened fur coat, cast an approving glance at the patent leather which peeped above the edge of my outer shoes, raised his eyes to my face once more, and — threw open before me the barriers marking off the privileged gallery for diplomats and officials.

Now, I could not fail to know that a mistake was being made. I had no right to be there, and had not asked to enter. The officer, ignorant of French and unwilling to betray the fact, must have thought me an attaché. But he ordered me in; and one lesson I had learned in Russia was that a man did not get into trouble unless he refused

to do as he was told. Once, visiting the museum of Peter the Great, in an annex of the Hermitage, I had gone on from room to room, profiting by each door which stood open before me, until I found one ajar, and went through that, and emerged unexpectedly into the private apartments of His Majesty the Tsar. The officers in charge were inexpressibly startled, but were perfectly courteous when I explained; and before bowing me out they expressed regrets that the door should have been left unlocked and caused me to risk considerable unpleasantness. On another occasion, I had unwittingly chosen a moment following closely upon a bomb outrage, to study architectural details of the Winter Palace close to the very spot. Strict orders had been given that loiterers must be arrested; but the officer who dealt with me informed me of all this, most politely, in French, and advised me to proceed elsewhere as speedily as my convenience would allow. It goes without saying that here or within the Palace I could very easily have got myself arrested by becoming argumentative; and I know of such things being effected most successfully by adventure-hunters who have since become heroes as victims of 'Russian autocracy.' But to me the lesson of the land was that I might do as I pleased until told to stop or go, as the case might be, and then I need only behave like a well-mannered person and that would be the end of it.

So now being told to go in, though on the strength of a misunderstanding, I entered the reserved precinct, and delivered my furs to an imposing individual who looked like a Court chamberlain while playing the part of *dvornik*.

'If my adventure was intended to seek me out, I have probably defeated it, for it could n't find me here,' I reflected, looking down on the space be-

yond which my card did not authorize me to pass. 'Unless that officer had been instructed to put me here? Too many coincidences were needed. To begin with, I had to come alone; then the men at the door had to confiscate my card; then I had to try the impossible —' The idea was so absurd that I let it die of itself.

The privileged inclosure was to the left of the altar, and on a level with the low platform running the entire length of the Ikonostas, whose rich marbles and mosaics and bronze doors hid the sanctuary from the vulgar gaze. One step might have taken me out upon the altar; but that step was prohibited by a rail over which two guards kept jealous watch. Such a favored place could not be mine for long. People were beginning to arrive fast, both below where I should have been and was not, and here where I was and had no business to be. Ladies had the best right to stand near the front; and the men who accompanied them were of such evident distinction that I had no desire to attract notice to my inappropriate self. Willingly enough, I allowed myself to be pressed back. By the time the gallery was filled, I stood quite cut off from any view of the altar, and crowded so compactly from all sides that nothing mattered save the occasional chance to breathe, and the constant safeguarding of my feet against other people's heels or spurs.

A sudden blaze of innumerable candles, hanging high overhead in great chandeliers, tore away the gloom and told us that the ceremony was to begin. At the Isaakiewski Sobor, one match did what a switch or button does elsewhere — save that here the operation was as ingenious an initiative as could be devised, instead of being a machine-made contrivance scattered by millions over the world. A waxed string, an end of which hung down within

easy reach from the marble paving, ran from one wick to another, then from group to group, from chandelier to chandelier, until all the candles in the Cathedral were connected. The match was applied to that string: a spark spitting tiny flames raced up to the first candle, and so sped on its way, an earnest, busy little lamp-lighter, quick as the snap of a finger, adroit as a monkey, and almost unfailing in its success. Among the hundreds I saw it reach, I counted very few which did not blaze at the touch; and most of these flared an instant and sputtered out, showing that the string's work, at least, had been done. The general effect, indeed, was as if each wick had been an electric bulb, but the whole, instead of lighting when one switch was turned, depended upon a hand swept over successive buttons.

The mass began, and, for one who could see nothing, seemed to last indefinitely. The altar, near me but inaccessible, had been occupied for a while and was now deserted. The Cathedral's dome and arches filled with the music of a wonderful chant, religious in form and barbaric in quality, elevating and at the same time deeply disquieting. I was roused from the torpor in which I had been left by two hours of dull, unrelieved standing. And then I became aware of the ladies who stood nearest to me, whom I had failed even to notice before, so dulled had my interest become, so heavy my senses.

These ladies had probably been the last before whom I had made way, as they were still immediately in front of me. They were young; one, indeed, was quite young. The elder, a beauty of the blond type, might have belonged to the highest social circles of almost any country; the other, with an aureole of hair shining golden as by its own light, and with dark caressing eyes that veiled the soul in mysterious fas-

cination, could only have been Russian. They both wore light white dresses of the most exquisite grace: muslin, or chiffon, or gossamer, or some such thing. Those diaphanous white gowns gained further charm when one remembered the terrific degree of cold reigning without; a charm not spoiled by thought of the furs which must have been left with the *dvornik* who looked like a Court chamberlain.

The younger lady startled me by turning and addressing me in Russian.

'Ah, mademoiselle, I don't understand!' I said in French, and waited, ready for any apology to one so delightful. My conclusion was that I had trod on her exquisite foot or treated the hem of her nebulous skirt as if it had been ordinary material.

Her face brightened at my words. Smiling to her companion, she said in French, softly yet perfectly clear to my ears, —

'It is well — it is he!'

So it was I!

'It must be,' the elder approved.

Then, the younger turned to me again: —

'Will you advance to take a place on the altar?'

On the altar of the Cathedral of St. Isaac for Easter Midnight mass! My amazement was so immense that I forgot my former surprise at learning from this fair creature that I was I. Upon recovering my senses, I stated that I should never think of committing sacrilege.

'Oh, but everybody will follow us; at this point in the mass we are expected to step out on the altar!' she said, in her pretty, charmingly foreign French. The Russian is the only foreign accent pretty in French.

Her companion still did not speak, while smiling an assent which gained weight from a seniority of two or three years.

'Don't you know the ceremony?' the girl of the golden hair and dark brown eyes went on. 'The first part, said upon the altar, is finished; the dignitaries and high-priests and priests and attendants and choristers have proceeded to the Tomb, in which Our Lord was laid on Good Friday — the very sacred Face of Our Lord, the holiest of all our ikons, whose place is in the Sanctuary save during these days from Good Friday to Easter. At the Tomb, they have sought to know if Christ is still there; not finding Him, they have left the Cathedral and are marching in solemn procession around it, upon a road built of boards over the snow. Each time they pass the grand front portals of bronze which face the Nieva — portals which in all the year open but once, to-night at midnight — they knock and call upon the Christ to come. Thrice they must march around the Cathedral, and twice they knock in vain. But at the third knock the doors fly open, and a voice cries out that Christ is not here for He has risen and gone to his Father. Then the procession, witness to the Resurrection, returns to the Tomb, and takes up the very sacred Image, and bears it back to its place in the Sanctuary, and the Easter Mass begins.'

She stopped, as blows upon metal rang out, followed by echoes which exhausted themselves in the voiceless, motionless tension of the praying, breathing multitude.

'You heard?' she asked. 'We must go upon the altar! All are waiting for somebody to go first. My sister and I led the way last year, and we should like to do so again: it is our right. But we can't pass out unless we have an escort. Will you come to our assistance? We shall then have the pleasure of being in the front rank. And the others, here, must wait until we have given the signal.'

Perhaps if my wits had not been

blunted by astonishment, come abruptly to rouse me from utter exhaustion, I might have hesitated. Or perhaps I should have plunged in all the same, since the girl asked it as a favor. But the situation seemed so natural when explained, that I believe I did not stop to think.

I made my way through the privileged throng, and reached the guards posted to cut off access to the altar. At a word from the girl in white, who followed close behind me, they stood aside as if expecting her, and opened the gate.

Going through, I advanced upon the altar far enough to allow the two ladies to occupy the front rank, as well as I could calculate, after all the others in our gallery had poured in our wake. Stopping between a great gilt candelabrum and a tall column of priceless malachite, I faced the thousands filling the Cathedral; their eyes, sparkling in the light of the candles that they held, seemed all to be fixed on me; and doubtless many of them were.

Further prompting as to my conduct was now urgently needed; I looked round, to ask advice of my fair guides. Then my blood positively froze: no one had followed, save the girl who had spoken. Even her silent friend, or sister, was not there. The guards had allowed only us two to pass, and had then closed in upon the others. The girl had stopped near them, sheltered by a candelabrum, and was inconspicuous against the screen of ladies and gentlemen quite close to her though beyond the barrier. As I noticed this, I perceived that the sound of the chants had gained in volume. The procession had reëntered the Cathedral, had paused for a moment at the Tomb, without my knowing it. Even as this retrospective realization reached me, I was surrounded by priests and acolytes.

Escape would be possible only by breaking through their ranks. That

might appear graver profanation than remaining where I chanced to be. They betrayed neither surprise nor displeasure at my presence; and if it would be going too far to pretend that they appeared anxious for me to stay, I can at least assert that they seemed to consider that I was in my proper place. Once more, my best policy was to take the situation for granted and stay where I was until somebody said, 'Go away!' So, banishing speculations as to why I was here, and whether this were a blunder or a trap, I stood waiting for what might befall.

The choristers formed around me in a compact group, shielding me somewhat from the multitude. I soon forgot embarrassment in my interest at hearing how voices were managed so as to atone for the absence of a pipe-organ. While some of the boys and men sang words, others sang only tones; the boys' voices had a flute-like quality suggesting the finest organ-pipes, and the basses had deep, sonorous tones like those released by the pedals. If I had not been there among the singers, seeing and hearing how it was done, I should have thought them accompanied by the instruments they were so successfully imitating. As I observed and analyzed the performance, I forgot my predicament. There was nothing mysterious about this, at least. With fatherly solicitude the choir-master watched the poor, tired little boys. They strained a good deal, to get that flute-like effect; I fancy their voices cannot last very long. He kept walking about, and when he detected any rasping, he distributed lozenges. Other boys, so weary that they could scarcely stand, he would take one by one in his arms, leaning them against him in their quaint snuffer-like gowns of dark blue trimmed with silver, and would gently pat their little shaven heads until they looked wide awake and slightly rested.

The music ceased, the choristers and their master moved away, and I was once more left standing alone. My eyes sought the girl between the railing and the first candelabrum. She had not moved.

'Now is my time,' I thought.

But she smiled, and signaled approval. Approval of what — my position or my intention? I hesitated an instant. Then, swiftly, she was lost from view. Four priests had come up and had begun to say mass, apparently addressing it to me.

'It is for the Saint over my head,' I reflected, as they spoke their liturgy by turns. Of course it was for that great figure in mosaic, behind and above me, between the columns. But why, then, did they embarrass me by swinging their incense at me and keeping their looks intently on me? Other groups of priests were before the other mosaics. But why was mine receiving a double share? I had observed that the crowd bowed whenever incense was swung vaguely towards them. So I could do no less than bow too, when the burners, swung within a yard of me, enveloped me in their fumes; whereupon the priests repeated the ceremony before withdrawing and advancing promptly again. Whatever it might mean, I could only remain where my presence was taken for granted.

Apart from the strangeness and mystery of my predicament, the scene was one to eclipse childhood dreams of fairyland: the gems, the gold, the marbles, the wrought brass, the mosaics and inlaying; the priests in their gorgeous robes of cloth-of-gold, stiff with many-colored precious stones and rich with the rarest laces; the blaze of countless candles scattering the gloom by their number, yet withal having that softness which no other artificial light attains; at our feet the thousands of worshipers murmuring prayers, bow-

ing and crossing themselves with the kite-shaped, reversed orthodox cross as they waved their tapers; and all in that treasure-chest among the world's cathedrals!

It is said in Petrograd that an attempt was made, some years ago, to estimate the value of St. Isaac's and all that it contains; and that a sum amounting to so many million roubles that I dare not mention it here, because it would not be credited, had already been reached, when the task had to be abandoned. The eight columns of malachite and the two columns of lapis lazuli, flanking the sanctuary portals and the heroic mosaics of the ikonostas, had been reached: priceless, unmatched in the world, they defied monetary calculations.

Beneath one of those mosaics, between two of those columns, I stood receiving a mistaken homage of prayer and incense and salutations which I acknowledged with unlimited bows. Time passed — an hour, perhaps two. Having gone through the period when I felt I must scream unless I could move, I now feared to scream if I risked stirring a finger; and finally I fell into an apathy where voices and men and lights and clouds surged round me as I stood impassive, nailed to my protecting saint while successive relays of priests came up to worship.

The choristers returned and surrounded me; there were chants, then prayers, then came a choral different from the rest. Candles were spluttering out one by one; half the glory of the illumination was gone.

My eye met that of my fair guide; I saw a look which might be interpreted as a signal to come, and I went up to her.

'Do you wish to stay until the end?' she asked.

'That depends,' I answered, willing to attend her as long as she pleased.

'The important part of the ceremony is finished, but there is a great deal more,' she said. 'You may leave now if you wish.'

I suppose I ought to have thanked her for the permission. But my thoughts were elsewhere.

'And you?' I asked.

'We are going,' she said.

The guards threw open the gates; she went first, I following. The throng had thinned appreciably. Her movements would be easy to observe, I thought; for I was determined to hold the key to this affair. But I had counted without my furs. I saw the girl going; I hurried in her wake; the Court-chamberlain-dvornik stopped me; I lost a precious moment in expostulation, then surrendered as the quickest means of escaping. I seemed caught, huddled, muffled in my coat for just a second or two; and when I had struggled and had restored the fur to its proper place, I had a swift vision of two rhythmically moving figures already near the door through which I had originally entered.

To the droning lilt of the liturgy, priests, choristers, people were melting away; so many lights were out that I stumbled from semi-darkness into the square, where the air entering my lungs felt like a steel blade thrust down my windpipe.

Already, the square was deserted.

I hurriedly forced my way back into the Cathedral. Guards tried to stop me; I allowed myself to be swallowed for a moment in the outward-moving column which was about to flood the square anew; and, battling as I had learned to battle in the Polish church on Palm Sunday, I somehow reached the interior. Since the girl of the golden hair and the dark brown eyes was not without and not in this present throng, she must still be in the Cathedral. But half-lights, dimly glowing

riches of marble and decoration, and great ungainly deserted spaces of paving over which, not groups of worshippers, but insignificant individuals were scattered — this and nothing more greeted me.

Then I recognized Xorell.

'Tell me — tell me —' I clutched his arm.

'Not here!' he whispered sharply.

'But, Xorell —' I protested.

He drew me aside. I suffered myself to be led on, my eyes in all directions save his. There could be no doubt: the girl had gone.

A moment later, I was in the street. Xorell had pushed me through a side-door. Guards had closed in behind us. This time, I was irrevocably out.

'Are you mad, to behave so in the Cathedral at such a ceremony?' Xorell demanded.

'Perhaps; what does it matter?' I asked impatiently. 'Only one thing matters. Do you know — that is, did you see —'

I stopped. How could he know, what could he have seen? And how could I describe the girl of the golden hair and the dark brown eyes? Discouragement checked me, and allowed time to recall his skepticism about my previous adventures. If I aroused his conventional prejudices now, I should lose what slight hope I had for a clue. Deciding to keep my personality out of the story for the present, at least, I approached him warily: —

'Did you notice a man being worshipped on the altar — a man in ordinary evening dress?'

He neither protested nor showed surprise. His answer was a quiet 'No.'

'What was he doing there?' I insisted.

'Superstition,' Xorell replied.

'Superstition!' I exclaimed indignantly. 'Then what were you yourself doing, you confounded atheist and lib-

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eralist, bowing and crossing and blessing yourself like an animated prayer-wheel with a swing-censor attached? I saw you!'

'That is not true! That is not true!' he exclaimed hotly. But his cheeks were so very much hotter than his words, that I knew I had not been mistaken.

'Better acknowledge you did as you were told,' I went on. 'And so perhaps did the man on the altar, superstition or no superstition.'

'Oh, that is different!' Xorell said, glad enough to let the subject drift from himself. 'There is an old Russian belief in the efficacy of venerating a man on certain great feasts. He is offered as — as a sort of sacrifice, you know.'

'Lord!' I muttered, casting a quick glance behind me.

'Only a moral offering, of prayer,' Xorell continued. 'He must unite unusual qualities —'

'Never mind about those,' I deprecated.

'He must go willingly, and yet be unaware of what is awaiting him; he must be as passive and receptive as paint or stone —'

'And so,' I broke out in irrepressible vexation, 'that's why the fair-headed man remarked on the stairs at the hotel, "He will do very well — *Il fera très bien notre affaire!*"'

'Eh?' Xorell asked.

'Nothing,' I assured him. 'Go on.'

'Well, he can be worshiped as a sort of prayer-offering in a particularly holy cause. At least one sponsor must be on the altar too, yet not share in the rite. From where I was standing to-night, I could n't have seen. But if such a thing happened, then you may be sure it was to invoke victory for our arms in Manchuria.'

'And — and suppose he were inadequate? Suppose he were n't as indiffer-

ent as paint or stone? Suppose a fair-headed man and his accomplices had misjudged? Suppose a golden-haired girl with dark brown eyes —'

'What on earth are you talking about?' Xorell asked. 'We're both almost walking in our sleep, anyhow. Five hours of solid standing — good lush!' Xorell's attempts at English oaths were sometimes startling. 'Better get to bed as quick as you can,' he said. 'I'm off.'

But as for me, the sky had long since lost its snow-like paleness and had grown blue and aggressive, and had clouded for a fresh downfall, before I sought sleep.

I spent some days in haunting hotels, restaurants, streets, and all public places, when not calling assiduously at all houses that were open to me. Meanwhile, I had written to Paris and London, soliciting letters of introduction to

all the Russian friends of everybody I knew.

Those letters came, and were never presented; and public places ceased to see me before my departure from Petrograd, which, gauged by previous arrangements, was premature. For I had learned that I had been inadequate or vain; and I knew that, were I to catch a glimpse of that golden hair, I should shrink with remorse from before the dark-brown eyes.

Bells tolling to masses for the dead had sobbed out a tale of national disaster. Far to the East, where Russia had staked her Imperial fortunes, Japan had dealt her a blow which only long years could help to retrieve. And the stoic optimism of a race too mighty to conceive of reverse as possible had for the first time been shaken — though the lessons then learned were to be factors in future greatness.

ALCOHOL IN RUSSIA

BY ROBERT P. BLAKE

'*Shto éto takóye?*' (What is that?)

'*Obyavléníye o mobilizátsii, bárin.*'

(The proclamation of the mobilization, sir.)

'Does it mean it's up to you, too?'

'Yes, sir, I must report to-morrow.'

And the blue-green Slavic eyes rested mournfully, yet calmly, on the fatal square of paper.

'Are you married or single?' I involuntarily spoke aloud.

'*Zhená yest*' (There is a wife), he replied, without removing his eyes from the notice.

The speakers were a young Russian peasant and myself; the place, the door of the public baths in the small suburb of St. Petersburg where I was living; the time, July 28, 1914. I had finished the last extra edition of the paper after dinner, packed my towels and clean linen in my hand-bag, and started leisurely off for the baths. As I neared the entrance, a small group of people gathered round a notice nailed upon the door attracted my attention, and the dialogue described above took place.

I whistled as I passed into the disrob-

ing room of the thirty-copeck division of the baths. On the sheeted benches a rather larger number of people than was usual for Tuesday evening were sitting and talking earnestly. The baths are always most crowded on a Saturday. Things began to look serious. Up to that time I thought that the war scare would blow over; I had lived through the Agadir excitement in Germany a few years before.

Picking out a promising and bushy bunch of birch twigs, I passed on into the sweating-room. On emerging, I caught the *banshchík* (bath-attendant), as he was hurrying by. 'Can you wash me, Ivan?'

'Yes, *bárin*, but be kind enough to wash your own hair; I have to leave very soon.'

As I lay stretched out on the wooden bench and he was scraping my skin with a hempen *motchálka*, I threw him the question at hazard, — 'What is your hurry?'

'I must pack my things so as to appear before the military authorities,' he replied.

Arriving home, I discovered the maid in tears: her lover had just been in to say good-bye. He, too, was summoned.

I went to bed in a serious mood; the war seemed very near.

Three days in a peaceful Finnish village on a visit to friends followed the preceding dialogue. On my return to Petrograd the tingling excitement of the first days of the war overpowered me. No one did any work for the first month. Reading newspapers was the sole employment of the literate part of the population; being read to, the occupation of the uneducated. Surprises came thick and fast. The day after my return I happened to go into the buffet of the station to have a glass of *kvass* (cranberry soda) before the train started. Suddenly my jaw dropped. The little oblong brass tray on the counter,

elevated above the rest of the dishes on slender legs, where the vodka glasses stood, was still there, polished to the last degree of brightness. Bottles and glasses, however, had vanished. Beer-mugs were absent from the scene, and the spigot was out of the beer-keg. A thirsty crowd surrounded the counter, but was comforting the inner man with soft drinks exclusively.

'What is this?' I asked.

'No liquor of any sort is to be sold until further notice,' the attendant replied, shortly.

I had somehow missed seeing the decree in the papers. Then it suddenly dawned upon me that on my walk that day from the station to the library I had not seen one drunken man: one usually met at least a dozen.

The news was stunning. To grasp its purport fully, one must remember that the oldest historian of the Russian people declares that the chief joy of his nation is to drink. This statement will receive the unqualified assent of any one who has ever visited the Muscovite realms. In every settlement, from the great capitals down to the most remote villages, the green sign of the *kazyónka* (vodka shop) formed a prominent feature of the landscape. The clean, bare, whitewashed interior, with its grating of heavy wire netting, free of tables and chairs, its floor strewn with corks, its walls spotted with red wax where the seals had been ground off the bottles against the boards by the drinkers, left an indelible imprint on the mind of every observer.

These vodka shops were run by private individuals who got their license and their supplies from the government. That same habit, which was rotting the Russian race to the core, afforded one of the chief sources of public revenue, and supplied the funds which enabled the Empire to maintain those mighty masses of troops that made its western

neighbors tremble. We must not, however, be too critical concerning the Russian administration in regard to this matter. The government monopoly of the manufacture and sale of vodka had been introduced by Count Witte, not only as a financial measure, but also with the intention of reforming the abuses which had crept in when private concerns and corporations had been allowed to dispose of their product more or less freely. The government sold its vodka at a certain fixed price, and guaranteed to the consumers a definite quality.

The Russian realized perfectly well the evil effect of the use of vodka upon his fellow countrymen. We must not share the belief, disseminated by the books of dilettante travelers, that everyone in Russia was a hard drinker. Far from it: certain very considerable sections of the population did not drink at all. Such were the Mohammedans, to whom the prophet of Allah had forbidden the juice of the grape; such were the sectarians among the orthodox, who refrained on principle. Many others as well did not indulge, either from distaste or from conscientious scruples. In fact, statistical evidence shows that the people of the Russian Empire consumed decidedly less alcohol per capita than the peoples of many other European countries.

What then, were the factors which complicated the problem in Russia, and increased the destructive power of the demon rum? I believe, in the first place, that the inherent characteristics of vodka itself had something to do with the way things developed. Vodka is a colorless fluid made from potatoes, which contains about forty per cent of alcohol. It is not a mixture of alcohol and water, which is very disagreeable to the palate, but weak spirit distilled to that particular degree of strength direct from the mash. Two qualities were

produced — the first grade about two thirds higher in price than the second. It was the national drink of Russia *par excellence*. One should not infer from this statement, that no other alcoholic beverages were in use in Russia: by no means. Vodka, however, headed the list as to the amount consumed, and formed the almost exclusive tippie of the peasantry.

The chief evil connected with the use of vodka was the excessive cheapness of the drink itself. A *tchévert* (some-what over a gallon) of the cheaper sort cost two rubles (\$1.04). As its intoxicating power was about the same as that of whiskey (perhaps a bit less) it follows that a man could obtain in Russia for the same amount about four times as much strong drink as in America. This extreme cheapness stimulated the spread of the drinking habit, which found only too favorable a field among the lower classes. The ignorance and miserable conditions which one so often finds among the peasants irresistibly impelled them to seek forgetfulness and release from their squalid surroundings in the fumes of alcohol.

The prohibition of the sale of vodka at the outbreak of hostilities came like a bolt from the blue. One report has it that the Emperor himself was responsible for the decision: others make the Grand Duke Nicholas its sponsor. The original decree suspended the sale of vodka and other intoxicants during the period of the mobilization proper, that is, for about six weeks. At the expiration of this time, in response to the popular demand, the municipalities were allowed to decide whether they wished prohibition — partial or complete. In the country districts the decision was dependent on the will of the governor. The sudden cessation of the sale of liquor, combined with the excitement attendant upon the mobiliza-

tion, led to vodka riots in some of the villages, where the *kazyónki* were plundered. These did not extend to the towns, where police control is stronger, but were local and episodic in their nature.

Many of the municipalities, filled with enthusiasm for the new movement, decreed total prohibition. Moscow forbade the sale of liquor from the very beginning of the war. Other places tried various systems of partial prohibition. In Petrograd, for example, they started by permitting restaurants of the first class only to sell spirituous liquors. After about a month of this, the stronger beverages, such as brandy and vodka, were struck from the list; a limit of eighteen per cent alcohol content was established. This period lasted for six weeks; then the city adopted total prohibition.

The Russian government deserves much credit for undertaking a step of such serious social and moral importance in the face of the economic troubles which were sure to result from it—at a time, moreover, when every surplus penny was urgently needed. As was pointed out above, the yearly income from the vodka monopoly was colossal (about \$250,000,000 per annum), and formed the backbone of the military budget. This revenue ceased automatically, and a great number of distilleries and glass-blowing plants throughout the country were forced to close down and throw their men out of employment. None the less, the government made its decision and the great majority of the population of Russia heartily approved of it.

The immediate results of the prohibition legislation were most striking, even to the most casual observer. First and foremost was the speed and smoothness with which the mobilization of the army was carried out. The riotous scenes which marked the entraining of

the troops at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war were entirely absent on this occasion. Pictures of the soldiers are ineffaceably stamped on my memory: the streets, cars, and trains were full of them. Sometimes in full uniform, sometimes with only a khaki coat, sometimes with only a cockade in the cap, they went hither and thither, singing the swinging soldiers' songs, with mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, and children hanging on their arms or trotting beside them. How many bitter partings took place in those few days! One could not go out on the street without seeing heartrending scenes. Every train which left the station was surrounded with tearful women, and the screech of the whistle was mingled with their wailing. What would these scenes have been had vodka maddened the crowd?

I remember particularly one such parting, of which I was the unwilling witness. As I went out from the garden gate on the way to the near-by station, I chanced upon a group of three people. The young soldier, evidently a workman, with only the first signs of a moustache on his upper lip, was clasped in the arms of his old peasant mother, who was crying and sobbing bitterly. Beside them stood the father, a white-haired old moujik holding his hat in his hand, the tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks. The boy disengaged himself from his mother's arms, knelt, and the father made the sign of the cross over him twice, then kissed him upon either cheek and upon the lips. The mother did the same. At that instant the train came roaring into the station.

'Run, hurry, Ványa!' said the father.

The boy embraced his mother once more, seized his bundle, and rushed blindly away. The *bába's* moans rose to a shrill wail, but the old moujik took her in his arms. 'God gave, and, if He wills, he will return,' said he. As I gain-

ed the train, I saw the pair, immovable, watch the cars roll off.

The reduction of drunkenness on the streets was another matter which impressed everyone. It was the writer's custom to walk through the centre of Petrograd each day, to reach the place of his employment. On this stretch of two miles, before the war, he would not fail to meet at least a dozen drunken men. But they were not the only characteristic phenomena. On the banks of the canals stood or leaned upon the railings scattered figures of loafers and vagabonds. They were not like the lazy American loafers of our middle western towns; they were not the cheerful semi-tropical *lazzaroni* of the Neapolitan alleys; neither were they the grave do-nothings of the cities of the Nearer East. They were a worn and listless tribe, in filthy garments, whose lined and colorless faces, inflamed eyes, and dull looks betrayed their unceasing worship at the shrine of Bacchus. Saying nothing to each other, doing nothing, they gazed at the sewage-flecked waters of the Móika and the Fontánka or at the blank walls of the buildings, without thought and without initiative. They seemed to typify all the hopelessness and misery of the life of the lower classes in Russia.

At the outbreak of the war this floating population was either absorbed by the army or found some employment. The loafers and beggars disappeared from the streets. The cessation of drinking had a remarkable physical influence upon those bodies of new recruits who were called to the colors during the summer and autumn of the year 1914. The number of cases before the police courts of assault and battery, rowdiness, and drunkenness decreased to about one third of their former number. In the villages was registered a significant reduction in the number of fires, which have always

been the scourge of the country settlements.

This preliminary stage of soberness lasted for about two months. The tremendous excitement of the first days of the war had keyed everybody's nerves to such a point that even the drunkard did not feel the need of stimulants. It was as if the country had been suddenly plunged in cold water. Once, however, the first stimulus had died away, and the full gravity and import of the struggle had come to be recognized, people gravitated back to their old habits. At first sporadically, then regularly, drunken men began to appear on the streets.

The means to satisfy this craving were obtained either illicitly or through substitutes. Concerning the illegal traffic, little need be said here. If one needed liquor and knew how to get it, it could be obtained — at an exorbitant price. The police have done what they could, however, to suppress the trade, and have had a certain amount of success in their efforts.

The problem of the use of substitutes has proved much more difficult to deal with. The patent-medicine habit can never attain the degree of extension in Russia which it has in this country, because druggists' preparations containing alcohol can be sold there only on a physician's prescription, except in minimum quantities. Other and more deleterious compounds, however, have come in to fill the gap.

The three substitutes for vodka which are most widely used in Russia are eau de cologne, furniture polish, and denatured alcohol. Cologne is not very popular. In the first place, it is very expensive just now, and secondly, no matter what flavoring extracts are added to it, it is impossible to disguise the taste of the perfume. Furniture polish is more popular, but is much harder to obtain. It is impossible to buy it at

present unless one presents a warrant from the police stating that the buyer really is a cabinet-maker or a carpenter. The polish is distilled so as to separate the alcohol; sometimes it is merely stirred with a flat stick until the shellac adheres to the latter.

Far more widely used and far more deleterious in its effect is the denatured spirit. This is not wood-alcohol, but pure spirit (95 per cent proof), with an admixture of wood-alcohol, acetone, ketone, and a dash of dye. The admixture amounts to about five per cent of the fluid volume, and is supposed to make it impossible of use for drinking purposes. The inventive Russian, however, gets around this very cleverly. I vividly remember a conversation which took place on a suburban train running out of Petrograd one cold night in December of last year. I was wedged in with three soldiers in the hard seat of a chilly third-class carriage. Just as the train started, in bolted a great sturdy fellow bearing in his arms a big bottle of denaturate, not of the usual pale blue color, but with a sea-green tinge.

'Aha, *brátsy*,' says he, 'just slide your big feet out of the way, and let me slip this where it won't be broken.'

We complied. He puffed for a while; then one of the soldiers asked, 'How can you drink such rot?' nodding at the bottle.

'Oh,' replied the other, with a twinkle in his eye, 'you've got to know how. Only fools get hurt; a healthy man is benefited.'

Our skeptical expressions led to further explanations, and the big stranger launched out into a half-hour's lecture on the preparation and consumption of *hanja*. This word signifies in Russian a pious hypocrite with concealed vices. He got his denaturate at a certain place in town, he told us, 'because somehow it seems to taste better from there.' Actually, I discovered, it was distilled by

a private company, and probably contained less denaturing material than did the government product. This, he went on to say, is filtered through charcoal, which removes some of the admixture. It is then drunk in the form of a highball, with cranberry soda.

'Of course,' declared our informant, 'you can take too much. Some crazy peasant will drink a glass of pure denaturate, and — it's all up with him. Well, one less fool in the world. But look at me: two glasses a day's my measure. I'm healthy. I make lots of money now. I spend far less and feel much better than when I drank vodka.'

He certainly did look healthy enough, but whether the credit was to be given to an unusually tough constitution, I cannot undertake to say. There are many others who are not so temperate as he. The absorbed attention with which the soldiers listened to the speaker seemed to show that they were much impressed.

The manufacture of this dangerous mixture is astonishingly widespread throughout the larger towns in Russia. One frequently sees in the newspapers that a fire occurred in the flat of such and such a workman, while the occupants were engaged in brewing *hanja*. Some ladies of the writer's acquaintance had been very active in assisting the wives and families of the reservists who had been called to the colors. Finally, a small house was rented in which ten families were established at a nominal rental, while every effort was made to find employment for their members. One fine evening, some of the ladies on the committee decided to pay an unexpected visit to their charges. To their horror, they discovered no less than six out of the ten families engaged in the preparation of *hanja*. The police were summoned, and on making search, discovered letters from the husbands of the women commanding their wives to

manufacture *hanja* as it is 'a very profitable business.'

I have touched thus far on some of the more immediate effects of the prohibitory legislation; now for some of the larger aspects of the problem.

The beneficial effect of the suppression of vodka is particularly apparent in the villages. Only those who have lived in the Russian villages, who have conversed with the men as they sit in the tea-houses of an evening, or with the girls as they take their noon-day repose under the hedges, who have lived with the peasants and shared their joys and sorrows — only these, I say, can really grasp what the cessation of the sale of vodka can mean to the villages as a whole. Before the war the peasant 'drank up the harvest.' Practically all of what he ate he raised himself (except tea and sugar), but the money which he received for the sale of his surplus grain he converted into alcohol at the vodka shop. Not only the old people had their dram, but the children too were given a piece of bread dipped in vodka at their meals.

Last year the writer had occasion to make a business trip through one of the northern governments. We came to a miserable little hamlet, where there were only twenty-three 'courts' (*dvorý*), that is to say, peasants' houses with the outbuildings. Several families inhabit them, as married sons usually live with their parents. It came out in the course of the conversation that the income of the village *kazyónka* (vodka shop) for the year preceding the war had been 23,000 rubles (\$12,060) — thus averaging over one thousand rubles *per house*!

The peasant realizes the advantages of prohibition perfectly well — even if he is a heavy drinker; and the *bába* (peasant woman) in particular prays that the vodka shop will never be opened again. Some unusually interesting

statistics were published by the Moscow government *zemstvó*. They are particularly full and accurate, and give a reasonably good cross-section of the situation as it appears at the present time. Those villages which are located near the towns (especially Moscow) use the substitutes to a considerable extent. Those farther away brew beer (*brága*) for themselves. This latter habit, however injurious to the health its products may prove, at least does not have the same serious economic results as the consumption of vodka. Supposing the peasant does brew himself a keg of beer now and then, he does not utilize all his surplus cash in this manner. The shadow of the law hangs over him as well. The younger adult male population has been drafted for the army, which materially reduces the number of drinkers.

The increased productive and laboring powers induced by the cessation of drinking has made itself manifest in the ability which the women and old men have shown in planting and harvesting the crops. No doubt the communistic structure of the Russian village has aided the peasants by enabling the burden of the absent ones to be evenly distributed among those who remain, but the abolition of vodka has had its share in the work — and its share is not the least.

With the townspeople the case is somewhat different. For them the possibility of obtaining any one of the three substitutes is always present. It is a serious question whether the increased prosperity among the urban lower classes really compensates for the increase in the consumption of *hanja* and the other substitutes, with their toxic and demoralizing qualities. There can be no doubt that the workmen are putting in longer hours, that the productive power of the individual has been increased, and that a very consid-

erable portion of the population is now putting money aside, which had never dreamed of saving in peaceful times. It is extremely hazardous, however, to assume that all this is due solely to the abolition of vodka: the altered circumstances of war-time have given rise to many other factors, which contribute toward this end.

As regards the thinking class (the *intelligentsia*), their feelings are mixed. They run in general exactly parallel to the opinions held about prohibition in this country. Some people look at the evil effects of the use of substitutes, and pronounce an unfavorable verdict. This is, up to a certain point, quite justifiable. The heavy drinker has not been reformed by a legislative decree; he has only had his task of obtaining liquor made more difficult for him. Others — to my mind the far-seeing ones — consider the benefits which the abstention has conferred upon the lower classes, and the rise in economic prosperity which has resulted from it. The most startling development in this line has been the increase in the amount of popular savings. The average rise per month during the war has been about five million rubles, which to a considerable extent explains the remarkable

success of the internal loans raised by the Russian government.

To sum up the situation is a matter of considerable difficulty. Impressions vary with the person, and in such matters the available statistics are scanty and uncertain. Personal observation has led the writer to believe that on the whole the measure has been of great benefit to Russia. The peasant has been the gainer rather than the townsman. The latter has too many opportunities to get hold of the various substitutes, but the peasant's condition is vastly improved. Even the city dweller has been benefited. While the steady drinker has continued to obtain his stimulant in one form or another, the occasional drinker has far less temptation now. The situation was better, in the writer's opinion, when beverages with a low percentage of alcohol were allowed to be sold. Such is evidently the belief of the Duma, which has recently (July, 1916) passed a bill forbidding the sale of liquors containing more than twelve per cent of alcohol. This will give the steady drinker an opportunity to satisfy his thirst. Vodka, however, has disappeared, and the next generation stands a good chance of growing up without its corroding influence.

UNSHARED

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

BLINDED and rent and torn in warring lands,
Oh, know you not a fiercer pain may be
In anguish of unmutilated hands,
In anguish of the eyes that still may see?

THE BLACK COMMANDMENTS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE Bantu is a pitiless creator and a scrupulous observer of taboo. He approves it and subscribes to it and observes it at whatever cost. The Bulu speak of taboo as a 'tying'; they are as indefatigable as their fellows and have their troubled share in this racial zest for authority — this need of a religious commandment which is so large a factor in the curious abandonment of the Bulu to his Christian experiences.

The ten commandments, as apprehended by the white man in their ethical splendor, are not so apprehended by the black man when God 'ties him with ten tyings' in the 'early morning' of his Christian day. They are not then to him the expression of ideals; they are facts, definite laws of abstainings, of omission and commission. They are the Eldorado of taboo. They replace with a great calm the agitations of the experimental efforts of the past, when everything was at stake and nothing was sure; when man was exhausted in his effort to fill his side of the contract, but might never count upon the party of the second part.

In this they are emancipating; they are the way of escape from a man-made yoke. Given a Father-God, there is no greater benefit that He could have conferred upon our pragmatic Bulu than ten explicit tyings. The practice of the law promises at first to be an exact science — the perfect taboo for which our Bulu has blindly searched and which is here given him with the marks of divine authority.

'He-Who-made-you,' says one Ibia

of the seventh 'tying,' 'forbids you of this matter. The slain who had died because of adultery are countless.'

Here is the expressed understanding of the commandments as taboo with penalty.

Our Bulu 'very much desires the knowledge of those ten tyings'; and such knowledge — broken, isolated from the body of Christian truth — drifts back into the forest, finding lodgment with individuals in obscure places. As there have been found lonely men who pray, so there have been found those whose knowledge of God had only one chapter; one commandment had passed from hand to hand and found lodgment at last with a man or a woman who has appropriated it, and has poured into the practice of it all the Bulu pragmatic enthusiasm. One of our missionaries itinerating in an obscure part of the forest — a backwoods of the forest — found two old women who persistently observed a seventh day. These women had a little wooden calendar of seven holes, with a peg to mark the passage of the days, and coming to the seventh day they rested in their houses. Other women might go to their gardens on that day; as for *them* they were religious. Any missionary can give instances of such appropriation of a fragment of truth, and will agree, I think, that the minds of such radicals have been found in general to be open to the deeper things of God.

There is a very moving intensity in the first contact between such a seeker of the true way and a Christian. 'Is

there a person of God in this town?' I asked of a little company in the street of an obscure village. 'I am a person of God,' said a woman, pressing forward and looking at me with an almost anguished timidity and with a most passionate appeal. Her husband, nearby and leaning on his spear, observed her with an affectionate and contemptuous tolerance.

'Not so,' said he to me, 'she is not a person of God, but she desires to be; she has learned a commandment.'

This precious possession had made that timid black woman bold to speak to the white woman, in the presence of contemptuous men, and with her conscious ignorance heavy upon her.

The ten commandments I say, are an emancipation. They are an emancipation from fear, that deep sleepless fear of the supernatural which is the great darkness of a people without God in the world.

Of those things I will let Ibia speak to you. Ibia was a Benga, of the Island of Corisco. He was born in something like 1835. What he was before he came to be a Christian, what he would have become had there been no mission school on the island, none of you can conceive. Look over the edge, but do not suppose that you see the bottom of the pit. The heathen knows his own bitterness, the white man may not. Christ knows. But there was a school on Corisco and a man had a chance. Ibia became a Christian; by the painful efforts which lie between the primitive black man and an intelligent ministry he became a minister; by a self-control which Christ alone can appreciate, this black man lived a godly life among his people. Not born to ideals as you and I were, he achieved them; he furnished his mind, he read, he thought, he wrote a book, if you please — an argument against native superstitions and the vices of his tribe. In this book

he attacked murder and gossiping, adultery and want of courtesy, modes of building and the having of property in common. From the headings of his chapters it is plain to see that he raked with a rake of many teeth. I have a translation of his book made for me by one Myongo, a contemporary of Ibia's — like himself a Christian, now an old man. This translation is from the Benga into the quaint English which survives among beachmen of a certain age — those who were taught in American and English mission schools before the partition of Africa. And this is what we have from these two black men about the emancipation of their kind from the things of darkness.

'The things of Magic are the gods of the ungodly; fearing of these things tells plainly that you have not taken God, that he is your confidential God who cannot suffer you to have an accident without a plan coming from him. If you be his lover and his true worshiper you will no more fear these things. They are not. *Also*, if they are to be, they would not be able to do you a thing whether good or bad, God will not consent. Also if God wants to give you a good thing he will not handed it to the spirits; he will handed it to the persons which he sends — that is, the angels.'

This triumphant assertion, so quaintly termed, is a black man's proclamation of emancipation to his people, based upon the first tying which says, 'Thou shalt have no other Gods before me'; and upon the second tying which says, 'Do not make a fetish charm.'

And if these tyings are an emancipation from the fear of supernatural perils — if they are as the arm of God barring from the path of his children the evil things of the dark — why, so too are they an emancipation from the sorceries, the charms, and the machinations of inimical man. They make a place

of sanctuary for the hunted and the haunted: a sanctuary for refugees from the valley of the shadow of death.

How many such refugees I have seen rush into this sanctuary; and behind these I have heard the clanging of the door of promise — 'showing mercies unto thousands of them.' Here is Ze Zhom, with the scar above her knee that her one-time husband made, not for ornament but for malice, — a symbol of taboo. Marriage was to be for Ze Zhom forever taboo. And here she is in the sanctuary, the Christian wife of a Christian man.

Here is that Eyinga who moved once under the shadow of a spell. Her husband, 'two marriages back,' still hated her and continually made a charm against her. She came to see the white woman, and 'Look at my body,' said she: 'I dry up, I neither eat nor sleep. I know and my neighbors know, that I shall certainly die.' She, too, found sanctuary in the commandment; she heard the gate clang between her and the pursuing hatred.

Here are those little ones, the children of the people of the tribe of God. They have been suffered to come into the sanctuary. There is no amulet hung upon those little bodies that were born without the aid of charms; it is said of them that God gave them. God standing at the door of life has ushered them in. They live under the divine protection. The mother of such a child, if the child die, is here suffered to mourn her little one in peace. No dark imputation is put upon that death, no accusation of witchcraft laid at the mother's door.

In this sanctuary the barren woman and the widow are at peace. Here might Ndongo Mabalé have taken refuge, whose grave is in a far country among strangers.

Again, the commandments are an emancipation from a sex-bondage.

Man-made tyings always take account of sex — being a woman, the woman must do thus and so. There is food which she must not eat, objects which she must not see, words which she must not speak, acts which she must not perform — yes, and I would almost say thoughts which she must not think. She must not think herself clever, or important, or even necessary. 'How should I know; I am stupid as a hen!' This is the ultimate fruit of those man-made tyings which have thrust her into a groove of 'vain abstainings,' — as Ibia says, — based upon an ignoble thought of sex. Now it appears that God has tied his children with an equal tying, and this sense of a common honor is one of those elements in her religious experience which contributes to the new dignity of the African woman. Says Ibia, —

'The people do say, "A woman and a man are two different tribes." This is not so, woman and the man are but of one nation.

'Human beings,
Of town and streets,
Their one root,
Also their one end.

Let the woman know everything, that which the man knows only; that which she herself does not want to learn; and let her eat that which the man eats, also except herself refuse. Let them not be kept in ignorance any more, let them not be deprived of good things.'

Thus the law has made the woman of an equal freedom with her husband. 'That which cannot offend a man it could not also offend a woman.' And to outraged manhood defending its prerogative the merciless Ibia writes, 'I know that they shall ask me that I should shew them the nobility of a woman. I will also ask them that they should shew me of a man.'

The girl who is taken in marriage to another than her native tribe, and who

is reared in the house of one of the elder wives of her husband, will be given from time to time, at the hands of that elder woman, the tools of her domestic craft. There will be for her a round net of a corded plantain fibre and with a withy rim, little baskets for fishing, pots of clay that have been dried in the sun and baked in the fire — ‘the things of women who are wives.’ These tangible tools will be given to the girl with many rules of conduct: ‘the custom of our tribe’ which is not the custom of her father’s tribe. And the regulation of conduct is lodged in custom; of that girl it is expected that she will grow daily in the grace of the custom of her husband’s tribe.

In some such way does the Bulu conceive his initiation into that new tribe which is the tribe of God. With a change of tribe he expects a change of custom; the ten commandments are the regulation of that custom. Almost, so objectively does he conceive his religion, they are the tools of his craft — of his new art of living. He takes possession of them with a pride and a manifest joy, and he applies himself to the use of them. They are intricate. There is nothing in the custom of his country to prepare him for their use; they do not belong, as he says of familiar ideas, to ‘the things of birth.’ But he has greatly desired them; he has acquired them with a painful effort of the memory, and it remains to practice them. On the business of the minutiae of the ten commandments he will make long journeys, lest he fail in a jot or tittle of their use.

I see in my heart an old woman, — strange to me but for her familiar aspect of a woman beat upon by life and sorrow, — a woman who had borne and buried many children and who looked in upon me that afternoon with a beautiful controlled eagerness. Three days she had walked, sleeping two nights by

the way, to speak to the white woman about the eighth commandment — the eighth tying, she called it. And this she said: —

‘My town is toward the beach — you do not know my town; not another person of the tribe of God lives in my town. I alone am of that tribe in the eyes of the people, and some of the women of my town have said to me, “We are watching the walking that you walk. If it is indeed a good walking and it is a straight path, we too will arise and follow after you.” For this cause my heart is hung up, lest it be that in my ignorance I spoil one of the ten tyings in the eyes of my townspeople. So when my son — not that he is indeed the son of my body, for all those are dead, but he is another son of my husband’s, who sees me as his mother — when this young man asked me to keep the cutlass he found, I had a doubt. He thrust the cutlass in the bark of the wall and he said, “Ah, mother, keep it for me while I go on a journey”; and I asked him many questions about the cutlass. Because he found that cutlass in the forest. He did not buy it so that he was able to say that it was his own cutlass. It is a true word that he found it in the forest, as if perhaps it might be the cutlass that a dwarf had lost. Even when he had told me all these things, hiding nothing, I doubted. I said in my heart, “This cutlass — is it a thing which a Christian woman may keep in her house? Does it spoil the eighth tying?” And because of my ignorance and the women of my town who examine the things of God, I arose and came to you. I have slept two nights by the way. You certainly very much understand the commandments, and I ask you to open this thing to me!’

Thus spoke Awu Ding, looking at me very hopefully, very wistfully, — sure that the white woman could tell her how to be the perfect Christian. And

after many seasons rainy and dry, I must still pause to salute from the heart that meek old woman who ordered with such patience her walk and conversation.

To every qualified Christian many such women come, and men come; wherever the Word of God has been accepted in our region there has begun to be a busyness about the practice of religion. The technique of the art of Christian living has always proved to be a matter of immediate excitement. The little brown hut where the foremost Christian lives, the man or woman most approved as expert by the neighbors, becomes a sort of school of technique.

Those little huts which house the master Christians — how well we missionaries know them! Strangers and aliens stoop to enter into them; there is always need of more little stools in them; the outlandish headdresses from the backwoods congregate there; there is a place by those firesides for the beaded and bridled Ntum people, for the little dwarf people, for whoever will be inquiring about the things of God and the technique of the Christian life. In such huts as these there will be a murmur of voices and grouped eager faces turned on one face — the disciplined face of an old woman, the face of a man whose arrogance has suffered control, the face of some young creature quick with the facility of youth. Here the things of the new tribe are applied to the things of gain, of sex, and of fetish; to the things of the family, of the town, of the garden, of trade, of hunting; yes, and to the things of marriage, of birth, and of death.

'The tying that ties you not to make a charm — does that forbid a charm to hold your husband's love? for he did exceedingly love me when I was new, and now he has that girl from Nkole he does not so much as eat my food! And my

mother knows a charm for this thing, only I said, "Before I make that charm that you know, I must ask a person of God — I am a Christian and am I able to make that charm?"'

'And that tying about the day of Sunday, how may you do when the headman has sent you to the beach with a load of rubber? Himself he walks in the caravan, and in his heart is such a hunger for goods that he hates to sleep at night, let alone rest of a Sunday.'

Of course you know that you must not work in your garden of a Sunday — but may you not shell peanuts? For the guests are many and your husband wants them to eat well.

And the difficult seventh commandment — how does it bear upon you and the man to whom your husband has loaned you these many moons and you love him: now that you are a Christian woman must you bar the door to him?

'Before I became a person of the tribe of God it was my custom to help my sister with her peanuts. Always she sent me a message from her town that I must come to help her. We two, we must harvest her peanuts. And now I am a Christian, still she sends me that message. I ask you who are strong in the things of God, am I able to go to help my sister?'

Ah, the wise old black face that is turned on the young white face!

'Those days back, before you were a person of God, had you a sweetheart in that town where your sister is married?'

'It is as you say. There is a man in my sister's husband's town: he and I were as you say!'

'Do not go to that town where you used, when you were ignorant, to spoil continually the tying that is the seventh tying! I who am a woman of God, I tell you that the path to your sister's town

is closed to you; that path is a path of danger.'

In such little huts how many sorrows are opened up and how many iniquities, how many autobiographies flow on and on, outliving the fire on the floor! Out of such little huts how there go continually men and women who have been enriched by some little portion of that divine wisdom which has a spokesman there! A Bulu proverb says, 'The rich man's town does not release the treasure.' Yet in the town of many a headman there is a continual release of treasure at the hands of some humble old woman, or the hands of an unconsidered boy — 'poor bodies' who yet possess the tools, and in some measure the skill, of the new way of life.

And if a little you begin to think of the commandments as a precious possession of the Bulu, and as an emancipation, you must think of them too as a *discipline*. You must remember upon what untrained shoulders their yoke falls. We who have born the yoke from our youth up, and our fathers and mothers before us, the custom of whose country is so colored by the ten commandments that we may not break some of them without fear of imprisonment, or others without incurring the adverse opinion of mankind, or others without self-scorn — how may we know of the check of that yoke upon the wild heart of a Bantu woman, of a Bantu man! There is no tradition in that blood to mate with the ten tyings. There is no common consent in that town to the maintenance of them. There is no conventional shame at any breach of them. There is only a willing and personal abnegation — a submission in mid-career without parley and without condition. They are accepted with the simplest confidence. There is not, in the initial phase of acceptance, any apprehension of the long road that stretches or of any lapse.

As discipline, consider them first as a mental discipline. If it were only the memorizing of them, there is for the adult Bulu, who does not read and who has no mental precedent for their content, a sustained, most intent effort in the memorizing of the commandments. Men who can tell the nature of the dowries paid for every girl and every woman and every grandmother in the neighborhood, — and that is to remember curious lots and assortments of dogs and guns and goats and sheep and dog-bells and girls and sheets of brass and coils of brass and the little pieces of iron tied in bunches of ten that are currency for women, — men who can recall the testimony of witnesses long dead to adventures long past, must make by a painful effort a niche in the mind for the novel content of the commandments. Never a man of their tribespake thus; there is no ready-made receptacle for this possession. The attention of how many tattooed faces I have seen turned inward with almost piteous intensity while they conned the ten commandments. How I have seen a man in his prime take his lesson from a schoolboy — blunder, return, repeat, and achieve. There, by the light of the night fire in his own palaver house at the head of his own town, arrogance was put aside for a meek and lowly effort. Women I have seen go down into the stress of a repetition of the ten commandments trembling; I have heard the beatings of their hearts as they took the difficult places in that rough way, and I have seen them come through to the end short of breath and triumphant.

Some of them I have heard say, 'Certainly the power of God has helped me in this thing that is so hard!'

How many women have come to say, 'Pray with me that I may learn a certain tying. I am stupid as a hen and that tying kills me. Other tyings I can

say, but this one about the day of Sabbath, or this one about the things of magic, it will kill me!

So much for the initial effort of memorizing. There remains the never-ending mental discipline of application, the nice fitting of the tyings to the things of the family, of the town, of hunting, of trade — to the things of women and gain and fetish. The new code, accepted in such simplicity, — ‘A road to run on,’ as a young Bantu said to Frederick Arnot, — proves to be of universal application. Now the poor untutored mind is broken to unaccustomed uses, while women stupid as hens are driven to become wise as serpents.

‘Thou shalt not kill — another’s woman!’ declares old Mpashima with emphasis.

‘No — no!’ cries out Bekalli, ‘don’t lose yourself on that path — go back again!’

And there, between these two followers of the new way, — who so sincerely desire to do the will of the Father, — there is the renewed effort to know of the doctrine.

The commandments are tremendously a physical discipline. For the black woman as well as for the black man they are a daily physical discipline. Now is the body troubled! There is a crucifixion here, as Christ knows. This struggle — how often with ignoble things! — is not ignoble, this look of a broken body is not without honor. Myself who have seen the iron of the seventh commandment enter the soul of so many women — I know its power. In the practice of this commandment I have seen girls — the wives of old men who were offered daily consolations both public and secret — I have seen such girls take upon their young shoulders the yoke of the seventh commandment when, by virtue of their enslaved circumstance, it was the cross of celibacy. I have seen Bulu women, as ma-

ternal as any women, sacrifice the hope of children to the observance of this commandment, until I think I know a little of how much a Bulu woman means when she sighs and says, ‘The seventh tying — it is certainly strong!’

Certainly strong it is. More I cannot say of this matter to white readers, unless I may tell them of that young Bulu woman who was speaking as a master Christian to a group of women. These were saying of the ninth tying that it was easy, but of the seventh tying that God had made a mistake in tying them with that tying! These poor bodies were thinking that the seventh tying would be their Waterloo.

But ‘No,’ Mejo told them; and she told them, ‘I like to call the seventh God’s love commandment. When we have a friend we are able to ask more of him than of an acquaintance. Like that it is with God. If He is the friend we most love, and if we love Him as we should love him, we will be given strength to keep the seventh commandment.’

So much for the thought of a Bulu woman about this difficult matter. But I ask you to believe that the Bulu Christian who is to stand fast must endure a discipline of the body which is without respite. And upon the faces of such as these there come to be, as it were a harness, — a perceptible spiritual harness, — the bands of a strong control.

Again — the tyings are a moral discipline. This truth which is so trite to us — how little it is trite to the man who first salutes his own soul! ‘We knew,’ says Minkoé Ntem, of the days before the knowledge of the things of God, ‘that a man is two men — the man of the body and the other man; that the things of man are of two tribes — the things of the body and the things of the heart. We knew but we did not altogether know.’

Now it would appear that Zambe,¹ who altogether knows, has devised a code for the things of the heart. Having broken the mind to the effort of the commandments and the body to the abnegation of them, there is still the wayward heart to be bent to them, and 'the things of the heart,' say the Bulu, 'are very strong.'

The Bulu does not appreciate the commandments on different levels and take the breach of certain of them to be catastrophic, and the breach of the others to be minor. Malice, envy, hatred: these passions of the heart are big with him. They have been so long pragmatic and they have in his custom worn so many paths to action, so many short cuts to sudden and violent deeds, that he knows their potential power. I will not be saying that this sense of their power is a faculty of conscience; it is a deposit of experience. Without an intelligence of sin, he has seen that the fruit of envy is death. One tying ties him not to kill — 'I understand!' agrees he in the old formula. With another tying he is tied not to envy — and again he agrees. And of envy he declares that it is present with him: 'I very much know that thing.' The Bulu woman has a fire of envy in her heart.

How many have sighed to me of this.

'I envy another's beauty'; 'I envy another's husband — another's youth'; and always in the mouth of a barren woman, 'I envy another's child.'

Malice too, and hatred; these passions are not obscure to them. Many women on many days have come to my door to speak of the things of malice.

'My tongue destroys me, my children and my husband run from my tongue.' 'I quarrel with a wife of my husband; I rise in the morning not to quarrel, and when the sun is in the middle, while it is not yet afternoon, I

quarrel! Is there power with God for this matter?'

'Is there power with God for this matter?' ask the novices of the master Christians in the little brown huts. 'I commit adultery — I am a coward — I am envious — is there power?'

And there is an answer to this voiced human frailty.

'There is power,' declares Asala, cast off by a cruel husband and by him persecuted after fashions of which it is a shame to so much as speak — surrounded by enemies and by tempters, infinitely lonely in her isolated career of virtue, trembling at night in her little bark hut in that village of the backwoods where she alone was a person of the tribe of God.

'There is certainly power with God!' says the triumphant Asala, who curbed her own body and withstood the contradiction of sinners for two tens of moons and four more moons, when God showed her a plain path to an honorable marriage.

'There is power,' says old Nyunga, remembering the day the black soldier knocked her down. He had set her to catch a chicken for him. 'Is it my chicken that I should catch it for you? Who are you that I should break for you the eighth commandment?' And in the power of God Nyunga suffered the expected violence.

'There is power,' says Ngwa, who was a man of sudden and blind rage until God put a hand of restraint upon that spirit of anger, so that now when Ngwa is crossed he counts out his level words as a miser parts with gold.

'There is power,' claims little middle-aged Ndek Zik, looking at you with that mild radiance which is the little lighthouse of her neighborhood. You must know, says Ndek Zik, that she was, before her heart turned to God, of a peculiar wickedness. Yes, you are told that of a peculiar wickedness was

¹ The Bulu name for the Creator. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Ndek Zik until the ten commandments laid a check upon that wild career, and the power of God made the great change that you see.

'There is indeed power,' say one and another of the disciplined ones to those wistful apprentices with whom evil is so present. 'God will give the power.' The simplest old woman, who has learned her ten tyings by months of effort, will tell you that these things exceed the strength of mankind, but that Zambe gives strength for the keeping of the commandments. This news passes from hand to hand; women tell it to women, and wives to husbands and children to parents, that Zambe who gave the tyings gives strength for their keeping. And this claim is not to be taken on blind faith as the commandments are; it is a spontaneous account of personal experience, and it is pointed with tangible example.

I remember one Wanji, who was a year gone far inland. He was hunting an ivory — that is, he was sitting in a village of the backwoods where the headman owned an ivory, the express object of Wanji's desire and of his bargaining. Before he left home he gave his little fortune, his collection of marketable objects, to the care of Ze, a wife of his who was a Christian. Two rainy seasons and two dry seasons passed — the measure of the white man's year — before Wanji returned, and when he came home one of his wives was missing: she had run away. Another wife had a child. Wanji did not wonder at either of these women. But much he marveled at Ze who still 'sat in her house' caring for his possessions. They were all packed under her bamboo bed. And of her the neighbors said, —

'Every night of the many nights you have journeyed Ze has sat in her hut; as you see her to-day, so has she continually sat. She has gone to her garden, she has cooked her food in her pot, she

has eaten, she has slept, just as you see. We have no word to tell you of Ze.'

Then Wanji put on his felt hat that was made in Germany and that was his badge of office, — for he was a little of a headman, — and he put a lad before him in the path with a lantern (it was broad day, but this was ostentation), and he made a call at the town of the white man. He looked what he was, — the old type of headman, — and without preamble he said, —

'I have come to tell you that I wonder at my wife Ze. She is a person of the tribe of God. I have been inland two rainy seasons and two dry seasons — yet that woman has kept the commandments of God. This thing I know was never done by the strength of a black woman, though a white woman might be able to do even this. I see the white women that they are in a tribe by themselves [literally, 'unique']. Only the strength of God is able for such a strange thing with a black woman. And I have come to tell you that I marvel at the power of God for this thing that I have seen in my wife Ze. I agree that it is a good thing to be a Christian. But as for myself, my own heart is too much with the things of this world.' And he went away.

I tell you this to illustrate the practical sense in which the Bulu associate the power of God with the practice of the commandments. And I tell you further of Ze and of Ndek Zik that they so commended their religion in their conduct that their husbands came, after rainy seasons and dry seasons, to be among their converts.

Surely you will be agreeing that these children struggle with old enemies not unknown to yourself. And you will be agreeing with them that if they conquer it will be by the power of God. Listen to Casalis and his friend the chief of the Basutos talking together in secret at night, as Jesus did with Nicodemus in

the day of Nicodemus. And like the latter twain, so Casalis and the chief are speaking of the things of God. Side by side they lie upon mats through the night of stars.

'The chief was greatly struck,' says Casalis, 'by the commandments of the decalogue. "That," said he, "is written in all our hearts. We knew nothing about the Sabbath, but we knew it was wicked to be ungrateful and to be disobedient to parents, to rob, to kill, to commit adultery."' And this he said, that wise black man, upon whose heart there was so legible a writing from the finger of God:—

'To do good is like rolling a rock to the top of a mountain; as for the evil, it comes about of itself, the rock finds it easy to roll to the bottom.'

There is our Bulu, with his shoulder to the rolling stone of the ten tyings. There is nothing in the Bulu heart to endure. If the Bulu Christians endure, it is as seeing Him who is invisible. There is certainly in these lowly hearts an inner vision, and an inner voice. If we who are strangers to that heart cannot know all the bitterness of certain practical abnegations required of it by Christ, neither can we enter into all the joy of that inner revelation. Christ is the Word that was with God, and came to dwell with the Bulu and is the Bulu word. 'I give you an example,' says the Christ of the Bulu, to the Bulu Christian.

Many times I have been sure of this revelation. 'Tell me the way of God in this difficult matter,' says a woman to me of something very foreign to the white woman. For this I have a black Christian to counsel me in these clinics. And sometimes when I am alone I can-

not tell. Then I have said to such an inquirer: 'You know the Lord Jesus; some things of his heart, you know them, and some of his desires—what thing would He desire for you in this matter? I ask you.' And I have seen such an one, behind her face, go away to consider, and she has come back enlightened. 'I see now,' she has told me, 'that of these two paths I must choose this one.' 'And why?' 'Because the Lord would say of the other one it is crooked, but this one—He would see it straight.'

It is not for nothing that the Bulu carries through the discipline of the ten commandments a shining face—that he counts his tyings like possessions and wears them on his forehead like an ornament. For him the 'child of the sister'¹ sits at the well by the way. Between them there is talk of all things ever the Bulu did; and that conversation deepens in intent as the day advances, until from talk of tribal things, of the things of sex, of fetish, there comes to be talk of the Father, of his desire for men, of the things of the spirit, of true words, of the high duty of man in a pure worship of God.

'Take my yoke upon you,' says Christ to the Bulu; and the Bulu bends his neck—with its scar at the nape that is the seal of his initiation to the old Bulu secret society; he bends his neck with its tattooed seal of all that is evil—to that holy yoke.

'Learn of me,' says Christ, to the Bulu woman who is 'stupid as a hen,' who is 'no more than hands.' And the Bulu woman learns.

¹ Christ, say the Bulu, is the child of our sister, for Mary, say they, was a child of man.
—THE AUTHOR.

IN THE POMPEIAN ROOM

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

I. THE CALL

WITHIN the old walls, flaking red, I stand.

Love, hold my hand!

I look out through the little window, square

And iron-barred; museum twilight there

Beyond it now, but then, Pompeian sun,

And brisk steps passing, sounds of voices light,

Roman and Greek; or else, Pompeian night,

And fewer steps, and voices low, or none.

The aroma of those other lives blows past,

Blows over me — oppressive, faintly sweet.

I am heavy with a sense of vague defeat

Because of those gay lives, that could not last.

I am overwhelmed by Time — Time, the unseen!

Time, the unheard, Time, that we cannot touch!

That touches us, and — lo — we are even such

As those gay others, ages long, have been.

The aroma of our lives — oppressive, faint —

Is idly blown about the careless years,

Bringing to later lives visions, or fears

Like these of ours. Other hands grope and meet

As ours do now, other hearts feel the weight

Of Time, that light, relentless, crushing thing.

Other friends feel their present vanishing

Dim into past — what matter soon or late?

There is no present — sick, I understand.

Love, hold my hand!

II. THE ANSWER

I know the feeling, friend, I know the fear —

My hand, Love, here!

A hand-clasp is so frail a thing against

The light, relentless, feather-footed sweep

Of Time's pursuit! And yet — a thought lurks deep —

Too deep, almost, for words: — if Time commenced

And ended here, in just our human mesh?

If it were really nothing, had no being

Save in our own strange, human way of seeing?

Held as we are in the dear bonds of flesh?

Think, Love, — if I were blind — if I were blind!

How might my yearning fingers search your face

And fumble there — poor strayers! — for a trace

Of all I see as you, yet never find

The dear illumined vision of the whole

That one light glance bestows upon me now!

Even so, might it be, if we knew how

To gain the immediate vision of the soul,

That we should find our thought of Time to be

But as the groping hand — should find no Past,

No Future, but a whole of life too vast

To be called Present — say, Eternity?

“Before Abraham was, I am” — strange word!

Was this its meaning? Human symbols fail

Forever! Human half-thoughts flicker pale

Back to the unvoiced depths from which they stirred.

My heart is sick with dullness and with fear —

Your hand, Love, — here!

THE COMING

BY HUGHES CORNELL

'Not guilty. But — I took the pearls.'

'That plea cannot be admitted,' His Honor admonished, conscious of a significant glance from the Mission doctor who was seated to the right and slightly back of the prisoner. 'Guilty or — not guilty?'

'Not guilty — before God! — but — I took the pearls,' reiterated the clear voice of the prisoner, which in its very quietness was charged with emotion.

The judge turned, with abrupt severity, to the youthful Mission doctor.

'Dr. Travers, is it your opinion that the prisoner is of sound mind?'

The youthful Mission doctor, springing to his feet, replied in the tone that anticipates an argument, 'He is perfectly sane, Your Honor, but —'

'That is sufficient,' interrupted His Honor.

From the left corner of his mouth he resignedly issued instructions to the Clerk of the Court, while the doctor, somewhat abashed, resumed his seat. 'Enter a plea of "Not Guilty."'

He then addressed the prisoner at some length. 'Now, Mr. — er — Mr. Wright; this is your first appearance under arrest. I hear only good reports of you from Dr. Travers, Medical Officer of the Water-Front Mission. It appears that you have done much charitable and religious work amongst the poor of the Water-Front, markedly to your financial impoverishment and at the expense of your health and strength; that — indeed — your physical condition is at this moment and presuma-

bly as the result of such exertions, seriously impaired. Now then, the Mission requests, through the agency of Dr. Travers, that all possible opportunity be given you to establish your innocence; in case of conviction, all possible judicial clemency be extended, in view of your years of eminent service in the cause of humanity. Nevertheless,' — the judge's exposition assumed a more ponderous gravity, — 'a fifteen-hundred-dollar string of pearls was found in your overcoat pocket, five minutes after the discovery of its loss from apartment seven-hundred-ten, Hotel Reginald. You had been left alone in the room containing the safe said to contain the pearls, and had gone out of the apartment just before the discovery of their loss. The pearls found in your overcoat pocket have been identified as the missing gems. You admit that you took them, but claim that you are not guilty. Arrested at the instance of — er — Edward Malone —'

The judge paused with an air of suspension as he reëxamined certain notes he held.

The missionary turned a sorrowing glance across the small courtroom, full on Red Malone, where he sat with the owner of the pearls, and her maid, lawyer, detective, and husband. All their testimony had been taken; the missionary's guilt would seem to have been proven irrefutably. Red Malone, informant, grinned impudently back at the missionary — not without a suggestion of malice.

'Now,' resumed His Honor with fi-

nality, 'tell your story in your own way. It will receive all due attention. But bear in mind that anything you may say may be used against you. It will be taken down word for word. Proceed.'

The prisoner, William Wright, choir-singer and exhorter at the Water-Front Mission, sat erect but fragile in the chair of many inquisitions. Within their sunken orbits his over-large gray eyes shone with the clear flame of spiritual ardor.

'Your Honor,' he began quietly, but with the effective breath-control and measured enunciation of the accustomed speaker, 'I'll have to tell it all, from the first — so that you will understand —'

'Tell only what has direct bearing on the matter,' instructed the judge, consulting his watch. 'Do not waste time unnecessarily. Remember that it is Christmas Eve.'

The missionary bent his head devoutly. 'I remember — that it is the Eve of the Birth of Our Blessed Lord. And,' raising his head eagerly, '*that* bears on the matter — and on the work I do — and the reason for it — and the way I've gone about it.'

'Proceed!'

'I've been doing God's work for five years — just five years to-day. I've labored unceasingly against his coming; for no man knoweth the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.'

The missionary noted an impatient movement on the part of the judge, and spoke with quickened urgency.

'To make money for his service, I've taken a job as district messenger, off and on. But whenever God's business called stronger than man's, I've quit; to prepare for his coming.'

The judge, somewhat uncomfortable, spoke to Dr. Travers.

'Is this within your knowledge, doctor?'

Dr. Travers sprang again to his feet. He was young.

'It is, Your Honor. He devotes his life to doing good.'

He sat down again, abashed and uncomfortable in his turn.

The missionary sent him a grateful glance. 'This week I was especially glad to get a job,' he informed the judge. 'It did n't pay very much, but — you'll understand — when I get through. Dr. Travers will tell you that I give all I earn, aside from mere bed and board, to the poor — as Christ commanded. After the evening service I stand beside the chapel door and slip nickels and dimes or pennies to the destitute as they pass out.'

A glance of question and corroboration was exchanged between the judge and the youthful doctor.

'But last summer was a bad one for getting jobs. Hundreds of thousands of wage-earners were idle. I slept in the Vag dormitory, and the Mission fed me, so I could give away what little I did earn. Your Honor! — I came to see that every job I got took that much money and that much work from some man who needed it worse. When I worked — I was really robbing the poor — the poor — whom I wanted to help!' He searched the judge's impassive countenance with anxiety. 'Can't you see that, Your Honor?'

The early twilight in the dingy courtroom took on an added quietude, as of suspense. The missionary's keen yet wistful tones suggested, in that deepening and desolate dusk, the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

'It is the way of the world,' His Honor commented.

An attendant switched on the lights. A little sigh of readjustment to ordinary standards ran through the small group of witnesses and officials of the preliminary hearing.

'Of *this* world,' amended the plead-

ing voice of the missionary. 'My work is for the world to come. I could not be reconciled. Night after night, Your Honor, I wrestled with God — begging to be shown how to give to the poor without first taking away from them. One night, the way He spoke that time to Jacob, God spoke to me: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Then the great light shone about me, and I saw what I could do; how God had, for a long time, been preparing my hands.' He paused; for the first time he seemed at a loss for convincing words.

'What sort of work was it?' the judge prompted him.

'Your Honor — many a penitent thief has explained to me the mechanical tricks of his trade. At last my hand had found what to do against his coming.'

'Be plain!' the judge insisted, 'what was this work?'

'To take from the rich and give to the poor.'

This came within the judge's own spiritual purview. 'But,' he pronounced sternly, 'that is larceny — plain stealing.'

'Your Honor — it is — restitution.'

'Get on with your story!' There was testiness in the judge's manner of consulting his watch.

'God prospered his servant with the one talent!' Exultation sharpened the missionary's rapt tones. 'Two thousand dollars, Your Honor, in the last four months, I've taken from the rich and given to the poor —'

They all pooh-poohed that — those dingy courtroom people, beneath the glaring electric lights.

'Two thou —'

'Impossible!'

'Oh!'

'He's off his head!'

'Could n't be done!'

'You could not have given that sum

away without arousing suspicion,' the judge said, with indulgence. He now knew how to classify the prisoner, and was inclined to clemency; for political as well as humanitarian reasons.

Red Malone saw the matter from a different angle.

'Betcha 'e did!' he confided to the detective who had him in charge. 'That's 'ow I got onto 'is game. But I could n't seem to git onto 'is lay. That's wot got my goat!'

'I could have used twenty thousand the same way,' the missionary eagerly assured them. 'A ton of coal here — a barrel of flour there — a sack of potatoes — a ham — clothes — shoes — bread — meat — surgeons — hospitals — a year's rent in advance — dollars — twenties! — instead of dimes at the chapel door. Who was going to tell on me? Those poor fellows would never tell anything that might get me into trouble —'

'Or stop the supplies —' Red sniggered audibly.

'Order in the court!' commanded His Honor. 'Officer, if that man interrupts again, detain him elsewhere.'

With an air of superhuman meekness that was meant to be comic, but missed fire, Red subsided, mumbling under his breath.

'So,' the missionary went on, circumstantially, 'this messenger job gave me extra good opportunities. *Now* you see,' in fraternal appeal to the judge, 'why I was so glad to get it. It gave me my chance alone with the jewel-safe. The coat-suit I'd delivered, C.O.D., had to be tried on. I saw the lady close the safe-door, and my ear told me the tumblers had n't fallen into place. God's opportunity! As soon as she and her maid went out to try on the suit, it was simple enough, for me, to open the safe, get out the pearls, then close and lock the safe door properly.'

Once more he hesitated, glancing

askance at Red, who watched him with curious intensity.

'Continue!' instructed the judge.

The missionary glanced away from Red, drew a deep breath, and resumed. 'The maid came back, gave me the check, signed the book, took the receipt, and I left. Five minutes afterward, when I was sure I'd made my getaway, I was arrested — before I'd been able to dispose of the pearls.'

The judge cleared his throat, waited a moment, then spoke in undertones to the clerk.

'Have you taken this — er — confession, verbatim?'

'I have, Your Honor,' replied the clerk.

The judge spoke, guardedly, to the missionary.

'Have you anything further to add to your — er — statement?'

'Only,' with emotion so sincere that it grew painful to his smug and technically virtuous listeners, 'that God has finished with me on that lay. He now has use for me in jail. I go gladly — thanking Him that I have been permitted to do even this little for his poor — against the hour of his coming — at so small a price as imprisonment — to which he sent his Only Beloved Son.'

For a moment of utter quiet he stood, eyes lowered, hands pointed in prayer. 'When I go before that higher Judgment Seat, it will be with hands that have done whatsoever they have found to do — against the day and the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.'

The awed stillness suffered violent rupture. Red-eyed Edward Malone — informer, veteran safe-cracker, convict many times over — rushed forward to the judge's desk.

'I stole them pearls!' he cried violently. 'Missioner's looney! — can't yer see? 'R else he's swearin' false — to save me! Say! w'y did n't he tell about me? — hey?'

The missionary caught Red's arm in passionate protest. Words struggled on his lips. Dr. Travers drew him back just as the officer gained Red's side and was about to lead the ex-convict away.

'Stand back, officer,' directed the judge. 'We will hear what more Malone has to testify.' He turned to the clerk. 'Swear this man again.'

The oath was administered to Red for the second time in the case, and gabbled with the perfunctory rapidity of an old hand.

'Edward Malone,' demanded the judge with impatient severity, 'have you anything of importance to add to your former testimony?'

'I sure havel!' asseverated Red. 'I did n't tell it all — no more'n did missioner there.'

The judge studied him with distaste. 'Officer, what is this man's record?'

'Old offender, Yer Honor, second-story man. Safe-cracker. Three convictions in this court, and bad outside history. Last year sent up fer bein' implicated with the First National safe-cracking gang — remember? — Served one year. Been out three weeks.'

His Honor turned to the bleary-eyed vagabond. 'Say what you wish to say, but be brief,' again consulting his watch. 'And remember that it may be used against you.'

'Well, now, Yer Honor,' Red's glibness took on confidential intonations, 'I'd been on to this yere missioner quite a spell, afore I took that trip up river youse know about. W'en I got back — blamed if he was n't there yet — doin' business at the same ol' stand. Looked to me like he'd found a mighty good lay. Thinks I, "I'll git in on to that. Where'd he git all them nickels and dimes?" I says. And w'en he got to shellin' out plunks, I says, "Wot's the answer? — som'ers on Queer Street — believe me!"'

'Get to the point!'

'That's wot *is* the p'int, Yer Honor; him slippin' me a fiver onct last week. Say!—that looked good to Red! I says—"Make it fifty-fifty,¹ pard, 'r I splits." Nothing doin'! Turned me down cold. That got my red up, 'n I trails 'im fer sure; swore I'd git 'im—'n I did! Say!'—he leaned toward the Judge, with a knowing leer, behind which the psychologist might have read a canny calculation,—'he was bonin' charitable ol' ladies 'n gents—wit' that angel face he's got on 'im! Good lay—long o' Christmas time,' judicially.

'But,' commented the judge, 'not necessarily criminal. Get on with the case.'

'Well—thinks I—I'll stick erroun'. So, to-day I trails 'im to this yere apartment house—me gittin' by easy, 'counta sportin' missioner's overcoat he'd give me the night before. Lookin' purty slick, I was, fer onct. The door of the apartment was on the latch. I looks in. Missioner was standin' by the winda, back to a dinky tin safe that did n't look jest tight to me, somehow. So I stepped in and twiddled the lock, jest fer luck—and—say!—it falls open to me! Me fer the loot! I gathered in them pearls, 'n I'd jest dropped 'em inter me overcoat pocket w'en the missioner turns. Say!—he lights inter me like a tiger-cat, to trun me out!'

'You mean to say,' the Judge interrupted, incredulous, 'that Mr. — er — Mr. Wright did not take the pearls?'

'You git me!—that is ter say—' (carefully), 'he did n't *steal* 'em. He took 'em, all right, from me—but he never knowed it. I hears the girl comin', so I makes a quick getaway, leavin' my coat in the missioner's hands, and them pearls was in the pocket. He never knowed he had 'em till he got pinched—see? I was playin' bot' ends ag'inst

¹ 'Fifty-fifty' is argot for dividing even. — THE AUTHOR.

the middle. 'F missioner gits nabbed, I'm safe. He won't never split. 'F he gits clear—I'll cop them pearls off'n 'im 'fore he ever knows he's got 'em. See? Well—I gits pinched first, bein' acquainted like with the cops—an' I ain't lookin' so tony—shy the missioner's overcoat. I gotta play safe, so I sicks the cop on to the missioner. 'T was 'im er me—I knowed he would n't split. And—he—did n't.'

The missioner's emaciated features twisted convulsively.

'Don't listen to him! I stole the pearls! He caught me at it! Much of the rest he said is true—but—I opened the safe!—I stole the pearls!—I!—myself!'

'Why did you not tell, before, of Malone's complicity?' the judge inquired with severity.

'It was n't comp—'

'T warn't complicity!' Red vociferated, taking the word from the missioner's lips. His eyes grew more congested than even their evil wont. 'I done it all myself! He was jest tryin' to purtect the lady's propitty—see?—Missioner's looney, don't I tell you? Look at him!'

They were all looking at him by this time, where he struggled feebly in Dr. Travers's professional grasp, his countenance white and strained.

'W'y, he's been preachin' 'bout people takin' other folkses doin's on their own shoulders till it's clean gone to his head. Now he wants to take my doin's on to himself—like—like'—suddenly grown shamefaced—'aw—like this yere Jesus Christ he's alwuz preachin' about—I guess—'

The missioner freed himself from Dr. Travers.

'I did not tell about Red,' he again took up his reply to the judge's question, 'because I not only took the pearls from their rightful owner,'—he paused,—'if there could be rightful ownership

of such gauds, when thousands of people within hands' reach were starving — and because it was I who put temptation in my brother's way. I was the occasion of his stumbling. "Woe to that man through whom the occasion cometh." The responsibility for his stumbling was mine. It was right that I, upon whom lay the guilt, should pay the penalty. Now — this is the way it happened.'

The short, clear sentences followed one another with the sharp ring of truth.

'Just as I was closing the safe-door Red came in from the hall, as he told you, wearing my overcoat. He jumped on me, snatched the pearls, and put them into the overcoat pocket. While we were struggling, the maid partly opened the door into the other room. She was coming back. Red got scared. He slipped out of the coat and escaped, leaving the pearls with me. I put the coat on, signed the receipt, as I told you, and left. That was the way of it.'

The judge pondered.

'You told a different story, under oath,' he reminded the missionary, with recurring severity. 'How can you expect me to believe this one? And' — acutely — 'what possible motive could Malone have for asserting his guilt? Your religious convictions and the fact that by your own confession you have already paltered with your oath, go far to discredit your present statement. No evidence is so open to suspicion as a volunteer confession,' he commented wearily.

The missionary's hard-won self-control broke.

'I tell you I did it!' he cried out in sudden passion. 'I—I! —' he swayed, then partly recovered his poise. 'Red must be drunk —'

'Aw — gwann!' repudiated Red. An instant later he shouted, 'Look out! He's falling!'

The missionary, ghastly but still protesting, steadied himself.

'I — I warn you! —' he muttered, looking helplessly about for support.

Dr. Travers forced him, still ineffectually trying to make himself heard, into his chair. The doctor then formally addressed the court, consulting, in so doing, certain notes he had made on the case.

'Your Honor, in view of Edward Malone's confession, corroborated by the testimony of the owner of the pearls and her maid, that William Wright came into her apartment without an overcoat and was wearing one when he left; that on leaving he showed no excitement or haste; also in consideration of Wright's proved good character, and his religious humanitarianism which could easily lead him to take another's man's guilt upon himself — especially if, as in this instance, he felt a moral responsibility for that guilt; so in consideration of his present physical and mental breakdown, due partly to lack of nourishment and partly to overwork in the cause of charity; also in view of his obviously fixed idea that God has use for his services in jail; for these reasons, taken in consideration with the conflict between his two statements in regard to matters of fact, and with Edward Malone's lack of motive for assuming the guilt of the theft if he were in reality innocent, I ask for the discharge of William Wright from arrest.'

It would have been hard to say whether the judge or Red Malone listened to this somewhat involved yet concise appeal with the more concentrated attention. A moment of deep silence ensued.

'Discharge is granted,' pronounced the judge at last, with evident relief. 'Dr. Travers, I place William Wright in your charge for medical attention. You will produce him should he again

be required by the court. Officer, detain Edward Malone.'

While the necessary papers were being made out at the judge's desk, the missionary, his heart wrung with the knowledge of his guilt, — of which he seemed so strangely powerless to convince any one else, — arose unsteadily from his chair and went over to the new prisoner, who was for the moment left unguarded — although he was well known to be a jail-bird a dozen times over.

'Red! —' the missionary broke into anguished expostulation, — 'you *know* I did it!'

'Well,' Red conceded, after furtively assuring himself that no one was within ear-shot, 'fact is — you did. Well —' belligerently, 'what of it?'

'*Why*,' implored the missionary, 'why take on yourself the punishment for a sin that is not your own?'

Red shuffled his grotesquely covered feet. An awkward grin bared his broken, tobacco-yellowed fangs. He rolled his bloodshot eyes in complicated paroxysms of bashfulness.

'Aw! —' he scoffed. 'Well — say! — 'cordin' to *your* tell — 't ain't the first time on earth that there fool stunt's been put acrost.'

PUBLIC-SCHOOL MUSIC

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

I

It is characteristic of our complaisance in matters educational that of late years we have seen subject after subject added to the curricula of our public schools, and have cheerfully voted money for them, without having much conception of their value or of the results attained by introducing them. Education is our shibboleth, our formula. The school diploma and the college degree constitute our new baptism of conformity. We do not question their authority or their efficacy. They absolve us. Our public schools have become experimental stations for the testing of theories, until the demand for more and more specialization has resulted in an overcrowding of the curricula and a consequent su-

perficiality in the teaching. 'That any man should die ignorant who is capable of knowledge, that I call a tragedy,' says Carlyle. But there is a greater tragedy still, which is that our capability for knowledge may be so overburdened by irrelevant information as to become worthless to us. We study everything and we know nothing. Our schools become detached from the realities of life because we pursue so diligently the semblance of those realities.

Our objective is definitely practical. We expect education to fit boys and girls to cope successfully with the everyday affairs of life, we frown on anything that savors of the unpractical, and we instinctively distrust the word 'beauty.' We are like Mime, who thought that courage lay in the sword itself. We, too, have the pieces of the

broken blade and they are as useless to us as they were to him. Of what avail all this information which we so slowly and painfully acquire? Can it be put together, Mime-fashion? Or is there something which can fuse it? Has it not all a common source, and is not that source in nature? The very thing we fear most in education is the one thing that tempers all the others, namely, beauty. For in education, as in everything else, beauty means sequence, order and harmony; beauty relates things to each other; multiplies arithmetic by geography, objects by sounds, acts by feelings. If there were a world with one human being in it, and only one, his sweetest, gentlest and most inevitably perfect act would be to leap into the mother sea and rejoin nature. An isolated fact or an unrelated piece of information differs only in this respect from the human being, in that it never was alive.

We pay lip-service to beauty. We study poetry, but we deal chiefly with poets — with their being born and their dying, with the shell of them; whereas a poet is valuable only for what beauty he brings us. We even try to extract morals from him, or to find in him codes of conduct, philosophies, and the like, forgetting Swinburne's fine saying that 'There are pulpits enough for all preachers in prose. The business of verse-writing is hardly to express convictions; and if some poetry, not without merit of its kind, has at times dealt with dogmatic morality, it is all the worse and all the weaker for that.' But poetry does, at least, express itself in words, and words are tangible and useful things. Music, on the contrary, deals only in sounds, and these — seeming to be of doubtful use — we look on with suspicion. We do allow Music to enter a corner of our educational sanctuary, but then we slam the door on her and leave her there

until June, when we expect her to come forth garlanded for the graduation exercises. The taxpayer attends these exercises and listens to the singing of the children in that complacent mood which he commonly assumes when he thinks he is getting his money's worth, although he very likely knows that his own public-school education in music did nothing for him whatever.

What are the claims of music as a means of educating the young? To some educational administrators it seems to have almost no justification. 'What can be accomplished by it?' they ask. 'Singing is not necessary as a factor in life.' 'Music is of little importance in a work-a-day world.' So argue the school men who want 'results,' as they call them. The passion for categorical facts, arranged in methodical sequence term by term, year by year, and culminating in a skyrocket burst, every fact blazing up separately for an instant as though it really were alive, and then going out while the charred embers fall far apart on a patient earth — this is fatal to any real education. But the real object of education should be first to make human beings capable of hearing and seeing intelligently and of using their hands skillfully, and then to train the mind so that it can receive and assimilate knowledge and turn it into wisdom. I propose, then, first, to examine the claims of music as a subject to be taught in our public schools; second, to examine into prevailing methods of teaching it; third, to investigate the results now obtained; and finally, to suggest ways of bettering our situation.

I have referred in a former article¹ to the qualities in music which make it especially valuable for children, and what I have said there applies with equal or even greater force here. Any

¹ 'Music for Children,' the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1916.

one who has compared town and city life in this country and in Europe, and has seen what a pleasure and what a civilizing influence music may become when it is properly taught in childhood, must realize how great a loss our people sustain by the neglect of singing. We are only now beginning to realize how long it takes to weld a diverse people into one by means of an intellectual conception of nationality. The thin bond of self-interest, the advantage of 'getting on' in the world — these keep us together in ordinary times; but in a great crisis such bonds break. The heaven of sentiment is needed. We want a common sympathy; we want above all some means of expression for that sympathy. There have been of late numerous great meetings at which the feelings of men and women have expended themselves in shouts, in cheers, in the clapping of hands, and in other inarticulate methods of expressing emotions. What would not a song have done for these thousands — a song they all knew and loved? Are we forever to be dumb?

Our hope is in the children, to whom music is of inestimable value. In the first place (as I have pointed out in a former article) music supplies the only means of bringing young children into actual and intimate contact with beauty. In the kindergarten or in the first grade of the public schools children are capable of singing, and love to sing, simple songs which, within their limited scope, are quite perfect, whereas their capacity for drawing, or for appreciating forms and colors, is comparatively slight. In music children find a natural means of expression for that inherent quality of idealism which is a part of their nature. When children sing together their natures are disciplined, while each child at the same time expresses its own individuality. Activity of ear,

eye, and mind together tends to cultivate quickness of decision and accuracy of thinking. In the matter of rhythmic coördination alone music justifies itself. Rhythmic movements to music have long since come to be recognized as a means of mental and physical development. All sorts of interesting and stimulating exercises can be used in connection with the teaching of songs to little children; and any one who has ever watched a child's development through intelligent instruction in singing and in rhythmic exercises must have realized how keen its perception becomes and how valuable to its general intelligence the training is.

Singing beautiful songs prepares children by the best possible means for an intelligent understanding of the compositions of the great masters, which, for lack of this preparation, many adults never comprehend. The educational administrator who denies a great composer the distinction he gives to a great poet is going against the testimony of generations of cultivated and educated people all over the world, and, moreover, is tacitly acknowledging that he believes greatness to be a matter of mere outward expression. The element in Shakespeare's writings, for example, which reveals his greatness is the same element that reveals Beethoven's — namely, an imaginative, beautiful, and true concept or idea of human life. Beethoven is as true as Shakespeare. The same fancy, the same daring, the same grandeur, the same extravagance of imagination, and the same fidelity to life are found in each. That one uses words and the other mere sounds, affects the case not at all, or, if at all, in favor of music, since these elements or qualities of life are expressed more directly and more intensely in music than in words.

Yes, there is every reason for giving

music a real place in the curriculum, save one, and that is this: you cannot give an examination in it. Fatal defect! No A+ or A- for the child to take home proudly to its parents. On a certain day at a certain hour you cannot find out by a set test what, of the beautiful thing we call music, a child has in its heart and soul. The result you hope to gain consists chiefly in a love of good music, and a joy in singing it—a result that is likely to affect the happiness of the child all its life long. The whole tendency of singing in schools has been to civilize the child, to make it happy and to help its physical and mental coördination; yet you deny the value of such training, you refuse to give it a real place in your curriculum, you call it a fad or a frill.

What an extraordinary attitude for an educational administration to assume! The world is, then, merely a place of eating and drinking, of mechanical routine, of facts. There are to be no dreams; the flowers, and brooks, and mountains, the sky, birds' songs, and the whole fantasy of life—these are nothing. Beautiful objects in which the eye delights, beautiful sounds that fill the soul with happiness and create for us a perfect world of our own—these are useless because they will not submit to an examination in June and cannot be made to figure in a diploma. How many young people, I wonder, graduate from our institutions of learning with nothing *but* a diploma? Would it not be of great value for children if they were taught to see and to hear vividly and intelligently, to be alive to all beautiful objects, to love a few beautiful poems, to have the beginnings of a taste for literature, to be able to sing fine songs, to take part in choral singing, and to know well a few pieces by Mozart or Schubert? Do not all great things establish relationship, and do not all

little things accentuate differences? What education is better than that which unifies the individual with the universal? Is not this whole world of fine literature, painting, sculpture, and music in the very highest sense, then, an education to the individual?

We march in endless file along a hard paved way out of the sun, our goal a place where *use* holds sway. We reach the goal and begin our labors under the lash, catching a glimpse only now and then of stars, of flowers, of brooks, of green fields—only a glimpse, for *use* holds us fast. After a time we forget them altogether as *use* fastens its grip upon us more securely. We plod onward, machine-like, until all sense of beauty is dead, and the world is a treadmill of money-getting and of trivial pleasures. Then our blindness reacts on our children. We have forgotten the impulse of our childhood. The love for beautiful things has left us, and we have no longer a sense of their value. Must our children continue to suffer for this? Must they, too, become the slaves of use?

II

That complaisance of ours to which I have referred is nowhere more evident than in the large sums we spend on the teaching of music, and in our ignorance of the results. School boards and school superintendents usually possess little knowledge of the subject and have no means of knowing the quality and the effect of music-teaching save by such evidences as are supplied by the singing of the children at the end of the school year. No one asks what the one thousand or the fifty thousand dollars spent by the school board earns. The money is appropriated and expended on salaries, music-books, etc., and there the matter is left hanging, as it were, in the air, not to be

heard from again until the end of the school year. No committee supervises the selection of the books or the methods of teaching. The supervisor is in autocratic control. The system is like an inverted pyramid propped up by an occasional show of singing, by the fallacious excuse that singing is a relaxation after burdensome tasks (fallacious because such relaxation by singing could be carried on without the expensive paraphernalia of a school music system), but most of all supported and fostered by the equally fallacious belief that reading music 'at sight,' so called, is an end in itself. So completely divorced is it from such control as is exercised over other subjects that it has become the prey of theorists who have accumulated around it a mass of pedagogical paraphernalia quite unknown in any other form of music-teaching, and essentially artificial and encumbering.

I have attended conventions of teachers where all the interest centred in pedagogical methods, and in the discussions of artificial terms and theories. I have met teachers who say they discourage the children from singing because it ruins their voices (!), and who confine their instruction to the theory of music. The fetish of sight-singing has cast its blight over the teaching of little children, so that, instead of letting them sing by ear simple and beautiful songs — which nearly every child loves to do — they are taught at the age of five or six the mysteries of intervals and all the rest. And since the time-divisions of music present difficulties too great for their young minds, measure lines are discarded and new names are invented to describe the time-values of quarter notes and eighth notes, such as 'type one,' 'type two'; or artificial syllabic terms are piled one upon another until such a monstrosity as *tafatefetifi* re-

sults. It is obvious that a long experience of music through singing should precede any instruction as to the time-value of notes, and that, if a child has sung many times by ear the sounds represented by these artificial terms, and has continued to sing by ear for two years or more, and has stored up a series of musical impressions that have developed its musical taste and instinct, and has mastered the rudiments of numbers, the teaching of the notes becomes a much simpler and more natural process, involving no other terms than those ordinarily in use in music. You can then call a note by its generally accepted name — half, quarter, or eighth.

How did this all come about? Primarily through the indifference of the public, and through the incapability of the school authorities to control the teaching. Never having been so educated in music as to realize that it contains the highest kind of educational possibilities, parents take little interest in the music their children learn in school. The connection between music and life is lost. The supervisor may or may not be a good musician; he may be entirely indifferent to the highest possibility of music as a factor in education; his taste may never have been properly formed. He is likely to be helpless, even though he feels the need of reform, because he needs music-books, and has to take what he can buy. The making of music-books for schools has become too much a matter of commercial competition, and particularly of commercial propaganda, and this latter condition is fostered by the summer schools for supervisors controlled and operated by the publishers of school music-books. The result of all this is that a cumbersome pedagogical system has become firmly entrenched in many towns and cities.

One of the greatest difficulties con-

nected with public-school music-teaching is the inability of some of the grade teachers to teach music. The daily lesson is given by her. The music teacher visits each room once in two, three, or even four weeks. It is not necessarily the grade teacher's fault if she cannot teach music well, because the training given her in the grade schools and normal school may have been quite inadequate. But teach music she must — as a part of her regular duties. My own observation leads me to believe that a good many grade teachers are capable of doing this work well, that few do it as well as they might do if they were given more training, and that some teach so badly that it results in more harm than good. In any case I am opposed to any transference of the daily lesson from the grade teachers to an expert, not because I think the expert would not do it in some ways better, but because it would mean a very large increase in the expense of our schools, and because I believe that only a few grade teachers are incapable, under proper training, of giving a satisfactory music lesson.

Furthermore, I believe in keeping the music lesson as a bond of sympathy between the grade teacher and the children. Singing is an entirely natural art for any human being who begins it in childhood and pursues it through youth. I look forward to the day when we shall all sing. I object to the displacement of the grade teacher in the one function of school life which is intimate, free, and beautiful, in which facts, numbers, places, events, names are forgotten, and in which the spirit of each child issues forth *under the discipline of beauty*. (I place these words in italics because I am constantly being told that the great thing in the education of children is to give them self-expression; to which I reply that self-expression except under discipline

— using the word in its larger sense — has never helped either the individual or the race.) We must look to the normal schools for this improvement in the ability of our teachers to teach music; and the normal schools, in turn, must expect our high schools to send forth their graduates properly taught in music, so that normal schools will not have to spend time (as they often do now) supplementing the imperfections of the earlier training.

III

But the real failure in the administration of school music is due to a false ideal. And it is in this mistaken ideal or purpose that the crux of the whole matter lies. Nearly the whole stress of teaching is laid on expert sight-reading of music. Go into a schoolroom with a supervisor to hear his class sing, and he will almost invariably exhibit to you with pride the capacity of the children to sing at sight. He will ask you to put something impromptu on the blackboard as a test of their proficiency. He will exhibit to you classes of very young children who have already learned to read notes and who can sing all sorts of simple exercises from the staff.

What is meant by the term 'sight-singing'? It means, if it means anything, that a person shall be able to sing correctly at the first trial his part in any piece of vocal music which he has never seen or heard before. And this, which we spend our money for, is an entirely artificial attainment, since in real life we are almost never required to do it. 'Sight-singing' has become a shibboleth. What we want is a reasonable capacity to read music, for that is all we are ever called upon to do in actual life. Go into the best choirs in this country and ask the leader how many of his boys or men or

women can read music 'at sight,' and his answer will almost invariably be, 'Not one.' Let us then teach children to read music by giving them as many trials as necessary, and let them gradually acquire such familiarity with intervals and with rhythmic figures as will make it possible for them to sing with other people and enjoy doing so. We shall then get rid of an artificial ideal and have just so much more time in which to cultivate music for its own sake.

Furthermore, 'sight-singing' is not successfully taught in American public schools. The vast majority of our children never attain to that expertness which is the present objective of the teaching. So we have a double failure—in ideal and in practice. (This is not a place for a discussion of the various methods of teaching sight-singing. The method commonly used in this country is derived from English practice, and we have ignored the much more accurate and scientific systems of France and Germany.) The supervisor who takes so much pride in the capacity of his pupils to sing at sight ought to be chiefly interested in something much more important—namely their ability to sing a beautiful piece of music and their joy in doing so, for that is the only justification for his presence there. Many supervisors seem to have almost forgotten that music is a thing of beauty, and that the only way to keep it alive in a child's heart is to teach the child to sing beautiful songs. Constant contact with inferior songs for children may indeed have so affected the supervisor's taste that he himself can no longer detect the difference between good and bad.

For eight years, then, in our public schools children are taught to sing at sight. Is there a fine song presenting a certain difficulty, it is placed in the

book at the point when that difficulty arises, and is treated as a sight-reading test. It is subjected to analysis as to its melodic progressions, each of which is taken up as a technical problem. This is precisely the method so often and so fatally used in connection with poetry. The Skylark's wings are clipped. The Grecian Urn becomes an archæological specimen, the Eve of Saint Agnes a date in the almanac.

This brings me to the most important part of the whole matter. If expert sight-singing is not only a false ideal, but one impossible of general attainment in public schools under the conditions at present existing, what does justify our expenditure of such large sums of money? The sole justification for it and the real purpose of public-school music is to bring children to love the best music and so to train their taste for it as to make them capable of discriminating between good and bad. Now, a thorough test of children in the kindergarten or the first primary grade of any public school anywhere will surely reveal that such children start life with the makings of good taste in music. Nature is prodigal here—prodigal and faithful. In the most remote villages in this country, in purely industrial communities, among the poor and among the rich (both having forgotten), children love good songs. It is their natural inheritance. No excess of materialism in the generations affects it in the least. This is the primitive endowment; deep down in human character there lies a harmony of adjustment with nature. Overlay it as you may with custom, or habit, sully it with luxury, it still persists, for without it human life cannot be. This idealistic basis of human life, which is never destroyed, appears fresh and unstained in children and in song it bubbles up as from a pure spring.

A certain small proportion of children

are backward in music, but the possibility of teaching them to sing has long since been satisfactorily demonstrated. They need special attention which it is difficult to give in public schools. They should, I think, never be taken from their seats in the room and placed at one side, but should be asked to listen to the other children, and occasionally to sing with them, the teacher standing near for help and encouragement.

Now, it has been a matter of frequent comment that there is no such increase in choral singing either in town or city as our public-school music-teaching should lead us to expect. In fact, the countless young people who graduate from our schools seem to make almost no impression on choral singing. It still remains the least of our musical activities. It is as difficult as ever to secure people who care enough for the practice of singing to come to rehearsals. Voluntary choral singing for the pleasure to be derived from it is rare. Are not our public schools partly responsible for this condition? Is not that natural taste and love for good music to which I have just referred allowed to lapse and finally almost to disappear? And is not this largely the result of too much technical instruction and too little good music? I know that there are many more distractions for children than formerly. I know that the home influence in most cases is slight, and that parents assume less responsibility for their children than they used to do. But, granting all this, the musical instruction in public schools does not fulfill its proper function, nor can it hope to do so until it changes its ideals.

There is no doubt whatever that, speaking generally, the best music with which to train the taste of young children is that known as 'folk-song.' The supposition that any musician is

capable of composing a fine enduring song suitable for children is false in its very essence. The constant appearance of new songs for children and their inevitable disappearance in the next generation is evidence enough that this is so, apart from the unmistakable evidence in the songs themselves. In reality the good tune is right, the poor tune wrong; the good tune conforms to, is a part of, nature; the poor tune is false in quantity and in sentiment, and not a part of nature. The fine tune is straightforward, honest, and genuine in sentiment; the inferior tune professes to be so, but is not. Fine simple tunes of the kind suitable for children to sing have been composed, — 'Way down upon the Suwanee River' is an example, — but they are very few in number. The only safeguard is to keep chiefly to the old melodies whose quality has been proved. And since the number of fine folk-tunes is more than sufficient for our purpose, and since most of them are not copyrighted, there would seem to be no reason whatever why they should not constitute the larger part of the music we give our children to sing in their early years of school life.

I have said that children like real tunes in preference to false ones. We have therefore a perfectly sound basis upon which to build. But it must not be forgotten that singing is in itself an agreeable pastime to children and that their taste can be lowered as well as raised. With their fundamental good taste to build on we can be reasonably sure of accomplishing our purpose if we provide them all through their school life with the best music and no other. This is not done and the failure of our school music to justify itself can be attributed chiefly to this.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the very place where it will do the most harm — namely, in the kinder-

garten. And this is true of kindergartens generally. In the process of providing very young children with suitable words for their songs—which in the kindergarten are considered of first importance—the effects of inferior music seem to have been entirely ignored. In other words, the one sense through which young children receive their most vivid impressions has been systematically and persistently violated. I have examined a great many song-books used in American kindergartens and I have never found one that was really suitable for the purpose of training the musical taste of young children. Our craving for a complete pedagogical system is characteristic; it is our refuge, our bulwark. Instead of facing actual problems as they are, we take some ready-made system—which some other perplexed person has made for a shelter—and proceed to adopt it *in toto*. I mean by this that the custom of the kindergarten teacher is to buy a book in the open market—a book whose sole guarantee is that it is for sale. It probably contains inferior music, but the purchaser asks no questions. Now, an enterprising and well-equipped teacher could gather together during the summer holiday twenty-five simple folk-songs, could have suitable words written for them, and could have them mimeographed (if more copies were needed) and put into use in her school. I say nothing of the benefit *to her* of doing this.

IV

I have drawn the foregoing conclusion from an extended observation and experience of public-school music, and I ought to add—lest the record seem too disparaging—that in a considerable number of places intelligent and open-minded men and women have been doing their best to stem the tide of

inferior music and of artificial methods of teaching. During the last two years I have been serving on an unpaid advisory committee on music appointed by the School Committee of the city of Boston to improve the teaching of music in the public schools. The School Committee of Boston consists of five members elected by the people. The Committee became aware of the inefficiency of the teaching of music through an independent investigation carried on by Dr. A. T. Davison of Harvard University (who is chairman of the Advisory Committee), and they asked him to form a committee to help them. Boston was then spending some forty thousand dollars a year for public-school music.

During one school year the several members of our committee visited schools, taking notes of what they heard and saw, and finally each member submitted a written report to the chairman. These were made the basis of a general report which was unanimously adopted by the advisory committee and submitted to the School Committee, by whom it was accepted.

The Boston teaching was especially weak in dealing with rhythmic, and for a perfectly simple reason. Rhythm was taught, not as action, which it is, but as symbol, which it is not. The various rhythmic figures were taught, in other words, through the mind instead of through the body. These rhythmic figures were given arbitrary names (to which I have already referred) and the children looked at the symbols, were told the strange names given to them, and, sitting quite still, produced the required sounds. The teachers did not even beat the time. The usual answer we got when asking about rhythm was, 'Oh, they feel the rhythm!' This may have been true but, if it were, the children were extreme individualists!

This sort of rhythmic teaching is

common in the United States and the defect is a grave one. The arithmetical complications of rhythm in music should not be taught to little children at all. Just as they should sing the melody by imitating the teacher, so they should be taught the rhythm by imitating, *in action*, the time-values of the notes. A child who has sung a simple folk-song many times, and has danced, or marched, or clapped his hands in exact time and rhythm with the notes, can be taught, later, the pitch-names and the time-names of those notes without the slightest difficulty and without any subterfuge whatever. In a schoolroom containing some forty children and with the space largely occupied by desks and seats it is, of course, impossible to carry on any extended exercises in rhythm. But every effort should be made to teach musical rhythms as action before they are taught as sounds. Whenever possible, classes should be taken to the assembly room, where there is a sufficiently large open floor-space for such exercises.

But the most distressing condition in the Boston schools — and this would be more or less true everywhere in our country — was that all the children in the kindergarten and primary grades were learning such songs as would eventually destroy their natural taste for fine music. This is the one great indictment against public-school music in the United States — that it has been made to order for school-books, and to fit technical problems, and that it consequently fails to keep the allegiance of children. Nothing but the best will ever do that, and until we supply the best our school music is bound to fail. Our committee, as a preliminary step toward reform, recommended that all instruction in reading music should be postponed until the last half of the third grade. This allowed us to insti-

tute singing by ear and at the same time to teach rhythm by beating time, clapping hands, marching, and the like. A book of folk-songs was compiled by Dr. Davison and myself and was adopted and published by the School Committee.

The greatest difficulty here has been to get suitable verses for the simpler songs. We have spent much time over this one matter and have not, even then, always been successful. Good verses for very young children who cannot read (and who must therefore memorize them) are difficult to secure, and — to instance how painstaking the process of making a book of such songs is — we have sometimes received half a dozen sets of verses for a simple melody without finding one that we thought suitable.

It is perhaps too soon to draw very definite conclusions from the results of these reforms in the Boston schools. One thing is certain: a very large number of children five, six, and seven years of age are now singing really beautiful songs without seeing any music at all and without being told anything whatever about the notes, rests, and intervals which occur in them. Upon the experience of these two and one half years of singing by ear we shall build up skill in singing by note, and this skill will be acquired with much greater ease than would be otherwise possible. It is also worth noting that the expense of music-books in these three grades is more than cut in half, since the music-book is placed in the hands of the teachers only and an inexpensive book of words is given to each child in the second and third grades. The average school music-book contains too much material and is unnecessarily expensive.

In the Boston schools ninety minutes a week is given to drawing and sixty minutes a week to music. It is obvious

that a daily lesson in music twelve minutes long is entirely inadequate for proper instruction. An increase to twenty minutes per day or to three half-hours per week is highly desirable. In many schools entirely too much time is devoted to preparing music for the graduating exercises. Failing an examination, what is there left but an exhibition?

It is a task of real difficulty to reform any strongly intrenched system or method of education. What is conclusively demonstrated as a more sensible method runs against self-interest, tradition, intellectual immovability (to use a moderate term!) and other even more violent opposition. The reforms we are instituting in Boston need the combined force of all the persons in authority, of all the teaching staff and of public opinion. No one of these forces is being fully exerted, owing to circumstances over which we have no control. But we have accomplished something, for we have reduced the expense and we have simplified the teaching; and each of these improvements was sadly needed.

V

One of the encouraging signs of our advancement is in orchestral playing. School orchestras have become important features of school life, and the excellence of some of the orchestral playing is remarkable. It often outshines the singing, and it is frequently self-contained, being under the direction, not of the music-teachers, but of the headmaster or one of his assistants. In this department of music-teaching, as in the singing lessons, much depends on the attitude and the qualifications of the headmaster. In our Boston schools there are notable examples of fine music fostered and sustained by enthusiastic and capable headmasters,

who lay great stress on that as contrasted with mere technical expertness.

Credit toward the high-school diploma is now given in Boston for study of the pianoforte or an orchestral instrument outside school hours and with independent teachers. Lists are issued to indicate the standard of music and of performance for each grade, and certificates of hours of practice are required of parents. This system of credits depends for its success on securing competent examiners not otherwise connected with the schools, for by this means poor teachers are gradually eliminated. Many schoolrooms are provided with phonographs, which may be a powerful factor in building up or in breaking down the taste of children. An approved list of records for the Boston schools is in course of preparation, in order to eliminate undesirable music and to increase the usefulness of the instruments.

Singing by ear spontaneously and without technical instruction, but rather for the joy of doing it, and for the formation of the taste on good models, is the proper beginning of all musical education. Such experience, coupled with proper rhythmic exercises, constitutes a real basis, not only for reading music but for performance on any instrument. No child should be admitted for possible credit in pianoforte-playing or be allowed to enter violin classes until so prepared in singing and in rhythm. The pianoforte neither reveals nor corrects the defective ear; the violin, on the other hand, does reveal it, though it does not necessarily correct it. Defective rhythm can be properly corrected only through actual rhythmic motions of the body.

Many high schools now offer courses in what is called 'The Appreciation of Music.' The success of such courses depends to a considerable extent on the quality of music used in the pri-

mary and grammar grades. If the children have been singing inferior music for eight years, the difficulties of teaching them to appreciate the best is correspondingly increased. If, on the contrary, their taste has been carefully formed on good models the introduction to great music has already been made. In short, courses in appreciation should be the culmination of the musical education of our young people. They should have for their object, first and foremost, the cultivation of the musical memory. This is an absolute essential to anybody who hopes to listen to music intelligently. After this has been accomplished the student should listen to simple instrumental pieces whose style and form should be explained and the explanation should be as untechnical as possible.¹ Each of the properties or qualities of music is susceptible of treatment on the broad ground of æsthetics, and one's success in teaching young people to understand it depends considerably on the ability so to present it. The instructor should play on a pianoforte all the music studied or, failing that, a mechanical pianoplayer should be used.

And now let me say that the most important and beneficial step any community could take toward improving its school music would be to secure a supervisor who is untainted by current American pedagogical theories of sight-

¹ Counterpoint, for example, is, strictly, note against note — two melodies parallel to each other. Æsthetically, counterpoint consists in illuminating, illustrating, or developing a phrase or theme by *parts of itself* — what in architecture would be described as making the ornament grow out of the structure. — THE AUTHOR.

singing; who will not attempt to teach little children something they cannot possibly understand, and who will use nothing but the best music from the kindergarten to the high school. No community is really helpless if it will bestir itself. If our public-school music teaching were well devised and properly administered, and if our children were taught to sing nothing but the best music, we might look forward to a time, not far distant, when a generation of music-lovers would take the place of the present generation of music-tasters. Our young people would gravitate naturally into choirs and singing societies. Groups of people would gather together to sing; families would sing together; there would be chamber-music parties; we should pass many a quiet domestic evening at home listening to Mozart and Beethoven instead of playing bridge or going to a moving-picture theatre. The whole body of American music would be affected by the influx of those young people who would want the best. In course of time, perhaps, — although one must not expect the millennium, — the vapid drawing-room song would disappear along with the tinkling pianoforte show-piece. 'Cellists would play something better than pieces by Popper; the thirteenth concerto by Viotti and the thirtieth Hungarian Rhapsody would be relegated to that limbo where now repose (we hope in death) the 'Battle of Prague' and 'Monastery Bells.' This cannot be brought about casually. We must set about it; and the place to begin is in our public schools.

THE TRENCH-RAIDERS

[THE author of this graphic diary is a Canadian officer who has distinguished himself in the service. The raids he describes with such terrible directness took place by way of preparation for the general assault of the German lines. They were planned, as everybody knows, to harass the defenders and do all possible damage without intention of bringing on a general engagement or making permanent acquisition of territory. What follows, though written without remotest thought of publication, is printed textually from the manuscript excepting only that all names have been changed. — THE EDITORS.]

I AM writing this up on February 3, and, now that it is all over, I can tell you about it. The week I have spent at the Grenade School was really training bombers and scouts for a special raid that we were going to make on the German trenches. I of course could not mention anything about it before. We had a very busy week, and I had an exact plan of their trenches laid out life-size on the ground with tape, and on this we practiced day and night, also going down and practicing in some real trenches of the support lines. I had nine scouts and twenty-three bombers, Captain Archer, the Bomb Officer, and myself. I was in command, made all the reconnaissances, and Archer trained the bombers. I gave them lectures on what to expect and what to look for, and we even learned how to say in German, 'Hands up!' 'Come out of there!' 'Be quick!' 'Keep quiet!' etc. We spent a lot of time choosing weapons and deciding on dress and equipment and working out the artillery, machine-

gun, and rifle grenade battery support required.

Sunday, *January 30, 1916*

We were now all ready. The men had supper early and moved off to a strong point half a mile from our front line. There they had their faces blacked, so as not to show up when the flares (star shells) were up, and also for means of identification. I left later and wrote some letters, as I thought there was a sporting chance that I would figure in the casualty lists in the morning, but was n't worrying much, as I figured our plan was all right and I had the finest men in the world with me to carry it out. The weather was right. A pitch-black night, just above freezing, and the moon not due to rise till after 4 A.M. We were to try to attack at 1 A.M. At 10 P.M., two of my scouts went out to cut the German barbed wire. This was a heroic task, as the stuff is awfully thick and fifteen yards across. They expected to be through at 12.30 A.M. I might say that the — Battalion was putting on a similar show about a thousand yards south, and the great thing was to have them come off at the same moment.

Monday, *January 31, 1916*

At twelve midnight, we moved up to the front line in our correct order and went right out through a gap in the parapet to a hedge corner 150 yards out in No Man's Land. The trenches are about 250 yards apart here. Here we lay down to wait for word from Bates. I had a signaller installed out there with a buzzer telephone, and we were connected up at once with everybody concerned right back to the brigadier. At 12.30 A.M. I got anxious about Bates

and sent a scout to find out what was the matter. He came back about 1 A.M. and said there had been a lot more new wire put out during the fog that day, but the scouts were still cutting. We had laid a white tape on the ground all the way from our trenches to the German wire and through the wire too, and had also paid out a long rope to pull back any heavy object. We also had a little bridge ready to put across a ditch, if one was found. We were getting pretty cold lying on the wet ground, and not able to move. About this time we got a message over the wire asking if Captain Shaw wanted any rum, and I wired back, 'No Dutch courage needed, thanks.' About 1.50 A.M. Scout Benton came in and reported that the wire was cut. I wired this in, and six minutes later the — Battalion got theirs cut, and we were both told to attack at 2.30 A.M. We were about frozen stiff by this time, besides being wet, but my sympathy went out to those boys in the wire. There they were under the nose of the sentry, working quietly on, not only cutting wire but having to carry it away. Just then Bates came back himself, and told us the Germans were nervous, and there seemed to be a lot of them in the trenches, and we would have to keep very quiet.

Well, we started, and every time a flare went up we flattened ourselves to the ground and prayed to high Heaven that no one would see us. However, we made the trip so quietly that Hartley, who was expecting us, never saw or heard us until Archer and I closed up on him. A great tree had been knocked down by a shell a few days before and lay breast-high across our path in the wire. Over this we had to climb, first one leg and then the other, and every once in a while a sentry would blaze away into the night over our heads. This was the worst part of the whole affair, because any sentry on the alert

would have seen us. I thought the crackling of the twigs would have given us away, everything was so still; and I expected every instant to hear a machine gun close by open on us — but these Huns are a sleepy bunch. When ten men had got over the stump and twenty-four more were strung out forty yards behind, the — Battalion started. We heard a volley of bombs, and instantly the air was full of flare rockets, and the jig was up. There we were all tangled up in the wire, looking as if a search-light was shining on us. The alarm had been given; men were running along the walks inside, sentries were speeding up their fire, so we had to act quick. Hartley, Archer, Bates, and I crawled up the great high parapet abreast, and each threw a bomb over. They exploded with a fearful crash, and then things began to happen quick — too quick to remember everything. I got on to the broad top of the parapet and looked into a trench ten feet deep and forty feet long. About thirty feet on my left, in a corner, I spotted a sentry. I yelled to the boys to come on, and the sentry took a pot shot at me, but his aim was bad. I shot at him with my revolver. He was yelling 'Alarm!' at the top of his voice, and then decided to go, and stepped down; but I got him good with my second shot. I jumped into the trench and landed on my feet. I got my back to a little recess and took my flash-lamp and looked at my watch. The rest of the party came over with a rush. Almost at once Corporal Jones was shot through the head, and fell at my feet. I got knocked down with something and dropped my lamp. I took Corporal Jones's out of his hand, turned around, and flashed it on a Hun who was coming at me head on. I shot him through the stomach. Archer, Hartley, and I got Corporal Jones out, and then Bates, who was dead. It was an awful job, as a dead man is so heavy

and the trench so deep. All this time there was the most awful noise going on, and the sky was alight with the flashes of explosions. Our bombs are deadly things, and the Germans were bombing us back. They got a machine gun in the trench and enfiladed us and killed Brown and wounded Sergeant Simkins, and Lieutenant-Colonel Porter, all in one corner. We got them all out. I turned around and examined the dug-out in front of which I was standing, and found nothing there. When I came out, one of the bombers shot at me point-blank, but the safety catch of his revolver was on, so the revolver did not fire. He thought I was a German coming out! Archer came to me, mad as the dickens because his revolver was jammed. I reloaded mine and tried to fix his, but could n't. So we searched the German I shot and took a box of sugar out of his pocket. We did n't want the sugar, but the address on the parcel which gave his regiment, etc. I got his cap, but lost it. He was a young, fair-haired fellow, and shut his eyes when I looked at him. I thought he was shamming dead, and ordered him to climb out, and tried to drag him out, but he was too heavy. Soon I noticed nobody but Sergeant McDuff on my right and Captain Ashley on the left. I asked if their parties were all out, and they said 'Yes.' So I blew my signal and told them to 'beat it,' and we all jumped.

We had been in six minutes! What happened was that our men spread right and left, and cleaned up three or four bays altogether. We had run slam into a 'stand to,' and men were thick. We killed between forty and fifty of them. The men were so wild about Bates and Brown that they killed every one, although they squealed and yelled, 'Please, mister,' and 'Kamerade.' We got two prisoners, and they were both killed getting them out. We

sure got even for the mine explosion in October that night. Well, we ran out of their wire. I was last, and kept chasing them along. I noticed that there was no fire coming from this particular point, and yelled at the men to run. Captain Ashley was with me, and said he was all right, but as a matter of fact he had eight wounds, though I did not know it. Corporal Perry fell in a shell hole up to his neck in water. He was hurt in the knee, and I pulled him up. I finally landed up at our trenches with Sergeant Simkins's arm around my neck; he was pretty badly shot up. All the way back our artillery kept up a terrible fire on the enemy. The Germans cut loose with everything they had, but I had been figuring the thing out for two months, and knew exactly where they would fire if surprised, and carefully kept out of those places, so got the whole party home without any losses on the way. We got back to our starting-point, called the roll, and found three dead, one missing (probably dead), and five men wounded.

I felt terribly about poor Benton (one of the two scouts who cut the wire). He was in my old platoon, and was a natural scout and sniper, and a man whom all the scouts respected. He was a great chum of Scout Hearn, who was also in the fight and did wonderful work. At the beginning of the row he ran along outside the parapet to the next bay and looked over. Three Germans were running past. He shot them all, and jumped in to meet two others coming the other way. He shot the first and took the other prisoner, but he got killed on him on the way out and fell back into the trench. In an instant he jumped in after him and stripped him of everything but his pants and boots, handed the stuff out in two sandbags, and then on to the next bay. He killed four more, and then spotted a crowd of fifteen or twenty Huns in one place, all

struggling and confused. He went back and got two bombers, Nash and Chase, and they threw about a dozen bombs into this mass, and must have nearly exterminated them. It was just sheer butchery, not fighting. On the other flank the fellows got it hotter with the machine-gun, but bombed the crew and destroyed the gun. Captain Archer shot off his first clip of cartridges, then pulled the bayonet from his puttees, and after killing two Germans with that he threw it away, complaining that it was too dull; and taking the bayonet off another German he killed him with his own weapon. I think Fritz will have a wholesome respect for the Canadians after this. Whom do you think we had the luck to thrash so well that night? Nobody else but the troops of the — Division of Prussian Guards, just moved into the trenches that night for a rest(?) after being in many battles on the Russian front.

We who could walk marched away home to the Grenade School, where we arrived about 2 A.M. and had a hot meal. General Meldrum, Major West, and other officers came in to congratulate us. I turned in at 6 A.M. but could not sleep, so got up at 10 A.M. and got cleaned up. My face was still black, and my uniform a wreck. The colonel came up about noon, and we started to get the men's stories. Then I went down to Brigade Headquarters and spent the afternoon there, and had dinner. General Birch and Colonel Geary of the General Staff were down, and shook hands with all the men, and said they had made history, for it was the first recorded instance in this war where a successful attack had been made without artillery preparation to cut the wire. Major Barnes of the Army Staff was down and congratulated me. He is a brother of the great Admiral Barnes. Our men are all delighted, and the fight will buck up the whole division. Colo-

nel Pike says our fellows will never fear a German after that. They say the men in our trenches lined the parapet during the scrap and rooted and cheered for us as though it were a hockey match. When they saw us come out, they set up such a cheer that it could be heard a mile away. Well, I turned in early and had a sound sleep.

Tuesday, February 1, 1916.

Congratulations are the order of the day. I didn't think our little show would make such a fuss, but it seems that it has. The colonel and I rode over to — to see our wounded, but they had all been cleared the night before for England except White, who had to have an operation, but will be all right. We rode back, and I got a scratch lunch at 3 P.M. That night the battalion moved into Brigade Reserve, so I went up to live at headquarters.

Forgot to say that in the morning we buried Corporal Jones and Sergeant Simkins in the little military cemetery. Our chaplain read the service, and the sad part of it was that his own son, Lieutenant Warren, of the — Brigade, was shot that morning while on patrol in No Man's Land.

Thursday, March 30, 1916.

Fine and clear. Lieutenant-Colonel Jessop came back, and is acting brigadier, and Lieutenant-Colonel Pierce went on leave. Did not get away from office all day, except for a short walk.

Friday, March 31, 1916.

A beautiful spring day. We were relieved by a British brigade, who are moving into our area, and we moved out to a rest area. They have been in a lot of fighting, so hope they have a quiet time here. We have had a pretty soft time compared to lots of people in this war. We gave their staff lunch, then we handed over and they took

charge, and we had dinner with them. It is quite a simple thing. We take out about 4000 men with all their arms, equipment, stores, and baggage, and turn over several thousand yards of line to an equal number of people with just as much stuff as we have. Everything is checked, receipts given; everybody sleeps in a new place that night; and every man has his supper on time. After dinner Lieutenant-Colonel Jessop, Captain Black, and I got in a car, and went away off at a fearful rate of speed over fine roads well over the border into France to a nice big house. I got a good mattress on the floor upstairs and had a fine sleep.

Saturday, April 1, 1916.

A fine warm spring day. I find this is a fine large house in a nice garden, on that busy road up which we marched that dusty day last September. Nearly everybody was out, and I had to mind the office all day. I hated to stay inside.

8 P.M. Just got word that, instead of getting a week's rest here in good billets, we have to move into another part of the line. Some of the Twenty-Seventh have already started. Poor fellows! they only got here this forenoon, so it will be a long day for them. We go in the morning, so will be up late packing again.

Sunday, April 2, 1916.

A real hot day. Our brigade formed up and away we marched. I was up at 5 A.M. and we were all busy very early. Black and the General dropped out at Division Headquarters, so Lieutenant-Colonel Jessop was in charge, and I rode with him at the head. Two whole divisions were on the move, so the traffic on the roads was immense, but well handled by our police, and we had no blocks, and arrived on time at a town where I had never been before. I was busy directing battalions to their new

billets, and had a good chance to see all the men go by. I was never so proud of our fellows. They looked so big and clean and fresh, and compared very favorably with all the British regiments which had passed us. We have a nice camp here, and I am sharing a hut with our chaplain, Major Warren. I wish we could stay here a week. The grass looks so green in the fields, I feel more like playing baseball than anything else.

Monday, April 3, 1916.

Fine and warm. Fairly busy all day. Got another order to move into the line to-night, so the business of packing everything up once more was gone through. Not bad — three moves in three days. We got down to our new headquarters about 9 P.M., and our regiments took over the new line. Our headquarters are in dug-outs, in what was once a garden. We are quite comfortable, but no moving about in daylight and no fires are allowed. I wish I could tell you where we were, but it's a place with a reputation. The British have just taken a piece of the German line after blowing up some enormous mines, but they did n't get it quite all and fought for the rest for a week, and now they have it. They are good troops, but badly shot up and dead tired, and were more than glad to see us. No doubt the Boche will try to take the line back, and we are in for a hot time; but we say he can't do it. To make us feel that this here war is still going on, we were shelled for three hours, just after we arrived, but beyond damaging some good clover in the next field the result was nil. Black spent the night in going over the line.

Tuesday, April 4, 1916.

Black came in at 4.30 A.M. covered to the eyes with mud and very much disgusted. He had a long story to tell, but the gist of it was that things were

in worse shape than we thought. He said the dead were so thick he couldn't help walking on them. I thought he was excited, but know better now. I started round about 10 A.M. and picked up Dan Ferris and Captain Mann of the 28th. Both good snipers, checking things over. We crawled through a long irrigation ditch about two and a half feet deep, called a trench, across what was No Man's Land. We got to the Boche trench, which was looking very much the worse for wear. My intention was to go through it and out the other side. The water was hip-deep in places. Dead bodies of English, Scotch, and Germans were everywhere. It was not a pleasant sight, but I will spare you the details. About this time the Huns opened up a furious bombardment with heavy shells, about one hundred yards down the line. Pretty soon the wounded began to come out, so I saw it was no use trying to push through, and waited for the cannonade to stop; but after waiting an hour it only got more intense, and, what interested me more, began to come my way. So we all made a motion to adjourn. On the way back a high explosive shrapnel burst over us, and Ferris got hit in the leg, and Mann got a scratch. Ferris joked about it and walked out, but I made him go to the dressing-station and get fixed up. I was bound to get round the line, so worked out to a road about a mile in rear and through a wood where the 29th were in dug-outs. Had lunch with Major Penn and Bob O'Hara, and finally got around to the extreme left near a canal and to the 31st line, but could n't get back through to the right, owing to a gap in the trench. Five men before me had given up their lives trying to cross the gap, so I could n't see the use of me doing likewise. I turned back therefore and walked back home. I went out with four men for company, and we were seen and shelled, and had to take

refuge in a ruin for a while. I met Major Eastman down the road, and we went out together. When we got near one of the batteries, the Huns shelled it, and splashed mud all over us, so I was glad to get in finally. Our people were heavily shelled in the line to-night. Back at our old area we had the Hun pretty well behaved, but I can plainly see this is a hot spot, and that he will *strafe* us every chance he gets, and you will hear more of this place later on. One thing is sure, and that is we got a raw deal. We took the place over in the dark from exhausted troops who were only too glad to get out. We had never a chance to look the place over in daylight, and were at once faced with the problem of clearing out a lot of British wounded and burying the dead, as well as trying to consolidate and guard our new line, which might be attacked any minute.

Wednesday, April 5, 1916.

The General and Enderby went around the line and got caught where I did yesterday, and were nearly killed, but got out all right. I have been very busy with maps, as everybody is clamoring for them. The shelling on the line was very heavy, and it is very trying on the men's nerves to stand in a wet trench for hours and see and hear shells hit the trench all about them, and see their chums getting knocked out. Moreover, the dead and badly wounded usually have to stay there till night before they can be brought out.

Thursday, April 6, 1916.

Was awakened at 3.30 A.M. by a heavy bombardment, so got up, and found the General and Black in the office. Pretty soon the 27th 'phoned to say they had a prisoner and he said the Germans were going to attack at dawn. This was immediately followed by 'They are attacking now at —,'

and the telephone was cut off. Well, things began to hum then. Our artillery at once opened a terrific fire, and the battle was on. It was hard to get news, so I got two scouts and bicycles, and we got down to a little ruined village about a half mile behind the firing-line. We had a telephone station and a dressing-station there. I never saw a place that was such a complete ruin. Nothing is standing whole, and our men are kept in dug-outs burrowed into the wreckage. One makes one's way about, not by following the streets, for that is inviting sudden death, but by devious routes through the wall of one house into another, and by cellars and ditches. The first thing we did was to get an observation post. The country is a flat marsh, so there was nothing for it but a wrecked attic of a school facing the German line. We got sandbagged in there and set up two telescopes, and we soon had the Boche located, digging for dear life in two of the big craters. I had to admire the devils, for they exposed themselves recklessly from the waist up, and worked like good fellows. I got Mann and Ferris (who, by the way, got out of hospital) and twelve other snipers working. Mann crawled up close, under heavy shell-fire, and picked off twelve Huns, and after that they did n't show themselves very much. Then the Boche did a rotten thing. He laid a wounded Canadian on the parapet and sniped over his body, knowing we would not shoot. I can't tell you the whole story, but shortly it is this: —

The British made an attack on the German line after blowing six big mine-craters under them. The British then charged over in the confusion, and under cover of their artillery fire, and occupied the German line, but did not get quite all of it, and the Germans got though the gap and occupied one of the craters. But the British finally cut them off and starved them out, and

took over eighty prisoners. By this time the British were getting very much exhausted, and had lost a lot of men, whom they had had no time to bury or even carry out. The trenches were waist-deep in water and choked with dead men and débris of all kinds. The result was, we had gained a valuable little knoll, which was defended by a thin line in terrible shape, and where the enemy was sure to attack in a day or two. This was the place we took over in the dark from people so tired and hungry that when they heard we were coming their one desire was to get out. Mind you, these fellows had made a most gallant fight, but they were all done in. It was a leap in the dark for our boys, but they took it cheerfully. I have told you how I went around the trenches on Tuesday. Well, very early Thursday morning, after a most terrific bombardment, which on a small part of our new line absolutely killed or wounded every one there and destroyed all our machine-guns, and flattened the trenches out completely, the Germans came in through the gap and got into two of the craters, and took out people in the rear. Moran and Davis, of the 29th, hung on most of the day, but finally had to pull out. From 4 A.M. until 10 P.M. the artillery of both sides never ceased, until the guns became red-hot and horses and men were exhausted. British gunners who have been in the Ypres salient for a year or more say they never saw anything to equal it. Talk about a shell never hitting twice in the same place! Why, the dirt would n't settle from one explosion before another shell would land in the hole. The 28th were in the little village and nine of us shared one cold dug-out for thirty-six hours. I was at the telephone most of the time, and got no sleep, and we lived on cold grub until the night, when the faithful Violet brought us down hot coffee and pork and beans.

During the day the 28th made several gallant bombing attacks, and captured and held three of the craters, but had heavy losses. It is a terrible place, all holes and craters and water and dead and wounded men. Lieutenant Robinson led the first bomb attack with all those fine bombers that were in the raid with me, and when he came back he cried like a baby. Kittson tried it next, got out there in the dark, and got absolutely lost till 4 A.M. Friday, and he came in and bawled and wept like a child for half an hour from sheer rage and exhaustion and nerve-shock. Then Peter Baxter took it on, and stuck at it all day, and Newton and Barker relieved him at night. I could fill a book with tales of daring done those two days. Scouts of all battalions made trip after trip with messages in the open, because they couldn't move fast enough in the communication trenches ('C.T.' for short). Signallers repaired wire under heavy fire. Stretcher-bearers went everywhere, even into the craters, after wounded. Men everywhere stuck to their ground, when their trenches and dug-outs and wire were all gone and all their officers too. Well, our brigade was partly relieved Friday night, and I walked back to headquarters, helped on my way by a liberal supply of gas shells, which make the eyes water and the throat sore; and finally, after a two-mile walk that seemed like fifty, I got there, and found all our staff but Black had gone. The 4th Brigade offered me dinner, and I tried to eat it, but could n't, as the Germans strafed the whole place. I would just get a mouthful when I would hear a shell coming and have to dive for a dug-out. This part of the country is really getting unsafe.

I could n't get a bed and had no blankets; but as I had gone sixty-four hours with four hours sleep I did n't care much, so curled up in a corner and

soon was asleep. But Captain James Pelham (son of the General) very kindly dug me up and put me in his cot and slept on the floor himself.

Saturday, April 8, 1916.

General Shelton came down, and I got a ride back in his car, and about noon landed up at the nice rest-camp where we arrived last Sunday. Everybody is all in, and nobody knows the day or date, or when we were here last. We were cheered up by reading in the English papers that 'the Canadians had lost the trenches won by the British.' Everybody feels very sick about that. I think it is a rotten thing to say. If we had won them, they would have taken all the credit themselves. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army now says that the line was tactically unsound and an impossible one to hold, and no blame attaches to us. Even at that, if we had had a chance to look it over once in daylight, we would never have let the Germans through. Well, we did our best, and the casualty lists will show that we stood our ground and made a fight, and what's more, we are still fighting. Newton got relieved tonight and is O.K.

Saturday, April 15, 1916.

Cold and wintry, with showers. Felt miserable all day. Think I have a touch of gripe. Went around and saw the scouts of three battalions. Corporal McBride, of the 28th, is getting a commission, and is going to be scout officer of the battalion.

Sunday, April 16, 1916.

A little warmer. In the morning walked over to the neighboring village, and from there to the 31st camp. Had a talk to the new scout officer and to Lieutenant-Colonel Stone there, and walked back. Worked in office all afternoon and evening.

Monday, April 17, 1916.

Cold and showery. Did not get out of the camp all day. Two of our battalions went into the line to-night. We follow to-morrow.

Tuesday, April 18, 1916.

Cold, windy, and wet. How I hate this country! I am absolutely fed up with the war this week. Got a motor car and the General, Black, Sheyne (the interpreter), and I went down to headquarters in the line. Things have been bad along here, and the other brigade staff are staying on to help us. The amount of work to be done on the line is immense. Sometimes hundreds of men work all night in the rain to do a piece of trench, and the next day the Germans throw a thousand shells or so at it and flatten it out. The amount of artillery ammunition used up in a day on both sides of this front is a fright. They don't care what they shell or how often. We made a mistake here and the wily Hun is taking full advantage of it. Some day the story will be told. It would be funny if it were not for the fact that so many men have been lost over it.

Wednesday, April 19, 1916.

Was up at 2 A.M. to take the night shift and was busy all day. The night was quiet, suspiciously so. They shelled our men heavily in the craters all afternoon, and they became cut off from us. Just after 6 P.M. we saw signs of an attack coming, and turned loose all our artillery. The General ordered me to go down to the line at once, so I went to the battered little village where I spent April 6 and 7. It was an awful trip. I had Carter, a 28th scout, with me, for no one ever goes alone here. I can't tell you where we are, but it is in the Ypres salient, and that is the most critical place in the British line and the country fairly bristles with guns. On our way down we had to pass any number

of batteries, concealed in all sorts of places, and they were all firing. As it was getting dark, the flash of the guns lit up the sky, and Fritz was busy trying to knock out our guns and catch troops and transports on all roads. Carter and I hit across country, avoiding all hard roads, tramways, and camps like a plague, and sticking to the soft, muddy ground. It was harder going, but, if a shell hit near us, we stood a good chance that it would bury deep in the mud before exploding, and we would be comparatively safe. We could not tell the difference between the shriek of the shells going and those coming. Flares of every color were going up like mad, and our front line was catching it, I could see.

As soon as I got to the village, I got to the signaller dug-out and got busy with the 'phone. I learned that the Germans had attacked and been beaten off, but we had been forced to retire a little in one place. Well, it was an all-night struggle under impossible conditions. The mud is beyond description. It is so deep that it is not possible to walk in it. Men lie on their bellies and wallow and wiggle through it! Then rifles and ammunition become useless, and they are exhausted before the real attack starts. A major who came back to report fainted in my arms, and was unconscious until morning, when we removed him on a stretcher. Fresh troops were put in the line at daybreak, and I saw the others come out. There was plenty of fight left in them yet, but they were very wet and tired. Some were barefoot, having lost their boots in the mire. Of course the rain poured down the whole night on the sodden mass of ground they call Belgium.

Thursday, April 20, 1916.

I stayed till the afternoon going around to the different O.P. (observation posts). The shelling of the past

few days has altered the scenery considerably. No definite line can be seen. All is chaos, a mass of torn-up earth, and wreckage, and dead bodies. I got back to headquarters and found they had been shelled last night. An artillery officer was killed, and two men wounded. Our dug-out got a wallop too, but it is a steel one and the shell bounced off. Everybody is dog-tired. I have had no sleep practically for three nights, being sick all the night before we went in. We were all looking forward to a sleep to-night, as another brigade was relieving us, but it ended up in me walking about three miles to the other brigade's camp. Somebody gave me wrong directions, and I did a lot of tramping around the country before I arrived. Finally, about midnight, Barnet and I lay down on top of Pinckney's bed and slept till 5 A.M.

Friday, April 21, 1916.

Somebody said it was Good Friday. Have n't the slightest idea myself. We had an early breakfast and got a car to take us to our headquarters in the rest billets. There was a lot to do, and many reports needed, but I quit in the afternoon and took to bed. I have rather a bad cold and did n't see how it was going to get better unless I laid up. The faithful Peters put mustard plaster on my chest and got some cough mixture for me. It is pouring rain and a terrible night to be out. How I pity the poor lads in the trenches! The word has just come in to have our gas helmets handy, as there is a gas attack somewhere. We can smell it here. However, I can get twelve hours' sleep in dry blankets to-night. I suppose this is a holiday at home. This is not a very cheerful diary, but I will be all right to-morrow.

WHAT OF ENGLAND?

[The following extracts are from a correspondence between two friends; the first and last are by an American whose New England ancestry runs into the Colony of Massachusetts, and who occupies a position in a college near Boston; the other is by a Canadian who has lived for many years in the United States as a student and teacher in a University of the Middle West. Secure in their mutual respect and friendship, they make an honest attempt to define the motives of that England which is so dear to them both. — THE EDITORS.]

1

ENGLAND sees this war as a war of right against wrong. She quite honestly believes it to be that.

This view of herself, which is at once the weakness and the strength of England, is characteristic. It is the view expressed by the Man in the Street and by Sir Edward Grey in his admonition to neutrals.

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I am of English speech, of English blood, brought up on English literature and English history, dearly loving England and cherishing my English heritage. What can I say to Sir Edward Grey's challenge? *Not what I should like to say.* Only that I do not believe that she represents righteousness in this war — neither she nor any belligerent. I do not believe that the cause of small nations is guaranteed by

her victory, or necessarily defeated in her defeat. Unspeakable as would be the calamity of a victorious Germany, I do not believe that crushing Germany would strengthen the development of democracy in Central Europe, but the reverse. For if Germany is crushed her people will be bound by every tie of indignant loyalty to the imperialism which gave them their brief forty-four years of unity, glory, and economic prosperity, while Russia would be given a power more unbridled than ever before, to hold down her subject classes and her subject peoples. England's loss of interest in Finland's wrongs, her surrender of Russian refugees to the Tsar's police are very evil auguries.

As between the belief of England that her cause is justice without alloy, and that of her outside friends who do not believe this, where, *a priori*, is the truth likely to lie? With those whose press is censored, whose publishers can issue no 'enemy' works copyrighted since the war began, who are engaged in the heat and dust of the struggle, whose hearts are sore with suffering, or with neutral friends who cannot accept England's cause at her own valuation?

Not doing so, am I, as Mr. Muirhead said in the *New York Nation* last summer, like the benevolent old gentleman who impartially admonishes two fighting boys without taking the trouble to notice that one is a bully and the other putting up a righteous fight?

This fight is indeed one in which tremendous issues of right and wrong are involved and in which (as I see it) the guilt of the Central powers is the greatest. But it is also a fight (as I see it) which both are to blame for bringing on, if one traces the responsibilities back a little way; in which both have mixed motives; to end which, both must yield something. So far from feeling self-righteous for myself and my nation,

I am most painfully aware how far I and mine fall short, and how cheap is the virtue of those who have not been through the fiery furnace. Yet we, outsiders but not alien, may help by stating our cooler point of view, and the opportunity to do so creates the duty.

May the love of fair play, which is one of the finest English traits, triumph over the tendency to self-righteousness, which is not hypocrisy (though many not unfriendly Continental observers interpret it as such), which is, rather, twin-brother to the self-righteousness of Germany, though neither country could endure to admit it. Just as German sentimentalism has taken at one time the guise of the sorrowing Werther and at another the guise of the knight in shining armor, so English idealism sees itself now as the apostle of free trade and peace, and again as the armed champion of the weak and oppressed.

When is our England, which combines hardheaded practical sense with the honest simple purpose to do right at whatever cost, going to come to herself and deal with the issues of the war *as they now are*, apart from rhetoric and Kiplingism?

II

What you have written regarding England's present attitude on the war has interested me profoundly. I feel with you that just now, when the censorship of peace discussion is somewhat relaxed, there is a very definite kind of help which sympathetic Americans can give to thinking Englishmen. That help must consist in holding up a kind of mirror by which England could see herself as others see her and be saved from foolishness and self-righteousness, from mistaking national pride for national conscience, from missing something of that deeper ideal of interna-

tionalism for which she honestly supposes herself to be fighting. If she does think of this war as one of right against wrong, if she has made her heroic sacrifices in that spirit, then she can and will listen to the highest reason. But if Americans, and especially American pacifists, are to gain her ear, they will have to bear certain things in mind: —

(1) England as a whole does not believe in non-resistance. She believes that principles have to be vigorously maintained and contended for, and that military force is a justifiable means to use if other means are not enough.

(2) England believes that there are at present vital points at issue. If you scold her for self-righteousness in contending that her cause is just and that the war is one of right against wrong, she may admit, as a matter of taste and good manners, that you are probably in the right of it; beyond this she will be more or less puzzled as to what you mean. The average Britisher in his most candid and confidential mood may confess a good many national sins — that in Persia and Morocco England's hands were n't clean, that the Boer War was a crime, that there are plenty of things to be ashamed of in Egypt, India, and Ireland, that an alliance with Russia has its embarrassing aspects, and that England is not free of blame for the conditions that brought on the war; that some of the methods of carrying on the war have not been what one would have chosen, that the German people may be in the main very decent, and that not all Englishmen are angels.

But he will nevertheless — all this and more being granted — stoutly insist that the war is one of right against wrong. 'We'd be glad to stop,' he will say, 'if Germany would give in, but if she won't what are we to do? Come now, honestly, what can we do about it? Even granting, for the sake of argument, that we are partly responsible for

letting France and Belgium in for this, is n't that all the more reason why we have got to get them out of the scrape? You say we ought to yield. Yield what? Yield Belgium, Serbia, and France to Prussian domination? Yield Europe to the menace of militarism? Just because we have n't any Germans in our own territory; just because we are the fellows with the navy and with resources over seas; just because we are n't feeling the pinch yet as much as the others but will feel it if we go on; just because we have been slow and bungling in getting at it and were n't prepared when we ought to have been and have had to let France bear the brunt of it; just because the others could n't go on without us — don't you see, all that is the very reason why we have to stay in? The whole thing is a point of national honor and world-responsibility. *We may have done wrong in the past; I grant you we are n't perfect. But that's no reason for doing wrong now.* Two wrongs don't make a right. Yield! Yield the principles of freedom and justice? You know you *can't* mean that seriously! Of course we ought not to take any particular credit to ourselves for fighting. Any decent fellow would fight. But it is of absolute importance to keep it clear in our own minds and the minds of our people that it would be a mean, cowardly trick to quit.

'We are sorry about the mails and the interference with trade and all that. The war has been rough on you neutrals, but not half so rough as it has been on us. We've carried the heavy end — don't forget. And you have only had to sit still and make money. Of course, in going to put out the fire, as it were [here we will let him borrow an illustration from a recent cartoon], we've had to cross your lawn, and technically we've no right to be there. But if we don't put the fire out, your place will catch next. Technically we ought

to have gone around another way if you shut your gate against us, but that would have increased the risk to all concerned. We may have dug up your lawn a bit, but we were careful not to hurt anybody and to do as little damage as might be. I know we're using our own private apparatus, but if the town had no fire engine, what were we to do? And you know — if you don't mind my saying it — *if you had any sense of civic responsibility, you'd have turned in and helped us.* I'm prepared to admit that man for man the Germans may be as good as we are; but I'm not prepared to admit that this war is a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other, or that it's a toss-up who ought to win. It's a war of right against wrong, and if we want our people to behave worthily, we've got to keep that fact clearly and steadily before them. For until we can obtain the freedom of Belgium, France, and Serbia and some guaranty that the thing won't happen again, we've got to keep on fighting.'

This being the state of mind of the Britisher, it is of no use to urge him to 'yield.' Any hint of compromise will close his ears to what you have to say. You must make it clear to him that you have in mind some alternative to his present course of action, some constructive alternative, which will not outrage his own code of honor, though it may transcend it. If you wish him to stop the war now, you will have to point out either (a) that the essentials of 'the right' can be obtained from Germany now as terms of peace, or (b) (if you disbelieve sufficiently in the military method) that even if Germany would not now agree to 'right' terms, the Allies could nevertheless stop fighting without yielding, by continuing their moral protest and by keeping up the fight morally until the 'right' has triumphed.

(3) And now here is a third thing to bear in mind in offering any criticism. Our Britisher, if he is a gentleman, will be polite, or try to be, and will do his best to conceal the fact that he minds what you've said. *But as a matter of fact, he is cut to the heart.* Look him straight in the face and you will see that his eyes are miserable. He is saying to himself that what he minds is not so much your criticism as your neutrality. That you are an American and, being an American, fail to understand and are detached and judicial and say 'you' when he vaguely feels that you ought to say 'we' — that hurts. Though, naturally, he is n't going to admit it, he feels precisely as he would if, for no reason that he could understand, his own brother courteously but firmly insisted on treating him as a stranger. One of the pathetic things in this war has been the way that England has turned to America for sympathy; the eagerness, for example, with which she has watched the American press; the conscientious way that a periodical like the *Nation* has tried to follow and respond to it. England wants to understand American opinion, but it remains more or less of a puzzle. Individual Americans have reacted in various ways. Some have been vehemently partisan and reflected the English view of the war. Some have been dispassionately critical. Blind partisanship — cold criticism! America might have given something so much better than either. Individuals have at times given that better thing; but America as a whole has failed to react. Somewhere she has missed the point. 'America is young and hard,' I used to explain it to myself in the first year of the war. 'Her cruelty is the cruelty of youth. She has not yet lived enough as a nation. That is why she cannot understand.' But I think that perhaps the true explanation is something like this: —

The European nations have been stimulated into intense national consciousness; America has not. She cannot react as a whole because her own thought, her own feeling, have not been amalgamated. She has been divided rather than united by the war. And because the feeling of Americans is not collective, it lacks somewhat the depth and power that we find in the experience of the nations that have been consolidated by the war. The American who is determined not to 'make his judgment blind' has refused the British emotion, has refused the German emotion, and yet is not taken out of himself by that American emotion which ought to have gone out both to England and to Germany and given them something which they have been half unconsciously asking of America since the war began. That they have asked it, that there is wistful reproach — passing sometimes into proud and bitter resentment — in their attitude to America, is only a hint and symbol of the range of possibilities in the future world-order of the friendship of nations, which may introduce new and productive elements into the complex of human relations. America as a whole has missed the great experience of this period when humanity has been self-conscious as it never has been self-conscious before. America has not been able to gather herself into one unit of power and feeling, to concentrate her forces to one end. Yet it may be that it is in the peace negotiation, in the new, creative internationalism that she will find herself, and that those who have looked to her for comprehension and affection will no longer ask in vain.

And so it is a delicate matter for an American to approach the belligerents in a spirit of criticism. It is needful to remember that there may be bad motives as well as good motives for stopping a war; that England may be hon-

estly afraid of stopping, through bad motives, in weakness and weariness betraying what she feels to be her high cause. The pacifists must make it very clear that they do not want to impose their notion of right on her against her conscience, but that they have a positive and constructive ideal not out of harmony with her own, and that in asking her to stop the war, they want to appeal definitely to good motives and to repudiate bad ones.

What one would like to make England understand is that her lovers in the United States have taken her profession of idealistic motive quite literally and are applying to the British nation as a whole those standards of taste and feeling, of conscience, humanity, dignity, unselfishness, that have hitherto been applied to individuals only. Such a standard of criticism may be, as it were, unjustly high, may be unreasonable and discouraging, but it cannot be called uncomplimentary. Englishmen think the attitude priggish and presumptuous and are disposed to bid the neutrals concern themselves with their own national faults and responsibilities. But therein, after all, the English are unjust to their critics. It may as well be candidly admitted; the fault of those critics has been simply that they have idealized England.

And now what is it that we want of her — we, who cannot deny expression to our desire that she achieve the ideal of her that we cherish? If she would do for us just what we wish, what are the things specifically that we would ask her to do? First of all, as you have said, we want her to give up self-defensive argument and recrimination and to seek the right in simplicity and humility of spirit. We want her statesmen to give to the people new and high catch-words, sane, human, restoring. We want the censorship of ideas to cease, and freedom of thought and of

speech to prevail again. We want to be certain (though again it may be no business of ours) that England is going to remedy, as rapidly as she has power to do, any conditions within her own Empire which may be inconsistent with her avowed belief in the principles of the free development of every racial unit. Above everything we want indisputable evidence that England is sincerely seeking peace, the 'peace that shall last' because founded on justice, on the welfare and harmony of all nations. To our minds there is only one kind of evidence that could be indisputable; and that is a standing offer of immediate settlement, public, specific, always open. *Unwillingness or inability to define the terms of peace in a standing offer is to us a confession of mixture of motives, and produces in us an attitude of criticism and doubt, of neutrality and divided obligation, which we cannot help.*

What we want of England is that she put forward a challenge to the nations of the world, an offer to join with any nations that are ready, in the beginnings of international organization. In a world in which some nations are not yet willing to organize, any alliance to be ethical must be not a closed alliance of the old kind such as could be mistaken for an aggressive alliance, but a federation *perpetually open* to any nation that is willing to come in on condition of assuming reasonable responsibilities. By such a challenge we want England to mobilize her spiritual forces and to get the conflict as rapidly as possible out of the military and into the moral arena.

And yet, though the pacifist, like every one else, must have his own theory and his own conviction, he has no right to dogmatize about it. The 'conscientious objector' has no monopoly of conscience. Young men do not lay down their lives, fathers and mothers

do not give their sons for anything that we may touch with sacrilegious hands. Truth is not a theory, not a set of facts. It is a spiritual thing; and the price of it is obedience. He who gives most receives most. And the best thing the pacifist can do is to bow his head in the presence of those who have given more than he.

III

Yes, you are right. It is because I love and idealize England that it hurts me so to see her assume that it is for her to judge, for her to punish. It is because the sacrifice has been so unspeakably costly — on both sides — that I cannot bear to see it spent for any cheap imperialistic gains such as Italy on the Slavic side of the Adriatic, Russia on the Dardanelles, England in the German colonies — or for the still cheaper commercial exploitations designed at the Paris conference.

Annexations of Belgian and French territory by Germany, or the destruction of Serbia and Montenegro, I agree with you in thinking intolerable. But does any one really suppose to-day that the Allies could not make peace now without yielding these essential points? The cynical suspicion haunts one that England does not desire an explicit German statement which would deprive her of her claim that she is fighting to redeem Belgium and France and Serbia, and which would expose her as continuing the war which is ruining all Europe, for the sake of retaining the captured German colonies and dominating the near East.

As you say, each belligerent is under the gravest suspicion till terms are unequivocally stated.

The only tolerable solution of all this tangled misery is the international solution. I share your disappointment that America has not proved mature enough to lead the way toward this, and

I have hopes that she may yet do so in some measure.

England says that she must 'crush German militarism,' Germany that she must have a guarantee against future wars. Does this mean that England wants to tear Germany to pieces? That Germany plans to secure strategic frontiers, by annexation if necessary? Or would England accept, as proof that

the danger of German militarism is past, a willingness on her part to enter the international fold? And would Germany accept, as the needed guarantee of future peace, the creation of an organized society of nations offering really adequate protection against attack?

These are the questions on which the fate of the world hangs.

IRELAND, 1916—AND BEYOND

BY HENRY W. MASSINGHAM

'They that have red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake, and for all that, they will think they are well paid.' — The Old Woman, in *Cathleen-Ni-Houlihan*.

IN more than one period of the Anglo-Irish association it has been the misfortune of England to forget Ireland at the moment when the relationship of the two countries should have been closer and more sympathetic than usual. She forgot her after the famine, and she forgot her when the great war broke out. She had her excuse. The war had obliterated the whole field of her domestic politics and destroyed or suspended her party system. But even then her statesmen would have done well to remember that July, 1914, had been a time of crisis for Ireland, no less than for her. She had watched the enlistment of at least one hundred thousand Irishmen, answering to the ominous title of 'Volunteers.' She had found herself unable to fulfill her pledge of Home Rule save under conditions which Catholic and Nationalist Ireland would not accept, or which Pro-

testant Ireland would resist by force. Her experience of Ireland should have taught her the desperate seriousness of this sudden reincarnation of the spirit of force. The Ulstermen had got their arms, and one of their prelates had acclaimed the merciful Providence under which the gun-running vessel, the *Fanny*, had reached her destination 'guided' by 'God's hand' and 'shielded by his fogs.' Ulster was ready, or affected to be ready, to put all to the test of force.

We envy not the sluggard's peace,
We grasp our trusty sword,

sang one of the bards of Belfast of the incipient revolution.

The thunder was not all of the stage. Ulster's threat had all but demoralized the British army, and it was at least an important element in the German calculation of the part that England was likely to play in a European struggle. In July, 1914, there was well-founded belief in the imminence of at least a local civil war. In August, 1914, the

smaller disturbance had been swallowed up in the conflagration of the world. But the Irish problem remained, subject to three new and serious aggravations. The first was the postponement of Home Rule. The second was the weakening of the Irish Parliamentary party. The third was the growth of Sinn Féin. All three causes were connected. If Mr. Redmond's following had been a little stronger and younger, he might have wrested from England a definite concession for Home Rule in return for his rally to the war. This in turn would have drawn the vitality out of the growing movement of revolt and turned its energies inward and to constitutional lines. Mr. Redmond, never, like Parnell, a great personal force in Ireland, committed the generous error of leaning too heavily on English opinion in face of an uncompleted treaty of reconciliation with Ireland.

Nationalist Ireland was not unregardful of the cause of liberty in Europe; but she was hardly prepared to stand in a body by England's side in a great war. Nor was Mr. Redmond able to secure for her the romantic and individual share in the campaign at which he aimed. He hoped for an Irish Brigade, commanded by Irish officers. The brigade was never formed. Military etiquette stood in the way, and the delicate task of recruiting for the volunteer armies was not always intrusted to men who knew how to attract the political and religious sympathies of the towns and countryside of the West and the South. Nor was pro-Germanism quite absent. A section of the higher clergy, and some of the parish priests, were friendly to Austria as the great conservative Catholic power in Europe; a smaller section professed to find in Germany the champion of the principle of authority in the State, as against French skepticism and separatism. In a word, war distracted Ireland while it

united England. The latter was caught up in the whirlwind, while she was in the middle of a slow and much-impaired bit of political evolution of her own. Events marched too quickly for her.

Above all, the Ireland of the last ten years was herself the centre of an attractive and disturbing intellectual movement of her own. The Victorian revival of letters had died away. But Irish genius had rarely shone more brightly. Shaw, Wilde, Yeats, Synge, Moore, George Russell, and Lady Gregory were acknowledged stars of literature and journalism. Behind them ranged a peculiarly native and original flight of poetry and inspiration. The scholars of the Gaelic League, and the younger poets who sprang from its revival of the Irish tongue, owed nothing to English influences and traditions. Like so much of Yeats and Synge, they were pure Celt. And they stood apart from Irish parliamentary politics and in real, though not always avowed, hostility to it. What was Westminster to them? The homes of their thought lay amid the heather and cabins of Connemara and the rock-islands of the Atlantic coast, where the old language and the old folk of Ireland lingered. These wastes they repopled with the delicate forms born of a half-tender, half-ironical and critical spirit. But they could not banish the present. The new Irish poetic drama was divided between the tendency to rebuke the romanticism of the national movement and the impulse to invest it with a fresh apparel of beauty, woven of poetry and legend. Who can say which was the stronger? The mockery of *John Bull's Other Island*, the more savage satire of *The Playboy of the Western World* condemned the revolutionary strain in Irish politics. 'Forget and work. — Learn and adapt. — Go back to business and good sense,' was their message. But neither could exorcise the idealism that looks through

Irish poverty by the windows of the soul. In *Cathleen-Ni-Houlihan* the idealism is undisguised. The Sinn Fein rising yields no surprise in the light of that slight but wonderful vision of the unreconciled Irish spirit. When the 'ships are in the bay' the Irish boy is still minded to leave home and sweet-heart, as he left them in the spring of 1916.

But it would be excessive to attribute Sinn Fein merely to the restless memories of the past which flit through the Irish mind, in the vacancy of unemployment and half-employment. Ireland, indeed, is still idle so far as her intellectual life is concerned, and will be so until Home Rule, an organized civil service, and a congenial educational system have filled the blank spaces of her energies. But she might have settled down to wait for the Home Rule bill to become a law but for the immense disturbance of the war. That brought with it two evils, the Coalition and Conscription. The first largely overthrew the Irish power in Parliament. When the two main British parties came into union, the Irish control of our politics ceased to exist. Liberalism, the friend of Nationalism, had fallen — or had apparently made friends with Unionism, its enemy. Conscription, again, set up a strong belief in the intention of the mixed government to draft the young Irish nation into the armies before it had settled in its mind whether it would accept a treaty of peace with its old master. Sinn Fein worked on this suspicion. The volunteers who broke away from Mr. Redmond's control — and the majority seceded — were diligently practiced in tactics designed to resist a house-to-house visitation of the recruiting sergeants. Impatient Ireland was told that conscription had been decided on in the secret session. In any case, with the postponement of Home Rule and the

certainty that either four or six Ulster counties would be excluded, the fixed points of hope or calculation in Irish politics seemed to disappear. What could the Home Rule bill set up? 'No real power of self-government; only a derived and enfeebled assembly, subject to the concurrent legislation of England and to concurrent taxation,'¹ said the extremists. To this Sinn Fein opposed the idea of Grattan's Parliament — the claim, namely, of the people of Ireland 'to be bound only by laws enacted by his Majesty and the Parliament of the Kingdom.' Given a coördinate parliament in Dublin, the Sinn Feiners would have been content. McDonagh, one of the executed leaders, was in the habit of declaring that he would make peace with England on the day after the King had been crowned in Ireland. The wilder spirits of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, the evil genius of Sinn Fein, saw such an independent Ireland arise from a German victory, and looked to a volunteer Irish army to guard and guarantee it.

But the Nationalist Volunteer movement did not arise from the war; it was an answer to the Ulster organization and was a more democratic copy of its method and spirit. Under the scheme of partition, Nationalist Ireland saw the flower of Irish Nationalism plucked away from the parent stem. Who was to look after the rights and liberties of Catholic Ulster under an Orange administration? The Nationalist Volunteers decided that they would. Who would keep the tender plant of Home Rule in being? That, again, should be their care. The danger of surrounding Mr. Redmond, Prime Minister of Ireland, with this unasked-for bodyguard was obvious; he had not created it, but neither could he disband it. Down came the European storm, blowing away the Ulster revolt and the threat-

¹ The Sinn Fein Constitution.

ened schism in the army, but leaving the Nationalist Volunteers in the field.

Had time marched a little slower, had Anglo-Irish reconciliation gone a little further, all might have been well, for Unionism was slowly edging toward an acceptance of Home Rule. But there were violently hostile elements. Orange Ulster had gone back to its drum-beating. Brought sharply face to face with a parliament for all Ireland sitting in Dublin, it would not allow that so bad a thing as Catholicism could turn out good men of business, fit to govern Ireland and be put over the heads of the merchants and manufacturers of Belfast, the inspirers and directors of the immense activity and success of the Northern industries. Pride of wealth, of race, and religion made it at once skeptical and intolerant of Home Rule. Nor, in spite of the secession of Sir Edward Carson from the extreme tenets of Irish Unionism, has it to this day taken one practical step toward conversion. It notoriously rebuffed Mr. Asquith on his visit to Belfast. It is not at all certain that it will consent to follow Sir Edward.

Yet the Ulster revolt aroused a deeper resentment in Liberal England than in Nationalist Ireland. Looking backward, the more extreme Irish Nationalist may have seen in it the rewriting of a famous page in Irish history, when the Protestant North led in the battle of liberty; and it was a not unnatural instinct for Mr. Redmond and his colleagues to counsel tenderness in dealing with it. They did not want to be responsible for coercing Irishmen, whether the color they wore was green or orange. But the ominous fact was, not only that Irishmen of all colors were getting in rifles, and that the country was beginning to look like an armed camp, but that the Parliamentary party was losing control of the situation. In the mere course of nature its strength

had passed its meridian. Its leaders were growing old, tired, and — in the view of an intensely Irish Ireland — over-Anglicized. Westminster had worn them out. A great Parliamentary figure, Mr. Redmond was never known and followed in Ireland as Parnell was known and followed. With the organization of the transport-workers, new economic questions had arisen in urban centres, with which he was unfamiliar; and new leaders, hot and impatient men like Larkin and Connolly, had arisen, to control or be controlled by them.

Mr. Dillon maintained a closer and firmer touch with the country, but he was unsympathetic to the coöperative movement and the new scientific spirit in agriculture, linked as they were, through the personalities of Sir Horace Plunkett and Mr. George Russell, to the literary revival and to the more temperate spirit and the moral teaching of the earlier Sinn Fein. Ireland began to want a different kind of parliament from that provided by the Home Rule bill, and different men to lead it. The Sinn Feiners themselves called for a federation of county councils. Pearse, the most idealistic of their leaders, was one of the few Irishmen who welcomed Mr. Birrell's Councils bill as a step in this direction. New ideas and possibilities for Irish education, the vision of a trained and organized race of farmers, were in their minds. The Parliamentarians were forgetting Ireland at the critical hour, and to her great misfortune Ireland forgot them.

Nor was Mr. Birrell, the Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant and the real governor of Ireland, the man to piece together the sundering elements in Irish political society. After years of office Ireland had tired him out. He had done two great things for her. He had carried a Home Rule bill, and he had settled the great problem of higher

education, before which the leaders of the two opposing schools of British policy in Ireland, Gladstone and Balfour, had equally recoiled. That was enough work for his unambitious, literary, and pessimistic temperament. The task of seeing Ireland through the interim period, during which the Home Rule bill would become a law, was distasteful and difficult. Distasteful, because it involved a series of small compromises in Nationalist administration, and difficult because of the growing Orange revolt and the unrest provoked by the war. It was necessary to govern to some extent with Mr. Redmond, and yet how could there be true partisanship between him and Dublin Castle? Some show of patronage Nationalism must claim, in view of the coming of the new order, but not without weakening its public spirit and popular appeal. Moreover Mr. Birrell felt that the half-acquiescence of the Executive in the incipient Ulster rebellion had disarmed it for a ruthless dealing with the Nationalist Volunteers. The Sinn Feiners were clever. They were careful to follow their illustrious model. The gun-running at Howth was a close copy of the Orangeman's exploit at Larne. Germany was the impartial provider of both these highly providential gifts. A Liberal statesman was in a dilemma. How crush a movement which its promoters identified with the law that was to be — that is, Home Rule — after half-condoning a movement directed avowedly both against the law that was and the law that was to come?

It would seem therefore as if Ireland, at the moment when she most wanted government, was most lacking in its means and instruments. British rule was gone or was going. Irish self-government, its inevitable substitute, had not arrived. Even if the path to it had been a smoother one, it was doubtful if the Home Rule bill was a vessel

into which could be poured the ripening energies of the people. Save in the towns, the standard of life was rising fast. No visitor to the West could fail to be struck with the social changes wrought by Land Purchase and Land Distribution, by the rehousing work of the Land Commission and the Congested Districts Board, and the application of Old-Age pensions on the English scale to a countryside where a flow of silver money was almost as rare a thing as boots on the children's feet. The people began to feel a new pride in themselves, and also to realize how narrow a life theirs must be so long as Ireland remained at once poor and dependent. Had Sinn Fein been in wiser hands, had there been no war and no Dublin strikes, had capital in the South been led by a statesman rather than by a man of hard and despotic temper, and had Mr. Redmond been able to add the flower of the new Irishmen to the little band of intellectuals he had actually recruited; had Britain been quicker and more generous, and Ulster less bigoted and self-sufficient, — in a word, had time and tide been for the most unlucky of countries instead of against her, — there might have been a promising start for Home Rule. The worst did not indeed happen. The country districts refused to join the towns, even in the one southern county where a rebellion was most to be dreaded; and the crushing of the weak and divided rising was certain when the formidable ranks of Volunteers shrank to the measure of a couple of thousand men and boys,¹ and a short-lived strategy of street-fighting. Again England had her chance in Ireland, and it is not certain that she has lost it.

The first steps were mistaken ones, for England failed to realize how completely the rising was broken and how

¹ I should say that half the prisoners I saw in Kilmainham were under 20. — THE AUTHOR.

important it was for the main body of Irish Nationalism to hold it in due perspective. Its extraordinary folly and impatience, the inconsequence of its leadership, the evil of the German association, were evident. But it had features bound to endear it to the Irish man and woman who read the history of their country less in sequence than in the flash-light of its romantic episodes. The Sinn Fein leaders were men of piety and singleness of character. I have heard the story of their deaths from an eye-witness: it was a study in unaffected courage and nobility of bearing. Ireland heard of it almost before the echoes of the firing party's rifles had died away; and the Catholic Church, faithful to her sons, has given it a canonization of pity and sympathy. Had the dribble of executions been avoided, or had it been stayed after the death of the signatories to the revolutionary manifesto, Ireland's first impulse of repudiation would, I think, have remained with her. If it changed to sorrow and anger, we must blame our want of magnanimity, and see how the break in the reconciling policy can be mended once more.

To this amending policy there are, I think, two main clues. The first is the break up of the solid Unionism which had never advanced since 1886, when its highest point was Mr. Chamberlain's conception of a grant of Home Rule based on the relationship of a colonial provincial legislature to a Dominion or Commonwealth parliament. There is again a Unionist Secretary for Ireland. But it is known that Mr. Duke has gone to Dublin to promote a settlement of the two inseparable questions of social order and self-government. His success with Southern Unionism can hardly be doubted; three figures of the quality of the Archbishop of Dublin, Sir Horace Plunkett, and Lord Monteagle could make a treaty with

Nationalist Ireland on a basis that would give the South and West a conservative, but a fairly enlightened and representative, government. Ulster remains; the wall of her local separatism is unbroken. Not so her old, fast alliance with British Unionism. Whether Sir Edward Carson's understanding with Mr. Redmond holds or no, the British Unionist party is under an unwritten but ineluctable compact with the Nationalist leader to give him the full equivalent of his support of the war and his tender of Nationalist aid for it. There is only one limit. A Parliament for all Ireland will now, it is clear, have to come through Ulster's disillusionment with partition, but also after fair trial of that experiment. What she wants is to realize once for all that the trial will be made, that is, that direct British government over two thirds of the Irish people will soon determine, and that her choice will then lie between acceptance of her lot in Ireland and a cramped and expensive life as an *annexe* of Downing Street. This is the point which will test the statesmanship of her leaders. Hitherto they have hardly been tried, for British Unionism has stood between them and true responsibility. The time is coming when they will stand alone.

The second clue to the future of Irish government is that which the rebellion itself has afforded. Strategically the Dublin rising was based on a clever plan of resistance to everything that a regular army could bring against the method of the barricades — except artillery. The moment this was brought to bear on the rebel lines by land and water, the fighting was at an end. The original political miscalculation — for there was no inherent connection between Sinn Fein and rebellion, and in its earlier stages the movement was both ethical and political — was still more vital. I have suggested that the Sinn

Feiners had not entirely misread the Irish situation. Absolute separation was not their real goal, but rather the organization of an Ireland cut away from the blight of Anglicanism and 'West Britonism.' And they achieved one true point of criticism. They saw that Ireland wanted something at once more practical and more ideal than the kind of parliament that the Home Rule bill, both in its first and in its amended form, could give her. The blunder of Sinn Fein was to think it possible that two virtually coördinate parliaments could exist (in dissension with each other) in London and Dublin. Obviously the disparity of wealth, of power, would be too great. A self-governed Ireland could always embarrass England. But England in isolation from Ireland or in hostility to her could ruin her economically and politically so long as the British Empire existed and we remained at the head of it.

The question is whether another and a better way is not open for the greater and lesser unit, to walk together. Such a way has been opened by the suggestion that a final settlement should come after the war, through the intervention of the over-seas Dominions, and as part of a new Imperial constitution. Some such work of federation is overdue, for the British Empire has clearly outgrown its one sovereign Parliament on the banks of the Thames. That idea is the one survival of Mr. Lloyd George's abortive scheme of partition. It implies something more than a system of delegation from the Imperial Parliament, with local assemblies sitting, say at Edinburgh, Dublin, and Cardiff. Our Imperial constitution must assume Ireland to be a unit in the Empire, and give her both a local representation and a share in the Imperial government. Her resulting liberties would then come, not as a gift from the nation that broke Ireland's Parliament, but from the

union of states on which the stamp of her own exiled genius is visibly laid.

But before the Empire takes on so great a responsibility, there is a question which she must ask Ireland, and which Ireland must ask herself once and for all — will she accept British citizenship? Why not? Even the Sinn Fein constitution does not prohibit a free union with her old suzerain. Nor with the defeat of Germany does any other possible future open up to her. Absolute independence is a dream. But independence on the scale or after the likeness of Canada, or New Zealand, in which thousands of Irishmen have a share, is no dream, but a possible, and even a near, reality. Only in this way do we attain a solution of the mixed problem of nationality and empire, which neither the Home Rule bill, nor Mr. Chamberlain's plan of provincial self-government, nor the Sinn Fein propaganda could yield. The existing deadlock in Anglo-Irish politics might seem to forbid such an issue. But the entanglement, like the blazing forest that lay in Siegfried's path to Brünnhilde, is more apparent than real. Nationalists cannot force Home Rule against Ulster. But neither, in face of Mr. Redmond's lavish gift of Irish youth for a British war, can Ulster stop Home Rule. Is it in her interest to try? Ulster is Irish, not English. Her trade looks on two great markets. The road to neither is in her hands or in those of Ireland. For the day after the partition to which she is in effect a consenting party, the Ulster commercial — who is a debtor to the Irish peasant-farmer — must ask himself whether he really wishes to see his creditor sole master of the finance and the administration of the West, the Centre, and the South. His answer may not be immediate, but it is not doubtful. When it is given, the story of old Ireland comes to an end and that of new Ireland begins.

JOHN BULL GETS HIS EYE IN

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

IN the year that had gone by since the first great air-raid on London, we knew that much had been done in the way of strengthening the defenses. Just what had been done, we did not, of course, and do not, know. We knew that there were more and better guns and searchlights, and probably greatly improved means of anticipating the coming of the raiders and of following and reporting their movements after they did come. At the same time, we knew also that the latest Zeppelin had been greatly improved; that it was larger, faster, capable of ascending to a greater altitude, and probably able to stand more and heavier gun-fire than its prototype of a year ago. It seemed to be a question, therefore, whether or not the guns could range the raiders, and, if so, do them any vital damage when they hit them. The aeroplane was an unknown quantity, and, in the popular mind at least, not seriously reckoned with. London knew that the crucial test would not come until an airship tried again to penetrate to the heart of the metropolitan area, and awaited the result calmly if not quite indifferently.

The Zeppelin raids of the spring and early summer, numerous as they had been, had done a negligible amount of military damage, and scarcely more to civil property. The death-list, too, had, mercifully, been very low. It seemed significant, however, that the main London defenses had been avoided during all this time, indicating, apparently, that the raiders were reluctant

to lift the lid of the Pandora's Box that was laid out so temptingly before them, for fear of the possible consequences. Twice or thrice, watching with my glasses after I had been awakened by distant bomb-explosions or gun-fire, I had seen a shell-pocketed airship draw back, as a yellow dog refuses the challenge that his intrusion has provoked, and glide off into the darkness of some safer area. 'Would they try it again?' was the question Londoners asked themselves as the dark of the moon came round each month; and, except for the comparatively few who had had personal experience of the terror and death that follow the swathe of an air-raider, most of them seemed rather anxious to have the matter put to the test.

Last night — just twelve 'darks-of-the-moon' after the first great raid of 1915 — the test came. It was hardly a conclusive one, perhaps (though that may well have come before these lines find their way into print); but it was certainly highly illuminative. I write this on returning to London from viewing — twenty miles away — a tangled mass of wreckage and a heap of charred bodies, all that remain of a super-Zeppelin and its crew which — whether by accident, intent, or the force of circumstances will probably never be known — rushed in where two other of its aerial sisters feared to fly, and paid the cost.

There was nothing of the surprise (to London, at least; as regards the ill-starred Zeppelin crew none can say)

in last night's raid. The coming of the airships was known far in advance. The night grew more heavily overcast as the darkness deepened, and toward midnight stealthy little beams of hooded searchlights pirouetting on the clouds told the home-wending Saturday night theatre crowd that, with the imminent approach of the raiders, London was lifting a corner of its mask of blackness and throwing out an open challenge to the enemy. This was the first time that I had known the lights to precede the actual explosion of bombs, and the cool confidence of the thing indeed suggested (as I heard one policeman tell another) that the defense had something 'up their sleeves.'

It was toward one in the morning when I finished my supper at a West End restaurant and started walking through the almost deserted streets to my hotel. London is anything but a bedlam after midnight, but the silence in the early hours of this morning was positively uncanny.

Reaching my room, I pulled on a sweater, ran up the curtain, laid my glass ready, and seated myself at the window — the same window from which, a year ago, I had watched. Would it be like that to-night, I wondered (there was now no doubt that the raiders were near, for the searchlights had multiplied and, though no detonations were audible, quick flashes told of scattering gun-fire), or would the defense have more of a word to say for itself this time? I looked to the heavens, where the shifting clouds were now 'polka-dotted' with the fluttering golden motes of a score of searchlights, and I thought that I had found my answer.

There was no wheeling and reeling of the lights in wide circles, as a year ago, but rather a steady persistent stabbing at the clouds, each light appearing to keep to an allotted area of its own.

'Stabbing' expresses the action exactly, and it recalled to me an occasion, a month ago, when a 'Tommy' who was showing me through some captured dug-outs on the Somme, illustrated, with bayonet thrusts, the manner in which they had originally searched for Germans hiding under the straw mattresses. There was nothing panicky in the work of the lights this time, but only the suggestion of methodical, ordered, relentless vigilance.

'Encouraging as a preliminary,' I said to myself. 'Now' (for the night was electric with import) 'for the main event.'

There was not long to wait. The gun-flashes had increased in frequency, followed by mist-dulled blurs of brightness in the clouds that told of bursting shell. Suddenly, through a rift in the clouds, I saw a new kind of glare, — the earthward-launched beam of an airship's searchlight groping for its target, — but the shifting mist-curtain intervened again, even as one of the defending lights took up the challenge and flashed its own rapier ray in quick reply. Presently the muffled boom of bombs floated to my ears, and then the sharper rattle of a sudden gust of gun-fire. This was quickly followed by a confused roar of sound, evidently from many bombs dropped simultaneously or in quick succession, and I knew that one of two things had happened — either the raider had found its mark and was delivering 'rapid fire,' or the guns were making it so hot for the visitor that it had been compelled to dump its explosives and seek safety in flight. When a minute or more had gone by without a single red glow growing out of the fitful flashes from the bombs, I felt sure that the latter had been scuttled, and that it was now only a question which direction the flight was going to take.

Again the searchlights gave me the

answer. By two and three — I could not follow the order of the thing, but I knew it was being directed by some extremely capable and well-informed individual 'somewhere' — the lights that had been 'patrolling' the sky moved over and took their stations around a certain low-hanging cloud. The murky sheet of cumulo-nimbus seemed to pale and dissolve in the concentrated rays; and then, right into the focus of golden glow formed by the dancing light motes, running wild and blind as a bull charges the red mantle masking the matador, darted a huge Zeppelin.

Perhaps never before in all time has a single object been the centre of so blinding a glare. It seemed that the optic nerve must wither in so fierce a light; and certainly no unprotected eye could have opened to it. Dark glasses might have made it bearable, but could not possibly have resolved the earthward prospect into anything less than the heart of a fiery furnace. Indeed, it is very doubtful if the bewildered fugitive knew, in more than the most general way, where it was. Cut off by the guns from retreat in that direction, but knowing that the North Sea and safety could be reached by driving, it is more than probable that the harried raider found itself over the 'Lion's Den' rather because it could not help it than by deliberate intent.

What a contrast was this blinded, reeling thing to those arrogantly purposeful raiders of a year ago! Supremely disdainful of gun and searchlight, these had prowled till the last of their bombs had been planted, and one of them had even circled back. But *this* raider — although it was far larger than its predecessors, and was flying at over twice as great a height — dashed on its erratic course as if pursued by the vengeful spirits of those whom its harpy sisters had bombed to death in

their beds. If it still had bombs to drop, its commander either had no time or no heart for the job. Never have I seen an inanimate thing typify terror — the terror that must have gripped the hearts of its palpably flustered (to judge by the airship's movements) crew — better than that staggering helpless maverick of a Zeppelin when it finally found itself clutched in the tentacles of the searchlights.

All this time, the weird uncanny silence that brooded over the streets before I had come indoors held the city in its spell. The watching thousands — nay, millions — kept their excitement in leash, and the propeller of the raider — muffled by the mists intervening between the earth and the 12,000 feet at which it whirled — dulled to a drowsy drone. Into this tense silence the sudden fire of a hundred anti-aircraft guns — opening in unison as though at the pull of a single lanyard — cut in a blended roar like the Crack o' Doom; indeed, although few among those hushed, watching millions realized it, it *was* literally the Crack o' Doom that was sounding. For perhaps a minute or a minute and a half the air was vibrant with the roar of hard-pumped guns and the shriek of speeding shell, the great sound from below drowning the sharper cracks from the steel-cold flashes in the upper air.

It was guns that were built for the job — not the hastily gathered and wholly inadequate artillery of a year ago — that were speaking now, and the voice was one of ordered, imperious authority. Specially devised range-finders had the marauder's altitude to a yard, and the information was being put at the disposal of guns that had the power to 'deliver the goods' at that level, and probably a few thousand feet farther up if required. What a contrast the sequel was to that pitiful firing of the other raid! Only the

opening shots were 'shorts' or 'wides' now; and ten seconds after the first gun, a diamond-clear burst blinking out through a rift in the upper clouds told that the raider — to use a naval term — was 'straddled,' had shells exploding both above and below it. From that instant till the guns ceased to roar, seventy or eighty seconds later, the shell-bursts, lacing the air with golden glimmers, meshed the flying raider in a fiery net.

For a few seconds it seemed to me that, close-woven as was the net of shell-bursts, the flashes came hardly as fast as the roar of the guns would seem to warrant; and I swept the heavens with my glasses in a search for other possible targets. But no other raider was in sight; there was no other 'nodal centre' of gun-fire and searchlights. Suddenly the reason for the apparent discrepancy was clear to me. The flashes I saw (except for a few of the shrapnel bullets they were releasing) were only the misses; the hits I could not see. The long-awaited test was at its crucial stage. Empty of bombs and with half of its fuel consumed, the raider was at the zenith of its flight, and yet the guns were ranging it with ease. It was now a question, how much shell-fire the super-Zeppelin (for such there is every reason to believe it was) could stand.

In spite of the fact that the airship — so far as I could see through my glasses — did not appear to slow down or to be perceptibly racked by the gun-fire, I have no doubt what the end would have been if the test could have been pressed to its conclusion. Therefore, the idea seems to be for the powerful guns simply to prepare the raider for the 'killing,' after the manner of the picadors in a bull fight, and to leave the *coup de grâce* to be administered by the matador — an aeroplane. If this, as I feel sure, was the plan, it was car-

ried to its conclusion with the almost mathematical precision that marked the preliminary searchlight work and gunnery.

From the moment it had burst into sight the raider had been emitting clouds of white gas to hide itself from the searchlights and the guns, while the plainly visible movements of its lateral planes seemed to indicate that it was making desperate efforts to climb still higher into the thinning upper air. Neither expedient was of much use. The swirling gas-clouds might well have obscured a hovering airship, but never one that was rushing through the air at seventy miles an hour; while, far from increasing its altitude, there seemed to be a slight but steady loss from the moment the guns ceased until, two or three miles farther along, it was hidden from sight for a minute by a low-hanging cloud. Undoubtedly the aim of the gunners had been to 'hole,' not to fire the marauder, and it must have been losing gas very rapidly, even — as the climacteric moment of the attack approached — at the time that increased buoyancy was most desirable.

The massed searchlights let go shortly after the gun-fire ceased, and now, as the raider came within their field, the more scattered lights wheeled up and 'fastened on.' The fugitive changed its course about this time, and the swelling clouds of vapor left behind presently cut off its foreshortened length entirely from my view. A heavy ground mist appeared to prevail beyond the heights, and in the diffused glow of the searchlights that strove to pierce this mask my glasses caught the ghostly shadows of flitting aeroplanes — the matadors manœuvring for the death-thrust.

The ground mist kept the full strength of the searchlights from the upper air, and it was in a sky of almost

Stygian blackness that the final blow was sent home. The farmers tell weird stories of the crackle of machine-gun fire above the clouds and the detonations of bursting bombs striking their fields; but all these sounds were absorbed in the twenty-mile air-cushion that was now interposed between my vantage-point and the final scene of action.

Not a sound, not a shadow, heralded the flare of yellow light which suddenly flashed out in the heavens and spread latitudinally until the whole body of a Zeppelin — no small object even at twenty miles — stood out in glowing incandescence. Then a great sheet of pink-white flame shot up, and in the ripples of rosy light which suffused the earth for scores of miles, I could read the gilded lettering on my binoculars. This was undoubtedly the explosion of the ignited hydrogen of the main gas-bags, and immediately following it, the great frame collapsed in the middle and began falling slowly toward the earth, burning now with a bright yellow flame above which the curl of black smoke was distinctly visible. A lurid burst of light — doubtless from the exploding petrol tanks — flared up as the flaming mass struck the earth, and a half-minute later the night, save for the queesting searchlights, was again as black as ever.

Then perhaps the strangest thing of all occurred. London began to cheer. I would have been prepared for it in Paris, or Rome, or Berlin, or even New York, but that the Briton — who of all men in the world most fears the sound of his own voice lifted in unrestrained jubilation — was really cheering, and in millions, was almost too much. I pinched my arm to be sure that I had not dozed away, and, lost in wonder, forgot for a minute or two the great drama just enacted.

Under my window a half-dozen Aus-

tralian 'Tommies' were rending the air with 'coo-ees' and dancing around a lamp-post, while all along the street, from doorways and windows, exultant shouting could be heard. For several blocks in all directions the cheers rang out clear and loud, distinctly recognizable as such; the sound from the millions of throats farther afield came only as a heavy rumbling hum. Perhaps since the dawn of creation the air has not trembled with so strange a sound, a sound which, though entirely human in its origin, was still unhuman, unearthly, fantastic. Certainly never before in history — not even during the great volcanic eruptions — has so huge a number of people (the fall of the Zeppelin had been visible through a fifty to seventy-five-mile radius in all directions, a region with probably from ten to fifteen million inhabitants) been suddenly and intensely stirred by a single event.

It was undoubtedly the spectacular quality of the unexpected *coup* that made these normally repressed millions so suddenly and so violently vocal. Many — perhaps most — stopped cheering when they had had time to realize that a score of human beings were being burned to cinders in the heart of that flaming comet in the northeastern heavens; others — I knew the only recently restored tenements where some of them were — must have shouted in all the grimmer exultation for that very realization. I can hardly say yet which stirred me more deeply, the fall of the Zeppelin itself or that stupendous burst of feeling aroused by its fall.

By taxi, milk-cart, tram, and any other conveyance that offered, but mostly on foot, I threaded highway and byway for the next four hours, and shortly after daybreak scrambled through the last of a dozen thorny

hedgerows and found myself beside the still smouldering wreckage of the fallen raider. An orderly cordon of soldiers surrounding an acre of blackened and twisted metal, miles and miles of tangled wire, and a score or so of Flying Corps men already busily engaged loading the wreckage into waiting motor-lorries — that was about all there was to see. A ten-foot-square green tarpaulin covered all that could be gathered together of the airship's crew. Some of the fragments were readily recognizable as having once been the arms and legs and trunks of men; others were not.

A man at my elbow — a general wearing the red tab of the Staff — stood gazing at the pitiful heap for a space, his brow puckered in thought. Presently he turned to me, a grim light in his eye, and spoke.

'Do you know,' he said, 'that these' (indicating the charred stumps under the square of canvas) 'have just recalled to me the words Count Zeppelin is reported to have used at a great mass meeting called in Berlin to press for a more rigorous prosecution of the war against England by air, for a further increase of "frightfulness." Leading two airship pilots to the front of the platform he shouted to the crowd, "Here are two men who were over London last night!" And the assembled thousands, so the dispatch said, roared their applause and clamored that the Zeppelins be sent again and again until the arrogant Englishers were brought to their knees. Well' — he paused and drew a deep breath as his eyes returned to the heap of blackened fragments — 'it appears that they *did* send the Zeppelins again — more than ever were sent before — and now it is *our* turn to be presented to "the men who were over London last night." I wonder if the flare that consumed these poor devils was bright enough to pierce the

black night that has settled down over Germany.'

After the incidents recorded above befell, I was spending the night in —, which has been a more or less direct objective of half the air-attacks on England. It is a place of great military importance, and, therefore, one which the Germans had a certain justification in smashing up — if they could. There had been a bit of indiscriminate bombing of the sea and sands in this region during the big raid, and early on the evening in question, word went round that the Zeppelins were expected over — before morning. The information proved to be correct. The raiders *did* come. Here is what I set down of the attack in my journal.

'All were on the *qui vive* last night, for word had come that the Zepps might be expected any time after midnight. I got up and sat by the window along toward one o'clock, for a peep out had revealed a fog-bank creeping in, and if the raiders were going to come they would have to do so before the fog masked the coast entirely from their view. The night was inky — not the flicker of a candle showed at the edge of a curtain, not even the watery reflection of a riding-light blinked in the harbor. Suddenly, without an audible signal or alarm of any kind, a searchlight was unmasked somewhere on the foreshore, and a hot gush of radiance leaped seaward as its beam was directed, at a low angle, straight out to some point apparently located in advance.

'A crisp crescent of the in-rolling fog-bank turned to golden vapor in the lower semi-circle of the piercing beam; but the upper pricked out of the velvety blackness two tiny wriggling glow-worms, which anything less powerful than the lenses of my "prism" would never have magnified enough to make recognizable as Zeppelins. I was just barely able to discern that

they were in motion, apparently executing some manœuvre. Now they were microscopic balls, now rounded oblongs, now straight-lined slivers; and then, in reverse, they became oblongs and balls again. "Head-on, side-on, tail-on," I repeated to myself; and then, with dawning comprehension, "As I live, they're 'hooking it'! They're funking the 'Archies' before a shot has been fired.'"

The schooling beam of the searchlight shook back and forth for a few moments like a warning finger, and then, as if in confirmation of my conjecture, blinked once or twice and went to sleep. The tenseness passed out of the night, and — the raid was over. Who knows but that — so far as the threat to England is concerned — the passing of a Zeppelin marked also the passing of *the* Zeppelin!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ENDICOTT AND I CONDUCT AN ORCHESTRA

WHEN two people conduct an orchestra there is plot material. If the two are knit by marriage ties, the plot thickens. Endicott and I conduct a family orchestra, he at the piano, I playing second violin. I know more about music than does Endicott; he is more musical than I. I keep the time; he has the temperament. Temperament is more noble than time, but time, I shall always insist, has its place, perhaps nowhere more appropriately than in an orchestra. He, at the piano, can dominate the situation more neatly than I. In my position among the strings, however, I can more readily organize a strike.

The rest of the 'pieces' are presided over by our children, young people of inflexible spirit and chromatic moods. Sometimes we doubt whether we have our troupe under the rigid control which, as parents, we might expect to command. The conductivity of an orchestra, says our son Geoffrey, varies with the distance of the blood-relation-

ship between artists and conductor. When the children were little, we held the pleasant theory that a family orchestra would draw us all close together, standing always as a symbol of our perfect harmony. That would be all right if the harmony would only go to suit us all equally at the same time. As it is, our little band, in which observers find so touching a picture of hearthside unity, suggests sometimes all the elements of guerrilla warfare.

The question most likely to strain diplomatic relations is the choice of what to play. This is complicated by the fact that we each judge music by a different norm. Geoffrey, for instance, begs us not to play anything where the cornet has to rest too much. He says that he cannot keep track of a rest of more than forty-seven measures, and be absolutely sure of coming in again at the right place. Every one admits that it is unfortunate when Geoffrey comes in at the wrong place. There is no smoothing over the astonishing effect of his premature trumpeting. 'You cannot,' says Geoffrey, 'do the dumb shuffle on the cornet.' For his sake, then, in

looking over new music, we examine the cornet part for rests before we buy.

Endicott, a quorum in himself, agrees to anything except five sharps. Once seated upon the long piano bench, he is the genial patriarch at home. The girls, gracefully in league, object to extremes of any kind. They are our star performers, and must be humored at any cost. Knowing that the first violin and the 'cello are too valuable for us to lose, they exercise a cool and shameless power of veto at every turn. I myself admire extremes. My tastes are catholic, and my choices range all the way from the *Unfinished Symphony* to *The Swing*, by Sudds. The one thing in all the world that I really will not play is Schumann's *Warum*, a favorite with the first violin. This worthy composition leaves me undone for days. Its insane, insistent question slides through my mind, over and over. I will not play it. I will not think of it. I will not even explain my antipathy. I have hidden the music.

Probably the assembling of an orchestra is, to the audience, a conventional and colorless affair enough. Any players of chamber music, however, who have been confined to a space that housed as many other things as does our sitting-room, know better. After bringing in enough dining-room chairs to seat the players, and adjusting the cross-legged music-stands, we find ourselves a little short of room. We have as yet been unable to find a type of music-stand which will not trip up long-limbed cornetists off their guard. One evening when Geoffrey, threading his way to his seat, really did lose his balance, and plunged head-first into my work-basket, one foot in the fireplace and the other still entangled in Barbara's music-stand, affairs rose to a climax.

'Everybody more than a mile high please leave the room,' said Barbara,

leaning over her 'cello and unweaving the legs of the stand from among her brother's feet. Any quotation from *Alice in Wonderland* is always calculated to infuriate the men of our family, and Endicott turned at once to his son's support.

'I don't see,' said Endicott, 'why Barbara does n't arrange some little device for her music, just as Margaret does. Those tin spider-legs are really dangerous.'

Margaret's 'device' is at least not dangerous. She always pins her music to the tomato pin-cushion on the mantel, and stands aloof, compactly.

'There is no need of taking up all the room that Geoffrey takes,' said Barbara sweetly. 'I can hardly keep my bow from getting broken on his knee. No 'cellist ought to have to suit his bowing to the traffic.'

Once comfortably settled, we tune. That is one thing that we all will do. Ever since the children began to learn, when even the baby would bring his harmonica and say, 'Give me *M*,' they have always played to pitch. For this fact, Endicott is not responsible. In the midst of the most critical attuning of our strings, Endicott will cease his obvious business of giving us 'A,' and will break into little improvised arpeggios and fanfares, incorrigibly. Why pianists do this will never fully appear. After the best disciplinary training that accompanist ever had, Endicott still continues to 'practice his part' while the rest of us are tuning our fifths.

From my position in the orchestra, I can see the whole group reflected in the mirror over the fireplace. This helps me to conduct, and it also gives me pleasure. Barbara's 'cello is the most picturesque of our instruments. I find something very lovable about the long, vibrant strings, and the gracious curves of its worn, dark form. A 'cello is big enough so that you can embrace it

and treat it as an equal, — big enough to satisfy your love for layer on layer of velvet tone. And Geoffrey is the most picturesque of all our players. There may be men who can play a cornet with a perfectly natural cast of countenance, concealing their attention to a proper 'lip' under a nonchalant expression. There is nothing nonchalant about Geoffrey's lean cheek and beetling brows. His eyes are purposeful and all his hair erect. His incalculable legs are far astray, and the very angle of his elbows has a look of do or die. Margaret, on tiptoe, before her tomato pin-cushion, is perhaps not wholly at one with the group. One evening she turned briskly about, waved her violin like a brakeman's flag, and announced that somebody was out, and we'd better begin at 'K.'

'It was old Meggie herself,' said Geoffrey fraternally. 'Everybody's out of step but Meggie.'

Does every amateur orchestra, I wonder, when trying new music, interrupt itself sometimes for the tentative inquiry, 'Are we all at "J"?' Now and then we have an uneasy feeling that we all are *not* at 'J,' and a general assurance that we are lends confidence. Another amateur pleasure of ours is in taking liberties with repeat signs. If we like the passage extremely, we mind the repeat; if we are not acutely stirred, we take the second ending. With new music, we have no way of knowing beforehand what we shall especially admire. It chances, accordingly, that the cornet and the 'cello perhaps shout in the same breath, 'Repeat!' and 'Don't repeat!' respectively. At such moments, it is impossible to keep the orchestra together, even with two conductors. We usually stop and have a family consultation as to who is conducting this band, anyway.

Orders of the sort just mentioned, shouted into the middle of the music,

are apt to sound blunt, not to say savage. When you have a violin beneath your chin, and a melody beneath your bow, you simply cannot converse in human tones, no matter how mild your mood. There is a certain tenseness about your voice, a dictatorial crispness about your brief request, that is likely to sound domineering. Margaret and Geoffrey, one evening, almost became permanently estranged because Geoffrey in the midst of a lovely passage took the mouth-piece of his cornet from his lips long enough to roar, 'Three flats! Three flats!' for her guidance. Such stage directions have a brusque and startling tone, as if the speaker had stood all he could from you, up to the explosion point, and must now relieve his mind. Then too, there is of course a subtle excitement about the playing that approaches the danger-mark if anything happens to spoil the spell. Julia Ward Howe used to be all keyed up, she says, when she played with an orchestra; and so am I. Little things seem vital in such moods.

But I think that the part that we shall all remember is something more difficult to describe. Sometimes, of a witching night, when we all are keyed for the music, and outside circumstances behave in normal fashion, there comes an experience worth all the years of scratchy scales that went before. We are in the midst of the *Larghetto*, in the *Second Symphony*, perhaps. I am not conducting. Neither is Endicott. Perhaps Beethoven prefers to conduct the *Larghetto* himself. And then, suddenly, as one sometimes on a journey becomes vividly aware of a breeze and blue distance, and firm hills beneath his feet, I really hear the chord that we are playing. It is no longer a measured flow of mingled sound, but distinct, exquisite, richly personal to me. There is the queer little rush of the accent

that comes from the first violin when Margaret is really stirred; the 'cello's full response, vibrant, but soft with hidden masses of covered tone. I can feel my own little second fiddle quivering beneath my bow. There is some curious connecting of the spirit in the playing of a chord. Again and again we find it. Probably these moments are what we live for, varied though our programmes always are. In our cabinet are certain ragged folios that we try not to play too often. They live in a promiscuous company: *Peer Gynt* and the *Edinburgh Quadrille*; Massenet and MacDowell; *The Red Mill*; Liszt and Bach; *The Toy Symphony* and Schumann's *Liebesgarten* — each of these has its time. Our only question is, What next?

At times, when we have been ambitious all the evening, and Geoffrey's lip is tired, we hunt up one of the songs arranged for voice and orchestra. The 'Shoogy Shoo' is one of these. Endicott then, with generous baritone, sings as he will, while the rest of us, with mutes astride our bridges, follow on. I shall not hear that song without the picture of the group in the mirror: Endicott upon the old red piano-bench, his hair silver under the lamp-light, his mood transformed. He is no longer the down-trodden accompanist, to whom a measure is restraint, but the untrammelled artist creating his own rhythms. What is a measure or two among friends? Then I watch the girls, now wholly at ease, their bows moving softly, their eyes upon their muted strings. Geoffrey listens, with his cornet on his knee.

After all, though music that we long to play is far beyond us, though we can not always find all the parts, no matter how many times we search the piles; though the telephone rings, and the heater blows off steam — these all are only passing discords. Some sort of

music is always ready, alluring: Mr. Strauss for times of enterprise, with all our reckless hearts; the 'Shoogy Shoo' for moments when strings have snapped; ancient hymns at twilight of a Sunday evening, with Endicott to sing, and now and then a guest with a fiddle of his own. After such evenings as these are over, when the children are putting away the instruments and folding the stands, and I go about locking up the house for the night, I think that I do not greatly care who really conducts that orchestra — Endicott or I.

OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS

Hardy

AN English oak
Whose leaves have so long listened
To the winds from Stonehenge
That their own messages
Are tinged with Druid sadness;
But what a stately melancholy,
A noble pensiveness
That hawthorn blossoms cannot last,
That summer must come claiming at
the end;
And then autumn, and then winter!
The golden gorse and purple heather
Hearken to him quite as rapt as we!

Galsworthy

So unmistakably the gentleman
That, now and again,
One suffers embarrassment
On being led to Whitechapel,
Into gaol or the coal-pits.
An artist hampered a bit
By his 'varsity blazer,
His 'varsity accent,
By formulæ and strings;
An artist, a genuine artist,
So much the devotee of Nemesis,
That Sophocles would have said:
'Behold a mind of amber!'
But first and last, the gentleman!

Wells

A seer under a brown derby,
 With ideas so outrageously active
 That they leap-frog over one another
 Straight into the To-morrow!
 Guy Fawkes to Mrs. Grundy:
 Her house is doomed;
 Her daughters fan the fuse,
 For he knows their quirks
 And the twists of their antagonists —
 Meaning all men.
 From the tragedies and comedies
 Of his own up-hill life,
 He has ferreted out,
 Piece by piece,
 The heart of realities.
 These pieces he has unblushingly
 Combined and recombined,
 And cast before us,
 Bound together by an invincible
 dream —
 This glorified Mr. Polly!

Kipling

The man stands outside of his work, —
 A little cold, a little hard,
 For all the tenderness of
 'Wee Willie Winkie' and 'The Brush-
 wood Boy';
 And most of us treat him
 As though he had died some fifteen
 years ago.
 And if he did, it is because we killed
 him:
 Starving the whole great heart of In-
 dia
 — Which was his own —
 When we passed by the hands which
 reached out
 From the deep magnificence of 'Kim'!

LITERARY STEPPING-STONES

AT a meeting of a certain Writers' Guild, not long ago, there occurred a general confession, during which several of the 'arrived' related their first timid

adventures along the insidious shoals which lead to the solid ground of editorial recognition. Each told how he first came to sell an offspring of his pen, and what he did with the money. The variety of literary experiences ranged from that of the magazine-story writer, who broke into print with a newspaper item that brought him a dollar and a half to buy a pair of silk socks, to the Pallas-like entrance from obscurity of a young woman, who, not having 'written' anything in her life, leaped full armed into fame with a two-hundred-dollar short story.

Thinking over these early beginnings of some of our still industrious climbers, one is moved to wonder about the early beginnings of the truly great ones of the trade. Henry James, for instance. It would be enlightening to know for just what scholarly emission he received his first bona-fide and undeniable and soul-inspiring check. And Stevenson. I have often wondered whether that incomparably dull essay of his, *Roads*, were not the misshapen, colorless embryo that was to develop into *Aes Triplex* and *Treasure Island*.

It is difficult to recollect when the verb 'to write' took, in my vocabulary, a meaning disassociated from my efforts Spencerian or vertical. Long before I could read, I used to spend happy hours transcribing, with pencil and paper, the stories in my Andersen and Grimm. I did not know one letter from another, but I filled whole pages with straggling lines of characters, copied laboriously with cramped little fingers as one draws a picture. Gradually, these took on individuality, and I taught myself to read in this way, but I preferred print to writing until after I started to school.

My first story, about a New York society woman who gave a bull-fight in Madison Square Garden, — not at any time since have I conceived such an

original plot, — was written when I was nine years old; but I was well on in high school when I first came to know the smug pleasure of hearing a girl in the locker hall whisper to another girl, indicating me, —

‘She writes, you know.’

As the recognized literary member of the family, whose stories had appeared in print in the high-school paper, I was naturally disgruntled when my sister Elizabeth, who was not generally recognized as literary, received five dollars from a magazine for something she had ‘written.’ Immediately I set to work to redeem myself. The *Woman's Home Companion* at that time conducted a department called the ‘Help One Another Club,’ and, reading that the ‘club’ desired helpful hints for invalids, I conceived a wholly mythical bed-ridden aunt, and wrote of her an equally mythical life history, telling, in two hundred words, how she had kept a large family happily and safely together. For this touching biography, I received a crisp, new one-dollar bill. Elizabeth had gained a like amount from the invention of an invalid friend in Texas, and we went down town to luncheon and the matinée. We knew a lovely tea-room, where it was a joy to eat, and whenever one of us had any money she invited the other to lunch.

During the year after my first success, I earned a number of lunches by writing helpful hints for the *Woman's Home Companion* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and I learned early that the more imaginative my hints were, the more sure they were of publication.

Stevenson once remarked that a check never seemed like money to him, and that when he received one in the mail he went in terror lest payment on it be stopped, or the bank fail before he could cash it. For myself, I like the dignity and importance which a check

imparts. All my early literary successes were paid for with one- or two-dollar bills, which were so plebeian and homey that they prevented me from realizing that I was actually writing for the magazines. My first check came from *Good Housekeeping*. I had written the story of a colony club in our city — a true story this time — and was paid eighteen dollars therefor. I decided at once to go into the ‘writing game’ for life, and used fourteen dollars of my check to buy an *International Dictionary* and a stand. It was one purchase, at all events, that I did not afterwards regret.

With the help and stimulus of the dictionary, I essayed higher flights, and landed next time in the *Atlantic Monthly* with a contribution for this Club. Elizabeth was the only one who knew about it before I sent it in; it was the first thing I had ever submitted to a literary magazine; and the essay represented, also, the first typewriting that I had ever done. It consisted of probably twelve hundred words, but I worked all day over the final copy, perspiring freely before a friend's typewriter, and using about a hundred sheets of paper. I learned then the power of an inked ribbon to transfer its color from the human fingers to a white margin, thereby eliminating the open spaces which the advertising experts assure us are imperiously necessary as being restful to the eye. In appearance my essay was as smeared and blotchy and disreputable as a piece of writing could well be. I mailed it without hope, and it was accepted at once, which fact has always enabled me to discount the pessimistic utterances of certain writers as to the treatment of beginners by the editors.

I shall never, never forget the day that wonderful acceptance came. We had guests in the house, and the women folks were all arraying themselves for a

day's shopping. I was taking a bath. I expect that every crisis in my life will find me taking a bath. I often wake in the night shivering from a recurrent and awful dream in which my tulle veil and orange flowers lie waiting in their box and a pair of white satin shoes stand empty side by side, while I struggle with frantic and terrified ablutions that will not complete themselves and lengthen out interminably, my relatives and bridegroom calling to me all the time.

On this occasion, I had hurriedly begun to dress, when there came a thundering pound upon the door.

Thinking that somebody had fallen downstairs, I rushed to open it, and there stood Elizabeth, jumping up and down, waving a white envelope and crying, —

'Look! The *Atlantic*! An acceptance! An acceptance!'

'It is n't. I don't believe it,' I stammered incoherently, while I tore open the envelope. I hope that the editor who penned those magic lines, 'Dear madam: We shall be very happy to accept your Club on "The Unattainable,"' received, from the All-encircling Good, that day, enough happiness to balance the pleasure that he gave. It was quite too much for me to bear. I had never been so happy in my life,

and I put my head down on the edge of the chiffonier and began to cry.

Elizabeth, who should be named the Zealot because of her facile enthusiasms, still stood there, making loud vocal noises and patting me on the back. One guest, hearing the commotion, and seeing only an envelope and me with my head on the chiffonier, believed, not unnaturally, that somebody was dead and that I was about to faint away. She hastened back to her room for her traveling flask. Before I could protest or explain, she was pouring whiskey down my throat, and I went immediately into a violent choking fit, which so alarmed my mother on the floor below that she hurried upstairs as fast as she could with a glass of water, with which I was deluged by the time the situation became clear.

Then everybody talked and questioned and congratulated, for we are fond and foolish folk, who rejoice mightily over one another's good fortune. I do not recall what payment I received for that Club essay, nor what I did with the money. The remuneration was immaterial. The acceptance was the thing — the sweetest, most blissful reality. I have had many acceptances since then, but none so exciting and momentous. The first great thrill cannot come again.

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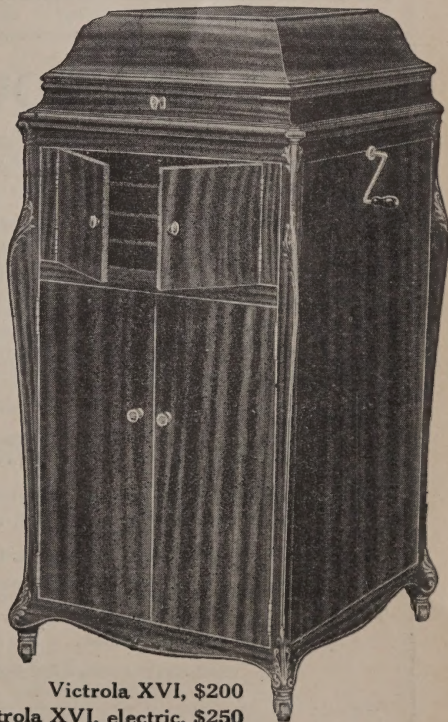
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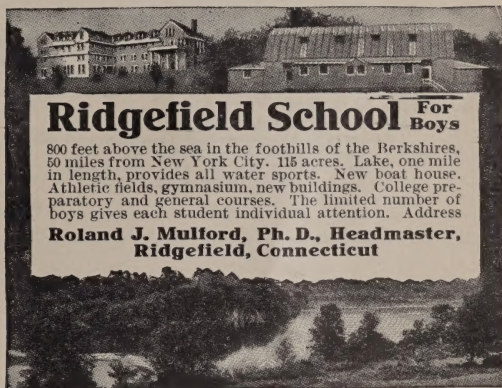
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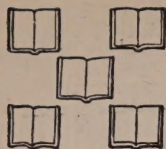
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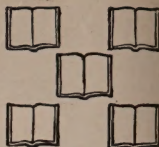
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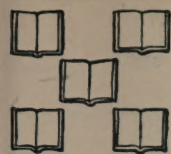
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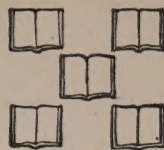


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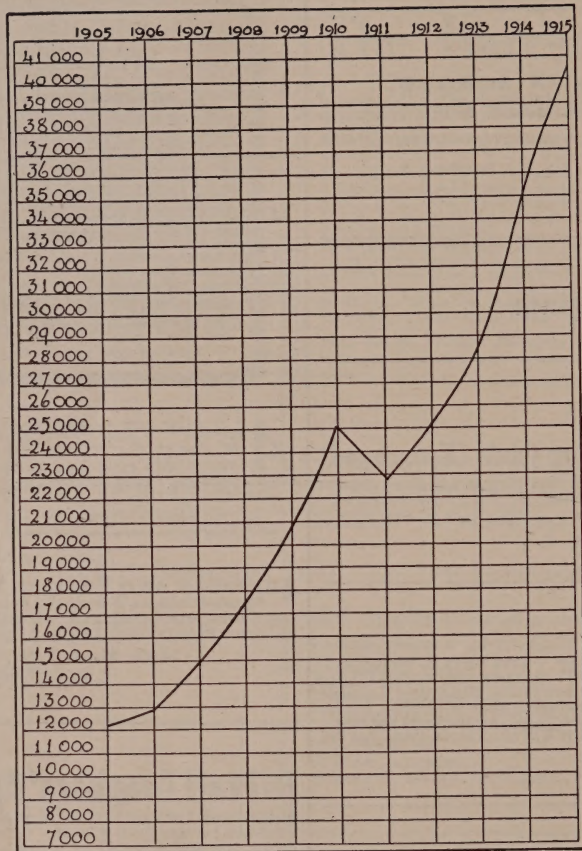
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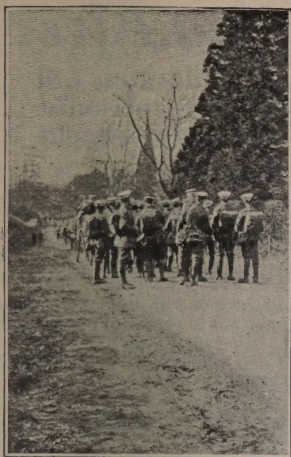
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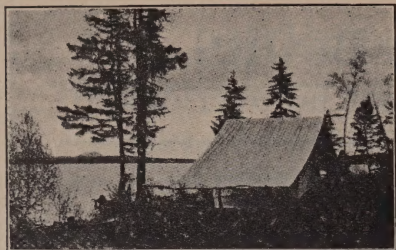
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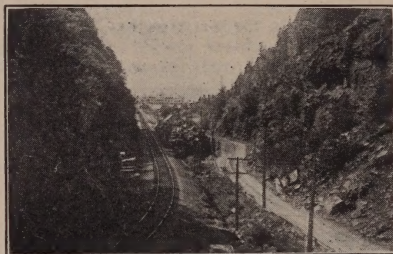
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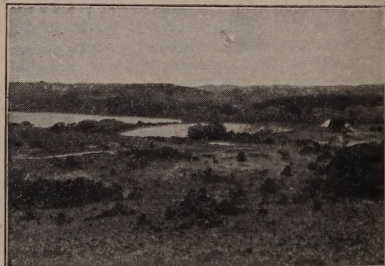
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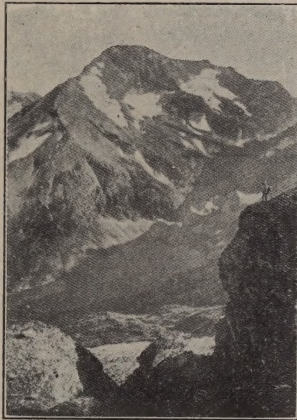
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THE BOOK-ROOM



MEREDITH NICHOLSON ON FICTION

Readers of the *Atlantic* who remember Meredith Nicholson's defense of American fiction which appeared a few months ago will be interested in his comments upon Ellen Glasgow's now famous charge of "evasive idealism." Mr. Nicholson says in part:—

"As Miss Glasgow has recently described to me, on the occasion of her first visit to our Hoosier capital, the fragrance and crispness of Virginia mint at this time of year, I have no heart to combat her conclusions as to the deplorable condition of American fiction. Virginia is a Commonwealth dear to me, and, remembering the julep as it flourishes there, I shall not by unwise utterances cut myself off from the hope of Miss Glasgow's hospitality when next fate carries me over the hills of enchantment to America's land of true romance. I adopt without the slightest hesitation all of Miss Glasgow's views on the burning question, 'What's wrong with the American novel?' There's too much sugar in the julep; there we have it as plain as a mint bed against a white Virginia veranda."

Incidentally, it might be added that Mr. Nicholson had chosen the title for his own latest novel, "THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING," long before the julep comparison occurred to him.

A CHANGE FROM POETRY

"Poets, I say, have kept pigs, for a change, I think, from their poetry. For a big snoring pig is not a poem, whatever may be said of a little roast pig; and what an escape from books and people and parlors (in this country) is the feeding and littering and scratching of him! You put on your old clothes for him. He takes you out behind the barn; there shut away from the prying gaze of the world, and the stern eye, conscience, you deliberately fill him, stuff him, fatten him, till he grunts, then you scratch him to keep him grunting, yourself reveling in the sight of the flesh indulged, as you dare not indulge any other flesh. You would love to feed the whole family that way; only it would not be good for them. You cannot feed even the dog or the horse or the hens so. One meal a day for the dog; a limited ra-

tion of timothy for the horse, and *scratch*—feed for the hens—feed to compel them to scratch for fear they will run to flesh instead of eggs; and the children's wedge of pie you sharpen though the point of it pierces your soul; and the potato you leave off of her plate; and you forego your— you get *you* a medicine ball, I should say, in order to keep down the fat lest it overlie and smother the soul.

"Compelled to deny and subject the body, what do I then but get me a pig and feed *it*, and scratch it, and bed it in order to see it fatten and to hear it snore? The flesh cries out for indulgence; but the spirit demands virtue; and a pig, being the virtue of indulgence, satisfies the flesh and is winked at by the soul."—From "THE HILLS OF HINGHAM," by Dallas Lore Sharp.

A HONEYMOON EXPERIMENT

The very unusual experience narrated in "A HONEYMOON EXPERIMENT," by Margaret and Stuart Chase, is accounted for in the first chapter by Mr. Chase, who says in part:—

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"I had heard this solemnly proclaimed time and time again by my friends. We wanted to discover a flaw in this oracular statement. We wanted to know why we had to have \$4000 a year, while the average family, including children, was getting \$600. There was a fearful discrepancy here somewhere. We wanted to find where it lay."

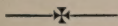
"Also the phrase 'theorists and dreamers' rankled. It was too true. We wanted to escape the obloquy of that."

"We told the family of our plan one evening around the fire. They were naturally shocked. But they had to admit that it was our honeymoon. Beyond entertaining, I suspect, a secret belief that we were both incurably crazy they raised no overwhelming objections."

COMMERCE AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE

Mr. Charles H. Sherrill's new book "MODERNIZING THE MONROE DOCTRINE," will soon be obtainable in Spanish, Russian, and Japanese; the translations in each case are being made by competent and distinguished scholars. An important feature of the volume is the discussion of the part that should be played in the expansion of our export trade through the

coöperation of American Chambers of Commerce, and the translation into three foreign languages so soon after the publication of the book is a striking indication of the interest with which the Chamber of Commerce movement is followed in other countries.

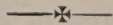


THE PERSONNEL OF THE IMAGIST
GROUP

Although the work of the little group of poets represented in the Imagist anthologies (a new volume of which was published in May) has become familiar to poetry lovers, comparatively little is known of the personnel of the group. In 1898 in London, a young poet named T. E. Hulme founded a poets' club. Christmas of the same year the club published a slim volume which contained what may be considered the first Imagist poem. The following year, however, this group broke up and Mr. Hulme, in connection with F. S. Flint, founded another club which was to have weekly meetings at a Soho restaurant. At these meetings there was much discussion of forms, and the "Image" was constantly on everybody's tongue. Among the members with whose work we are now familiar was Richard Aldington, then a very young man, the son of a country solicitor, who had drifted to London and come under the influence of Mr. Ezra Pound. Another was John Gould Fletcher, who came from our own State of Arkansas in search of the education in literature which he could not find at home. He stayed in London for six years, breaking the sojourn by trips to Paris and walking tours on the Continent. Also in search of artistic education and stimulus, an American girl from Philadelphia had crossed the ocean. This was "H. D.," since judged by many to be the most flawless Imagist of all.

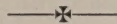
Miss Amy Lowell entered the group in the summer of 1913. Like the others, she had been studying French poetry, and had found her masters in the "Symboliste" writers. Miss Lowell says: "I remember seeing 'H. D.'s' first group of poems in 'Poetry,' and saying to myself, 'Why, I, too, am an Imagist.' We all met and talked, talked until the small hours, that summer, and the following spring the first Imagist anthology came out." John

Gould Fletcher was not included in the first anthology, but joined the group the following year, together with Mr. D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Pound left it, going over to another group, the "Vorticists." The anthology as it is now managed is a democratic venture with no editor. Each poet chooses his own poems and each has a right of veto over the work of the other poets. In other words, all six must be pleased.



MISS REPPLIER'S ESSAYS

A number of essays from the works of Miss Agnes Repplier are to be printed in raised type by the American Printing House for the Blind, at Louisville, Ky. About twelve essays have been selected, including such well-known titles as "A Question of Politeness," "Children of Fiction," "Books that Hindered Me," "Fiction in the Pulpit," and "Pharisees of Fiction."



JULIA WARD HOWE

The biography of such a famous and lovable character as Julia Ward Howe not only brings pleasure to those who never knew her, but recalls interesting memories to many readers who have had the privilege of meeting her. William E. Barton, editor of *The Advance*, in reviewing the book for his paper, gives the following interesting account of his own first meeting with Mrs. Howe:—

"Mrs. Howe was a member of Doctor Ames' church. It was there, I think, that I met her for the first time. They were having a reception, and I was present and perhaps said a word of greeting to my neighbor and friend, Doctor Ames. There was a little speaking, as I recall it, but I do not think Mrs. Howe spoke that night. She sat in one corner at the time the refreshments were served and held a kind of reception of her own, nearly every one present going to greet her during the evening. The crowd about her had thinned out when Doctor Ames took me across the room and introduced me to her, and we sat down together and fell into pleasant converse. A young woman brought refreshments to Doctor Ames and to me, and as we sat there he took a wafer, broke it into three parts, gave one to Mrs. Howe, one to me, and ate one himself, saying as he did so, 'I believe in the communion of saints.'"

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Readers of The Atlantic

may be interested in the following table of figures. They show the percentage of gain or loss in receipts from subscriptions in each month for five years, up to Jan. 1st, 1916. For example, January, 1915, showed a gain of 21 % over January, 1914—which in turn was 10.7 % larger than January, 1913, etc.

	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
	%	%	%	%	%
January	14	18	10	10.7	21
February	40	3	7	10	32
March	28	0	14	38	17
April	14	18	6.5	31.6	5
May	32	0	11	13.4	9.5
June	40	0	18	23	28
July	9	25	9.5	19	18.5
August	16	35	0	17	52
September	10	23	10	17	29
October	22	20	22.8	1.5	4.4
November	38	20	18.5	* 3 Loss	22
December	21	13	16	21	18

** One month in 60 showed a loss.*

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

It is part of the price we pay for our materialism that we are unable to understand or believe in the future of great idealistic impulses like the Zionist movement. And yet for many years the migration of Jews to the Holy Land has been steadily flowing on; colonies have been founded on the ancient soil, and a sturdy young generation has grown up, of which **Alexander Aaronsohn** is a typical example. His parents, Roumanian born, realized, in common with all intelligent Zionists, that the success of the movement depended upon harmonizing Old Testament ideals with modern conditions of life; and they made every effort to put their children in touch with present-day education and thought. A number of years ago Mr. Aaronsohn, as a very young man, was sent to America to study new developments of farming in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, where his intelligence and quick adaptability won the recognition of his superiors. While making no surrender of loyalty to the cause for which his parents had endured so much, he acquired a distinctly New World point of view, which stands out in almost paradoxical contrast to the hoary Asiatic background discernible in his story. To the accuracy of that story friends of the *Atlantic* who have known Mr. Aaronsohn for years bear abundant testimony.

* * *

The Reverend **Reinhold Niebuhr**, pastor of an Evangelical church in Detroit, is a German-American of the second generation. We believe his article is not only illuminating, but also typical of the general feelings of the sons and daughters of German immigrants who have been painfully misrepresented by the hysteria and perversity of a few unfaithful citizens.

* * *

Abraham Flexner has been a lifelong student of education. For years he conducted a private school in Louisville, and succeeded in sending his boys to college, not only better prepared than most of their contemporaries, but a full year younger. It was after this that Dr. Flexner published his book on the shortcomings of the American college, and still

later that he joined the staff of the Carnegie Foundation for the advancement of teaching. Of late years he has been attached to the Rockefeller Institute, and in the service of both institutions has been employed on many educational missions of the first importance, both here and abroad. In formulating the new (and still heretical) creed of secondary education he has played a foremost part. Sympathetic readers will do well to send for his recent pamphlet published by the Rockefeller Foundation, together with that of President Eliot issued under the same auspices, while those stricken with horror should wait quietly for the reply to Dr. Flexner from the headmaster of Andover, which we hope to print in an early number.

* * *

William John Hopkins still loves to sail his boat, to sit in the sun, and write pleasantly of pleasant people. **Frederic Lyman Wells** is a distinguished psychopathologist attached to the institution at Waverley, Massachusetts. Neither Miss **Winifred Kirkland** nor Miss **Amy Lowell** needs introduction to *Atlantic* readers, while the name of **Zephine Humphrey** recalls to our audience those wanderings in the borderland dividing Rome from Dorset, Vermont, which in their day aroused almost disquieting interest. **Seymour Deming**, though you would scarcely recognize him in knickerbockers and walking boots, is that same Radical who, some years ago, published in the *Atlantic* a burning letter to the Middle Class. **Randolph S. Bourne** our readers know, too, though it is well to accentuate the fact that he is an American, born of American parents, and that it is long since the first immigrant Bourne stepped upon our shores.

* * *

Miss **Katherine Keith**, if we may trust the Chicago papers, seems to have many persons interested in her welfare. To the *Atlantic*, when her manuscript was accepted, she was absolutely unknown, and in the completeness of our ignorance we surmised that the name was a discreet *nom de guerre*. That name has recently been transformed to Mrs. David Adler.

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Author of "The Bent Twig"

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Robert M. Gay is head of the English Department at Goucher College, Baltimore. The Very Reverend Floyd Keeler has until recently been the archdeacon of a Kansan diocese.

* * *

Dr. Grenfell, who is always to be found where the most pressing work is to be done, has just returned from active service with the Harvard medical unit in France. His observations on the Red Cross and the R.A.M.C. seem to us very valuable. Warrington Dawson is an American correspondent long resident in Paris, and, knowing his exceptional opportunities, the *Atlantic* invited a contribution. His paper is the narrative of a singular but true incident.

* * *

Marie-Marguerite Fréchette, a Canadian-born niece of our own Mr. Howells, is a painter by profession who has spent much time abroad studying the historical background for an important commission. Of late years she has lived principally in Switzerland, and writes this article out of ample knowledge of the place and people.

* * *

Arthur Christopher Benson's College Window has always looked out upon a world beyond the vision of many of us. Now while the same subjects fill all men's minds, the *Atlantic* takes the interesting opportunity of asking Mr. Benson to give his personal reflections on the mighty drama. Henry Sheahan is the son of an Irish father and a French mother, and has in turn been an instructor of English at Harvard University and at the University of Lyons, France. He has just returned from doing his bit as an ambulance driver at Verdun.

* * *

Last month we flavored this column with certain extracts from the life of Herbert Tolan, student of Frank Norris, telling how the disciple had shown his admiration for the master by borrowing an entire episode from *Blix*, refurbishing it slightly and then selling it to the *Atlantic* as a new story under the title 'Thirty Fathoms Deep.' When the deception was discovered we looked up the cheque and found it endorsed both by 'Herbert Tolan' and by

'William N. Taft.' No further explanation of the ensuing correspondence seems called for.

May 5, 1916
The National Press Club
Washington

EDITORS, ATLANTIC MONTHLY

GENTLEMEN: —

I telegraphed you this morning, immediately upon receipt of your letter relative to Mr. Tolan, with the enclosed copy of your wire to him. I am sorry that your letter did not reach me in time for a telegraphic reply yesterday.

Your telegram to Mr. Tolan is not exactly clear to me, because I know only that Mr. Tolan sold a story to you. However, I presume that there must be some trouble about the copyright.

My acquaintance with Mr. Tolan has not been extensive, but I have always found him honest and above-board. I knew him first in St. Louis, some four years ago. He turned up here last year and asked me one day if I would identify him so that he could get a check cashed. I did so, endorsing his check, and sometime later he repeated the request. The second check, as I remember it, was from you — probably the check in question. I also gave him a card to the National Press Club, as he said he would like to get his mail there.

Some two months ago I saw him again and he said that he was going to El Paso, Texas, and would try to work down into Mexico. He promised to let me hear from him, but I have had no word since.

If you will let me hear from you further in the matter, I will be glad to do anything I can to clear up the misunderstanding.

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM NELSON TAFT.

June 1, 1916
The National Press Club
Washington

EDITOR, ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SIR: —

I hereby wish to retract certain statements made to you in my letter of May 5 (I think that was the date) and to admit authorship of the story published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of June under the title 'Thirty Fathoms Deep.' In making this admission I, of course, admit that 'Herbert Tolan' was a pseudonym.

The idea of 'Thirty Fathoms Deep' occurred to me, as you have pointed out in the 'Contributor's Club,' from a reading of Frank Norris's book 'Blix,' and my repudiation of Herbert Tolan was based on the fear that I had been guilty of plagiarism in writing the story.

However, as my attorney informs me after an examination of the two stories, this is not the case. 'Thirty Fathoms Deep' is based merely on an incident in 'Blix' — the three paragraph story related by the old diver, not more than 500 words at the outside. The beginning and the ending are entirely dissimilar, as you will admit, and I cannot see the justice of your claim that 'the language has been reproduced wholesale.' There are not more than three sentences of 'Blix' which are identical with 'Thirty Fathoms Deep' (see page 30-31 of Doubleday, Page's

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

1903 edition of the Norris novel). Also, I would like to call your attention to another misstatement in your obituary of Herbert Tolan — the one in which you claim that 'you were not satisfied with the story as first written and sent it back for revision, accepting it in its final form.' The story was sent back to you the second time, exactly as it was at first and, so far as I can tell from a careful reading of it in the June issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* has not been changed since.

Mr. R. H. Titherington of *Munsey's*, Mr. W. T. Walsh of the *Illustrated World*, Mr. W. H. Rideing of the *Youth's Companion*, Mr. E. F. Strother of *World's Work* and many other editors with whom I have had dealings during the past four or five years will, I am certain, bear me out in the assertion that my connections with them have been strictly honest and aboveboard and I should be pleased to give you a number of references of my integrity from prominent business and newspaper men of this city. No one regrets this incident more than I — it certainly means more to my future than it does to that of the *Atlantic Monthly* — and if you feel that I am guilty of plagiarism to such an extent that you are entitled to the return of the seventy-five dollars paid by you for this story, I shall send it to you without question.

You are, of course, at liberty to publish this letter, if you wish to do so, but I would prefer that, if you use it, you would print it in full.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM NELSON TAFT.

* * *

The only necessary comment is that when the story originally came to the office, the editor happened to be away. In the second instance he personally accepted it.

All that remains to be added to this ingenuous correspondence is a letter recently received from our lighthearted contemporary *Puck*.

June 1, 1916

EDITOR ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR: —

I have just read of your experience with Herbert Tolan, and his plagiarism entitled, 'Thirty Fathoms Deep.'

It may interest you to know that this man's real name is William N. Taft, and he is supposed to be connected with the dramatic staff of the *Washington Post*.

Mr. Tolan's curious penchant for signing his pen-name to the work of other writers was brought very unpleasantly to our attention last winter when we discovered that his contribution to the Christmas *Puck* entitled, 'Another of Those Christmas Stories' had been lifted wholesale from an old volume of *Punch*.

We immediately caused Taft to come to New York and his explanation of the literary theft was quite as ingenious as his methods. He informed us that he had been commissioned to do so much writing that he was obliged to delegate some of his work to a colleague in Washington, and that the contribution to *Puck*, while signed

with his pseudonym, had been written by this other person.

We have published two or three other things sent us by Herbert Tolan and we are now beginning to wonder from what particular source they were taken.

It struck me that you might care to have this information at hand.

Very truly yours,
FOSTER GILROY,
General Manager of *Puck*.

* * *

Our readers will be interested in a few paragraphs borrowed from a letter written by a captain in the Canadian contingent from a casualty clearing station at the front in France. The letter, occasioned by Mrs. Gerould's 'Extirpation of Culture' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for last October, is too long to print entire.

CANADIAN CASUALTY CLEARING STATION

I am not devoid of a sense of humor, part of my business in life being to make people laugh; but with this constant rush of many here to the comic-paper for diversion — from the things brought in on stretchers — it was a deeper satisfaction to me than I can put in words to find in your serious, yet not stodgy, article that which relieved me not by diversion, so much as by expulsion. The bad vapors were driven out. All this is in the nature of a humiliating confession upon my part; for I have thought for a long time that I had built up, on the inside of me, a staunch independence of outward environment such as would hold out in the face of any sort of pressure of any environment. Ordinarily it would have. But I had not counted upon this war. In view of its unusualness and immensity and savagery, I am not ashamed to own that I greatly needed the inner stimulation of just such an article as yours. This article won't, in all probability, revolutionize things in U. S.; but it is bound to do with others what it has done for me, viz., confirm a good deal of my previous thinking, and make me think things I had not thought before. I lived for fifteen years in U. S., in different parts, though for the past five years I have lived in the bush in Northern Quebec, with my books and my writing. I am quite familiar with 'American' life — if there be such a thing, — and my acquaintance with it drove me to the Bush. When the war broke out, I felt the call of blood and bond, and over I came to 'do my bit,' even though I am hopelessly lame to the point of being an unsightly cripple; but as I am not at all sensitive about it, I soon found a place of usefulness; and I am writing this in a little tent-hut, on a home-made table, one of the top boards of which has the ominous inscription: 'Corned Beef — Chicago' (our blessed old Bully Beef!). It was here your article found me; and here I have enjoyed reading and rereading it; and here, though my fingers are stiff with the night-cold, I am writing to thank you for it.

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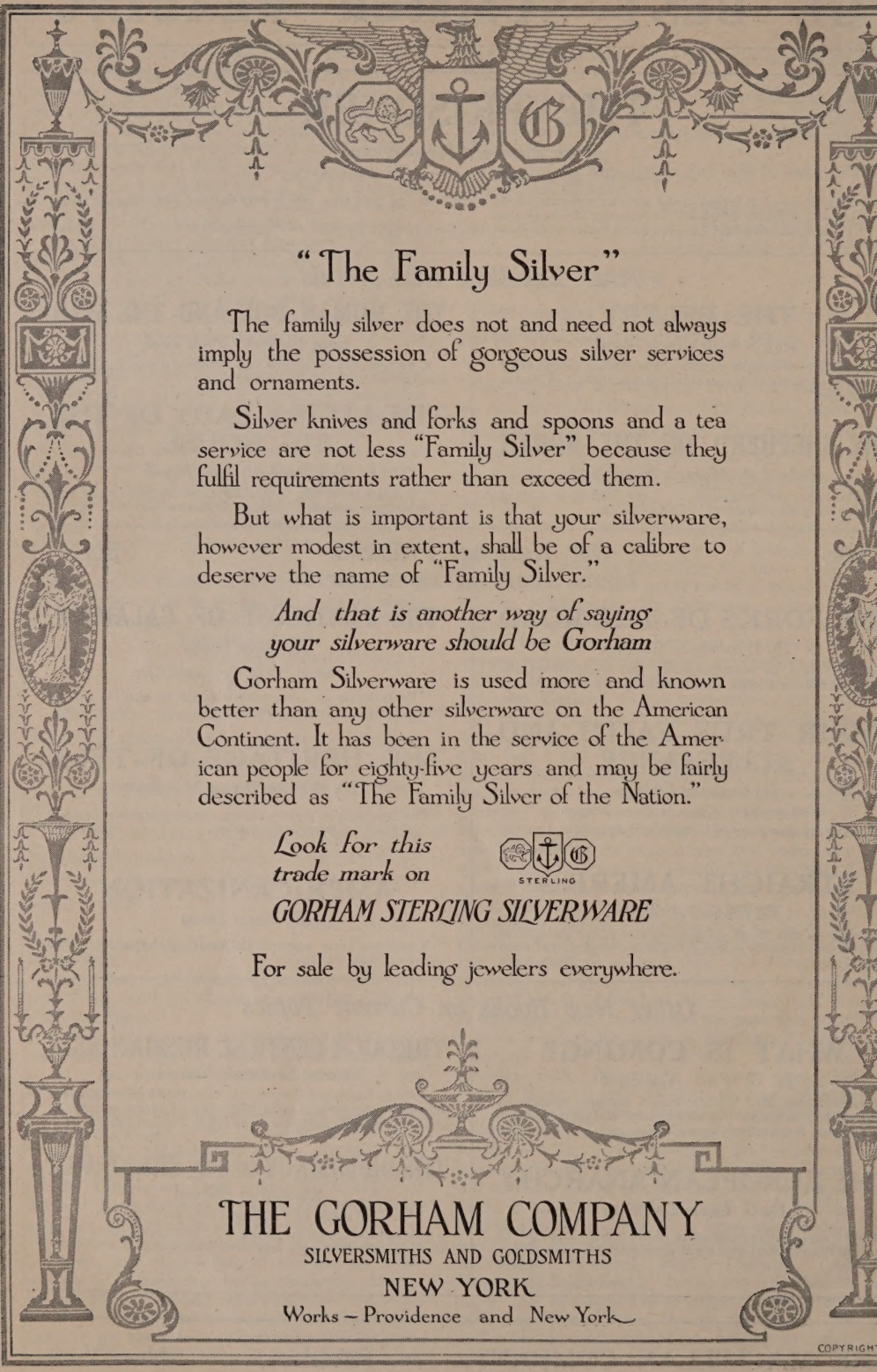
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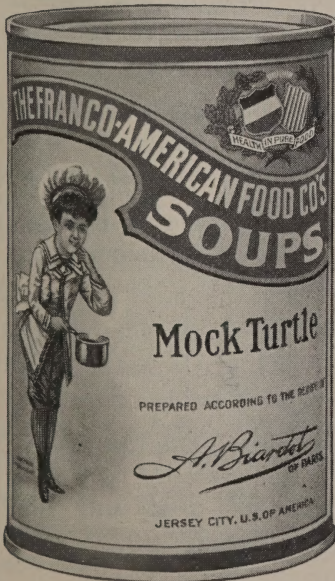
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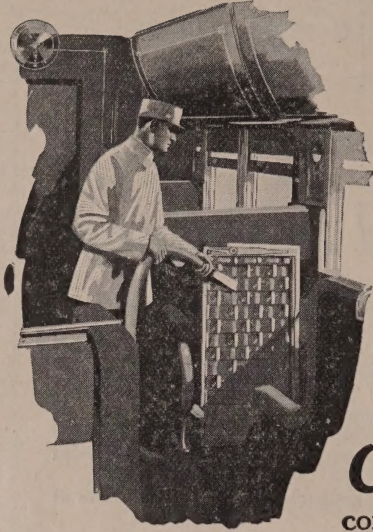
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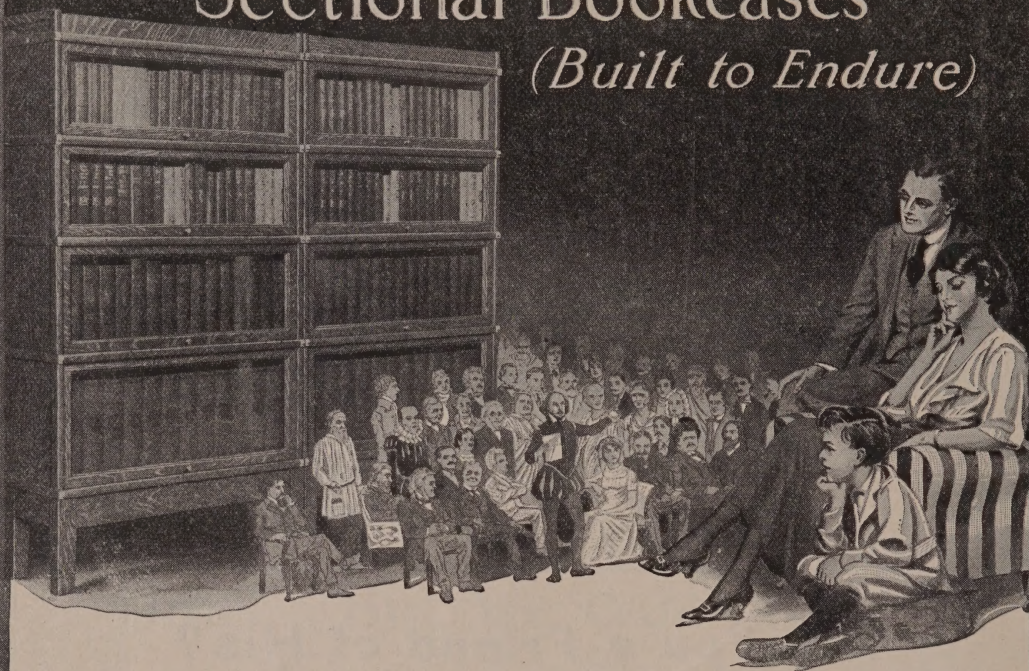
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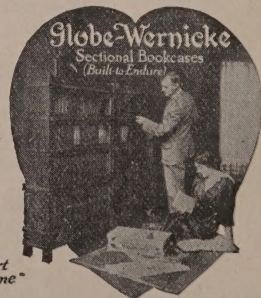
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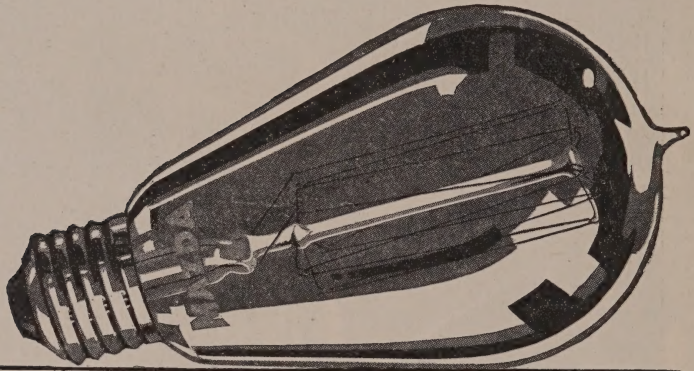
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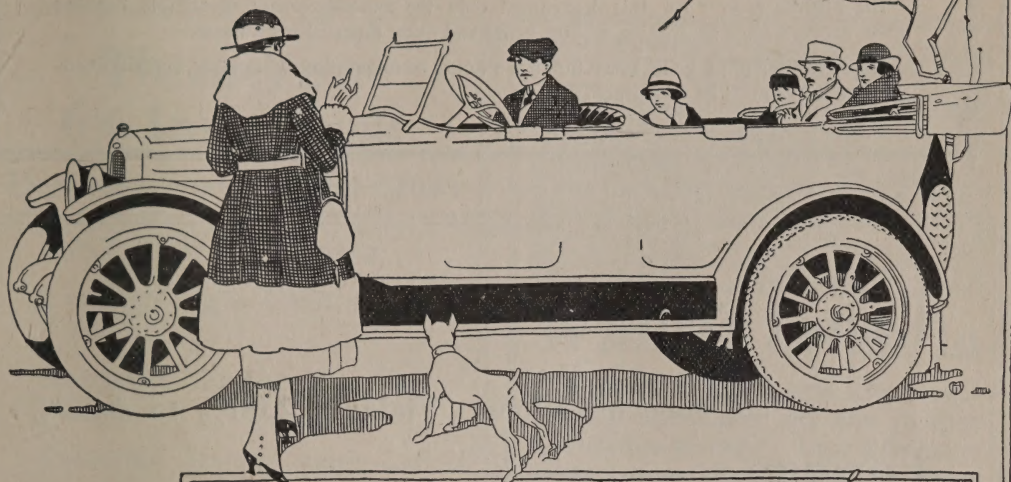
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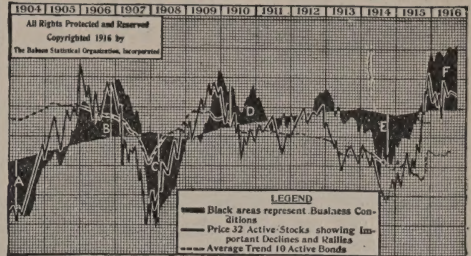
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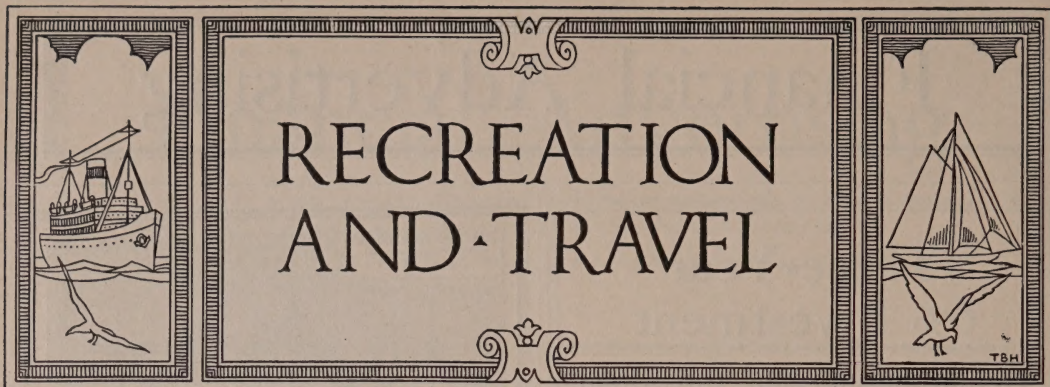
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Required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Published monthly at Boston, Mass.

NAME OF —	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS
Editor, ELLERY SEDGWICK	3 Park St., Boston, Mass.
Business Manager, MACGREGOR JENKINS	3 Park St., Boston, Mass.
Publisher, MACGREGOR JENKINS	" " " " "
Owners: ELLERY SEDGWICK	" " " " "
ELLERY SEDGWICK, Trustee for the Atlantic Monthly Co.	" " " " "
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Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

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Treas.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of October, 1916. ALFRED SHORE

[SEAL.] Notary Public

(My commission expires March 20, 1919.)

The graphic features the word "INDIANA" in a stylized, outlined font at the top. Below it, the word "LIMESTONE" is rendered in large, solid, three-dimensional block letters. Each letter of "LIMESTONE" contains a detailed illustration of a different architectural structure, including domes, arches, and classical columns. At the bottom of the graphic, the text "The ARISTOCRAT of BUILDING MATERIALS" is written in a serif font, with "The" and "of" in italics.

INDIANA LIMESTONE

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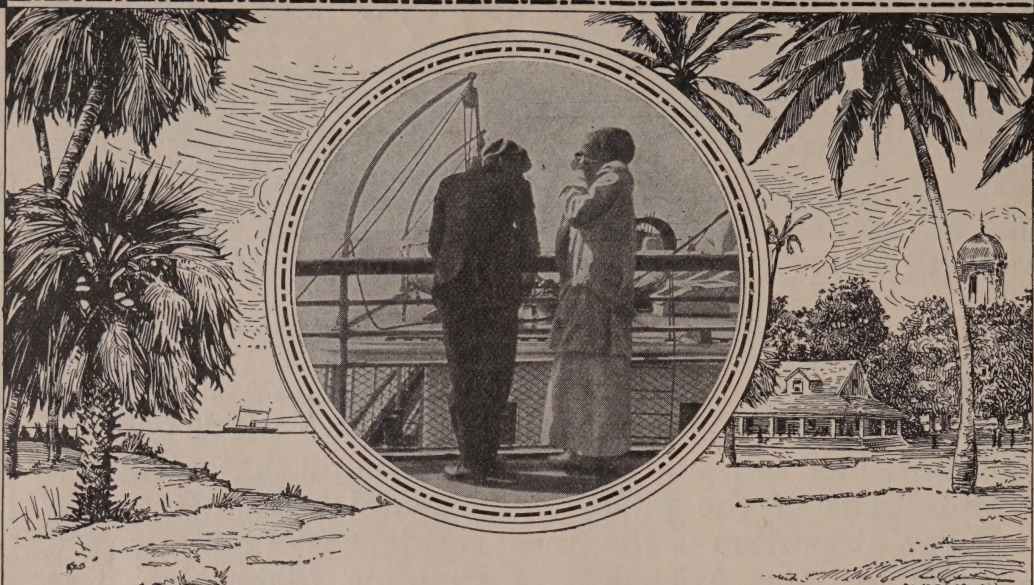
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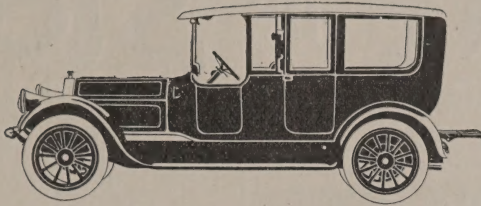


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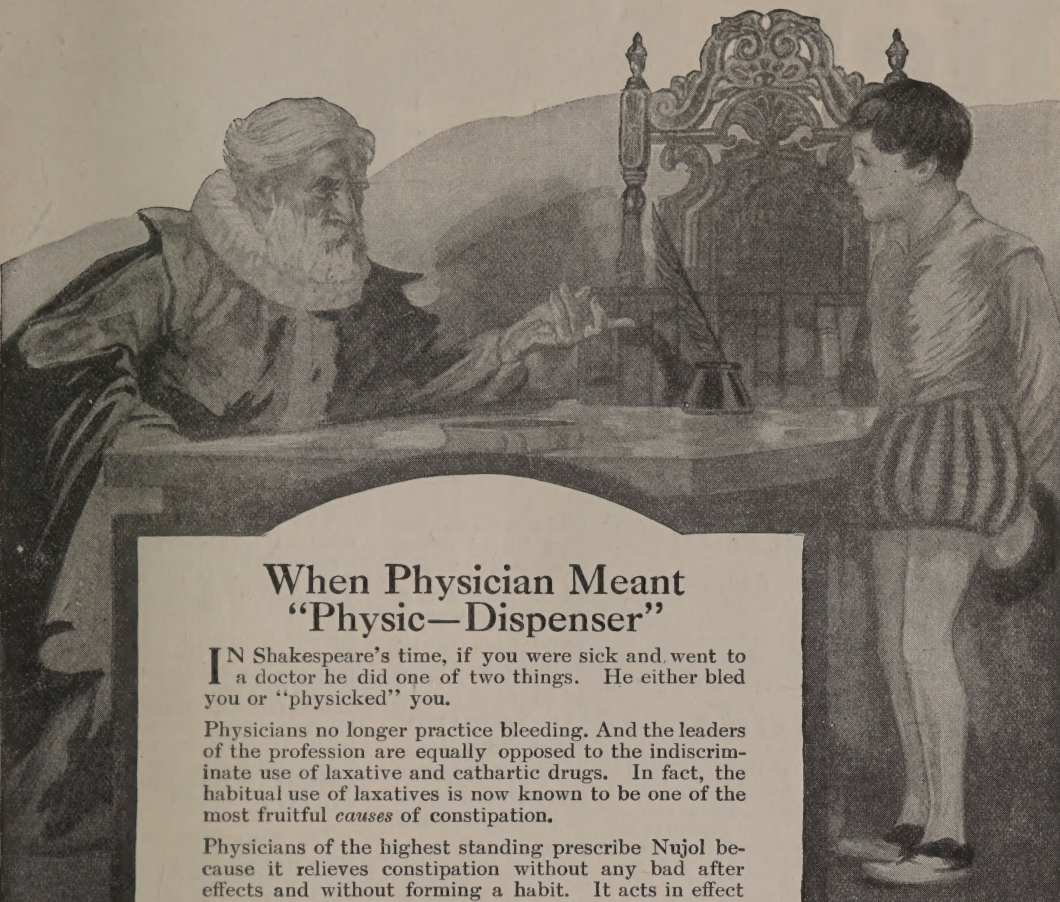
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Those Outside

have no yard to play in, seldom a home for comfort. The dirty, noisy, crowded street is their yard and almost their home. Many a fine mind and many a sturdy character has been ruined in these surroundings.

Those Inside

are given a place to play during the day and evening, finding mentally, morally and physically, healthy companions. The children are not objects of a charity, but subjects for the making of opportunities. The Off the Street Club has thus developed a fine woman out of many a girl whose future was doubtful, and has built the manhood of hundreds and hundreds of boys.

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25c pays the expenses
every day and evening
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\$1.00 takes care of
3 children for a month

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\$5.00 takes care of
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75 children for a month

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300 children for a month

Send any subscription
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or send first for booklet.

The Off the Street Club in Chicago is rendering such a **unique** service that everybody interested in social problems should investigate. The plan will appeal especially to selfmade men and to women of strength—for this is not an ordinary "charity"—it is a movement for the making of opportunities.

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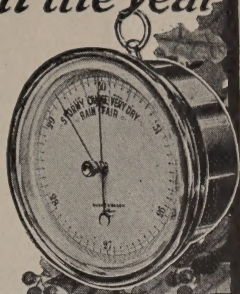
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Most Scientific Instrument Dealers, Opticians, etc., sell S & M Tycos House Barometers. If not at yours, we will send you one on receipt of his name and address and \$10.00. Be sure and give number 2252.

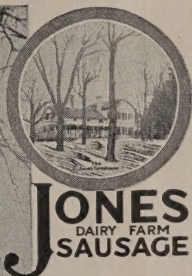
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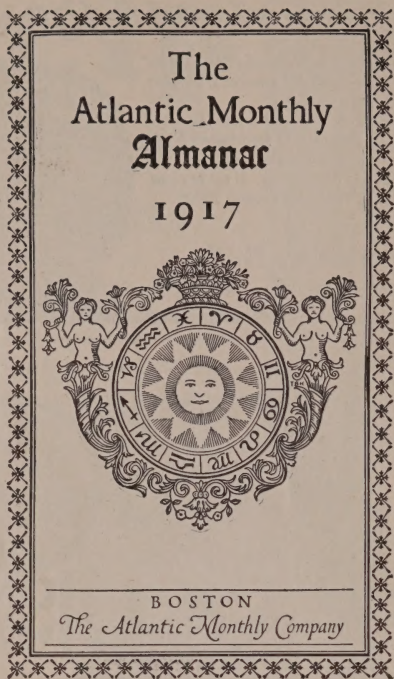
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IMPORTANT EDITORIAL
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Astronomical Data for the new year.
Church Days and Holidays.
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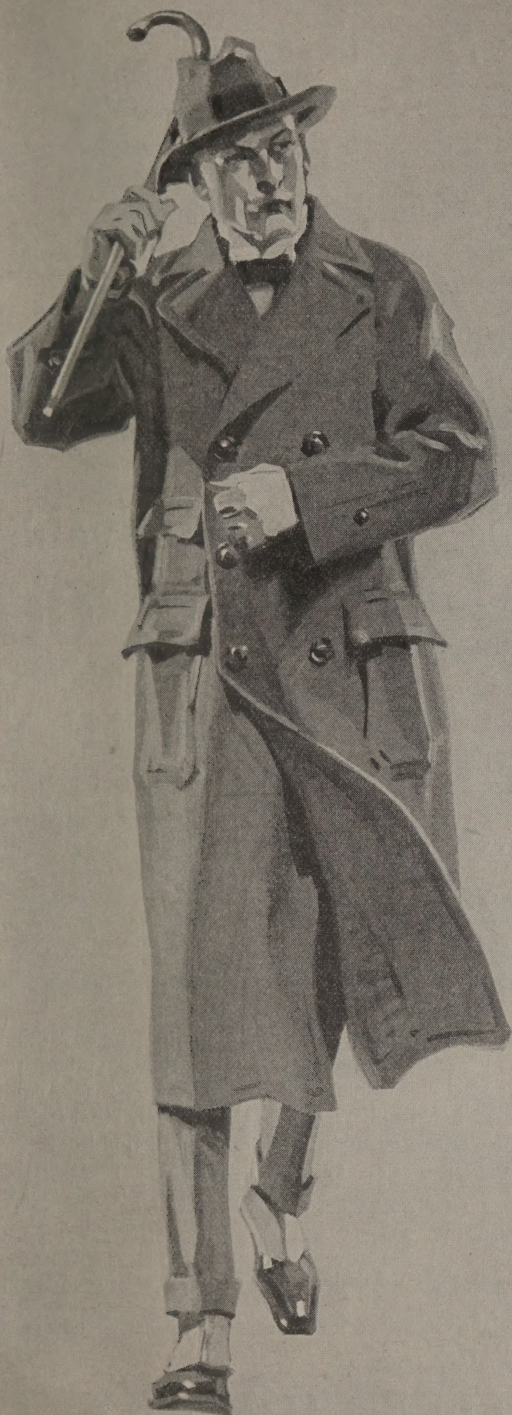
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MONTHLY

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along the route of the Lincoln Highway*

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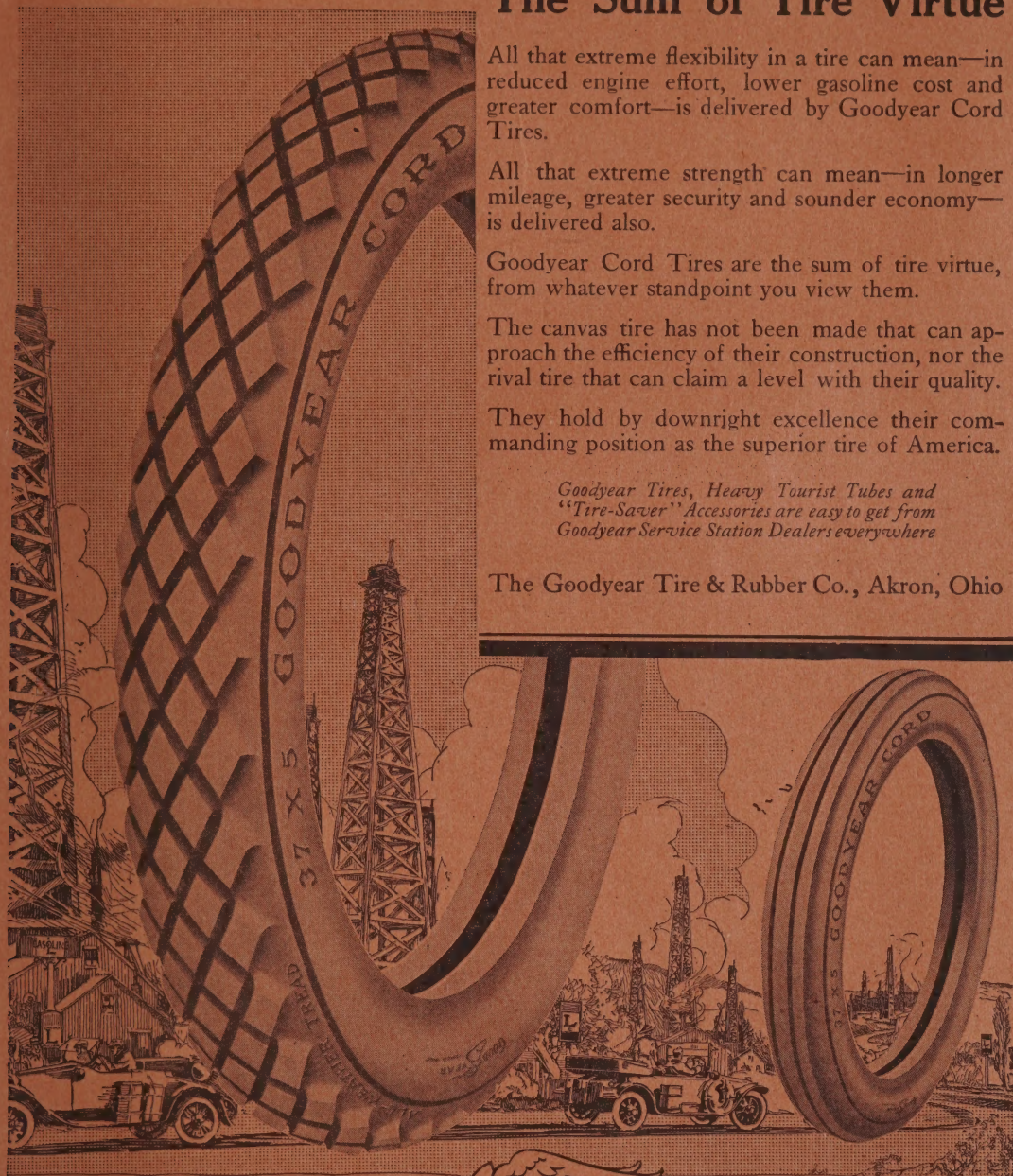
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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio



GOODYEAR
AKRON
CORD TIRES

WINTON
SIX



Who Nods First?

When you pass your friends out driving, who gives the *first* sign of recognition — you or they? Whose smile, nod, or lifted hand flashes friendly greetings first — yours or theirs?

DO you find yourself saluting friends who turn their heads—after you have gone by—in a vain effort to identify you? And can't you imagine them asking, "Who was that?" without ever knowing.

¶ Ever stop to think that salutations are always paid to the owner of an individualized car — by the owners of look-alike cars? It's true.

¶ The distinctive car identifies its owner wherever it goes. It belongs to a particular person, not to O. Anybody. You see it coming, and you know whose car it is. Of course, you salute your friend, but unless yours is also an individualized car, the recognition is *not* mutual: he is gone without knowing who you are.

¶ Why sink your identity in a commonplace, monotonous-looking car, when you can have the flower of motor car quality and a distinct exclusiveness that precisely meets your personal taste by placing your order for a Winton Six? Our artists are at your service. Simply telephone or drop us a line.

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Prices range
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